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ERRATA.

Page 99. For "Wautoga settlements" read "Watauga settlements."

With regard to the statement that in "1779" John Sevier "was still struggling to safeguard his once famous Free State of Frankland," it must be said that Frankland was not organized until 1785, and that its name was subsequently changed to Franklin.

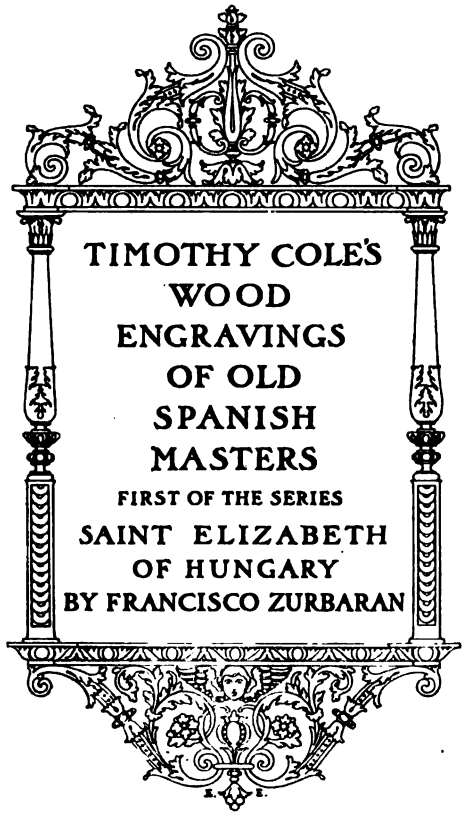
The statement that James Robertson was "not yet thirty" in 1779 is incorrect, since he was born in June, 1742, and was therefore in his thirty-eighth year in 1779.

Page 100. By a transposition of titles John Sevier's portrait is designated as that of James Robertson, and vice versa.

Page 102. For "John Quincy Adams, senator," read "Josiah Quincy, representative."

Page 233. The drawing of the "Thackeray Valentine" proves to have been the work of one of the daughters of Thackeray, and not of the novelist himself.

Page 559. In the article on "Lincoln and Kentucky" the dates of the marriage bond and the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks are, apparently by errors in copying, given as June 10, 1805, and September 22, 1805, while the facsimiles of the marriage bond, and of the marriage list of the officiating minister, as printed in Nicolay and Hay's "Life," show that the bond was given on June 10, 1806, and the ceremony occurred June 12, 1806. The county clerk, in copying the minister's list, blundered as to the sequence of dates, and gave to the Lincolns the date belonging to the next couple on the list, which is the origin of the error by which the marriage, previous to the "Life," had been dated September 23, 1806.


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
FIRST OF THE SERIES
SAINT ELIZABETH
OF HUNGARY
BY FRANCISCO ZURBARAN

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE SMITH-BARRY COLLECTION, LONDON.

SAINT ELIZABETH. BY FRANCISCO ZURBARAN.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: FIRST OF THE SERIES.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 1.

OUR FOOLISH VIRGINS.

BY ELIOT GREGORY.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

IN his flippant moods the younger Dumas was in the habit of paraphrasing Pope, unconsciously, saying: "The natural study of mankind is—woman." As he grew older, the dramatist used to add, with a whimsical smile, "The more experience I have with the dear creatures the less I understand them." This last remark was to prove truer than he knew, for after passing his youth and middle age writing witty things about women, analyzing their moods, diagnosing their symptoms, laughing at their caprices, and warning brother mortals from feminine toils, the great playwright fell, in old age, victim to a charming adventuress of the very type he had so often and so cleverly exposed on the stage for the benefit of others.

The *spirituel* Frenchman, however, was right in one respect. "From the moment a girl begins to put up her back hair and lengthen her skirts, she becomes an unfailing source of delight and puzzlement to members of the *sexe laid.*" The fact that they rarely work out a clue successfully in no way discourages the amateur detectives, nor takes the zest from their self-imposed labor. Far from diminishing in interest, the subject grows with study, especially here in America, where the ways of our girl-kind in general, and of city-bred maids in particular, are undergoing astonishing changes.

During all other periods of the world's history parents have considered it necessary to hold their daughters in subjection and shield them from the rough-and-tumble of life. In antique times a woman did not exist, so to speak, until she had become a wife and mother, when her rôle was chiefly that of housewife. Unmarried women were looked upon as little better than slaves—a view, by the way, still held in the East. In Europe, to-day, the maiden members of a family are not consulted on matters of importance, nor are the movements of a household made subservient to their whims.

We have, within the last twenty-five years, been rushing to exactly the opposite extreme, so now enjoy a society where the young girl rules supreme, and, be it said in passing, sways her scepter with no light hand. It is not until we pause, looking back over the distance covered by the young vagrants within the last decade, that one realizes how far they have strayed from the limits of their mothers' narrow domain.

Setting aside, as above criticism, those modest workers who at home or among the poor are struggling with life's prob-

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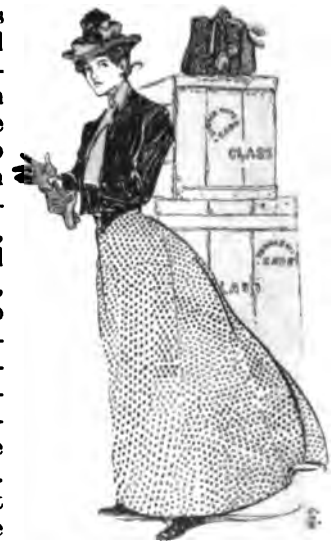
lems, and, like happy nations, have no history, American maids to-day may be divided into two groups, each of which can again

"TO CORRECT PARENTAL FAULTS."

be subdivided *ad infinitum*. In the first category are those who take themselves and their occupations seriously, being convinced that they were sent into the world to correct parental faults and revolutionize things generally. The second,—perhaps the larger class,—on the contrary, emancipate themselves from home duties (as far as circumstances will permit), looking upon household cares as beneath their notice, and resenting, as an injustice, any attempt on the part of parents to restrain their liberty.

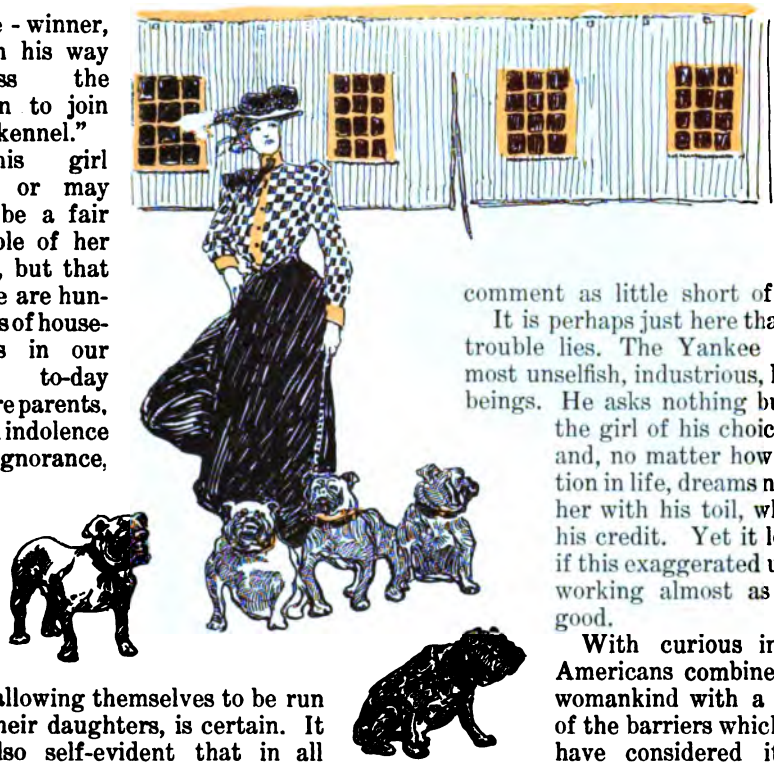
While visiting recently in a neighboring city I was placed at dinner next to a diminutive damsel, who entertained me, during the meal, with her opinions on men and matters. The talk had a subflavor of the strong-minded, oddly out of keeping with her winsome face and doll-like figure; but the face was so pretty and the chatter so amusing that after a time one forgot this disagreeable impression. Later in the evening, when the other guests had left, I asked my hostess who the energetic little maiden was. With a half-smile she answered: "Miss B—— is a very modern person. I thought you would find her interesting. A couple of years ago her parents, who, I suspect, had begun to find their offspring a handful, yielded to the daughter's request to go abroad and finish her education, naïvely imagining that she would settle in some quiet old town like Dresden or Hanover. A relative was chosen as a duenna, a bank-account opened, and the couple started with the understanding that their destination should be decided by the girl herself. Well, you will think I am romancing when I tell you that, after a month in Paris and a tentative week at Cannes, Miss B—— established herself at Monte Carlo for the winter. It is needless to add that her education was finished with a vengeance, not quite on the lines her parents had intended, but with staggering completeness. When she got back from this eventful journey the traveler proceeded to give her parents the benefit of her experience. They were hustled *nolens volens* out of a suburban home and established in a town house, as their daughter announced that she had 'no intention of wasting her life in the country.' Having accomplished this feat, and furnished the new residence with pictures and bric-à-brac picked up during her trip abroad, hired a corps of servants, and made out a visiting-list for her mother's use, the girl, who was not prepared to marry just yet, next turned her attention to the parental investments, upon which she brought the light of her new ideas to bear. 'Il faut être de son siècle,' is her favorite saying. When the family money matters were running to her satisfaction, Miss B——, nothing if not active, devoted her time to organizing a kennel for the breeding of bulldogs of some particular form or color, I forget which. 'A woman,' she says, 'must have some serious object in life,' and she tells me that the way this special breed has been allowed to run down over here is a disgrace to the American people. Fortunately for us, she has leaped into the breach, and proposes to raise the standard, at no matter what personal inconvenience, to the English level. It appears that Minotaur, the famous five-thousand-dollar



"HAD 'NO INTENTION OF WASTING HER LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.'"

prize-winner, is on his way across the ocean to join her kennel."

This girl may or may not be a fair sample of her kind, but that there are hundreds of households in our land to-day where parents, from indolence or ignorance, are allowing themselves to be run by their daughters, is certain. It is also self-evident that in all classes of society, except certain conservative circles where Continental standards are observed, the Yankee girl has seized the helm. With father and mother comfortably installed in the cabin and male members of the crew forbidden even to approach the bridge, she is guiding the family bark, summer and winter, according to her pleasure.



"A WOMAN MUST HAVE SOME SERIOUS OBJECT IN LIFE."

These voyages are so amazing, when viewed from the terra firma of bachelordom, that I find myself getting out my mental telescope to watch the excursion and making bets with my friends on the finish. It may be doubted, however, if the situation is quite so agreeable to the passengers on board, for the chances appear about even whether the juvenile navigators succeed in guiding their ships into undiscovered harbors, full of new delights, or only dashing them on the rocks in the attempt. As the odds would seem to be rather in favor of shipwreck, one feels moved occasionally to send up small rockets of warning to the daring sea-maidens, signals which, however, are pretty sure to remain unheeded, if not resented.

He walks on thin ice who ventures to criticize feminine shortcomings in this country. Not only do the ladies themselves push aside, with wrath, all tampering with their liberty, but those willing slaves, the husbands and brothers, are apt to consider any such comment as little short of lese-majesty.

It is perhaps just here that the root of the trouble lies. The Yankee is certainly the most unselfish, industrious, long-suffering of beings. He asks nothing but her love from the girl of his choice, exacts no dot, and, no matter how humble his station in life, dreams not of associating her with his toil, which is vastly to his credit. Yet it looks at times as if this exaggerated unselfishness was working almost as much harm as good.

With curious inconsistency we Americans combine our worship of womankind with a throwing down of the barriers which all other races have considered it necessary to maintain about unmarried women, if they are to be a something apart from the rest of polluted humanity.

So chivalrous is the attitude of our compatriots toward women that a girl may to-day travel throughout the length of the country, make her toilet in sleeping-cars, go to a theater by herself, wander unattended in twilight streets, with never an offensive word or glance to disturb her serenity.

Our land is like Ireland of old, when the virgin Una, clothed in white and carrying a golden wand in her hand, walked unharmed through the island. Nothing, it must be confessed, can be finer. Unfortunately, like many good things, this state of affairs has its drawbacks, the hitch in this case being that many pretty wenches take their rôle of Una seriously, and imagine that wandering about the country in immaculate raiment is the principal object of existence. It 's ticklish work criticizing saints, yet one can't help thinking the Irish damsel in question would have been quite as well employed if she had stayed at home and helped her mother with the family dinner, or taught her little brothers their lessons.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"IT IS AN EVEN CHANCE THAT SHE . . . IS INVITED TO LUNCH."

My bachelor quarters are occasionally visited by a modern Una who is such a distinctly American product that I cannot refrain from describing, for the benefit of my readers, the existence she has arranged for herself and the ingenious methods by which she enjoys freedom from all cares, and gets a taste of life, without exceeding her meager allowance.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"THEY VISIT SOME BACHELOR PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO."

The girl, who is of spotless respectability, lives with a widowed aunt in a tiny apartment somewhere in the upper part of the town, from which altitude she descends, arrayed in dazzling garb, on most fair mornings, in pursuit of her day's sport. After a little shopping, or an hour's inspection of Twenty-third street windows, she arrives toward one o'clock at the Waldorf, or a kindred hostelry, where she trips about as though looking for some one. As soon as she spots a group of her acquaintances preparing to order luncheon, she floats up to them and asks if they "have seen Aunt Maria," which lady, strangely enough, does not materialize. As the girl lingers about their table, or asks—with one of her winning smiles—permission to sit by them until her relative appears, it is an even chance that she achieves her object and is invited to lunch. The little comedy of confusion and annoyance at Aunt Maria's defection is duly played, but the invitation is accepted. As she has always "forgotten her purse," a candid offer to share expenses does not count for much. The girl is, however, so gay and entertaining that this little trick, played with variations, provides her with most of her season's luncheons. On leaving her hosts, Una does a picture-gallery or two, or, if she meets a friend of her own ilk, they visit some bachelor painter in his studio. She never does this alone, being careful that no bad marks shall sully the white pages of her class-book.

Another favorite amusement is being photographed—when it does not cost anything. In consequence, the walls of half the amateur studios in town are graced with presentments of her dainty figure. This and kindred pastimes fill the hours until five o'clock, when she "teas" with a woman friend or drops in at a reception. Thus a day has been cheerfully and economically passed. By seven, when it is quite dark, and there is no further excuse for remaining out, the fair tramp reluctantly mounts an elevated train (her first extravagance), and returns to the society of the uncomplaining relative, who has passed *her* day in cutting, turning, and rearranging the girl's fine clothes, or darning the meager household linen.

It is only fair to point out in excuse of such an existence that the fault lies more with our foolish social conditions and the

"SHE JOINS SOME ART SCHOOL."

detached attitude of parents than with the lassies themselves, who are encouraged to shirk both cares and responsibilities and pass days and evenings in idleness.

An English or a French girl of position is born into a circle of duties and labor from which there is no escape. She learns early that many people are dependent on her or look up to her as their model. The poor in the neighborhood fall to her lot; it is she who aids her mother in the finances of the house, or when food and linen are being sent to cottages where there are new arrivals. Invalid old women have to be visited; the rector calls on her to furnish music for his village club or help entertain his working-girls of a Saturday night. The fact that life is not and cannot possibly be all holiday is early impressed upon foreign women. The work that lies ready to their hands is a matter of tradition, and can no more be shirked by such maidens than a presentation at court or a first communion. They are integral parts of life.

Few girls on our side of the Atlantic have experiences of this kind. To the majority country life means a hotel or a cottage hired for the summer months, which carries no responsibilities with it.

There is a temporary side to our social institutions, a constant moving on, which proves a power fully dissolvent. The knowledge that next year her family will be living somewhere else or wandering homeless in foreign lands, "because housekeeping fatigues poor mama," naturally detaches the daughter from any plan she may have formed for study or works of charity.

A more powerful factor, however, is the curious habit parents have of so arranging household machinery that their daughters shall be freed from its wheels. It is perhaps a laudable ambition to try to give one's offspring as much enjoyment as possible, but it leads to unexpected results when carried too far.

The average New York miss to-day is little better than a "parlor boarder" in her home, than which it is difficult to imagine a position more detached. From the time she wakes in the morning until retiring for the night she takes no part in household matters. To get through the morning she joins some art school, or attends a reading-club, where she lunches if possible, or else wanders home for that meal late, and disturbs the routine of the kitchen.

After a hasty bite, my lady accomplishes a "quick change," and is out of the house again for the rest of the afternoon. Calls, receptions, or aimless trapesing,—it does n't matter what,—fill her hours, the great point being not to get home until dinner-time. If there is nothing "on" for the evening she passes it over a novel, as undisturbed by any convulsions that may be in progress below-stairs as the most self-respecting "star boarder."

You may smile, dear reader, and put this down as a deliberate exaggeration, but if you take the trouble to look into the matter, you will find that homes where daughters strum the piano while mama cooks the dinner are distressingly numerous.

An insidious little circular has of late been calling the attention of New-Yorkers to certain down-town parlors where a man may keep evening clothes, extra top-coats, and other changes of apparel, avoiding in this way the annoyance of going home to dress. As the colliers of Killingsworth, who witnessed the first journeys of Stephenson's "traveling-engine," did not, in all probability,

"REARRANGING THE GIRL'S FINE CLOTHES."

appreciate the importance of the experiment going on under their eyes, nor foresee the revolution the little machine was destined to work in the habits of mankind, so the recipient of this circular doubtless fails to grasp its real purport or the possibilities that lie dormant in that innovation. The plan is only a germ as yet, but what changes will ensue when our women have seized upon and elaborated the scheme?

While MAMA Cooks the DINNER—

With a wardrobe judiciously distributed in different parts of the city and its suburbs, a demoiselle will be able to go through the successive transformations required by her day's amusement, jump from riding-habit to golf-skirt, into luncheon-, reception-, and ball-dress, without the tiresome necessity of reëntering the family circle. Think what saving of nerves and cab-fare will result! Two of New York's largest department stores already provide bath-rooms where customers can take dips between a tussle at the bargain-counter and a quick lunch. The phrase, "All the comforts of home," will soon be as obsolete as the place itself, and returning there except to sleep will be eliminated from the list of a damsel's duties.

A subspecies of the genus parlor boarder existing among us, and among us alone, no other nation disputing our claim to this possession, is—oh, hideous phrase!—the matinée girl, a type one shade less attractive than the tramp.

When of a Saturday afternoon the throngs of idle minxes come trooping, opera-glass in hand, from the elevated stations, I feel as the Elector of Brandenburg must have done when, on his walks about Berlin, he would shake his cane at the young women he met, calling out, "Go home, you idle wenches; the street is no place for you!"

Without going as far as disgruntled old Frederick, I cannot help feeling a certain irritation as the crowd pushes into the theaters, for, somehow, each half-grown girl calls up the picture of a neglected Harlem flat or stuffy office where a weary parent is grinding out the price of those theater tickets.

An actor of my acquaintance, most unromantically in love with his wife, tells me that his theatrical life is made weary by girls of this category, who write to him, send him flowers, stand in groups at the stage entrance, or, eluding the janitor's vigilance, appear at his dressing-room door, in quest of autographs and compliments.

"It 's a perfect shame!" I hear a fair reader exclaim as she turns these pages. "The writer seems to think that we are little better than dressed-up tramps, with nothing in our heads but nonsense. He must have a very queer lot of girl friends if that is what he thinks of us. I 've half a mind to write to the papers and prove how wrong he is and how unjust. It makes my blood boil when I think of it. Does n't he know that lots of girls are going in seriously for sports, out-of-door exercises, athletics, and other nice healthy things?"

"A 'QUICK CHANGE' . . . FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON."

Give me time, my dear. I was just going to speak about your athletic companions when you interrupted me. There are, as you say, quantities of girls who would disdain to wander all day about the streets, and who consider the time passed in shops as wasted. With your permission I will confide to you some observations recently made about this important and growing class.

Having had the honor, this autumn, to visit in a country house near New York at the same time as a golf champion, whose achievements on the links were thrilling the country, I learned many curious things about athletic damsels and their ways. The young lady in question arrived a week before the tournament that was to decide her supremacy, accompanied by her English trainer, a masseuse, and incidentally by her mama, a feeble-minded lady, so completely demoralized by her daughter's celebrity that she could talk of little else, and would confide, with little thrills of pride, to any one she could get to listen to her, how she could not take a ferry-boat or trolley-car without being pointed out as the mother of the "champion."

"'IT 'S A PERFECT SHAME.'"

Nothing more curious than the habits of the young athlete herself can be imagined. After a morning round of the links in company with the coach, she was handed over to her woman keeper, to be douched and rubbed and curry-combed till luncheon-time. The afternoon was passed exercising in a gymnasium, fitted up in the billiard-room for her use. After her dinner, which, by the way, consisted principally of meat carefully weighed by mama in small scales, the girl was again rubbed and exercised before retiring. Hers was no idle life, you see.

As the great day drew near, envoys from the press appeared on the scene to sketch and snap-shot the celebrity in every pose. Sporty gents in loud clothes followed the morning play surreptitiously, in order that the betting centers might be kept informed as to her condition, and sent to the papers none too delicate accounts of her "form" and general appearance—familiarities it was impossible to prevent or resent, as the girl had for the moment become the property of the betting public, which was putting its money on her, and so expected to be kept informed as to the chances of success.

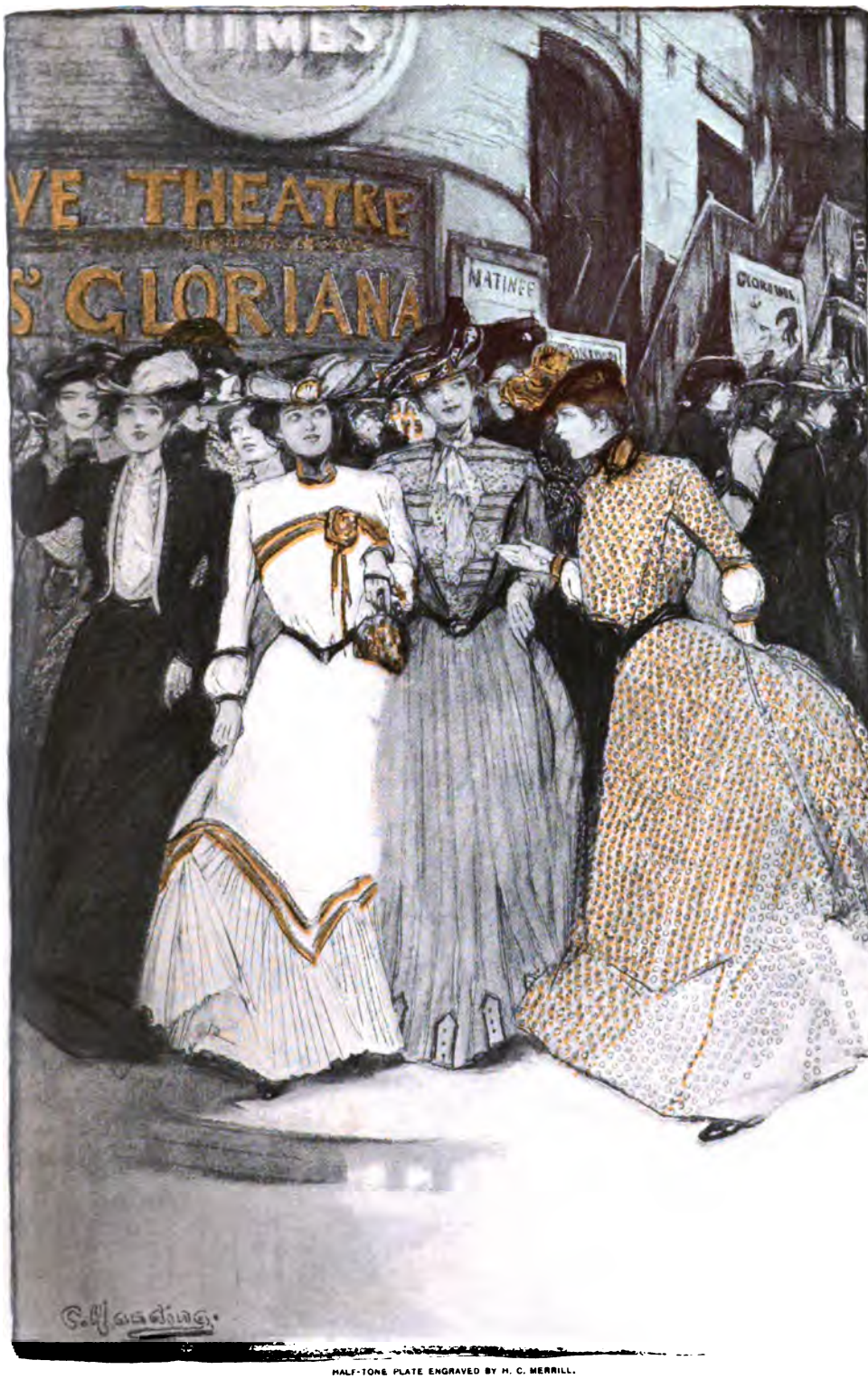
The strain of the last twenty-four hours was dreadful on the whole household. We talked of little but the match and "odds." It was rather a shock, I confess, to discover that our fair Diana (on the verge of a breakdown) was being kept to her work by frequent libations of strong "tea," carried by mama in a flask for the purpose. All minor ills, however, were forgotten when at noon on the great day our sportswoman was brought home, collapsed, but victorious. We felt that glory had, indeed, been shed upon the house. Mama, on the thin edge of hysterics, where she had been staggering for a week, sobbed out that her only regret was that "Tom" had not lived to see the day; and that dear "Polly" had always been the joy and comfort of her life!

As all the papers published photos and biographical sketches of the winner, needlessly I add that her portrait adorned most of the railway-stations and hotel lobbies in the country, and that her pet name was on the lips of every stable-boy and bartender in the neighborhood, who may have won or lost their cash through her prowess.

Watching the champion during the week that followed the match, I could not, for the life of me, keep from thinking what a funny wife she would later make for the youth who

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. SCHOELCH.

"THE PRICE OF THOSE THEATER TICKETS."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE MATINÉE GIRL.

should be fortunate enough to win her muscular self in wedlock.

It would not be fair to expect a woman to abandon, on marrying, the interest that had occupied the thoughts and efforts of her girlhood, so the youth who had encouraged his sweetheart (does n't that sweet, old-fashioned name seem out of place in this connection?) in her athletic tendencies would have to face existence at her side in the rôle of amateur coach rather than that of spouse.

"THE MOTHER OF THE 'CHAMPION.'"

There is an amusing Palais Royal farce called "Le Père de la Débutante," which teaches a good lesson in its way; but agitated as that old gentleman's life was, it would compare favorably with the existence of "the husband of the champion." Think what a cozy home he and his wife will have. The living-room is a gymnasium: foils and boxing-gloves replace books and prints on the walls; a plunge-bath has superseded the ingle-nook; scales take the place of easy-chairs; and a pneumascope, for testing his wife's "wind," occupies the corner devoted in less fortunate households to the eight-day clock. As holding a record is no joke, the condition of the lady's muscle will form the chief preoccupation of the household. A dash round the mile track,—which has replaced the rose-garden,—followed by an hour's boxing with a professional, will fill the morning hours. Meals will be casual and ill cooked, as no one can bother keeping the servants in order or selecting food; but such inconveniences will be eclipsed in the husband's mind by delight on receiving his coffee from a hand that has gathered in so many "cups," or having his matutinal muffin buttered by fingers holding the long-driving record.

People's ideas of happiness differ. How many men, do you suppose, would value this particular form of bliss? It has never been proved that prize-fighters make particularly agreeable husbands, so I fail to see how a reputation for cross-country riding or fame at five-barred gates will add to a lady's charm in the family circle, while the drawbacks to a life-companion of this stamp are, on the contrary, quite obvious.

Vitality, like other kinds of stored treasure, is pretty sure to be lacking in middle age if drawn on too lavishly in youth. "It 's a significant fact," said a well-known doctor in my hearing the other day, "that the advent of the sporty woman should coincide so closely with the spread of nervous troubles across our country. It is true that this may, to a certain extent, be caused by the climate, which, apparently so invigorating, has a treacherous way of luring the unwary on to efforts beyond their strength, and then, like some malicious will-o'-the-wisp, leaving its victims to flounder in a bog of collapse. Be the causes what they may," he added, "the invalid wife is an institution peculiar to this happy land. Women of no other country flop on the roadside of life. I have yet to see the American who, after an athletic girlhood, developed into a healthy matron. They may exist, but I have never met one, having, on the contrary, remarked that the greater the feats performed in youth the more complete the slump in after years." Which is discouraging, if true, and should give pause to the advocates of sports.

Now, if the lassies are bent on passing their time at games, it would be better to follow the lead of our ultra "smart" ladies, and go in for a lucrative amusement—

"HER PET NAME ON THE LIPS OF EVERY STABLE-BOY."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE HARD-WORKING 'BRIDGEITES.'"

"bridge," for instance, by proficiency at which, it is said, many women add substantially to their incomes. During the long, hot summer afternoons, when the hard-working "bridgeites" sat chained for hours to the card-tables, I said to myself, "Here, at least, are a set of people preparing an agreeable future for themselves. Old age will have no terrors for these foreseeing ones, who are following Talleyrand's advice. If later in life reverses of fortune throw them on their own resources, these girls will be prepared to support their families in ease, by giving less accomplished mortals lessons in the game or by simply plying their art in society." But this, I fear, however, will prove but a specious hope; we will, with our usual excessiveness, have wrung the new game dry and thrown it into the dust-bin of discarded amusements before any one can have more than reached proficiency, thus leaving the devotees with their painfully acquired knowledge waste upon their hands. If Thackeray, who says in his paper on George III that coaching and card-playing, fashionable at that time, have disappeared forever from polite society, could come back to life and look in on Newport of an August afternoon, he would realize his error, and be astonished to find that his description of London a hundred years or more ago might have been written about America of to-day.

An analogy sometimes expresses shades of thought better than pages of description. For some time I have been trying to think of a comparison that would correctly picture a New York girl's existence. It was not until the other day, while listening to a patriotic oration, that an idea presented itself. The speech in question turned on the advantages enjoyed by our women over their foreign sisters. People of the Old World, we were told, passed their time envying us our emancipated females, and longing to have "new century" girls of their own. The harangue ended with the assertion that "in other countries women are little better than slaves, while in our great republic they have been raised to the rank of goddesses."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"SPORTY GENTS IN LOUD CLOTHES FOLLOWED THE MORNING PLAY."

This remark struck me as truer than the speaker imagined. Several winters passed in Italy, some study of Greek sculpture and Renaissance frescos, have posted me in the habits of goddesses. The more one looks into the matter, the more one finds a resemblance between our women and Jupiter's fair companions. With the exception of the great toilet question, of such vital importance to modern girls,—but which does not, judging by appearances, seem to have preoccupied classic dames to any great extent,—the ways of the two groups are identical.

Replace Olympus by one of our larger hotels,—which resembles it in height, if not in grace,—put Oscar in Hebe's place, remember that automobiles are only clumsy substitutes for the swift, clean, inexpensive clouds on which the restless deities rushed

about in search of pleasure or to arrange other people's affairs, and you will have to confess the analogy holds good.

The ladies of either society do not have fixed abodes or hours for their meals. Both combine a fondness for the chase with a love of being up all night and about all day. It is difficult to ascertain to what extent Venus and her peers were addicted to the matinée habit, but we may infer that Apollo, the fashionable tenor of that time, drew as crowded houses as the elderly Polish favorite of to-day.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. SCHOELCH.

"A CERTAIN EXPRESSION THAT GENERALLY DID THE BUSINESS."

It is, however, time to draw rein. My pen has galloped further than was intended. Criticizing dainty maids is too much like impaling butterflies or dissecting singing-birds. There is always the fear lest some of the bloom be brushed from their wings or a gay plume broken in the process.

Lamartine says somewhere, "When one writes about women, the pen should be dipped in a rainbow and ink dried with the pollen of flowers." Perhaps he 's right. He had much knowledge of women, and doubtless found by experience that it was safer in the long run to praise the dear creatures who have a way of revenging themselves when provoked.

Many years ago, when I stood a detected culprit in the maternal presence, awaiting punishment, experience had taught me that it would be light if only the stern face before me could be made to smile. So, with juvenile ruse, I would assume a certain expression that generally did the business. Before long the grave lips of my judge would quiver, then part in a smile, and I would be kissed and forgiven.

This is not mentioned here as the best way of treating sinning youngsters, but because it illustrates the feelings with which this paper, written with many misgivings, is brought to a close.

Knowing perfectly well that it will get me into a scrape and ruffle the complacency of many readers, I am yet sustained by the hope that its pages will call a smile to some scapegrace faces, in spite of disapproval, for then I may be pardoned, though not quite in the same way. That would be expecting too much!

Although he blusters and frowns a bit, the writer cannot find it in his heart to be seriously provoked with the buoyant hoidens enjoying a brief springtime in their own wayward fashion. If he has allowed himself to become hypercritical at times, it is because he would fain see the American girl faultless in her ways as she is in face, occupying her rightful place in the world and easily first among women. Not a disheveled sportswoman, weather-beaten and ill kept; not an adventurous navigator, square of jaw and unchangeable of face; not a household tyrant, versed before her time in the sinister lore of the world; not a tramp saint or an idle goddess, but a gentle, home-loving maid:

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"THE WORK OF INVESTIGATION BEGAN."

MR. APPLEBY'S VOTE.

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

MRS. APPLEBY plunged her mop among the cups and saucers, diving at the hot little handles as they came in sight.

"Guess ye 'll hev to tek a towel, pa," she observed to the only other occupant of the room, the old man in the corner. "Cynthia ain't got back."

The old man rose obediently, laying his hands on the arms of the rocker, and straightening up his long back by degrees. Pausing,—it was his habit to stop a moment by the window before proceeding to any action of life, serious or trivial,—he looked out. The morning was gray. The earth was stiff with cold, and the wind, in not unpleasant contrast to the droning of the cook-stove inside, was making a doleful whistling down the road. As he stood, a rattle of wheels was heard, and a buggy, coming suddenly in sight, pulled up before the gate.

"It 's John Dunnin'," he answered to his wife's inquiry. "Wunner what he wants!" He reached for his hat and hobbled to the door.

The owner of the name, a man in fur cap and ear-tabs, came stamping up on the stoop. "Mornin', Mr. Appleby!" he called jocosely. "Mornin', Mrs. Appleby! Yaas, it 's cold." He took, with many puffings, the chair Mr. Appleby was drawing toward him, and stretched his red hands above the stove.

"Might as waal tell ye what I come fer," he continued, for the old couple were staring at him in expectant silence. "I 'd oughter got around afore. Ye see, it 's jes like this. The boys up our way 's tryin' ter git me in fer sheriff on this ticket, an' the Wes'field boys is tryin' ter git Bob Lucas in, 'n' him an' me 's got jes this p'int in common—we 're needin' all our fr'en's. Now, I ain't got anythin' 'g'in' *Bob*, ye know,—if I don't git it, why, I hope he will,—but I 'd kinder like the place. Fer var'us reasons I 'd kinder like the place."

Mr. Dunning paused out of delicacy, and rubbed his hands.

"O' course I w'u'd n't want ter speak fer Mr. Appleby's vote if it 's alriddy spuk fer," he went on finally, as neither helped him out. "I like ter see things done up square. But, bein' a fr'en' an' neighbor—"

Mrs. Appleby let the suspended mop slide back into the pan.

"Oh, yes," she said; "he 'd vote fer ye. Pa 'd vote fer ye, Mr. Dunnin'. He was speakin' jes this mornin' 'bout the votin' comin' off to-day. He ain't got nothin' 'g'in' Bob, neither; but yer a neighbor. He 'd like to see ye git the place. But"—she began to stir again conclusively—"he wa'n't a-goin' out, it bein' so cold."

Dunning coughed.

"Waal, I thought o' that," he answered. "I knowed he ha'n't no rig, an' brought the buggy round. It ain't so cold. If he 'd hop in with me, I 'd hev him back in no time. 'T 'u'd be an awful favor. Mr. Appleby, what d' ye say?"

The old man looked from one to the other, unwilling to offend.

"Why, I—dunno," he wavered. "I s'pose I might go, ma?"

His wife demurred.

"Ye know that leg o' yourn was wuss las' night," she reminded him, "an' all account this weather comin' on. I 'd hate to resk it. Ye go do somethin' foolish, now, an' ye 'll be on yer back. It 's be'n two weeks come this Sunday," she said to Dunning, "sence he 's hed his foot outside. He 's be'n dreadful twisted up."

Mr. Appleby groaned a little at the recital of his troubles, and the would-be sheriff groaned also.

"Too bad!" he ejaculated. "It 's too blame bad. There 's ole Squire Rob'tson, beyont us, is jes the same. Be'n indoors these las' two month'. But there 's some as says"—his glance strayed toward the buggy—"it ain't so waal ter keep so close cooped up."

"Ye don't tell!" Mrs. Appleby commented.

"Yaas, that 's what I hear. That young doctor, now, they 've got down-town, he 's an awful one on air. I hear he 's bundlin' people right straight out."

"Ye don't tell!" she said again.

"That 's what they say. An' they do say he knows what 's what. He gives 'em air fer drugs. Not folks what 's on their backs, ye know, but them what 's jes a leetle—teched: what 's mopin' round an' frettin'-like, an' needs their minds tuk off."

There was a rather vicious click as a dish came into too sudden conjunction with the draining-tray.

"An' I w'u'd n't wunner, either!" Dunning went on, warming to his subject. "It sounds like sense. Why, look at creeters what is allus kep' outside, they never need no drugs. It stands ter reason that a leetle airin' c'u'd n't hurt. Take Mr. Appleby, fer instance, here," he added, applying himself assiduously to the stove, "a-mopin' in the house an' frettin' 'bout his leg—he needs his mind tuk off. I 'd think a turn around 'u'd do him good!"

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Appleby returned with some asperity. "I 'd call it resky."

"Pertik'ler," he insisted, overlooking it, "if he 's wrapped up. I 've got the new hoss-blanket outside thar, 'n' a buffaler—I sca'cely think he *c'u'd* git cold."

"I 'd say it was a resk. But I ken see yer in a bad way, Mr. Dunnin'. I s'pose ye 'd do as much fer him. If ye ken wait"—she rattled out the plates with emphasis—"until we 're righted up I 'll put him in his things." She pushed a red-checked square toward her husband. "Come, pa! Be spry!"

"'T 'll be a-moderatin'," Dunning offered, "right straight on."

"Cynthia 's got a good big muffler," she reflected, to show her valuation of the statement, "she 's be'n makin' fer a fr'en'. I 'll git it down. I ain't a-temptin' Prov'dence any further 'n I hev to. Ye 'll be back, I guess, afore she comes."

"Oh, yes! Yes, ma'am. We 'll be good an' back inside an hour. Whar is Miss Cynthy?" he made inquiry, wishing to lead the conversation to safe and pleasant ground.

"She 's up with Mis' Van Atter," her mother answered, diverted. "Mis' Van Atter likes to hev her there fer comp'ny. It 's wunnerful how they get on. She 'll be back, I tek it, arter dinner. I kinder looked fer her las' night. Mis' Van Atter 'll drive her down. I hope *yer* datter 's well?"

"M-m! Thank ye. Yaas, she 's waal." Dunning fidgeted and clicked the cover of his watch. "Tell ye what, Mrs. Appleby. S'pose I run around an' git Abe Hummer while yer finishin'? He 's goin' with us. We 'll be here in twenty minutes 'n' ken pick up Mr. Appleby. 'T 'u'd save some time. We 've got a—sorter busy mornin' on!"

"Well," she assented, "as ye say. I 'll hev pa fixed."

Mr. Appleby stood at the window, waiting, a burdened figure, when the sound of wheels was heard again. His wife, her apron over her shoulders, accompanied him out.

"Keep yer knees underneath the buffaler," was her admonition, as she unhooked the gate, "an' do the best ye ken. I know what there 's in store to-night."

"All right, Mr. Appleby?" Dunning poked his head out. "Guess ye 'll hev ter git in on my lap here, by way o' evenin', Abe." Hummer was not in evidence, save through the way the buggy dipped on the farther side.

"Got yer tax-receipt?" Dunning added suddenly, as the old man paused beside the wagon. "Ye know ye voted up in Union las'."

There was a property requirement in New Jersey at the time of which we write, and a voter who had changed his township since the last assessment must prove that he was qualified by showing a tax-receipt from the place from which he had removed. Mr. Appleby stopped with one foot on the step.

"Why, I—guess so," he answered in his mild, bewildered way. "Ain't I, ma?" He glanced pathetically down at his muffled state. "I guess it 's somewheres here inside."

"'T 'u'd be a good thing ter *know!*" Dunning interpolated. He gave the lines to Hummer. "Young Cox was turned away this mornin' 'cause he had n't hisn. He voted jes whar ye did las' time, at the Furms. It w'u'd n't be no use ter go without it. They 're lookin' sharp this year."

"Come in the house, pa," said Mrs. Appleby, authoritatively, "an' I 'll unloose ye."

The three filed back into the kitchen, and the work of investigation began. The receipt was not in the overcoat; it was not in the coat; it was not in the trousers' pockets (and Dunning's face began to assume a slightly strained expression); it was not in the waistcoat.

"Jes set down," Mrs. Appleby encouraged. "I 'll look it up. Pa mos' likely hes it in his ole cigar-box. He 's liable to put things there."

She brought out the cigar-box and turned its contents on the table. The two men hung above them eagerly—an Easter card, some letters, a razor-strop, a quart or two of squash-seeds, and a lock of Cynthia's hair.

"Well, now," she reiterated, "if that don't beat all! Pa allus puts things in that box.

But if it ain't there, it 's in the cupboard. Undo yer coat, ye 'd better, Mr. Dunnin'; ye 'll git too warm. Set down—ye both."

Dunning, pacing the farther side of the room, stopped at the window and made a speaking-trumpet of his hands. "Drive 'er up an' down!" he hallooed. The sight of Mr. Appleby, fingering the strop with childish pleasure at having rediscovered it,—at his expense,—added, it might have been, the peculiar note of injury to his step. He followed Mrs. Appleby, mounted on a chair and moving among the china on the shelves, with dogged eyes.

"Now don't ye fidget, Mr. Dunnin'." Her manner had a warning of return to tartness as she came down, flushed and unsuccessful. "Pa ain't the hand to lose things. He hes it all safe somewheres, if we c'u'd find it." She put up her glasses for a comprehensive survey. "It ain't fur off."

But the missing scrap, risen so suddenly to such importance, was neither in the work-basket nor the wood-box. It was not behind the clock, nor under the edges of the carpet, nor among the strings and lamp-wicks of the drawers above the dresser, nor tied up with the little rolls of family papers in the "chist." Mr. Appleby, the Bible propped upon his lap, went from Genesis to Revelation, and Dunning—the while the buggy passed and repassed the windows—thumbed through the "History of the Early Settlers of New Jersey," the only other book.

Mrs. Appleby, wandering resourceless after her review of the up-stairs regions, paused, as a dying hope, by the bureau, and unwrapped her daughter's curl-papers one by one.

"The law sakes!" she ejaculated, sinking into a chair and pushing her glasses up on her head as she descended for the last time to the kitchen, "what *air* we goin' to do?"

"Waal," Dunning responded, rising and buttoning his overcoat around him brusquely, "I s'pose I might as waal go on with Abe. I 'm out o' Burgess an' the Carter boys. They c'u'd n't go down arter ten. That 's three votes gone!" He stood, a gloomy figure, with his hand upon the knob.

"I tell ye what we *c'u'd* do," he burst out, tweaking it, "we c'u'd look the tax-c'lector up. He 'd oughter give a duplercate—the taxes 's be'n paid. We c'u'd take Abe down an' drop him, an' go on ter the Furms. It ain't so fur."

"It 's full four mile'," objected Mrs. Appleby, "fer I 've druv it. An' pa ain't fit to go at all."

"Waal," retorted Dunning, "an' I 'm a-losin' o' four votes. I don't know which is wuss. I 'm out o' three alriddy. It 's purty hard ter lose the four."

MRS. APPLEBY sat with her knitting, after the buggy had vanished with her husband and the other voters, until the clock struck one. Then she rose and laid the cloth, having given them, as she judged, sufficient time. She hesitated, and finally put on plates for three.

"I won't feel none too good toward Mr. Dunnin'," she said, setting the last one down a little more energetically, "if pa 's the wuss fer this. But I s'pose I 'll hev to ask him in. They 'll be good an' hungry, too, I wa'nt!" her housewifely vanity made excuse, as she ascended from the cellar with a slight color in her cheeks and some samples of her plum and quince preserves. "I don't b'lieve Mr. Dunnin's wife does nothin' up. She never looked the hand."

The aroma of frying chops rose from the skillet, and the cheery trundling of boiling potatoes from the pot.

"Lucky I did n't start out any sooner!" she reflected, while her anxious glance stole up the road in the intervals of preparation. "What on airth ken keep 'em so?"

The clock pointed to a quarter of two when the dinner was dished; moved on, with time's ancient privilege—denied the rest of us—to "wait for no man," to two, half-past, three. The chops, crisp little reefs in the gravy lagoon, had covered themselves with a skin from long standing, and the potatoes, starting in such pearly exuberance, were turned discouraged and sear. Mrs. Appleby, breathing out prognostications, had eaten her solitary portion and set the remainder back on the stove.

"I 've druv from the Furms," she repeated, "in forty-five minutes. Pa 's be'n tuk wuss in the knees, or the buggy 's bruk down under Abe!"

She wandered from window to window. In her heart, perhaps, for the first time she could remember, there was a tinge of relief that Cynthia did not appear. Afternoon turned into evening, and evening to night. The weather had moderated, as Dunning predicted. The snow that had come with the change, the first of that year, was beginning to fall, and by half-past nine she had made up her mind to the worst.

A smothered exclamation brought her to the door. A black thing—it looked a shape of ill rather than a wagon—loomed before the gate.

"Pa," she ventured, staring, rigid, into the darkness, "is that you?"

"Yaas, ma'am,"—the voice that issued from the blot was unmistakable,—"it 's us. Now, then, Mr. Appleby! Whoa, there! Back, now! Can't ye stand?"

She shaded her eyes, to assure them of the incoming pair. "What," she inquired,—her voice had not yet shaken off the impression that it was receiving their spirits,—"hev ye to say?"

"Now, then, Mrs. Appleby,"—Dunning was dashing the snow from his sleeves,—"it 's all right, now; don't ye fret. We 're all right, ain't we? Safe an' sound hum ag'in, arter a leetle outin'." He heaved himself into a chair and indulged in a guffaw. "Ain't we all right, Mr. Appleby, now?"

"Yes," Mr. Appleby cackled in echo, "we 're all right, ma."

She set her lips close, and carried his overcoat out to the shed. His looks *were* against him. His hair clung wet to his forehead, and the muffler had run pink and green on his shirt.

"Put yer feet into the oven," was her only comment, returning, "an' drink this tea down."

"Now, Mrs. Appleby," Dunning kept on protesting, "don't say a word. Don't ye blame Mr. Appleby; 't wa'n't his fault. Ye jes lay it all onter me. Or on the c'lector," he added with another grim chuckle. "How about *him*, Mr. Appleby? Ain't he the one?"

"I—guess that 's so," Mr. Appleby answered. "He 's the one."

Dunning tilted his chair back, while Mrs. Appleby cared for her husband and put his boots to the stove.

"Waal, we started arter that man—whar on airth 'a' we *be'n*, Mrs. Appleby? Ye remember what time we set out. We put fer the Furms as soon 's we got rid o' Abe. 'T ain't any less 'n four mile', as ye know, bein' ye 've druv it, an' the fust thing the mare did was ter kick off a shoe, goin' through Cranford. That was A No. 1! We tinkered 'er up—we was nigh by a smithy—an' started ag'in, 'n' when we got ter the c'lector's place, at the Furms thar, we found out he 'd moved. That was A No. 2! (Mr. Appleby 'll tell ye, he 's livin' 'way up t'other end o' the town.) Thar wa'n't no folks 'n the ole house, an' it tuk us some time askin' questions, an' when we drawed up at the new place a young wumman come ter the door.

"'S the c'lector at hum?' I called in ter 'er, an' she called back ter us, 'No, I don't think so. I 'll go an' ask ma.'"

"That was Car'line," Mrs. Appleby put in frigidly. "She was by his first wife."

"Waal, she might be," Dunning admitted, "but whar she went ter 's more 'n I ken tell ye, or Mr. Appleby either. She was gone nigh a hull half-hour. An' I thar a-twistin' 'n' turnin', an' thinkin' o' all the folks thar was yit ter call fer t' hum! Jes 's I 'd med my mind up ter goin' in arter 'er, the ole lady poked 'er head out.

"'S the c'lector inside?' I said, as perlite as I c'u'd, bein' rasped; an' she stud thar a-eyin' us crosswise, as we might 'a' be'n blacklegs. I 've allus heard tell she was quar. 'No,' she says final; 'he ain't. He 's gone out.'"

"She was a Hendershot," Mrs. Appleby observed.

"I guess thar ye 're right, Mrs. Appleby. I guess that 's jes it. 'An' ye ha'n't any notion,' I as'ed, 'whar he 's gone?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' more crosswise, 'I hain't.' An' then she seen Mr. Appleby here. 'Why, an' it 's Mr. Appleby,' says she, 'up from Wes'field, an' I never knowed ye at all! An' y' ain't met my husband? He 's gone down ter Cranford on bizness, an' taken the sulky. He ain't gone an hour. Ye 've crossed him fer sure on the road. Blest,' she says, 'if I knowed ye!' An' ye never heard sech a set-ter! 'Now yer comin' right in ter tek dinner,' she says, 'an' how 's Mrs. Appleby, now, an' Miss Cynthy, an' why ain't ye be'n up before? Car'line,' says she, 'tell George ter come out fer Mr. Appleby's hoss.'

"'Thank ye as much,' I said 's soon 's thar was room fer 't, an' Mr. Appleby, too. 'Thank ye as much. But we can't eat or drink till we 've seen the c'lector. We 're runnin' on time!' We got away from 'er, though she 'd med up 'er mind 't we sh'u'd n't, havin' larned he was headed fer Conover's store. Back ter Cranford we went."

"That was twict," Mr. Appleby said, "ye know, ma."

"Yaas," Dunning repeated, "that was twict. ''S the c'lector in here?' I called in, when we got down ter Conover's. Conover come out himself.

"'He 's be'n here,' he said, an' he seen we was wantin' ter see him pertik'ler. 'Why, I guess ye 'll find him,' he says, 'at the tavern. He was goin' in thar fer a bite.'

"That looked ter us as likely a thing as he c'u'd do, an' as sens'ble, it goin' on ha'-past one. 'Jes hold onter the hoss,' I told Mr. Appleby when we got ter the tavern. 'I 'll go git him out.'

"Waal, I run in. He wa'n't thar by the

fire, an' he wa'n't, as I see, at none o' the tables, an' I spuk ter that thin leetle snip by the desk. 'Ken ye tell me whar ter find the c'lector,' I as'ed, 'from the Furms? He dropped in a minute ago.'

"'He must 'a' dropped out, then,' he says, as indiff'rent, a-writin' along in his book. I 'll hev Bob on him, if Bob 's the nex' sheriff! 'I seen him go,' he called arter me, 'five minutes sence.'

"'Ain't he thar?' Mr. Appleby says when he seen me a-comin'. He was lookin' out o' the buggy. Ye sh'u'd 'a' seen Mr. Appleby, ma'am! 'No,' says I, settin' down like I felt, 'he ain't thar!' 'What 'll we do, then?' he says. 'Do?' says I. 'Why, we 'll go back ter Conover's.' It was all 't we c'u'd do. Conover told us, as fur 's *he* knew, he was goin' ter Rahway, an' a chap in with him bein' sartin, ter Rahway we went. When we got 'bout half thar, as true 's yer livin' we spied out a sulky, but 't was goin' an oppersite way.

"'It 's the c'lector,' says I, 'or I 'm done! I know by his back.' An' Mr. Appleby he thought so too. We yanked the mare round an' we tuk down that road. Waal, he was goin' along purty lively, ter start with, an' he did n't go no slower, fer all 't we yipped. It was a good two mile' afore he turned round ter see what was arter him—an' 't wa'n't the c'lector 't all!"

Dunning paused, with eyes twinkling, and shifted the boots.

"We did n't stop ter mek no explernations," he continued, "'n' we did n't foller no more sulkies, gittin' ter Rahway; but we tracked him ter five diff'rent places thar, each of 'em tellin' he was sure at the nex', an' it gittin' later each minute, till it seemed 's if summun 't ain't perlite ter mention was ag'in' us, an' bimeby I got mad. F'er all I 'm a church-goin' man, Mrs. Appleby, an' my father afore me, I said, 'I 'll be—dummed!' I says, says I. 'If I don't git another vote in this election I 'll come in with this!' I says ter Mr. Appleby, 'We 'll go back ter the Furms, an' we 'll go inter his house, an' we 'll set thar.' An' we did. We went thar 'n' set.

"The wimmin-folks done all they c'u'd ter mek it agree'ble, an' Mr. Appleby he et some pie. But I was that riled I c'u'd n't 'a' swallered, an' jes 's I 'd med up my mind 't was all up, in he come.

"He give us that duplercate flyin', a-laffin' all the hull time. 'Lemme know if ye git thar!' he hollered arter us. Thar wa'n't no grass growin' unner us gittin' back hum!

"'Keep up yer head,' says I, 'Mr. Appleby; keep up yer head,'—which was differcult, too, with the snow comin' squar' 'n our faces. 'We 'll hev 'er in yit!'

"We come round the corner inn, whar the polls is, jes as Joe Can'less was puttin' up shop. 'Gates is shut!' he sung out, when he seen us; but I 'lowed they wa'n't, quite.

"'Joe,' I says,—him 'n' me unnerstand one another,—'I 've be'n chasin' this vote 'crost the State o' New Jarsey, an', by Christmas,' says I, 'she goes in!'"

Dunning gave way to a sounding "Ha, ha!" and brought down the legs of his chair. "*Ain't* she in now, Mr. Appleby? Ain't she went in? Yaas, Mrs. Appleby, ma'am,—if Bob wants ter be sheriff let him hev it,—she went in! The boys did n't mek nothin' much out o' us," he continued, "but they 'll git it to-morrer—the c'lector 'll give 'em the yarn. He 'll think it too good ter be kep'. I ain't used ter be beat when I set out ter do a thing. I ain't used ter be beat!

"No, I thanks; no, I thanks, Mrs. Appleby. Thank ye as much." He buttoned his coat with a relish. "I 've lef' the mare standin', an' the folks 'll be waitin' at hum. I 'll be in 'n the mornin' ter let ye know how it went. Don't ye fret, now, Mrs. Appleby. Don't ye worry 'bout Mr. Appleby. He ain't goin' ter be one bit the wuss. If we 'd come in behind with that ballot,"—his eye glimmered again as he stood in the doorway,—"he might be'n. But we got thar on time!

"Ain't that so, Mr. Appleby? Ain't we done up the job—if we did tek a day ter 't? If you 'n' me don't never do another job togither, we done this."

Mrs. Appleby sat looking after him as the door closed, and her pent-up feeling launched one shaft. "An' may it be a satisfaction to ye both," she added fervently, "if ye 've got yer death!"

SHE moved among her supper-things with an air of resignation, while the snow kept up its tapping on the windows, and put the chop she had been saving by her husband's plate.

"Now, pa," she announced at last, "we 're ready. Will ye set up an' eat?"

Mr. Appleby, bending toward the stove as Dunning had left him, did not appear to hear the invitation. He held a bit of paper in his hand.

"Ma," he said dreamily,—he turned it over and ran his fingers through his pockets,—"why, ma!"

She crossed to the fire, beside him, to "fix" it, and put her lifter in the lid.

"Well, pa," she responded, "don't come

to me fer symp'thy. Ye 'll hev to tek the suff'rin'. Ye knowed jes how 't 'u'd be. Ye was bound to be tuk in by his talkin', an' now ye may be on yer back till spring. Do ye calc'late 't was wuth it—to help him git that vote?"

"That 's jes it!" He spoke with rueful deprecation. "Ma—I—I dunno how it happened—I must 'a' hed 'em both togither—I did n't vote that ballot, arter all!"

Mrs. Appleby dropped the stove-lid, and it spun, clanging, on the stone below. "Ye—did n't—vote—the—ballot? Pa," she asked, the red light illumining her uplifted hands, "*what did ye vote?*"

The old man rocked back in his chair. "It wa'n't the ballot," he reiterated, while a feeble snicker shook him; "it wa'n't the ballot, fer here 't is. I must 'a' voted that there—tax-receipt!"

SONGS OF THE CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

A VIRGINIA REEL.

De banjo done commence de chune,
You can't git on de flo' too soon;
Lead out yo' pa'dnah to de place,
Don' let de music go to was'e.

Now th'ow dem windows open wide,
An' fo'm a line f'om side to side;
Bow to de lef', bow to de right,
An' lif' yo' feet lak dey was light.

Now all togedah bow an' 'vance,
No draggin' feet in dis hyeah dance;
Lay all yo' sorrows on de she'f,
An' sta't in to enjoy yo'se'f.

Dah, Joe, you tek Miss Sally's han';
Don' be so lazy, goodness lan'!
A body 'd t'ink dat you had foun'
A' int'rus' in a buryin'-groun'.

Come steppin' lively down de line;
Ef you got mannahs, show 'em fine;
Sasshay de lady, bow an' swing,
An' listen to dat banjo sing.

Now show de trim dat you is in
By shufflin' neatly back ergin;
Wipe all de shine f'om off yo' face,
An' swing yo' lady to huh place.

Now op'site ladies bow an' cross,
Dah ain't a minute to be los';
Jine han's, all tu'n yo' faces in,
An' tek yo' pa'dnahs back ergin.

Nex' couple forrard, do de same;
Ef you gits mixed, I ain't to blame;
Come glidin' thoo, don' be so slow,
'T ain't no time 'fo' de cock 'll crow.

Salute yo' pa'dnahs ez befo',
Git out an' taih up all dis flo';
Ef you 's got feelin's, show you feel
By steppin' dis Vahginia reel.

THE SUITOR.

Miss Marfy sco'n young Isaac so,
He swaih he sholy die;
He stan' befo' huh cabin do'
An' hol' his hea't an' sigh.
Oh, swing yo' lady roun' an' roun',
An' grant huh gent'man's grace;
Fu' dey 's a smile behine de frown
On evah lady's face.

Miss Marfy cas' huh mantle down;
Young Isaac tek it up.
De smile hit chase erway huh frown;
She ax him in to sup.

Miss Marfy drap huh han'kerchuh;
Young Isaac pick it up.
He say he did n't need wid huh
No sugah in his cup.

Miss Marfy talk; young Isaac smile,
An' 'mos' fu'git to eat,
An' kind o' back'ard aftahw'ile
He daihed to call huh sweet.

Young Isaac ain't a-sighin' now,
He swaihs he nevah did;
He lookin' fu' a' o'ange bough
To deck Miss Marfy wid.
Oh, swing yo' lady roun' an' roun',
An' grant huh gent'man's grace;
Fu' dey 's a smile behine de frown
On evah lady's face.

NODDIN' BY DE FIRE.

SOME folks t'inks hit 's right an' p'opah,
Soon ez bedtime come erroun',
Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
But dese people dey all misses
Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
Dat 's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
An' a-noddin' by de fiah.

W'en de ol' pine-knot 's a-blazin',
An' de hick'ry 's crackin' free,
Den 's de happy time fu' snoozin',
It 's de noddin' houah fu' me.
Den I gits my pipe a-goin',
While I pokes de flames up highah,
An' I 'tends lak I 's a-t'inkin',
W'en I 's noddin' by de fiah.

Mebbe some one comes to jine you;
Well, dat 's good, but not de bes',
Less'n dat you 's kind o' lonesome,
Er ain't honin' fu' de res'.
Den you wants to tell a sto'y,
Er you wants to hyeah de news
Kind o' half tol', while you 's stealin'
Ev'y now an' den a snooze.

W'en you 's tiahed out a-hoein',
Er a-followin' de plow,
Whut 's de use of des a-fallin'
On yo' pallet lak a cow?
W'y, de fun is all in waitin
In de face of all de tiah,
An' a-dozin' an' a-drowsin'
By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
'Ca'se yo' bones is full o' col',
Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
Roun' de co'nahs of yo' soul.
An' you 'low anothah minute
'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
'Ca'se you hates to leave de fiah.

Whut 's de use o' downright sleepin'?
You can't feel it while it las',
An' you git up feelin' sorry
W'en de time fu' it is pas'.
Seem to me dat time too precious,
An' de houahs too short entiah,
Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
Des a-noddin' by de fiah.

TWO LITTLE TALES.[1]

BY MARK TWAIN.

FIRST STORY: THE MAN WITH A MESSAGE FOR THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

SOME days ago, in this second month of 1900, a friend made an afternoon call upon me here in London. We are of that age when men who are smoking away their time in chat do not talk quite so much about the pleasantnesses of life as about its exasperations. By and by this friend began to abuse the War Office. It appeared that he had a friend who had been inventing something which could be made very useful to the soldiers in South Africa. It was a light and very cheap and durable boot, which would remain dry in wet weather, and keep its shape and firmness. The inventor wanted to get the government's attention called to it, but he was an unknown man and knew the great officials would pay no heed to a message from him.

"This shows that he was an ass—like the rest of us," I said, interrupting. "Go on."

"But why have you said that? The man spoke the truth."

"The man spoke a lie. Go on."

"I will *prove* that he—"

"You can't prove anything of the kind. I am very old and very wise. You must not argue with me; it is irreverent and offensive. Go on."

"Very well. But you will presently see. I am not unknown, yet even *I* was not able to get the man's message to the Director-General of the Shoe-Leather Department."

"This is another lie. Pray go on."

"But I assure you on my honor that I failed."

"Oh, certainly. I knew *that*. You did n't need to tell me."

"Then where is the lie?"

"It is in your intimation that you were *not able* to get the Director-General's immediate attention to the man's message. It is a lie, because you *could* have gotten his immediate attention to it."

"I tell you I could n't. In three months I have n't accomplished it."

"Certainly. Of course. I could know that without your telling me. You *could* have gotten his immediate attention if you had gone at it in a sane way; and so could the other man."

"I *did* go at it in a sane way."

"You did n't."

"How do *you* know? What do you know about the circumstances?"

"Nothing at all. But you did n't go at it in a sane way. That much I know to a certainty."

"How can you know it, when you don't know what method I used?"

"I know by the result. The result is perfect proof. You went at it in an insane way. I am very old and very w—"

"Oh, yes, I know. But will you let me tell you *how* I proceeded? I think that will settle whether it was insanity or not."

"No; that has already been settled. But go on, since you so desire to expose yourself. I am very o—"

"Certainly, certainly. I sat down and wrote a courteous letter to the Director-General of the Shoe-Leather Department, explai—"

"Do you know him personally?"

"No."

"You have scored one for my side. You began insanely. Go on."

"In the letter I made the great value and inexpensiveness of the invention clear, and offered to—"

"Call and see him? Of course you did. Score two against yourself. I am v—"

"He did n't answer for three days."

"Necessarily. Proceed."

"Sent me three gruff lines thanking me for my trouble, and proposing—"

"Nothing."

"That 's it—proposing nothing. Then I wrote him more elaborately and—"

"Score three—"

"—and got no answer. At the end of a

[1] By arrangement with Harper & Brothers.—EDITOR.

THE EMPEROR DROVE THE DOCTORS FROM HIS PRESENCE.

week I wrote and asked, with some touch of asperity, for an answer to that letter."

"Four. Go on."

"An answer came back saying the letter had not been received, and asking for a copy. I traced the letter through the post-office, and found that it *had* been received; but I sent a copy and said nothing. Two weeks passed without further notice of me. In the meantime I gradually got myself cooled down to a polite-letter temperature. Then I wrote and proposed an interview for next day, and said that if I did not hear from him in the meantime I should take his silence for assent."

"Score five."

"I arrived at twelve sharp, and was given a chair in the anteroom and told to wait. I waited till half-past one; then I left, ashamed and angry. I waited another week, to cool down; then I wrote and made another appointment with him for next day noon."

"Score six."

"He answered, assenting. I arrived promptly, and kept a chair warm until half-past two. I left then, and shook the dust of that place from my shoes for good and all. For rudeness, inefficiency, incapacity, indifference to the army's interests, the Director-General of the Shoe-Leather Department of the War Office is, in my o—"

"Peace! I am very old and very wise, and have seen many seemingly intelligent people who had n't common sense enough to go at a simple and easy thing like this in a common-sense way. You are not a curiosity to me; I have personally known millions and billions like you. You have lost three months quite unnecessarily; the inventor has lost three months; the soldiers have lost

three—nine months altogether. I will now read you a little tale which I wrote last night. Then you will call on the Director-General at noon to-morrow and transact your business."

"Splendid! Do you know him?"

"No; but listen to the tale."

SECOND STORY: HOW THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP GOT THE EAR OF THE EMPEROR.

I.

SUMMER was come, and all the strong were bowed by the burden of the awful heat, and many of the weak were prostrate and dying. For weeks the army had been wasting away with a plague of dysentery, that scourge of the soldier, and there was but little help. The doctors were in despair; such efficacy as their drugs and their science had once had—and it was not much at its best—was a thing of the past, and promised to remain so.

The Emperor commanded the physicians of greatest renown to appear before him for a consultation, for he was profoundly disturbed. He was very severe with them, and called them to account for letting his soldiers die; and asked them if they knew their trade, or did n't; and were they properly healers, or merely assassins? Then the principal assassin, who was also the oldest doctor in the land and the most venerable in appearance, answered and said:

"We have done what we could, your Majesty, and for a good reason it has been little. No medicine and no physician can cure that disease; only nature and a good constitution can do it. I am old, and I know. No doctor and no medicine can cure it—I repeat it and I emphasize it. Sometimes they seem to help nature a little,—a very little,—but, as a rule, they merely do damage."

The Emperor was a profane and passionate man, and he deluged the doctors with rugged and unfamiliar names, and drove them from his presence. Within a day he was attacked by that fell disease himself. The news flew from mouth to mouth, and carried consternation with it over all the land. All the talk was about this awful disaster, and there was general depression, for few had hope. The Emperor himself was very melancholy, and sighed and said:

"The will of God be done. Send for the assassins again, and let us get over with it."

They came, and felt his pulse and looked at his tongue, and fetched the drug-store and emptied it into him, and sat down patiently to wait—for they were not paid by the job, but by the year.

JIMMY.

II.

TOMMY was sixteen and a bright lad, but he was not in society. His rank was too humble for that, and his employment too base. In fact, it was the lowest of all employments, for he was second in command to his father, who emptied cesspools and drove a night-cart. Tommy's closest friend was Jimmy the chimney-sweep, a slim little fellow of fourteen, who was honest and industrious, and had a good heart, and supported a bedridden mother by his dangerous and unpleasant trade.

About a month after the Emperor fell ill, these two lads met one evening about nine. Tommy was on his way to his night-work, and of course was not in his Sundays, but in his dreadful work-clothes, and not smelling very well. Jimmy was on his way home from his day's labor, and was blacker than any other object imaginable, and he had his brushes on his shoulder and his soot-bag at his waist, and no feature of his sable face was distinguishable except his lively eyes.

They sat down on the curbstone to talk; and of course it was upon the one subject—the nation's calamity, the Emperor's disorder.

Jimmy was full of a great project, and burning to unfold it. He said:

"Tommy, I can cure his Majesty. I know how to do it."

Tommy was surprised.

"What! You?"

"Yes, I."

"Why, you little fool, the best doctors can't."

"I don't care; I can do it. I can cure him in fifteen minutes."

"Oh, come off! What are you giving me?"

"The facts—that 's all."

Jimmy's manner was so serious that it sobered Tommy, who said:

"I believe you are in earnest, Jimmy. Are you in earnest?"

"I give you my word."

"What is the plan? How 'll you cure him?"

"Tell him to eat a slice of ripe watermelon."

It caught Tommy rather suddenly, and he was shouting with laughter at the absurdity of the idea before he could put on a stopper. But he sobered down when he saw that Jimmy was wounded. He patted Jimmy's knee affectionately, not minding the soot, and said:

"I take the laugh all back. I did n't mean any harm, Jimmy, and I won't do it again. You see, it seemed so funny, because wherever there 's a soldier-camp and dysentery, the doctors always put up a sign saying anybody caught bringing watermelons there will be flogged with the cat till he can't stand."

"I know it—the idiots!" said Jimmy, with both tears and anger in his voice. "There 's plenty of watermelons, and not one of all those soldiers ought to have died."

"But, Jimmy, what put the notion into your head?"

"It is n't a notion; it 's a fact. Do you know that old gray-headed Zulu? Well, this long time back he has been curing a lot of our friends, and my mother has seen him do it, and so have I. It takes only one or two slices of melon, and it don't make any difference whether the disease is new or old; it cures it."

"It 's very odd. But, Jimmy, if it is so, the Emperor ought to be told of it."

"Of course; and my mother has told people, hoping they could get the word to him; but they are poor working-folks and ignorant, and don't know how to manage it."

"THESE TWO LADS MET ONE EVENING ABOUT NINE."

"Of course they don't, the blunderheads," said Tommy, scornfully. "*I 'll* get it to him!"

"You? You night-cart polecat!" And it was Jimmy's turn to laugh. But Tommy retorted sturdily:

"Oh, laugh if you like; but I 'll *do* it!"

It had such an assured and confident sound that it made an impression, and Jimmy asked gravely:

"Do you know the Emperor?"

"Do *I* know him? Why, how you talk! Of course I don't."

"Then how 'll you do it?"

"It 's very simple and very easy. Guess. How would *you* do it, Jimmy?"

"Send him a letter. I never thought of

THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN AND THE CHESTNUT-WOMAN.

it till this minute. But I 'll bet that 's your way."

"I 'll bet it ain't. Tell me, how would you send it?"

"Why, through the mail, of course."

Tommy overwhelmed him with scoffings, and said:

"Now, don't you suppose every crank in the empire is doing the same thing? Do you mean to say you have n't thought of that?"

"Well—no," said Jimmy, abashed.

"You *might* have thought of it, if you were n't so young and inexperienced. Why, Jimmy, when even a common *general*, or a poet, or an actor, or anybody that 's a little famous gets sick, all the cranks in the kingdom load up the mails with certain-sure quack-cures for him. And so, what 's bound to happen when it 's the Emperor?"

"I suppose it 's worse," said Jimmy, sheepishly.

"Well, I should think so! Look here, Jimmy; every single night we cart off as many as six loads of that kind of letters from the back yard of the palace, where they 're thrown. Eighty thousand letters in one night! Do you reckon anybody reads them? Sho! not a single one. It 's what would happen to your letter if you wrote it—which you won't, I reckon?"

"No," sighed Jimmy, crushed.

"But it 's all right, Jimmy. Don't you fret; there 's more than one way to skin a cat. *I 'll* get the word to him."

"Oh, if you only *could*, Tommy, I should love you forever!"

"I 'll do it, I tell you. Don't you worry; you depend on me."

"Indeed I will, Tommy, for you do know so much. You 're not like other boys; they never know anything. How 'll you manage, Tommy?"

Tommy was greatly pleased. He settled himself for reposeful talk, and said:

"Do you know that ragged poor thing that thinks he 's a butcher because he goes around with a basket and sells cat's meat and rotten livers? Well, to begin with, I 'll tell *him*."

Jimmy was deeply disappointed and chagrined, and said:

"Now, Tommy, it 's a shame to talk so. You know my heart 's in it, and it 's not right."

Tommy gave him a love-pat, and said:

"Don't you be troubled, Jimmy. *I* know what I 'm about. Pretty soon you 'll see. That half-breed butcher will tell the old woman that sells chestnuts at the corner of the lane—she 's his closest friend, and I 'll ask him to; then, by request, she 'll tell her rich aunt that keeps the little fruit-shop on the corner two blocks above; and that one will tell her particular friend, the man that keeps the game-shop; and he will tell his friend the sergeant of police; and the sergeant will tell his captain, and the captain will tell the magistrate, and the magistrate will tell his brother-in-law the county judge,

"THE FIRST LORD IN WAITING . . . WILL TELL THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN."

and the county judge will tell the sheriff, and the sheriff will tell the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor will tell the President of the Council, and the President of the Council will tell the—"

"By George, but it 's a wonderful scheme, Tommy! How ever *did* you—"

"—Rear-Admiral, and the Rear will tell the Vice, and the Vice will tell the Admiral of the Blue, and the Blue will tell the Red, and the Red will tell the White, and the White will tell the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the First Lord will tell the Speaker of the House, and the Speaker—"

"Go it, Tommy; you're 'most there!"

"THAT OLD GRAY-HEADED ZULU."

"—will tell the Master of the Hounds, and the Master will tell the Head Groom of the Stables, and the Head Groom will tell the Chief Equerry, and the Chief Equerry will tell the First Lord in Waiting, and the First Lord will tell the Lord High Chamberlain, and the Lord High Chamberlain will tell the Master of the Household, and the Master of the Household will tell the little pet page that fans the flies off the Emperor, and the page will get down on his knees and whisper it to his Majesty—and the game 's made!"

"I 've *got* to get up and hurrah a couple of times, Tommy. It 's the grandest idea that

"THE DOCTORS SAT WHISPERING TOGETHER IN THE IMPERIAL SICK-ROOM."

ever was. What ever put it into your head?"

"Sit down and listen, and I 'll give you some wisdom—and don't you ever forget it as long as you live. Now, then, who is the closest friend you 've got, and the one you could n't and would n't ever refuse anything in the world to?"

"Why, it 's you, Tommy. You know that."

"Suppose you wanted to ask a pretty large favor of the cat's-meat man. Well, you don't know him, and he would tell you to go to thunder, for he is that kind of a person; but he is my next best friend after you, and would run his legs off to do me a kindness—*any* kindness, he don't care what it is. Now, I 'll ask you: which is the most common-sensible—for you to go and ask him to tell the chestnut-woman about your watermelon cure, or for you to get me to do it for you?"

"To get you to do it for me, of course. I would n't ever have thought of that, Tommy; it 's splendid!"

"It 's a *philosophy*, you see. Mighty good word—and large. It goes on this idea: everybody in the world, little and big, has one *special* friend, a friend that he 's *glad* to do favors to—not sour about it, but *glad*—glad clear to the marrow. And so, I don't care where you start, you can get at anybody's ear that you want to—I don't care how low you are, nor how high he is. And it 's so simple: you 've only to find the *first* friend, that is all; that ends your part of the work. He finds the next friend himself, and that one finds the third, and so on, friend after friend, link after link, like a chain; and you can go up it or down it, as high as you like or as low as you like."

"It 's just beautiful, Tommy."

"It 's as simple and easy as a-b-c; but did you ever hear of anybody trying it? No; everybody is a fool. He goes to a stranger without any introduction, or writes him a letter, and of course he strikes a cold wave—and serves him gorgeously right. Now, the Emperor don't know me, but that 's no

matter—he 'll eat his watermelon to-morrow. You 'll see. Hi-hi—stop! It 's the cat's-meat man. Good-by, Jimmy; I 'll overtake him."

He did overtake him, and said:

"Say, will you do me a favor?"

"*Will* I? Well, I should *say!* I 'm your man. Name it, and see me fly!"

"Go tell the chestnut-woman to put down everything and carry this message to her first-best friend, and tell the friend to pass it along." He worded the message, and said, "Now, then, rush!"

The next moment the chimney-sweep's word to the Emperor was on its way.

III.

THE next evening, toward midnight, the doctors sat whispering together in the imperial sick-room, and they were in deep trouble, for the Emperor was in very bad case. They could not hide it from themselves that every time they emptied a fresh drug-store into him he got worse. It saddened them, for they were expecting that result. The poor emaciated Emperor lay motionless, with his eyes closed, and the page that was his darling was fanning the flies away and crying softly. Presently the boy heard the silken rustle of a portière, and turned and saw the Lord High Great Master of the Household peering in at the door and excitedly motioning to him to come. Lightly and swiftly the page tiptoed his way to his dear and worshiped friend the Master, who said:

"Only you can persuade him, my child, and oh, don't fail to do it! Take this, make him eat it, and he is saved."

"On my head be it. He shall eat it!"

It was a couple of great slices of ruddy, fresh watermelon.

THE CURING OF THE EMPEROR.

THE next morning the news flew everywhere that the Emperor was sound and well again, and had hanged the doctors. A wave of joy swept the land, and frantic preparations were made to illuminate.

After breakfast his Majesty sat meditating. His gratitude was unspeakable, and he was trying to devise a reward rich enough to properly testify it to his benefactor. He got it arranged in his mind, and called the page, and asked him if he had invented that cure. The boy said no—he got it from the Master of the Household.

He was sent away, and the Emperor went to devising again. The Master was an earl; he would make him a duke, and give him a vast estate which belonged to a member of the Opposition. He had him called, and asked him if he was the inventor of the remedy. But the Master was an honest man, and said he got it of the Grand Chamberlain. He was sent away, and the Emperor thought some more. The Chamberlain was a viscount; he would make him an earl, and give him a large income. But the Chamberlain referred him to the First Lord in Waiting, and there was some more thinking; his Majesty thought out a smaller reward. But the First Lord in Waiting referred him back further, and he had to sit down and think out a further and becomingly and suitably smaller reward.

Then, to break the tediousness of the inquiry and hurry the business, he sent for the Grand High Chief Detective, and commanded him to trace the cure to the bottom, so that he could properly reward his benefactor.

At nine in the evening the High Chief Detective brought the word. He had traced the cure down to a lad named Jimmy, a chimney-sweep. The Emperor said, with deep feeling:

"Brave boy, he saved my life, and shall not regret it!"

And sent him a pair of his own boots; and the next best ones he had, too. They were too large for Jimmy, but they fitted the Zulu, so it was all right, and everything as it should be.

CONCLUSION TO THE FIRST STORY.

"THERE—do you get the idea?"

"I am obliged to admit that I do. And it will be as you have said. I will transact the business to-morrow. I intimately know the Director-General's nearest friend. He will give me a note of introduction, with a word to say my matter is of real importance to the government. I will take it along, without an appointment, and send it in, with my card, and I sha'n't have to wait so much as half a minute."

That turned out true to the letter, and the government adopted the boots.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

THERE is no sorrow anywhere,
Or care, or pain. The stinging hail
Beats on our faces like a flail,
Green water curls above the rail,
And all the storm's high trumpets blare,—
Whistles the wind, and roars the sea,
And canvas bellows to be free,
Spars whine, planks creak,—I only smile,
For home our keel creeps mile on mile.

I bend above the whirling wheel
With hands benumbed, but happy face.
Past us the wild sea-horses race,
Leap up to seize each twanging brace,
Or slip beneath our lifting keel.
Dreaming, I see the scudding clouds,
And ice make in the forward shrouds,
And all the long waves topped with foam,—
Yet heed them not: I 'm going home.

Nightly our Northern stars draw nigh,
The Southern constellations sink.
Soon we shall see along the brink
Of these cold seas Fire Island blink
Its welcome in the frosty sky.
Beyond that light, beyond the glow
Of our great city spread below,
Thine eyes now wait to welcome me
Back where my heart has longed to be.

THE INDISCRETION OF JOHN HENRY.

(CAPTAIN OBED MARCY SPEAKS.)

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

A WOMAN'S club? Yes, marm, we got one; or, considerin' all the sarcumstances, maybe I 'd ought to say one has got us. You, bein' a stranger, can take the thing by and large, as the sayin' goes, and I 'd reelly like to tell ye about it, and get y'r views. Might be they 'd be kind of comfortin' to John Henry.

You 've seen John Henry Peaslee; you could n't help it, bein' 's he keeps the store and the post-office; and I cal'late y' ain't had no trouble sizin' him up. High-feelin', John Henry is, and proud-sperited. He takes it from his ma, old Mis' Peaslee, and he acts it out in spite of her; for she done her best to keep John Henry under her thumb, jest 's she kept his poor pa. I s'pose th' old woman and the boy fit scand'lous up to the time he was twenty-five or so. But John Henry was independent of her,—he had three hund'ed dollars of his own, left him by his pa's brother 't he was named for,—and so finally *she* kind o' knuckled. John Henry was a-scared to go to sea, and he did n't take to farmin', and he was gettin' desprut by the time she give in. So th' old lady, aimin' to keep him at home,—so 't she 'd have somebody to wrangle with, folks said,—agreed she 'd put her capittle along with his capittle, and he could buy out the storekeeper, Uncle Barney Williams.

Well, they done so. The post-office kind o' went with the store, and John Henry got that, too. Bein' postmaster swelled him up consid'able, and on the strength of it he went into politics and riz to be one o' the selectmen. But great grief! says I, that was easy as rollin' off a log, the rest of us bein' okkypied with lobsterin' and summer boarders. And then, fust thing we knew, John Henry was runnin' the town. All natural enough, mind ye. Butters and Hodgekins, th' other two selectmen, 'd have their pots to haul, or a passel o' women-folks t' row over t' the lighthouse, and they 'd say, "You go ahead, John Henry, and 'tend to so-and-so, and we 'll sign the dockymunts when we git round to it." So in three-four months John Henry he was the whole team and the little dog under the wagon, and the rest of us was—was the road, as it ware.

I s'pose by that time John Henry was feelin' that he was cut out for the legislatur', or Congress maybe, and thinkin' he 'd ought to titivate a little, so 's he could be an ornament to either of 'em from the fust groundhop. Anyway, says he to me, one night along in September, "Cap'n," says he, "I conjecture I 've avoided opportunities that, by gracious! ain't ever goin' to cross my pathway ag'in." (You 've prob'ly noticed how John Henry talks, marm—a big word hove in once 'n a while to sort o' scatter the little words, same 's if you should chuck a rock into a pool of minners.) "Nevertheless," he says, "I prejudice there 's useful information I can conglomerate, 's long 's my head don't bust with the cares of business and the responsibilities of gover'ment. So bein', I 've app'inted ma assistant postmaster, and hired Looney Haskell to help tend store, and I 'm goin' to Portland to take a three-months curriculum in a commercial college."

"Be ye?" says I.

"I be," says he. "Ma can keep an optical illusion on Looney, and as long 's he don't have one of his fits when he 's drawin' molasses or reachin' crockery down from the top shelf, he can't do no great violence to—to the adjacent premises. But I 'll take it kind of you, cap'n," John Henry says, "if you 'll philosophize around here sometimes, and if you see Looney engagin' in muscular exertion beyond his strength, make him go lay down. By gracious! when there 's one o' them bundles o' salt fish to be lifted, I want ma to do it. Any sech aggravation as that might set Looney off, and like as not he 'd

damnify one o' them neighborin' baskets of aigs."

Well, I promised, and I done it. John Henry was worried, I know. His ma said afterwards he used to write two-three times a week, tellin' her how to carry sail. But great grief! I could n't see 's his intrusts suffered none by him bein' away. When we bought sugar we took fourteen ounces to the pound, and when we sold aigs we give Portland that was married to a policeman, and they took a shine to John Henry and brung him for'ard. John Henry 's inclined to be pindlin',—poor little cuss, he wa'n't raised on salt water, like most of our boys is,—but he 's got *language*, yes, marm, and when he 's dressed up and his mouth is a-workin' he 's—he 's wuth lookin' at. He learns things quick, too, John Henry does. It was good 's a play to hear him tell about

"SHE DONE HER BEST TO KEEP JOHN HENRY UNDER HER THUMB."

thirteen for a dozen, same 's we always done. Mis' Peaslee 's an old tyrant, but she 's capable, I 'll say that for her. Talk about her runnin' a gin'ral store and a post-office! She 'd run the United States if folks give her the chance, and it would n't sweat her a drop! And Looney was good as gold. Well, yes, there was one day he made too free with John Henry's cider-barrel, and—but then, we ain't any of us angels, not even the women-folks, no, marm! Take it all round, I cal'late when John Henry got back, in December, he was pretty well satisfied with the way things had been goin'.

Seemed as though it done John Henry good to go away. He 'd seen consid'able, y' understand, and picked up quite a number of p'ints. Mis' Peaslee had a niece down to the rate of exchange and department-stores and trusts and winder-dressin', and how they make asphalt pavements, and the battery at Fort Williams. I was kind o' sorry, though, to see that John Henry 'd been goin' to infidel meetin's and breakin' away from the teachin's of his pa. Old Man Peaslee did n't get wrothy very often, but you jest try to talk Universalism when he was round, and then it was stand from under. 'S he said to me once, he 'd been married thirty year, and *he knowed there was one.* But p'r'aps that 's nuther here nor there. As I was tellin' ye, John Henry 'd grappled a lot of idees, and 'most all kinds, when he was down to Portland. Fust prayer-meetin' night after he got back, he cut loose one of 'em, in front of all of us.

"Feller-citizens," John Henry sings out,

after we 'd got through with the doxology, and folks was kind o' visitin' round before they went home—"feller-citizens, I want to communicate." He thumped on a desk when he said it, and we could n't very well help noticin'. "If you will resume your preliminary positions," he says, "I will not detain you with pomposity, but I will plunge to the root of the matter." Everybody sot down.

"Woman, lovely woman," says John Henry, "is now aggregatin' in clubs. Men have always had their gatherin'-places, sech as my well-known emporium in our beautiful village and more pollutial structures in larger cities. But women have just begun to see the advantages of—of aggregatin'. Some of the clubs I have heard about study great authors and famous painters, of which, unfortunately, there is none in our midst. Some are only sociable. Some combines the sociable with the godlike attempt to improve the communities in which they spend their shinin' hours. It has occurred to me," says John Henry, "that feliceratin' ourselves, as we do, that we are a up-and-comin' people, our women-folks had n't ought to be backward about takin' a stand with their sisters—which," he says, "have no more intellects than ourn, and are far behind them in apple-pies, doughnuts, and sech, moreover, apparently, never hearin' of sech a luxury as flapjacks on a frosty mornin'. The meetin' is now open. Will any lady move a motion?"

Up jumps Ma Peaslee. Some folks thought it was all cooked up beforehand betwixt her and John Henry, but from what happened afterwards I don't cal'late that 's so. She was hung on a hair-trigger, anyway, Ma Peaslee was, and she always liked to be the fust to set anything goin'. "I motion," she says, all in a breath, "that we get up a Women's Progress Club to work for the good o' the town, and have Sister Applebee, our pastor's wife, for president."

John Henry grinned all over his face. "Sech enthusiasm ought to be confectious," he says. "There is many times," says he, "when me and my colleagues in the government of this municipality is—is stuck for the want of a sympathetic union with the—with the female p'int o' view. And if our women-folks will jine to hold up our hands, I ain't no doubt we shall administrate with more prejudicial wisdom than we have ever—ever manufactured."

"I 'd just like to know," Dave Bascom's wife puts in, "whether it 's planned to start a women's club to be run by the men?"

"Not much!" says Ma Peaslee, quick and sharp.

"Well, on that understanding," Dave Bascom's wife says again, "I 'll try to do my share."

So they all said, and they started the club right there and then. Seemed to me John Henry was consid'able set aback by their shuttin' the male sect out. I surmise he 'd been cal'latin' to spread himself more or less. But if anything stuck in his crop he swallered it like a man, and he chirked up a good deal when the women-folks agreed that one evenin' in a month they 'd make their meetin' a sociable for the men. "We can do a good deal for 'em, cap'n, on that one evenin'," says John Henry to me, as we was moggin' along towards home. "The mazes of parliamentary law is pooty conspicuous to me, bein' as I 'm the only active member of the board o' selectmen. After I 've met, all by myself, and voted myself into the chair, and took up one question after another, arguin' for 'em and then ag'in' 'em, as a fair man had ought to do, and finally voted on 'em,—sometimes doubtin' the vote and demandin' the previous question and a roll-call,—after I 've done them things, I say, I feel competent, by gracious! to dissolve 'most any difficulty. Women, poor creeters, is instinctive, you know; but if we can't learn 'em to reason on that one evenin', we can rise to a p'int of order and reason *for* 'em!"

We did n't hear much of anything about the women's club for the next three weeks or so. We knew they met reg'lar; and took comfort in it, but they was everlastin' close-mouthed about what they done. Talk about women not keepin' a secret! Great grief! I been tryin' thirty-five year to find out what my woman does with her aig-and-butter money, and I be— But, as I was sayin', John Henry laid his plans, anyway. Looney Haskell said—I told ye 'bout Looney, did n't I, that tended store while John Henry was up to Portland a-gettin' his edjication? John Henry kept him along to deliver goods and sech, and sence he got to earnin' money Looney had growed to be reel dependable. If he felt a fit comin' on he 'd set down his basket and have his fit, all nice and comf'table, and then he 'd pick up the basket ag'in and go about his business. Scarcely ever broke anything. Looney was consid'able tongue-tied, but I gethered from what he said that John Henry was practisin' a speech to say over when the women's club had its men's night. You better

b'lieve I was one o' the early birds at Dave Bascom's place when that evenin' come!

Well, Mis' Bascom she give us a stavin' supper, and then we had some liter'y exercises. The minister read a story, and Cy Peters's boy spoke a piece, and little Allie Bascom played on the organ, and we all sung a hymn or two. Then Mis' Applebee, the minister's wife,—she was the president,—says, "We have no business meeting to-

"'WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.'"

night," she says. "We want everybody to take part in an informal talk about the needs of the town, and the improvements we might bring about. We don't wish to listen to any speeches, and we have no time for any; but let 's all say something, and try to be brief and definite and practical."

John Henry gets right up. "Mis' President and feller-citizens," he says, "I am consanguineous that any remarks I offer will not fall on stony ground, for I know the temperamental adaptation of our beautiful village. Meditatin' to-day, in my emporium, about the principles that guide nations, I was hit—I mean struck—struck by the thought that all these combinations of capittle is—"

"Sister President, I rise to a point of order!" says Mis' Dave Bascom, jest then.

"Sister Bascom will state her point of order," says Mis' Applebee, very dignified.

"I make the point that the gentleman is not speaking to the question, the question being, What can be done by *this* combination, which is *without* capital."

"The chair rules the point well taken," Mis' Applebee says. "We shall be glad to hear from our eloquent friend, but we must ask him to remember that we are plain people, trying to strike out some practical plan for the betterment of the town, and that we wish him to speak in his character of successful business man, and not in that of either orator, statesman, or philosopher."

Well, sir,—marm, I should say,—everybody hild their breath for a minute. John Henry had turned more 'n seventeen colors when Mis' Dave Bascom shut off his wind. He did n't hardly know what to make of it, ye see, and he was mad into the bargain. Second thoughts, though, he took it like a major. Kind o' tickled him, I expect, to think of the women fetchin' up a p'int of order,—same way, you remember, he 'd schemed to tangle *them* up,—and the way the preacher's wife soft-soaped him must have been almighty soothin'. "Mis' President," says John Henry, after he got his breath, "on further consideration I reelize that while I 've been away from home pursuin' my edjication I 've lost track of things in our beautiful village. With your kind permission, I will review my determination, and become an auditorium." So he sot down.

"Cap'n," says John Henry to me, goin' along home that night, "I 'm afraid they 're a-learnin'!"

"Be they, think?" says I.

"They be," says he. And then he shot right up, and not another word could I get out of him.

All this was at the January men's night, mind ye. Betwixt that and the February evenin', seemed 's though things was happenin' all the time. We had a mild winter,—good deal o' snow, but no reel cold weather,—and an early spring, and by the middle o' February, great grief! we was all afloat. No denyin' it, our roads was scand'lous. Selectmen had been a-scared o' taxes, like John Henry was, or careless, like Butters and Hodgekins, the two men that was j'ined with him, and there was patches all over town, specially that road that runs from the P'int to Marvin's Hill, where ye could almighty nigh sail a boat. I see there was somethin' on the women's minds when we went up to Cy Peters's place to spend our

February evenin' with the club. Sure 's you live, that was what it was!

Mis' Dave Bascom started right up, the minute the liter'y exercises was over. "Sister President," says she, "the caucuses are next week, and town-meeting day is coming right along, and two of our three selectmen are here present" (she meant John Henry and Butters), "and *therefore* I move you, Sister President, that we make the condition of our roads the order of the evening."

Well, they done so with a whoop, as it ware, and the Widder Miller got up. She lives 'way over beyond Marvin's Hill, and when she had to come to meetin' or to the store or anywheres down this way—well, she must a' needed hip-boots or a dory. "Sister President," says she, "I sot out to go to the store t' other mornin', but, not bein' web-footed, I could n't fetch it. I sent a note by one of Eb Allen's young ones, and Looney Haskell brung back my things. He looked like a walkin' pillar o' misery, time he got to my house. But I washed him off and dried him, and then, thinks-says-I, if he 's done it once he can do it ag'in, and I 'll send my butter to the store by him. So he started. After a while, back comes Looney—with some pieces of the crock. He was dirtier and wetter 'n he was the first time, and flustered up so there was no makin' head nor tail out o' what he was tryin' to tell me, but there wa'n't no doubt o' what happened. He got mired—and ten pound o' butter got spiled."

Them 's the kind of yarns we heard from half a dozen. Wa'n't no news in 'em to anybody. But we all pricked up our ears, I bate ye, when Ma Peaslee riz!

"Sister President," Mis' Peaslee says, "I been goin' over the hill way pretty often, lately, to see my cousin Barber's wife, she that was a Whittaker, and has got a white swellin'. I 've ruined my clothes and wracked my temper thereby, and I say it ain't right for decent folks to have to go get bogged in mud-holes like—like the beasts that perish. What are we goin' to do about it, says you, Sister President? What 's the selec'men goin' to do about it? says I."

"Set down, ma," speaks up John Henry.

"John Henry Peaslee!" says his mother, real fierce, "if you was only twenty years old instead o' twenty-eight, I 'd take ye out and spank ye! I can't vote, Sister President," she strikes up ag'in, "but I pay taxes, and I got a right to say that if the selec'men won't fix the roads, we women 'd ought to get selec'men that will. I motion we do it, too—'nless them slothful servants promise right here and now that they 'll 'tend to their business!"

Then there was a hooraw, of course. But Mis' Applebee she calmed 'em down after a while, and called on Butters, the other selectman, for his views. Butters is an easy-goin', know-nothin' kind o' feller that never had no views but sech as was emptied into him. He owed John Henry a store-bill, too. So he hummed and he hawed, and he said he was willin' to carry out the will o' the majority, pervidin' he knowed what it was, and

LOONEY HASKELL.

pervidin' the town could afford it. And bein' road-master as well as selectman, he *had* been thinkin', he said, of haulin' a few load o' gravel to dump along the hill road—when it got to be a little better goin'.

I see the minister grin at that. 'T was kind o' ridic'lous, wa'n't it? But nobody else noticed it, scarcely. They was watchin' John Henry, knowin' John Henry had jest enough of his ma in him so 's 't he would n't be drove. "Mis' President and feller-citizens," he says, "I am willin' to adjudicate and maintain my official acts before the independent tribunal that gave me their suffragists. But on this occasion," says he, "you are infringin' on my constitutional prerogative. And as for makin' any promises that might impugn a slimy burden of taxation upon our beautiful village, by gracious! I 'll see you—"

"John Henry!" squeals Ma Peaslee. "Remember where you be!"

So John Henry sot down, and the meetin' broke up. He did n't make no talk goin' home, John Henry did n't, but I see that he was a-thinkin'. I was, too. "Great grief!" says I to myself, "where 's this thing goin' to end? or ain't there goin' to be no end to it?" And fust along I cal'lated that John Henry bein' the one that brought the trouble to town, he 'd ought to suffer for it. The women was right, too, in so fur forth that the roads *had* ought to be fixed. But the p'int was, if we give in to 'em once they 'd be our bosses to all everlastin', and thinks-says-I, "Not by a—" But, as I was sayin', marm, we did n't say nothin' till we come to the Peaslee place, and then says I, "I 'm a-goin' to stand by ye, John Henry."

"Thank ye, cap'n," says he. "I counted on you. But they 've only been a-learnin', so fur. Now, I cogitate, they 're a-goin' to practise on it."

"Be they, think?" says I.

"Yes, they be," says he. And he hove a sigh and shot the door easy, as though there was a funeral in the house.

"Well, then," says I, "for the caucus." I swan I never worked any harder 'n I did for the next week or two. Wust of it was, I did n't dast to take any credit for it, for of course I had to p'tend, before folks, that John Henry 'd git his nomination and election certain. I wa'n't certain, though, not for a minute, even while I was a-usin' a powerful argyment—the bills on John Henry's books. There 's times, ye know, when we can't ketch either lobsters or summer boarders, and a good many of our folks have to be kind o' helped over by the storekeeper, and I worked that for all it was wuth. They see the p'int, too, I bate ye. But great grief! the women-folks had argyments likewise. I know my woman and the girls pretty near deviled the life out o' *me*, knowin' all the time I was a-workin' for John Henry; and you can surmise—you bein' a woman, marm—how they 'd swat the fellers that *had n't* tied themselves up with promises. I cal'lated we was licked when I went into the caucus. And so we was. John Henry missed his nomination by three votes.

"WE KNEW THEY MET REG'LAR, AND TOOK COMFORT IN IT."

"Well, cap'n," says John Henry to me, that night, "it might be more palatable 'n it is, but we got to take things as they come in this subluminary existence, and as long 's I can get up I don't reelly consider, by gracious! that I been knocked down. If you 'll

keep a-stickin' to me, I 'm goin' to run independent."

"I 'll stand by ye, John Henry," says I. "Th' ain't no man livin' can say that Obed Marcy ever went back on his principles. Notwithstandin', John Henry," I says, "I sh'd consider your chances was lookin' up if you 'd commence this here campaign by leadin' your ma down t' the wharf and tippin' her into the drink. She 's wuth more to t' other side than all the rest of 'em put together."

"*I* can't determinate it," John Henry says. "When I 'm dealin' with ma I never know whether I 'd ought to say, 'Whoa-*hishe!*' or 'Gee-*up!*' Pa started her wrong, y' understand. If he 'd took a bed-slat to her 'bout three times a week, I s'picion she 'd been a different woman. But she used to take it to *him*. Consequently—"

I did n't say no more to John Henry about his ma, because I see that was like hittin' him betwixt wind and water. So the old cuss—

As I was sayin', Ma Peaslee kept a-sashayin' round. So did Mis' Dave Bascom and the hull bilin' of 'em, of course, but Ma Peaslee was the wust. The assessors had always thought they knowed how much land she owned, but they 'd missed the places she had a mortgage on. She did n't; not at that p'ticular time she did n't. You may talk about y'r p'litical argyments, but my exper'ence is that a mortgage is a better persuader, in a close campaign, than all the stump-speakers you could pile into a ten-acre lot. It knocked my store-bill argyment galley west every time the two come together. Yes, marm.

Well, Ma Peaslee was trompin' round, jest the same, election day,—in that dinged old carryall of hern that would hold as many as ye mind to hang on,—while we was kind o' short of teams. 'Course we had the delivery-wagon that belonged to the store, but there was a good many of our voters, the hard-cider kind, 't we did n't dast to put into it, for fear they 'd tumble out. We come almighty nigh losin' some vallyble votes jest that way. But we did get 'em all, fin'ly, and we cal'lated they made us safe, and so John Henry and me went down to the store to rest while the votes was bein' counted, leavin' Looney Haskell at the town house to fetch us the news.

"I am dubitateful, cap'n," says John Henry to me, as we sot down 't the end o' the counter smokin' his best five-cent cigars. "I am dubitateful," says he, when I asked him, "Hey?" "It ain't no suspicion of the integrity of them leadin' citizens that is at present figurin' up the results—I ain't much doubt we 'll *git* what we *got;* but say, cap'n, while we was about it, why did n't we do the countin' as well as the votin'?"

Well, that was part my fault, and I had n't no excuse to make.

"Here I be," says John Henry, "a standish of commercial enterprise and a pillaging of society, and yet what be I but dependent, equal, on the votes of men that I can—can absquatulate for a gallon o' ker'sene-oil! 'T ain't right, cap'n, 't ain't right! Suffragists ought to be restricted to the intelligent and the—the indigent! Don't hear any hollerin' up towards the town house, do ye, cap'n?

"My forefathers fit and bled for this country," says John Henry ag'in, after a while, "but, by gracious! there ain't a word in any encoclypedia about my fore*mothers*. What was they a-doin', you cal'late? Puttin' chocks in front of the laudanum ambitions of their men-folks? Maybe so, but I doubt it! That ganglin' whelp Looney anywheres in sight, cap'n?

"I believe in the female sect, cap'n," says John Henry, when we 'd set an hour or so. "Th' only fault I find is, by gracious! if you give 'em an inch they 'll up and swear it 's a warranty deed to all y'r reel estate. Now, if I 'd only put ma under the pump when she fust begun to— Well, how 'd it come out, Looney?"

Looney had jumped in, y' understand, all bunged up with hard runnin', but tryin' his best to tell us what the news was from the 'lection.

"Oh, talk slower," says John Henry. Then he leans over the counter and shakes him. "Consarn ye, ye tongue-tied loonattic, 't can't say nothin' but 'Gobble, gobble, gobble!'" John Henry says. "Am I beat?"

"Uh-huh!" says Looney.

Well, I looked at John Henry, and John Henry he looked at me. Then he smiled kind o' mournful.

"Natural enough," says John Henry. "I s'pose ye might prejudicate 't it serves me right, moreover. I roused a sleepin' lion, and, by gracious! she 's bit me!"

BY ST. MARY'S BAY.

(ACADIAN.)

BY EDITH MARGARET WHERRY.

GOD'S Mother held the bay that night
In the palm of her white hand.
The waters flowed in melted light
Along the milky sand,
And swift and high
The tide ran by
Where Philomène did stand.

O mad, mad maid of Acadie,
Why lingerest in the cold?
Since Prospère sailed that virgin sea
A thousand moons are old.

She took brown kelp from off the shore
And twined a fringèd zone;
She bound with dulse her hag locks hoar,
Then stalked by gaunt and lone;
And every wave
In mournful stave
Made answer to her moan.

O mad, mad maid of Acadie,
It is the shearers' feast:
With mirth and song they call to thee,
The lambs have all been fleeced.

"Prospère! Prospère! Thy Philomène,
For fourscore years and more,
With wild mad dreams of what hath been
Doth watch this weary shore.
Mary, thy grace!
—Again, his face!
'T is as it was of yore!"

O mad, mad maid of Acadie,
The moon hangs low and full;
Within are wine and revelry
Where they comb out the wool.

God's Mother threw a close-spun veil,
Woven with stars for flowers.
It glanced along the milky trail,
And fell across the Hours;
And where it made
A lucid shade,
Two sat in heavenly bowers.

THREE PICTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

BY

ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

HOWARD PYLE

ARTHUR I. KELLER

DRAWN BY ARTHUR I. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

DON QUIXOTE RESOLVES TO TRAVERSE THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

DON QUIXOTE'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE WINDMILL.

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA ENLIVEN A HAMLET.

HALLECK. DRAKE. IRVING. FRANKLIN.

A RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

BY W. P. TRENT,
Professor of English Literature, Columbia University.

IT is obviously not easy, and it almost seems impertinent, to subject humor to criticism. Yet butterflies are pinned and catalogued, and flowers are dissected. How, then, shall even the lightest forms of literature escape classification and evaluation, unless, indeed, through their very airiness, they elude the clumsy critic?

To some extent wit and humor have eluded the critic, and will continue to do so until the psychologist is able thoroughly to analyze the complex emotions that induce laughter and smiles. Yet perhaps this is a consummation not devoutly to be wished. Should the physical basis of these emotions be laid bare, it might at once appear that our sense of humor depended upon our food and our digestion. The consequent explanation of hitherto inexplicable differences between national standards of humor would not be altogether grateful to us if it were to become clear that American humor should be regarded as merely a by-product of American dyspepsia. Perhaps, after all, the student of literature may not find in the psycho-physicist the ally he craves.

But when he turns to his old ally, the rhetorician, the help he gets is more apparent than real. The numerous attempts to distinguish wit from humor, and to define them both, are seemingly little more satisfactory and authoritative than the distinction between the imagination and the fancy, of which so much used to be made. For example, a famous rhetorician tells us that jesting at one's own expense is humorous, and that in wit we have a combination of unexpected ideas. When Franklin remarked to one of his fellow-Signers, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately," was he humorous, or witty, or both?

The late Mr. Haweis thought that humor might properly be likened to the atmosphere, wit to the electric flash. Wit sometimes seems to its victims like forked lightning, humor like harmless sheet-lightning. Probably one is safe enough in using the terms without reference to attempted definitions or substituted metaphors, although perhaps the underlying unity and common aims of wit, humor, and ridicule may be expressed by saying that together they make up a weapon used by wisdom and good nature against folly and moroseness—a weapon in the shape of a stick pointed at one end for prodding, just thick enough in the middle for castigating without severe results, and knobbed at the other end for knocking the adversary completely out. It goes without saying that all save very dull and very sensitive men delight to see this weapon used effectively, except upon themselves.

It is generally agreed that there is a special employment of this weapon peculiar to Americans. As we are a kind-hearted people, we seldom prod; but as we are healthy and full of common sense, we knock out extreme folly and moroseness, and we castigate all forms of eccentricity. A reason for our conduct in this respect may be found in the fact that we had a new world to settle and subdue, and hence could tolerate no ineffectiveness and repining. The weapon metaphor may be dropped, however, and reliance may be placed on the old rhetorical

claim that incongruity is a basal element of humor. There has been no lack of the incongruous in American life from the beginning. Even the early Puritans of New England, although their religion repressed their animal spirits, probably contrasted their aspirations, spiritual and material, with their actual surroundings, and did not refrain from innocent forms of grim humor. Their literature, in the main, is serious enough; but the fantastic Samuel Ward evidently thought that his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam" might be taken humorously, for he protested that he wrote in all earnestness. There are also passages in the writings of the topographers and travelers that seem to indicate that the modern process known as "stuffing" is of considerable antiquity. Some one must have "stuffed" John Josselyn with the notion that the Indians conducted their extempore discussions in perfect hexameter verse.

But, to leave our seventeenth-century pioneers for a moment, it seems clear that a new phase of incongruity in our life is observed to be contemporaneous with each new phase of our humorous literature. For example, much of Franklin's early humor was probably dependent upon the contrast between rural and slowly evolving urban life, while his later humor often depended upon the contrast between the actual American life he knew and the absurd views of it held by Europeans—a department of our humor by no means yet exhausted. War always furnishes incongruities and ample reasons and opportunities for indulging in ridicule; hence humor and satire play important parts in the literature of the Revolution and of the Civil War. Later, the contrast between the pretensions of the new government and the tendency to anarchy represented by "Shays' Rebellion," as well as between the aspirations and the unsophisticated character of the people at large, gave rise to satiric and humorous effusions, mainly in verse and now completely forgotten, but doubtless beneficent in their day. Then came the rise of the democracy to power under Jackson, and the incongruities involved in the assumption of leadership by those who had previously been led inspired a literature of political humor which culminated in the "Biglow Papers," but has surely suffered no grievous decline in the hands of "Mr. Dooley" (P. F. Dunne). Almost immediately afterward our eyes were opened wide to the incongruities between the life led in our centers of culture and that led in our primitive outlying districts. Perhaps the satire heaped upon us by foreigners like Mrs. Trollope and later by Dickens, while stinging us into petulance, taught us to laugh at our own oddities. At least, it is clear that the Down-Easter, the Georgia Cracker, the Flush-timer of Alabama and Mississippi, soon made their bows to laughing audiences. The discovery of California brought other reckless specimens of humanity to the front, and as the country has filled up, the contrast between the life of the settled East and of the various Wests has given birth to fresh phases of a humorous literature constant in its main features. The Mormon, the Pike County man, the Mississippi boatman, have all contributed to the gaiety of the nation, largely, it is needless to say, through the agency of the ubiquitous newspaper. Side by side with this extensive growth of our humor, there has been an intensive growth, classes of characters forced into prominence by a developing civilization, such as the freed negro, the vulgar millionaire, the commercial traveler, the immigrant of whatever nationality, and the suburbanite, having furnished themselves as objects of good-natured banter. Writers of local fiction have also left few odd nooks unexplored, until it may be truly said that the American who is in want of something to smile at cannot have long been naturalized. And most of this wide-spread humor has been practically based upon incongruities, themselves based upon a rapidly extending and evolving democratic society.

Naturally the earliest settlers had no such broad field for the display of whatever sense of humor they possessed. Yet the anonymous poem, "New England's Annoyances" (1630), shows a disposition on the part of the Puritans to bear smilingly the discomforts of their bleak abode; and it is quite certain that from the beginning the Southerner loved his jest. With the eighteenth century humor takes a permanent place in our literature. Madam Sarah Knight, traveling on horseback from Boston to New York, and Colonel William Byrd, watching the drawing of the line between Virginia and North Carolina, smiled at all the odd things they saw, and wrote diaries that afford fresh and amusing reading to-day. By the middle of the century, Mather Byles and Joseph Green were making puns and writing skits in that sedate Boston where shortly before Cotton Mather had ejaculated a prayer every time he washed his hands. With urban growth, material development, and political

progress, humor was bound to emerge—a humor shrewd enough to represent a shrewd people, full of an exaggeration in keeping with the physical vastness of the country, essentially good-natured, as befitted a primitive democracy in which every man must help his neighbor. These characteristics, which have remained fairly constant in American humor, are seen almost in full development in Franklin. "The very tails

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY C. L. ELLIOTT.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ABOUT 1865 BY BLACK, LENT BY FRANCIS J. GARRISON.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

of the sheep are so laden with wool, that each has a little car or wagon on four little wheels, to support and keep it from trailing on the ground." Here we have that combination of imagination, matter of fact, good nature, and exaggeration in which we Americans so delight, and at which foreigners so often gasp.

The sixty years that cover the old age of Franklin, the maturity of Washington Irving, and the youth of Oliver Wendell Holmes need not detain us long. During the period quite a quantity of fair, but only fair, humorous and satiric verse was produced by writers of whom Hopkinson and Freneau and Trumbull, together with Drake and Halleck, are probably the only ones honored by being even half remembered. Irving, of course, especially through the inimitable "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker" and the genial "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," gave American humor, along with American literature, a standing in the world of letters; but, like the poets, his predecessors and contemporaries, as well as the Knickerbocker coterie he dominated, Paulding, Sands, Verplanck, and the rest, Irving was continually showing in his writings the influence of literary models. This fact suggests that American humorists may be conveniently classified under three heads—the writers of humorous verse, the academic humorists, and the socio-political humorists, the last-named class containing most of those amateur depicters of local oddities and those professional purveyors of fun who represent the raciest and most characteristic phases of our national humor.

Not one of these classes—to which we might add a fourth, including those writers of fiction who, from the days of Hugh Henry Brackenridge, author of "Modern Chivalry" (1796–1806), to those of Mr. Stockton, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, have either made their humor an excuse for writing stories or have infused it into everything they have written—should be overlooked in a careful survey of American humorous literature. But a sketch cannot be thorough, and when the question arises on which class special emphasis should be laid, it would seem that there is only one answer. However truly American Irving, Dr. Holmes, George William Curtis, Mr. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), and the late Charles Dudley Warner really are, it can scarcely be denied that

FROM PRINTS.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS. SEBA SMITH.

they are primarily citizens of the world of letters, that they have their literary analogues, that they are not professed humorists of the type of "Artemus Ward"—a type as distinctively and originally American as the most chauvinistic patriot could desire. So with the writers of humorous verse, with Albert Gorton Greene, author of "Old Grimes," with John Godfrey Saxe, whose popularity was once great and not undeserved, with Charles G. Halpine ("Private Miles O'Reilly"), with Charles Follen Adams ("Leedle Yawcoob Strauss"), and even with the versatile author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," Charles Godfrey Leland,—with all their genuinely national humor, these writers are to be classed with Hood and Thackeray—a fact which is not in the least discreditable to them, but which has obvious bearings upon the scope of the present paper. Yet it is truly an ungrateful procedure to pass over a class of writings represented by such an exuberantly burlesque stanza as

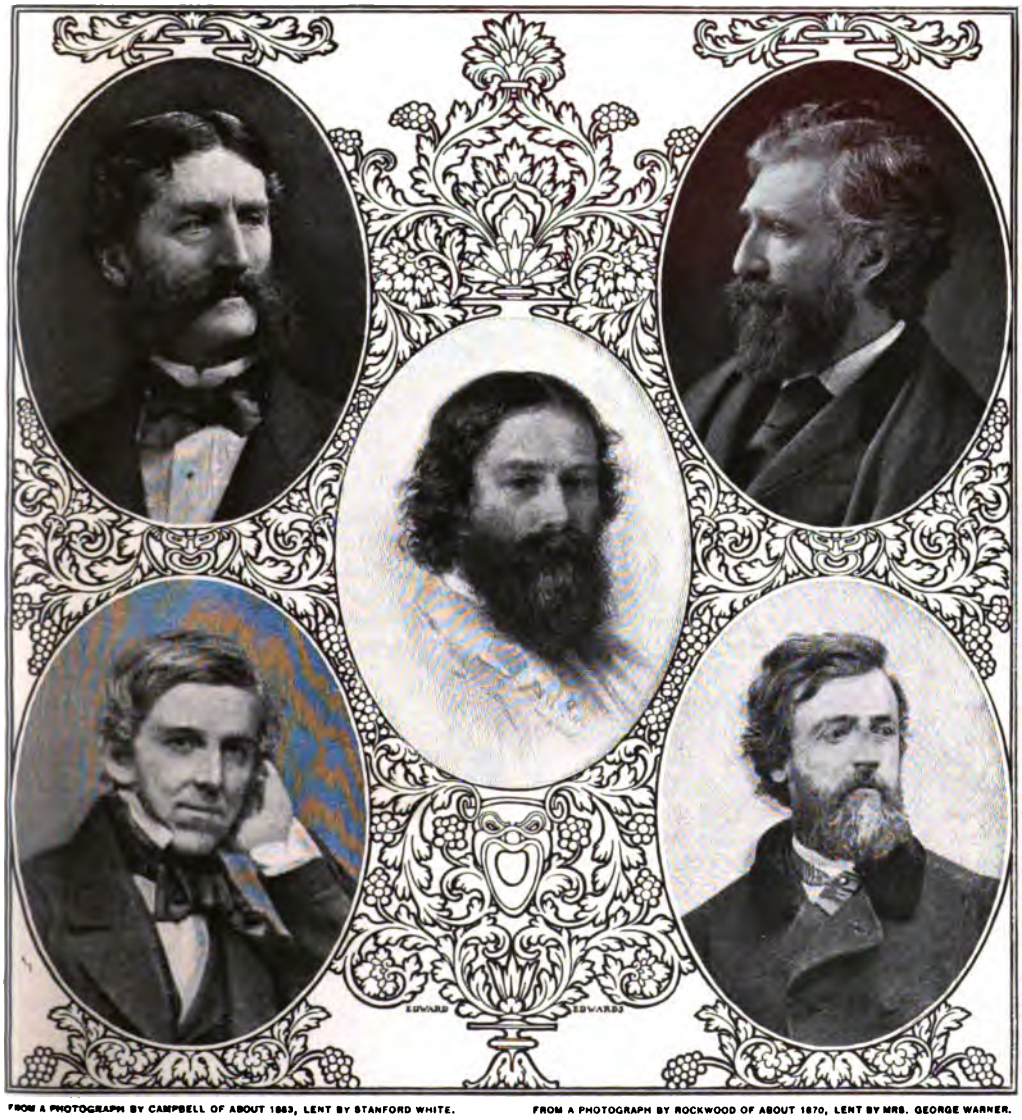
Hans Breitmann gife a Barty—
Wo ist dot Barty now?

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN EMORY COLLEGE, OXFORD, GA. FROM A PRINT.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET. THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON ("SAM SLICK").

Wo ist de lofely golden cloud
  Dot float on de moundain's prow?
Wo ist de Himmelstrahlende Stern—
  De shtar of de shpirit's Light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Bier,
  Afay—in de Ewigkeit!

Mr. Stedman and other poets to our national stock of *vers de société*. Courage may be found for this, but it is impossible to treat so cavalierly a writer whom many competent readers regard as the greatest humorist



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL OF ABOUT 1863, LENT BY STANFORD WHITE.
RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD OF ABOUT 1870, LENT BY MRS. GEORGE WARNER.
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

AFTER THE DRAWING BY ROWSE IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, LENT BY ROBERT COSTER.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER GARDNER OF ABOUT 1860, LENT BY MRS. B. A. YOUNG.
FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

It is fully as ungrateful to pass over the humorous verses of Bret Harte and Eugene Field, the more than humorous poems of Mr. John Hay, the early dialect rhymes of the ill-fated Irwin Russell (1853–79), and the many charming contributions made by

America has ever produced—James Russell Lowell. Against this ranking of the author of the "Fable for Critics" and the "Biglow Papers" no protest shall be entered here, although it is conceivable that the less ebullient humor of the genial "Auto-

crat" should seem more delightful to certain minds. But even Lowell, original and great humorist though he be, has his literary analogues. His prolegomena may well seem to throw all previous similar apparatus in the shade, but the similar apparatus existed previously. So, too, one has but to read Coleridge's "Talleyrand to Lord Grenville" and to remember that Seba Smith and his imitator Charles Augustus Davis had already made a Down-East rustic deal, in his own vernacular, with current politics, in order to perceive that while no more truly original production than the "Biglow Papers" exists in any literature, its author never ceased to be more than what we know technically as a "humorist"—never ceased to be a great man of letters, whose humor deserves an essay or a volume, not a mere paragraph in an article.

Turning now to our third class of humorists, whose special designation, socio-political, seems portentously serious, it is easy to discover from their biographies one reason at least why they are separated by quite a gap from the other two classes. Nearly every one of them has had a variety of typically American experiences, if, indeed, he has not been a "rolling stone." Set over against Dr. Holmes, physician, professor, and man of letters in cultured Boston, Henry Wheeler Shaw ("Josh Billings," 1818–85),[1] who left the East to work on Ohio steamboats, then became a farmer, and finally an auctioneer, before he ever published an article or an almanac, or delivered, with affected awkwardness, a lecture full of pithy humor. In the contrast between these two men's lives we have a key to the contrast between their writings. If, when Dr. Holmes, after the lapse of years, resumed his "Autocrat" papers, he had found himself addressing an obdurate public, is it likely that he would have accommodated himself as Josh Billings did to similar circumstances, changed his spelling, and won popularity? That was the trick of a typical American determined to make his wares sell, just as his phenomenally successful "Farmers' Allminax" was a joint product of his humor and his "hoss-sense." Yet none the less was the critic right who declared that Josh Billings's bad spelling hid but did not obliterate his kinship with La Rochefoucauld. "Cunning, at best, only does the dirty work ov wisdom; tharfore I dispize it," is a saying worthy of any moralist. On the other hand, the following advertisement is worthy only of the "enterprising" American that wrote it: "Kan the leopard change his spots? i answer it kan, bi using Job Sargent's only klensing sope. Job Sargent never told a lie—so did George Washington."

So does biography, one is almost tempted to add when one considers the lives led by Josh Billings's compeers. Where they have not tried several trades or professions, they have generally stuck to one profession that is almost as wide in its scope as American life itself—the profession of journalism. One of the first of our group to attain great popularity, Seba Smith (1792–1868), the creator of "Major Jack Downing," won his fame as a Portland journalist before he served on the metropolitan press. Joseph Clay Neal (1807–47), whose long-forgotten "Charcoal Sketches" described various ridiculous urban types, was a Philadelphia journalist who won the favor of Dickens. Judge Augustus B. Longstreet (1790–1870) would surely not have described Georgia life with such hearty humor if he had not been lawyer, judge, editor, Methodist minister, planter, lecturer, politician, and president of at least four colleges. His co-editor and fellow-depicter of Georgia oddities, William Tappan Thompson (1812–82), creator of that famous lover and traveler "Major Jones," seems to have been the first white child born in the Western Reserve, but to have served later as a volunteer against the Seminoles and as an editor in most of the important towns in Georgia, when he was not making an experiment in journalism in Baltimore. Add to this career a little politics and service in the Confederate ranks, and we have a far from monotonous life. Other examples are scarcely needed, but it is hard to resist citing Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber (1814–90), exploiter of the famous and delightful "Mrs. Partington," who was a printer before he began a varied newspaper career; George Washington Harris (1814–69), who was a jeweler's apprentice, captain of a Tennessee River steamboat, inventor, and political writer, as well as the creator of that egregious East Tennesseean, "Sut Lovengood"; and George Horatio Derby (1823–61), better known as

[1] "Josh Billings" was a frequent contributor to the humorous columns of this magazine under the title of "Uncle Esek's Wisdom." A business agreement prevented the use of Mr. Shaw's usual pen-name. Dr. J. G. Holland, then editor, keenly enjoyed Uncle Esek's pithy sentences, but insisted upon their being printed with the ordinary spelling. To this the author cheerfully agreed, though he always composed them in the phonetic method of "Josh Billings."—THE EDITOR.

DRAWING BY CHARLES L. POST, BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATSON & POST (1901). HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN."

"John Phœnix," who, after graduating at West Point, saw life in Minnesota, on the Pacific coast, in Texas, and in Florida. Such has been the training these benefactors of their country have received; nor are the two representative humorists, who have been best welcomed abroad, "Artemus Ward" and "Mark Twain," exceptions to the rule. What an experience the latter has had, and to what a good use he has put it! Printer's apprentice, Mississippi pilot, Nevada pioneer, journalist, traveler—what wonder that Mr. Clemens, with his native genius, has evolved from a humorist into a great writer of picaresque fiction and something of an international *censor morum!*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE AND LENT BY JAMES F. RYDER, TAKEN ABOUT 1867.

"ARTEMUS WARD."

Yourn till Deth,

Artemus Ward.

But we are chiefly concerned with the humor of these men, not with their lives; and although the task of describing it is difficult, it must not be shirked. It is, on

the whole, a broad humor that frequently does not disdain the aid of bad spelling and bad puns. It deals in incongruities of expression; it accentuates oddities; it sets the

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HURD, PROVIDENCE, R. I., LENT BY FRANK J. SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY COLONEL CLIFFORD THOMSON.

MORTIMER THOMSON ("Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.").

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE LENT BY MISS CORDELIA S. NEWELL.

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

commonplace in ridiculous relief; it burlesques pretensions; it laughs at domestic, social, and political mishaps, when they are not too serious; it makes game of foibles and minor vices; it delights to shock the prim, but sedulously avoids all real grossness; it sometimes approximates sheer though innocuous mendacity—but why attempt to describe this Protean something which does not get beyond our national borders often enough to make an elaborate passport description necessary? In its lowest forms it can be found in almost any newspaper, in the shape of what is called "comic copy," receipts for writing which are said to be easily obtained and followed. In intermedi-

30 Days. APRIL. 1870.

Q.—How long kan a goose stand on one leg?

Jethro Sparks cum tew town,
Athwart a kussid mule,
He wound his ears around his nek,
And called him April Phule.

A.—Try it,—that's the way the goose found out.

♄	♒	*Prognostix.*	*EMBERS ON THE HARTH.*
1	F	*Showery* ☿ *expekt* ☉	He whom the good praze, and the wicked hate, ought tew be satisfied with hiz reputashun.
2	S	♅ *rain* ♉ stern	
3	G	winter iz ♓ △ ♒	
4	M	o'er ♉ sow peas ☉	
5	T	and plant lambs ♎	
6	W	now ♏ Washington	
7	T	waz the ♊ father ♈	
8	F	♅ ov hiz ⊕ (country)	The less a man knows, the more he will guess at, and guessing iz nothing more than suspicion.
9	S	● *wet rain* ☉ ♈	
10	G	Washington ♂ when	
11	M	a little boy had ● ☿	
12	T	♏ ♊ a little ♯ ♌	
13	W	ax ♑ ♈ *gentle*	
14	T	♌ *showers* ♉ ♯ with	It is a statistikal fakt, that the wicked work harder tew reach Hell, than the righteous do tew git to heaven.
15	F	which he ♑ ♀	
16	S	⊕ ♅ tomahawked	
17	G	a tree ♉ *sighns ov*	
18	M	♂ *moisture* but ♂ ☾	
19	T	when ♎ asked ♀	
20	W	♐ if he did the tree	
21	T	cut ♈ *big rain* ♓ the	When i git thoroughly ritch, the fust thing i intend to do, iz tew bekum respektabel.
22	F	♈ ♅ owned the	
23	S	korn ◑ ♋ lager	
24	G	beer diskovered ♑	
25	M	♈ not to be ♐ ◑	
26	T	intoxicating §‖‖	
27	W	1845 ♑ pattent taken	Men generally, when they whip a mule, sware, the mule remembers the swaring, but forgits the licking.
28	T	out ♊ now dig ♅	
29	F	for umbrellers ♓ ♍	
30	S		

A PAGE OF "JOSH BILLINGS' FARMERS' ALLMINAX," BY PERMISSION OF THE G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.

ate forms it can be found in collections of squibs and sketches like those illustrative of the broader phases of New York life written nearly half a century ago by Mortimer Thomson (1832–75), actor, drummer, lecturer, journalist, who adopted the whimsical pen-name of "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," the initials standing for "Queer Kritter," "Perfect Brick." It is needless to say that such things, which were perhaps as amusing to contemporaries as most of our own humorous effusions are to us, cannot now be read *in extenso* without considerable exertion. Finally, in its higher forms this humor can be found in such political satire as that directed against the "copperhead" Democracy by David Ross Locke (1833–88), better known, in the words of Lowell, as "that genuine and delightful humorist, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby," and in such sketches of primitive manners as those contained in Judge Joseph G. Baldwin's (died 1864) "The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." Probably, if only on the ground of their wide-spread popularity, we should include among these higher forms of American humor the diverting lucubrations of "A. Ward, Showman," and the less distinctively national naïvetés of Mrs. Partington.

Further classification is probably unnecessary; but it may be remarked that Mr. Watterson's division of American humor into "that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money," while suggestive, is far too narrow. Political humor, provincial humor, social type and class humor, and the humor of whimsicality—even these broad divisions hardly suffice to include all the important productions of Americans in this very flexible genre. Under these heads may be placed, however, such of our humorists as we shall be able to consider in any detail.

Lowell being put to one side, there are at least five political humorists of importance belonging to the eventful forty years 1830–70. These are Seba Smith, Charles Augustus Davis (1795–1867), Robert Henry Newell (1836–1901), the "Orpheus C. Kerr" whose letters gave Lincoln needed relaxation, and whose sad life was recently unveiled in the daily press, Charles Henry Smith ("Bill Arp," born 1826), and David R. Locke. To

these one is almost tempted to add Richard Grant White, whose "New Gospel of Peace," describing "the war in the land of Unculpsalm," somewhat belied its title by being a clever and very popular parody of the style of the historical books of the Old Testament.

Seba Smith's excellent creation, Major Jack Downing of Downingville, who is well worthy of the modern reader's attention, had his origin in political disputes in Maine, where his letters began to appear in a local newspaper in January, 1830. They won instant popularity, and the Major soon began to contribute to the New York "Daily Advertiser," and took it upon himself to act as confidant of General Jackson, and to inform the eager public of all the doings of its hero. Later he took part in the Mexican War, and had some interesting things to say about politics in the days of Polk. The humor and wisdom lavished by him on the public throughout his long career may be found in his far from Bentonian "Thirty Years Out of the Senate" (1859).

So successful was Smith's experiment in humorous political satire that a second Jack Downing soon began to contribute letters to the New York "Daily Advertiser." This Major Downing, the creation of C. A. Davis, who represented the somewhat unusual combination of humor and the iron trade, may be followed in "Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade" (New York, 1834). Like his prototype, this pseudo and less-known Major Downing makes a triumphal tour with Old Hickory, during which Mr. Van Buren shows his political agility and his consideration of the dear public by landing on his feet after a tremendous toss from his horse, and making a graceful bow to the awe-struck bystanders. The Major also enlightens his readers as to the standing of the United States Bank, against which Jackson has fulminated, for did he not visit that institution, slate in hand, and perform some wonderful computations? But let us hear him describe in his own words how Mr. Van Buren tried on the coat of the sleeping President, a scene which looks backward to Shakspere and forward to an Executive supposed to be too small to wear his grandfather's hat:

"Mr. Van Buren's turn came next: as soon as he put on the coat, he riz on his toes; but it would not do; it kivered him to his heels, and the hat fell on his shoulders, and you could n't see nothin' on earth of him. 'How does that look, Zekil?' says he. 'Why,' says Zekil, 'it looks plaguy curious.' 'Is the coat too long, or am I too short?' says Mr. Van Buren. 'Well, I don't know exactly which,' says Zekil. 'I 'll think on 't to rights.' 'That 's right, Zekil,' says I, 'don't commit yourself.' And then they all kinder snickered; and the laugh went ag'in' Mr. Van Buren."

The humor of the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" is not so homely as that of the "Downing Letters," whether of Smith or Davis, and although the events they treat of are nearer to us and more important, it is conceivable that the older books might draw more smiles from the reader fairly well versed in American history. Journalistic exaggeration and facetiousness, together with rapid use of the unexpected in matter and phrase, constitute, perhaps, the chief notes of the rather formidable array of pages. There are some clever parodies, and the criticism of men and events is often bright and apt; but not infrequently the humor seems forced. At its best, although droll, it is seldom crisp enough to afford good short quotations. This is not the case with the more direct and racy letters of Bill Arp, Newell's Southern counterpart, who lacks some of the latter's literary merits, but is nearer, as it were, to the soil, and has his affiliations also with whimsical makers of mirth like Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and his own Southern contemporary, George W. Bagby ("Mozis Addums," 1828–83), whose work should be more widely known. Arp's letters to "Mr. Linkhorn" must be read in the light of the fierce struggle of forty years ago to prove palatable to many readers to-day; but surely the great President himself must have smiled if his eye ever fell upon the following account of how Confederate regiments were recruited in the neighborhood of Rome, Georgia: "Most of 'em ["the boys round here"] are so hot that they fairly sizz when you pour water on 'em, and that 's the way they make up their military companies here now—when a man applies to jine the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he sizzes they take him, and if he don't, they don't." Lincoln would have relished, also, the following apt use of a good story—a phase of American humor which ought not to be overlooked:

"We can't run ag'in, for the reesin urged by the Texin, who, when he got into trubble, took advise of a lawyer as to what he orter do. His kase was so bad that the faithful attorney advised him to run away. 'The

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY ROBINSON LOCKE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"PETROLEUM V. NASBY," "MARK TWAIN," "JOSH BILLINGS."

devil!' says he; 'where shall I run to? I 'm in Texas now.'"

But doubtless the most important member of our political group is David R. Locke, Dispensation, whose name illustrates some of the absurd features of his autobiography, is made to give unblushing utterance to the worst sentiments that supra-loyal Union

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AT THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR BY BLACK, LENT BY MISS CAROLINE SHILLABER.

GENERAL HALPINE ("MILES O'REILLY") AND B. P. SHILLABER ("MRS. PARTINGTON").

journeyman printer, reporter, and editor of Union papers in Ohio. His "Nasby" letters began to appear in 1861, and were useful to the administration. They were continued to cover the tumultuous years following the war, the various volumes being collected in 1872 into "The Struggles—Social, Financial, and Political—of Petroleum V. Nasby." The late pastor of the Church of the New men assumed to characterize the embarrassed Democrats of the North, particularly of the State of New Jersey. His situation is naturally not a comfortable one, and he finds no rest for the soles of his feet until he reaches Confederate X Roads, Kentucky, where he gets his indispensable whisky on credit, preaches to such orthodox Democrats as Deekin Pogram and his compeers, and

deluges Andrew Johnson with applications for the local post-office. His zeal is finally rewarded, and he becomes the confidant of the President, much as Major Jack Downing had done before him. His experiences must be sought in "Swingin' Round the Cirkle," which, with the illustrations of Thomas Nast, is one of the most readable of all the pro-

FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH BY B. B. RULOFROW. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

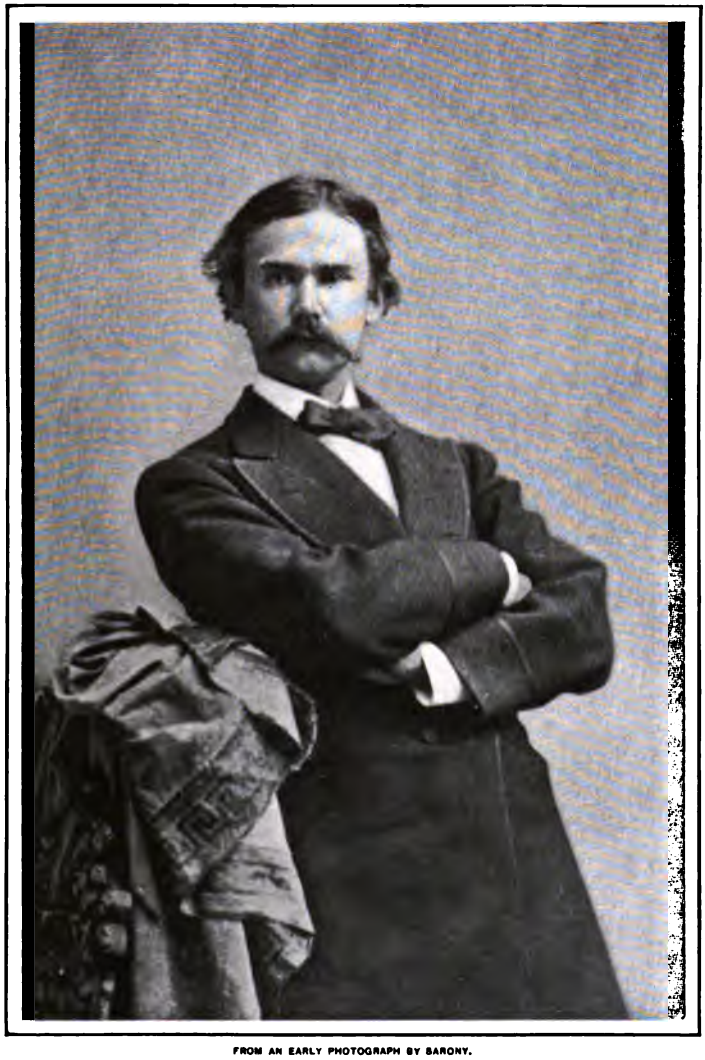
BRET HARTE.

ductions of our older humorists. For pungent satire, for good-humored though often unjust exaggeration of party and sectional weaknesses, for clever scriptural parodies and visions, for diverting whimsicalities, the book is almost unique, nor should it be forgotten that few of our humorists have been gifted with an imagination so sustained as that of Locke. No short quotation can do justice to his merits, but the reader may be referred to such typical pages as those that describe the procession in honor of the new postmaster, whose salary was hypothecated for his numerous debts, and the following characteristic utterance may be culled for the light it throws upon Mr. Nasby's notions of finance:

"I give him the note becoz he furnished the paper, and it made him easy in his mind —I put down the memorandum becoz it looked businesslike. Benevolence is a prominent trait in my karacter. When givin' my note for borrered money will do a man good, I never begrudge the trouble uv writin' it."

Passing now to the provincial group, the humorists whose specialty it is to depict local oddities, we find considerable embarrassment of riches so far as authors and books are concerned, but not with regard to available specimens of their work. The only

way to appreciate "Georgia Scenes," for example, is to read at least four or five of the sketches. One humorist of this class, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796–1865) of Nova Scotia, whose well-deserved fame is being kept green by his compatriots, does not strictly belong to us except on the principle that, as the United States was the native land of the immortal "Sam Slick," we have as much right to appropriate Judge Haliburton as he had to appropriate the shrewd clock-maker. The rest of these humorists are for our period mainly Southern, because the South, or rather the Southwest, was then filling up rapidly and presenting the mixture of eccentric types which the Far West was to show later. The Middle West was more orderly in its development, although it also furnished some local humor, and it is needless to add that virtually no corner of the country has since escaped the local humorist or his brother, the provincial novelist. It is worth while to add that the humor of the Southwest was much affected by the extensive use of the Mississippi as a highway of travel, and that over this and other highways jocose stories and quaint extravagances of speech spread to the still more or less unsettled half of the continent. The humor of Bret Harte and Mark Twain may not claim kin with that of Longstreet and Johnson J. Hooper, but this is mainly due



FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH BY BARONY.

JOHN HAY.

to the fact that the family tree has not been drawn.

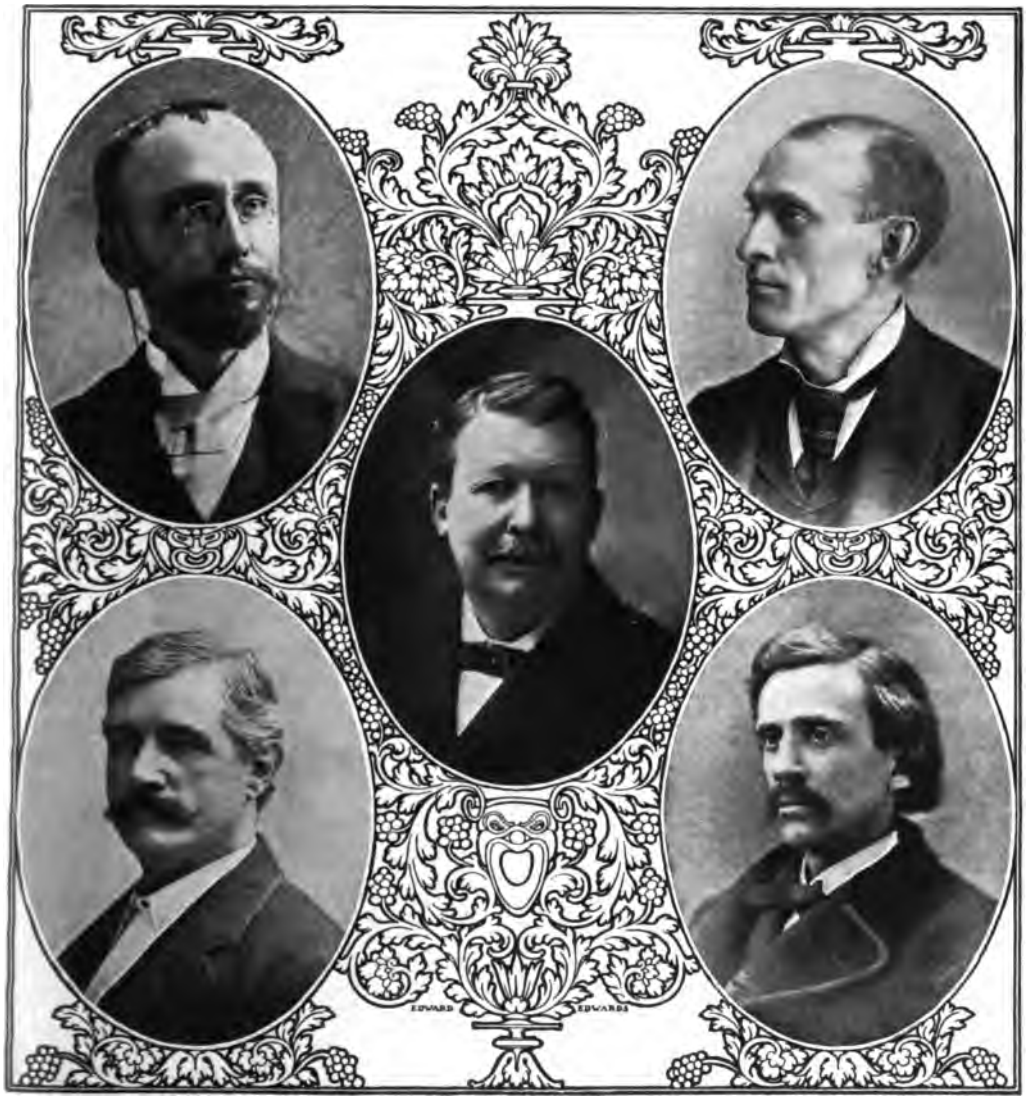
It is hard to assign the palm among these Southwestern humorists. "Sut Lovengood," "Captain Simon Suggs," "Major Jones," and "Ned Brace" are all worthies whom it is well to have known at one time or another, provided one is not squeamish or puritanical. Captain Suggs, the creation of Johnson J. Hooper (1815(?)–63), a lawyer of Alabama, was a blackleg such as only the new Cotton States of those turbulent times could have furnished, and is fairly worthy of comparison with Jonathan Wild himself, although he would certainly have worsted Fielding's hero at seven-up or in a "horse swap." Major Jones is not so artistic a creation, but he is amusing, as most readers of his courting experiences given in the extract in the "Stedman-Hutchinson Library" will probably admit. As for Ned Brace, the practical joker of Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," he is, in some respects, nearer to life than any of his compeers; but the scenes in which he figures are hardly those that make the deepest impression upon readers of a book that deserves to be reprinted, if only for its historic importance as the fountain-head of that racy Southern, and especially Georgian, fiction given us since the war by such writers as the late Richard Malcolm Johnston and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. The scenes that are most characteristic of versatile Judge Longstreet, and of the rough but sterling people he sketched, are those that describe the horse trade, the fight, the dancing-party, and, to name no others, the "gouging" rehearsal. Unless he was mystifying his readers, one of the best scenes in his book was not from Judge Longstreet's hand—that admirable description of the militia company drill which Mr. Thomas

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY F. B. CARPENTER IN THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTE, FORT COLUMBUS, NEW YORK HARBOR.

CAPTAIN GEORGE HORATIO DERBY, U. S. A. ("JOHN PHŒNIX").

Hardy seems to have made free with in the twenty-third chapter of "The Trumpet Major." Almost as amusing as the apparently plundered sketch is the fact that when the "lifting" was exposed by the "Critic" the "Critic" was forced to explain that by an unlucky (*sic*) mistake the authors' names at the tops of the columns had been transposed!

If Mr. Thomas Hardy, or any other novel-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
H. C. BUNNER.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY GONDON.
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX PLATZ.
EUGENE FIELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOLSOM OF ABOUT 1893-94, LENT BY GEORGE W. FLINT.
JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ TAKEN ABOUT 1879.
FRANK R. STOCKTON.

in parallel columns, a writer in the "Daily News"—was it Mr. Andrew Lang?—came to the rescue of the British novelist by pointing out how far the latter had improved upon the crude sketch of the American provincial. But alas! no sooner had this convincing proof of British superiority been given than ist, will turn to Judge Baldwin's "Flush Times," he will doubtless find things well worth working over. In some respects the book has more literary merit than any of its companion volumes. The experiences of a legal neophyte in that paradise of litigation are told with leisurely humor; the artistic

lying of Ovid Bolus, Esq., is described with due elaboration; the pathetic fate of the Virginian emigrants who had no weather eye open for sharpers is set forth with artistic skill; and, finally, the fabulous exploits of Cave Burton, Esq., of Kentucky yield place to the astounding triumphs of the eloquence of Sargent S. Prentiss. If the fighting, swearing, drinking, gambling, hail-fellow-well-met Southwest had produced no other literary monument than this, it would not have broken the Ten Commandments in vain. One wonders whether Judge Baldwin, who died Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, ever saw on the Pacific coast any life more picturesque than that he left behind him. Surely he never examined a more amusingly ignorant candidate for admission to the bar than Mr. Thomas Jefferson Knowly.

Of social type and class humorists the number is so large as to be fairly disconcerting, especially at the close of an article. Fortunately, such humorists constitute the rank and file of their profession at all times, and the reader, by allowing for changes in fashions and manners, can infer from the similar humor of to-day the kind of jests and skits his father laughed at. A few of the more prominent representatives of the class deserve, however, to be mentioned. Among the earliest are George D. Prentice (1802–1870), the witty Louisville editor, and Frances Miriam Whitcher (1811–52), the only woman on our list,—if the writers of fiction were included this would not be the case,—author of the amusing "Widow Bedott Papers." As Miss Berry she won notoriety by contributions to newspapers and magazines, without dreaming that, when she married, the clamors of the supposed models for her characters would drive her clerical husband from his charge. No such effects seem to have been caused by the mild humor of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" of Frederick Swartwout Cozzens (1818–69), whose work is now but faintly remembered. After the Civil War the humorists of this type, profiting perhaps by the example set them by Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby, become more aggressive and certainly more attractive to the modern reader. Prominent among them are Melville D. Landon ("Eli Perkins," born 1839), C. H. Clark ("Max Adler"), Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad," born 1842), well known for the "Lime-Kiln Club" papers in the Detroit "Free Press," and James M. Bailey (1841–94), the popular "Danbury News Man." The mention of the last-named shows us at once that we have reached the golden age of humorous journalism (*circa* 1875). Hitherto humorous articles had been copied widely by the various newspapers. Now the paper that secured an original humorist on its staff would obtain a large circulation throughout the country. Mr. Bailey, for example, soon carried his "Danbury News" up to a circulation of thirty thousand. Later it was found profitable to establish journals like "Peck's Sun" in Milwaukee and the "Texas Siftings" of Alexander E. Sweet, recently deceased, which existed for and by their humor alone. This type of "funny paper" has passed; but "Puck," founded in 1877, the first really successful comic periodical in the country, still holds its own, although deprived of the guidance of its genial editor, the late H. C. Bunner, himself a humorist of a refined and most attractive type.

The humor of whimsicality alone remains to be treated briefly, its main representatives being John Phœnix, Josh Billings,—who is too large for any one class, and has been dealt with already,—and Charles Farrar Browne (1834–67), better known as "Artemus Ward." Derby's books, "Phœnixiana" and the "Squibob Papers," have been lately republished, which is perhaps a sign that his fame is emerging from its comparative eclipse. Whether he will hold latter-day readers is a moot point. When at his best, as when he lectures on astronomy, plays the editor, proposes a new system of English grammar, and writes a musical review extraordinary, he is a very delightful John Phœnix to some of us—in his own San Diego French, "il frappe toute chose parfaitement froid." But often his fantastic humor seems forced and becomes tiresome. Still it cannot be denied that he introduced the humor of the Pacific coast to the American public, and that he taught his fellow-humorists new tricks of extravagance in expression and thought. As a fair but not thoroughly satisfactory specimen of his quips and cranks, the following description of the moon must suffice:

"This resplendent luminary, like a youth on the Fourth of July, has its first quarter; like a ruined spendthrift, its last quarter; and, like an omnibus, is occasionally full and new. The evenings on which it appears between these last stages are beautifully illumined by its clear, mellow light."

The fame of Artemus Ward, showman, lecturer, practical joker, and whimsical writer, is perhaps more persistent than that

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE, LONDON, LENT BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

EDGAR WILSON ("BILL") NYE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY POTTER.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

of most of the other humorists we have dealt with, but it is to be feared that few persons are tempted even to glance through his "Works," and some who have done this confess to having been not a little disappointed. Indeed, it is not certain that Artemus Ward, typical American though he was, has not, on the whole, fared better in England, where he died at what seemed but the opening of a brilliant career, than he has in his native

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

P. F. DUNNE ("MR. DOOLEY").

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROCK.

GEORGE ADE.

country. Be this as it may, it is impossible to read even a meager sketch of him without yielding him one's heart, yet at the same time realizing that, as in the case of a great orator, no one who did not see and hear the man is at all competent to judge him. His literary remains, although it would be easy to underrate their true wit and extravagant humor, do not of themselves explain his once tremendous vogue; but when to them we add the testimony of men who knew and loved him, it is not difficult to conclude that as a whimsically witty genius, although not as a broad, hearty humorist, he has had no equal in America. It is impossible to prove this conclusion, and it would be useless to attempt to support it by quotations even from his account of his famous visit to Brigham Young, or from his lecture on the Mormons. Perhaps a better test of the man's real greatness is supplied by the fact that his contemporaries at home and abroad, and our later selves, let and still let him say anything he will with impunity. He writes from Stratford to "Punch": "I've been lingerin' by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspere. It is a success." "It 's Artemus Ward," is our involuntary comment, if we have learned to understand him.

Artemus Ward and Shakspere are good names to close with, for they help to show us that humor makes the whole world akin. And poor Artemus's fate reminds us that American humor, as, for example, in Eugene Field's "The Old Man," is constantly tending to run into pathos. But the bare mention of Field recalls George Ade, Oliver Herford, Charles Battell Loomis, and the many true humorists whom we have omitted,[1]—not forgotten,—some of whom will contribute to these pages, but more of whom, like Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye," 1850–96), have passed to a place where their smiles find no counterparts in tears. Living or dead, they have been the benefactors of their people. It may suggest a coarse taste, it may even be uncritical, as superfine criticism now goes, to maintain that their work is an integral and not the least valuable part of American literature; but, however this may be, it seems safe to prophesy that whenever America ceases to produce good humorists, and men and women ready to smile and laugh with them, the country will cease to be the great nation that now engages our love and pride. Yet it is equally safe to prophesy that a people that has a jest for everything—even for political corruption—will sooner or later have more need of writers who, like Milton and Dante, rarely smile.

[1] From a working list of eighty—itself a product of selection.

YOU AND TO-DAY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WITH every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shrived, and buried deep,
All yesterdays; there let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but to-day.
Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,
To-day has been the friend of man;

But, in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You, and to-day! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,

With God himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say, attain, attain!

AN OLD-TIME GARDEN.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

ONCE I knew a garden plot
Filled with fragrant flowers.
None was rare, but all were fair.
After summer showers,
Up from beds of mignonette
In the sunlight steeping,
Up from beds of mint and thyme,
Perfume sweet came sweeping.
Crimson peony glowed beside
Purple flaunting mallow;
Marshaled by the garden wall,
Hollyhocks grew trim and tall,
Red and white and yellow.

All along that garden's walk
Sweet pinks were blooming;
In among the columbines
Brown bees were humming.
Lad's-love and larkspur
And daffydowndilly,
Scarlet poppy, marigold,
And spotted tiger-lily,
Sweet alyssum, grew therein,
And the pansy tender,
Great blush-roses pearly-pink.
Oh, my heart is sick to think
On the vanished splendor!

Foxglove and four-o'clock
Caught the sunlight sifted
Through trumpet-flower and virgin's-bower
On the trellis lifted.
Lavender and bergamot
Strayed beyond the border,
And privet prim towered over all,
Like some ancient warder.
Oh, that garden did abound
In all rich completeness!
Even now, across the years,
Summer's breeze unto me bears
Its scent of summer sweetness.

Long ago that garden fair
From the earth departed.
Up and down I sought it long,
Half broken-hearted.
Oh, its very place was gone!
And one mocked me: "Never
More your eyes shall look upon
Its lost bloom, forever!"
But I *know* my garden now,
Somewhere, still is blooming;
And the kindly angels flit
In and out, and tend on it
Till my tardy coming.

THE DIRIGIBLE BALLOON OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

This article is published with the knowledge and consent of M. Santos-Dumont. Because he is resolved not to be drawn into a local controversy, and, more particularly, because he considers himself to be still in the experimental period, M. Santos-Dumont refuses to write any article, popular or technical, or to give diagrams of the inventions with which he is constantly experimenting, and which are, therefore, subject to continual changes. In the following interview, however, the writer, who has been a great deal with him during the past four years, was permitted by M. Santos-Dumont to take down questions and answers in shorthand.—S. H.

M. ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT, a young Brazilian resident in Paris, after four years of invention, construction, and constant experiment, has been navigating a cigar-shaped balloon with a sixteen horse-power petroleum motor under it, capable of making way against any wind that is less than forty kilometers (twenty-five miles) an hour. What this means may be imagined when it is remembered that a wind of fifty kilometers an hour is called a storm.

At the outset, a word should be allowed the inventor concerning two very different factors of his success—inventing and managing a dirigible balloon. Indeed, the factors are three,—inventing, constructing, and managing,—as inventors on paper are likely to discover before they find themselves navigating the air. M. Santos-Dumont has occupied four years with invention and construction. Now he is learning to manage the perfected air-ship.

"Suppose you buy a new bicycle or automobile," he says. "You will have a perfect machine to your hand; but it does not necessarily mean that you will go spinning with it over the highways. You may be so unpractised that you fall off the bicycle or blow up the automobile. The machine is all right, but you must learn to run it. That is what I am doing with my air-ship."

This is what the crowds of Parisians who have been following M. Santos-Dumont's aërial evolutions take but imperfectly into account; and the readers of the daily papers in far-off lands, who hear of his trials and narrow escapes only by way of garbled and hurriedly written cable despatches, are still less likely to appreciate it. Everything about the navigation of the air is new; newest of all is the art—practised only by this daring youth—of diving and mounting obliquely in the air by means of his propeller force. In the complicated and novel task of putting an air-ship through its best paces, much must necessarily be at the mercy of chance details. Thus a trial trip whose start and finish were witnessed by scarcely twenty-five persons was much more satisfactory than the succeeding day's official trial before the Technical Committee of the Deutsch Prize Foundation and a brilliant *tout-Paris* assemblage.

On this occasion (the morning of July 13, 1901) M. Santos-Dumont sped straight through the air above western Paris to the Eiffel Tower, turned round it, and returned to his starting-point, a distance of eleven kilometers (nearly seven miles), in thirty-nine minutes, and this in spite of a new petroleum motor that was discovered to be working imperfectly shortly after starting. The day before, while going over the same course, he found that his right-hand rudder-guide had become loose. This happened near the Eiffel Tower. Without sacrificing a cubic inch of gas, he descended to the ground by means of his shifting-weights; that is to say, he pointed the nose of his cigar-shaped balloon obliquely downward and navigated to the surface of the earth by means of his propeller. There he procured a ladder and repaired his rudder-guide. Then he mounted into the air and resumed his course without sacrificing a pound of ballast; that is to say, he pointed the balloon's nose obliquely upward by means of the shifting-weights, and so navigated on high again by the force of his propeller.

To those who know anything about dirigible balloons, these evolutions, simple as they appear, constitute M. Santos-Dumont's greatest triumph. They have never been

accomplished by any other aëronaut. The ease and precision with which he executes them have called forth the special admiration of competent authorities. Thus M. Armengaud *jeune*, the engineer, who, with the late M. Hureau de Villeneuve, was one of the founders of the Société de Navigation Aérienne, and was for a long time its vice-president, owns frankly: "I can say that what most strikes me is the ease with which M. Santos-Dumont, by inclining his aërostat at will, is able to dive or rise so readily in the air, and thus bring himself on a level with the more favorable layers of the atmosphere by crossing through contrary currents."

How M. Santos-Dumont made his sensational trips between St. Cloud and the Eiffel Tower, to show Paris what he could do, and incidentally to win the Deutsch Prize of one hundred thousand francs for the first dirigible balloon or flying-machine that should make the round trip in half an hour, is a matter of common knowledge. At the first official trial he missed winning the prize by only nine minutes. At the second he covered the distance from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower in eight minutes fifty seconds, turned the tower in forty seconds more, and in twelve minutes from his start was over the Bois de Boulogne on his return, with eighteen minutes to spare for the short distance remaining, when an accident, which might have been tragic, brought him to the ground with a wrecked air-ship.

The fact that M. Santos-Dumont really navigates the air is in itself the all-sufficient explanation of the universal chorus of wonderment that has gone up in response to the news of his performances. In Paris they have also excited recriminations from friends of the official military balloonists of the Chalais-Meudon Park, reaching to denial of the new air-ship's novelty of invention and superiority of action. These military balloonists have been for many years the supposed possessors of the secret of dirigible ballooning. In a spirit of emulation more admirable than their first movement of detraction, they now announce the rapid construction of a steerable balloon of their own, expected to offer "great resistance to the wind" and to be "capable of facing any weather." In this way the young inventor will have to his honor not only his own performances, but the renewed efforts to which they shall have excited others. As for himself, he is occupied with his new balloon, the "Santos-Dumont No. 6," his perfected model embodying all that he has learned from experimenting with the five which preceded it.

THE YEARS OF PREPARATION.

THIS young Brazilian inventor works for the love of the thing, not for lucre. He has never felt moved to apply for a single patent. He is a son of the "Coffee King" of Brazil, the proprietor of the Santos-Dumont plantations of São Paulo, the friend of the former Emperor Dom Pedro, and the benefactor and adviser of whole populations. Santos-Dumont, the father, although a Brazilian by birth and nationality, was French by descent, and had his technical education at the École Centrale (Arts and Industries) in Paris. Thanks to this education, he was the first to apply scientific methods to Brazilian coffee-culture, so that his plantations became the most flourishing in the land, having four million coffee-plants, occupying nine thousand laborers, comprising towns, manufactories, docks, and steamships, and served by one hundred and forty-six miles of private railroads. It was on these railroads that the young Santos-Dumont, before he was twelve years of age, drove locomotive-engines for his pleasure, and developed the taste for mechanics and invention which saved him, coming young and rich to Paris, from a life of mere sporting leisure. Until eighteen years of age, when he completed his education at the University of Rio de Janeiro, he remained in Brazil, always returning in vacation-time to the wild back-country of the plantation, where he became a mighty hunter, killing wild pigs and small tigers by preference, and great snakes out of a sense of duty.

Arriving in Europe in 1891, he made a tourist trip and ascended Mont Blanc. A part of 1891 and 1892 he spent between London and Brighton, perfecting his English, which he now speaks as well and as often as French; but he always returned to Paris, where in 1892 he was already driving automobiles. In 1894 he made a short trip to the United States, visiting New York, Chicago, and Boston. He did not begin ballooning until 1897, in the summer of which year he made his first ascent in company with the late M. Machuron. In the same year he made twenty other ascensions, a number of them unaccompanied, and became a reliable pilot of spherical balloons. He has, indeed, an ideal figure for the sport, uniting remarkable strength, agility, and coolness to his jockey's weight of scarcely one hundred pounds. For this reason he was

able to lower the volume of the "Brazil," his first spherical balloon, to the unusual minimum of one hundred and thirteen cubic meters. The little "Brazil" was always filled with hydrogen, and after each ascension he never failed to bring it back with him in his valise.

This Brazilian has neither the structure, the complexion, nor the exuberant gestures of the men of his country. He is pale, cold, and phlegmatic, even, if the word may be applied to one so active. In his moments of greatest enthusiasm and of most lively disappointment he is always the same; and he is as free from affectation as a child. He has a weakness for driving dog-cart tandems, and—something which has had a vital influence over his career as a balloonist—he has been an intrepid automobile *chauffeur* from the first.

He began with a Peugeot roadster of two and a half horse-power. He has since owned and driven half a dozen automobiles of continually increasing speed and power, his longest trip without stop being taken in 1898, between Nice and Paris, and accomplished with a six horse-power Panhard in fifty-four hours. Latterly he has abandoned petroleum in favor of electricity, in a dainty light-running American buggy manufactured in Chicago. It serves him, he says, better than the more troublesome *teuf-teuf* for his morning spin through the Bois and his afternoon errands from the balloon-maker's at Vaugirard to his apartment in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and from the Aéro Club's ground at St. Cloud to the Automobile Club in the Place de la Concorde. "I was once enamoured of petroleum automobiles, because of their freedom," he explains. "You can buy the essence everywhere; and so, at a moment's notice, one is at liberty to start off for Rome or St. Petersburg. But when I discovered that I did not want to go to Rome or St. Petersburg, but only to take short trips about Paris, I went in for the electric buggy.

"I got *my first idea of putting an automobile motor under a cigar-shaped balloon filled with hydrogen gas* while returning from the Paris-Amsterdam automobile race in 1897," he said when he began giving me this interview. "From the beginning everybody was against the idea. I was told that an explosive gas-engine would ignite the hydrogen in the balloon above it, and that the resulting explosion would end the experiment with my life. Lachambre, my balloon-constructor, went to work without enthusiasm. So far from others 'convincing me that their notions were worth taking up,' as has been said, I met with nothing but discouragement."

Such a categorical statement ought to dispose of the legend of a young "Mæcenas of balloon-builders," who "does not set up himself to invent machines, only to judge of those which inventors bring to him, and of the work done by the mechanics he employs."[1] Colonel Renard's assertion that M. Santos-Dumont is not a man of science, but *un sportsman de l'aérostation qui a beaucoup de crânerie* (an aërostatic sportsman who has a great deal of swagger), is equally inexact. Sufficiently at home in mathematical mechanics to make the calculations which necessarily preceded not only the construction of his various air-ships, but their very idea, sufficiently practised and ingenious to make his own models, the young inventor owes no more to his constructors and hired mechanics than he does to his theoretical friends.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE INVENTION.

"I ORDERED my first dirigible balloon from Lachambre in the summer of 1898," M. Santos-Dumont said. "It was in the form of a cylinder terminated at each end by a cone; it was eighty-two feet long and almost six feet in diameter, with a capacity of sixty-four hundred cubic feet of gas, which gave it a lifting-power of four hundred and fifty pounds. Being of varnished Japanese silk, it weighed only sixty-six pounds. This left me some three hundred and eighty pounds for basket, motor and other machinery, ballast, and my own weight.

"There was a time when any piece of silk of seemingly good quality was accepted in balloon-construction, without subjecting it to preliminary tension; to-day each piece is experimented with, and if its dynamometric resistance does not attain the number of kilograms necessary to offset the maximum force of gas dilatation, it is pitilessly rejected. It is the same for all ropes and cords; they are tried with the dynamometer up to the greatest strain that may ever come to be put on them."

This minute painstaking in the construction of his air-ships has served M. Santos-Dumont to good purpose more than once—most of all in the accident of August 6, 1901, when nothing but a long and slender "keel" of thin pine scantlings and piano-

[1] London "Truth," July 18, 1901.

wire, resting its extremities on the roofs of two houses, interposed between him and a fall of eight flights to the ground.

"While the balloon envelop was being minutely pieced together," continued M. Santos-Dumont, "I succeeded in getting the rest of the air-ship completed. Hanging beneath the cigar-shaped balloon, it consisted simply of a light basket containing motor, propeller, ballast, and myself. The motor was one of the De Dion-Bouton tricycles, of an early type, with one cylinder, and giving about one and a half horse-power. You know how they work? Reduced to their greatest simplicity, you may say that there is gasolene in a receptacle. Air passing through it comes out mixed with gasolene gas, ready to explode. You give a whirl to a crank, and the thing begins working automatically. The piston goes down, sucking combined gas and air into the cylinder. Then the piston comes back and compresses it. Then it goes down again, striking an electric spark. There is an immediate explosion; and the piston goes up again, discharging the used-up gas. Thus there was one explosion for every two turns of the piston. In order to get the most power out of the least weight, I joined two of these cylinders end to end, and realized a three and a half horse-power motor."

"I have heard that joining end to end spoken of as a most ingenious invention," I said.

"I was rather proud of it at the time; but it heated too rapidly, and I abandoned the idea in subsequent constructions. The motor, being fixed at the back of the basket, acted directly on the screw-propeller placed below it, but projecting a few feet out. Basket and machinery weighed one hundred and forty pounds, while I weighed one hundred pounds. This left one hundred and forty pounds for ballast and my primitive shifting-weights; for I saw from the beginning that if I would navigate the air seriously *I must be able to dive and mount without expending gas and ballast.* Otherwise the very life of my little air-ship would be oozing away with every evolution. A rope hung down from the fore part of the cigar-shaped balloon and another from the after part. I had in the basket with me a rather heavy bag of ballast. When I wished to point the balloon's nose upward, I had only to pull in the after rope and attach the bag of ballast to it. When I wished to point it downward, I had only to pull in the forward rope and attach the bag to it. In either case the center of gravity was changed, and the horizontal cigar-shaped balloon inclined as desired. The device worked well from the first day, and has since become one of the essential features of my air-ship.

"My 'Santos-Dumont No. 1,' as I called it, foreseeing that it was going to be the first of a series of constructions, was torn at the start, getting caught in a tree at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was from this pleasure-ground in the Bois that I made my first ascents, because it had a gas-plant to serve its own captive balloon. During the second trial, which was successful, the little air-pump on which I depended to keep the balloon taut refused to work. Condensation and dilatation are the two enemies of ballooning, the former causing the gas in the balloon to shrink and the latter to expand too rapidly. Caused by changes in temperature and atmospheric pressure, they continually react upon each other in the ordinary spherical balloon, necessitating continual losses of ballast and gas.

"Suppose you are in equilibrium at five hundred meters height. All at once a little cloud, almost imperceptible, masks the sun for a few seconds. The temperature of the gas in your balloon cools down a little; and if, at the very moment, you do not throw out enough ballast to correspond to the ascensional force lost by the condensation of the gas, you will begin descending. Imagine that you have thrown out the ballast—just enough, for if you throw too much, you will become too light and go too high. The little cloud ceases to mask the sun. Your gas heats up again to its first temperature and regains its old lifting-power. But, having less to lift by the amount of ballast thrown out, it now shoots higher into the air, and the gas in the balloon dilates still more, and either escapes through the safety-valve or has to be deliberately sacrificed to prevent the balloon going too high. Then, the balloon having overshot its equilibrium and lost too much gas, it begins descending,—to condense its gas again,—when more ballast must be sacrificed, and the trouble recommences. These *montagnes-russes* (or 'shoot-the-chutes') vagaries of spherical ballooning must be avoided to the utmost with my air-ship.

"Thanks to my shifting-weights, I was never obliged to sacrifice gas or ballast to combat them; but condensation and dilatation are, on the other hand, peculiarly dangerous to a cigar-shaped balloon, which absolutely must keep its form. I had, therefore, placed *a little compensating air-balloon*

inside the other. It was connected with the air-pump by a tube, so that when the cigar-shaped balloon began to shrink, I could swell it out again by pumping in atmospheric air. *Hélas!* the air-pump refused to work at the critical moment. The balloon began to double on itself as it grew flabby; and soon I was falling at the rate of sixteen feet per second. The air-ship fell thirteen hundred feet to the ground, and it would have ended fatally for me had I not called out to some people who had spontaneously caught hold of my guide-rope to pull hard in the direction opposite to that of the wind. By this manœuver I diminished the final speed of the fall and the worst part of the shock."

All his friends remember this sensational trip in the autumn of 1898. The air-ship rose above us in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. For a while we could hear the motor spitting and the propeller churning the air. Then, when he had reached his equilibrium, we could still observe Santos manipulating the machinery and the ropes. Around and around he manœuvered in great circles and figure 8's, showing that he had perfect control of his direction. Then, according to the program, he started in a straight line for the west. As the air-ship grew smaller in the distance, those who had opera-glasses began crying that it was "doubling up." We saw it coming down rapidly, growing larger and larger. Women screamed. Men called hoarsely to one another. Those who had bicycles or automobiles hastened to the spot where he must be dashed to the ground. Yet within an hour M. Santos-Dumont was among his friends again, unhurt, laughing nervously, and explaining all about the unlucky air-pump.

"I made a third trial with No. 1, this time with a long rope, like a captive balloon," he continued, "but I saw that I should have to build another. I built it, but never made a proper ascension in it. It was the same type as No. 1, but larger. After a few trials with the rope, I definitely abandoned this long and slender balloon model, so seductive from certain points of view, but so dangerous from others.

"My No. 3, which was completed in the summer of 1899, was a shorter and very much thicker balloon, sixty-six feet long and eleven and a half feet in its greatest diameter. Its gas capacity was seventeen thousand six hundred cubic feet, which gave it three times the lifting-power of No. 1, and twice that of No. 2. On the other hand, I had decided to fill it with common illuminating-gas, whose lifting-power is not nearly so great as that of hydrogen. The hydrogen-plant at the Jardin d'Acclimatation was badly served. It had cost me vexatious delays and no end of trouble. With illuminating-gas I should be more free. In this model I also suppressed the compensating air-balloon. I had gone through a bad experience with its air-pump already; and the changed form of the new balloon, so much shorter and thicker, would help to do away with the danger of doubling up. For the rest, I wanted to try the stiffening qualities of a thirty-foot bamboo pole fixed lengthwise to the suspension-cords above my head and directly beneath the balloon.

"*This was my first keel.* It supported basket and guide-ropes, and it brought the shifting-weights into play still more effectually.

"Being filled with ordinary illuminating-gas, the new balloon (No. 3) lifted basket, machinery, my own weight, and two hundred and thirty pounds of ballast—ballast which I might now reserve for great emergencies.

"On November 13, 1899, I started from Lachambre's atelier in Vaugirard with the No. 3 on the most successful trip I had yet made. From Vaugirard I went directly to the Champ de Mars, over which I practised describing figure 8's. The air-ship obeyed the rudder beautifully. After circling round the Eiffel Tower a number of times, I made a straight course to the Parc des Princes at Auteuil; then, making a hook, I navigated to the manœuver-grounds of Bagatelle, where I landed. At this time, remember, neither I nor the Aéro Club had a balloon-park to start from or return to. To go back to Lachambre's at Vaugirard, surrounded as it is by houses, presented too many dangers.

"Considerations like these made it desirable to have a plant of my own. The Aéro Club had now acquired some land on the newly opened Côteaux de Longchamps at St. Cloud; and I decided to become my own master by building on it a great shed, high enough to contain my air-ship with the balloon fully inflated, and furnished with a modern hydrogen-gas generator. Even here I had to contend with the conceit and prejudice of the Paris artisans, who had already given me so much trouble at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was declared that the high sliding-doors of my shed could not be made to slide. I had to insist. 'Follow my directions,' I said, 'and do not concern yourselves with their practicability. I will answer for the sliding.'

"I made other successful trips in the 'Santos-Dumont No. 3,' the last time losing my rudder and landing, luckily, on the plain at Ivry. I did not repair it. The balloon was too clumsy and the motor was too weak. I now had my own 'stable' and gas-plant; and, anxious to profit by past experience, I gave Lachambre the order for my No. 4."

"That was the air-ship of the Exposition year and the International Congress of Aëronauts, was it not?"

"Yes, the one with the bicycle-saddle."

This is also the model with which the foreign public has been made most familiar, because most of the newspapers came out with old cuts and photographs of it during M. Santos-Dumont's sensational trips, with a quite different keel, in July, 1901. In No. 4 the thirty-foot bamboo pole became part of a real keel, no longer hanging above the navigator's head, but amplified by vertical and horizontal cross-pieces and a system of tightly stretched cords. It sustained motor, petroleum-reservoir, propeller, and navigator in a spider-web frame without a basket. It was a daring innovation. The navigator himself must sit on a simple bicycle-saddle in the midst of the spider-web, where the absence of the traditional balloon-basket seemed to leave him astride a pole in the midst of a confusion of ropes, tubes, and machinery.

It was more than a bicycle-saddle, however; it was a whole bicycle-frame, around which the inventor had united cords and other means for the controlling of the shifting-weights, the striking of the motor's electric spark, the opening and shutting of the balloon's valves, the turning of the water-ballast's spigots, and all the other functions of the air-ship. The rudder, for example, was controlled by the handle-bars; and the propeller was started, as in a petroleum tricycle, by working the pedals. Even the bicycle's wheels were put to use for moving the air-ship about on the ground. They were, of course, detachable.

"My balloon No. 4," the inventor went on to explain, "was, both in form and capacity, a compromise between No. 3 and its predecessors. With a gas-capacity of fourteen thousand eight hundred cubic feet, it was ninety-five feet long and nine feet in its greatest diameter, but no longer a cylinder terminated by two cones. It was, rather, elliptical in form, and while not a return to the slender straightness of No. 1, it had so little of No. 3's podgy compactness that I thought it prudent to put the compensating air-balloon inside it again, this time fed by a rotary ventilator of aluminium. Being smaller than No. 3, it would have less lifting-power; but this I made up by going back to hydrogen gas.

"A new seven horse-power two-cylinder motor, made for me by Bouchet, turned the propeller at the rate of one hundred revolutions per minute, furnishing a traction effort of sixty-six pounds. It made a great improvement in my speed, and for two weeks during the summer of 1900 I enjoyed, almost daily, what seemed to me then ideal trips. On September 19 I made a kind of official trial in presence of the International Congress of Aëronauts, and received the felicitations of its members, among whom came later Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution.

"By this time I felt that I had gained enough experience to justify materially increasing my motive power, and a new type of sixteen horse-power motor with *refroidissement à ailettes* (i.e., without water-jacket) having just been created, I set about adapting it to the air-ship. It had four cylinders instead of two. This increased the weight to be lifted to such an extent that I must either construct a new balloon or enlarge the old one. I tried the latter course. Cutting the balloon in half, I had a piece put in, as you put a new leaf in an extension-table; and the length was thus brought to one hundred and nine feet. I then found that my balloon-shed was too short by ten feet.

"In prevision of a 'Santos-Dumont No. 5,' I added thirteen feet to the shed. Motor, balloon, and shed were transformed in fifteen days. It was wasted pains, for no sooner had I got the enlarged balloon filled with hydrogen than the autumn rains set in. After two weeks of the worst possible weather, I let out the hydrogen and began experimenting with the motor and propeller from a fixed point. This was not lost time; for bringing the speed up to one hundred and forty turns per minute, I realized one hundred and twenty-one pounds of traction. In truth, the motor turned the propeller with such force that I contracted pneumonia in the current of air, and found myself laid up for the winter."

"Then you went to Monte Carlo?"

"Yes. I cured myself automobiling in the mistral. At the same time I found a broad-minded carpenter at Nice who, for a consideration, allowed me to work out a new idea in his atelier. The idea took the form of my present keel, a long triangular-sec-

tioned pine framework, of great lightness and rigidity, sixty feet in length and weighing only ninety pounds. Its joints were in aluminium, and its rigidity was reinforced by tightly drawn piano-wires. Into this keel, twenty feet from the stern, I fixed the new sixteen horse-power four-cylinder motor, connecting it with the propeller by a long hollow steel shaft. My own place was in a very light basket, twenty-three feet from the front or stem.

"In one way this was a disadvantage, for I had now to command the motor at a distance by means of cords. I could not put it in movement en route, although I could stop it. For this reason *I longed for the bicycle-frame's pedals of No.* 3; and I am still studying a device to replace them. In all other respects, however, the new keel was a great improvement, distributing the weight and lending great tautness to the balloon above it.

"The interior air-balloon I now retained definitely, it being fed by an aluminium ventilator. Both balloon and air-balloon were furnished with valves whose springs, of unequal force, were so arranged that in case of an excess of pressure the air, and not the gas, would first escape. Valves, motor, fuel-reservoir, rudder, and all other functions of the air-ship were connected with my little basket by means of ropes and pulleys. I will not deny that it required coolness and experience to handle them. Still, at the worst, I could always climb out and along the framework of the keel to the spot needing attention.[1]

"You know what the end of my No. 5 was. In the early morning of August 8, having called together the Technical Committee of the Deutsch Foundation, I navigated from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower in eight minutes and fifty seconds, turned round the tower in forty seconds more, and was just reaching the Bois on the home stretch, with eighteen minutes to the good, when the catastrophe happened. The balloon had already begun losing gas before I reached the tower.

"Had I not been making a kind of official trial, I should have returned to the shed to examine the balloon. Going round the tower it was manifestly deflated; but I had made such good speed that I risked continuing. I had not been four minutes on the home stretch, however, when the balloon began swinging like an elephant's trunk, it was so flabby. I felt myself falling, and was about to switch the motor-power to the air-pump to stiffen it out again, and so come to earth as gently as possible, when the aft ropes, losing their rigidity, caught in the propeller. I stopped the propeller instantly. The rapidly emptying balloon now obeyed nothing but the vagrant winds. I came down, without much of a shock, between the roofs of the Trocadéro hotels, the balloon ripping up with the noise of an explosion. The new keel saved my life. Its two extremities rested on the two roofs, one lower than the other; and there I hung, sustained by the keel, until I could be pulled up to the higher roof by means of a rope."

"Do you know the cause of the accident?" I asked.

"I am not certain of it yet," he answered, "though I suspect the automatic valves, whose reacting on each other is a very delicate affair. Or it may have been the interior air-balloon that refused to fill out properly. Yesterday Lachambre's man came to me for the plans of the air-balloon for my No. 6. From something he said I gathered that the air-balloon of No. 5, not having been given time for its varnish to dry before being adjusted, might have stuck together or to the side of the outer balloon. Next time we shall be more careful, although with so many things to think of, and all new, it is scarcely human not to overlook something."

"In what will No. 6 differ from its predecessors?" I asked.

"It will be longer, thicker, and consequently of considerably greater gas-capacity than No. 5, and more closely ellipsoidal in form. In it I shall try to take advantage of all past experience, even the most unpleasant—which is not always the least valuable."

"So far you have done everything alone," I said. "Shall you be prepared to take up a passenger in No. 6?"

"I want more weight-carrying power in order to take up more petroleum and a passenger—that is to say, an aid. There is a great deal of work, really too much for one man, and up in the air, whatever must be

[1] "The balloon made a curve and began to come back to the Parc. It was the prettiest sight imaginable to see the steadiness with which it followed its course . . . until it was exactly overhead, when M. Santos-Dumont stopped the propeller and began his preparations for descending. Something, however, had gone wrong. This was evident, for at a certain moment the fearless aëronaut was seen to clamber out of the little car on to the framework supporting the motor. A shudder ran through the crowd of onlookers at the sight; and it was with a sentiment of relief that he was seen to climb into the car again and start the propeller once more."—Paris edition of the New York "Herald," August 5, 1901.

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

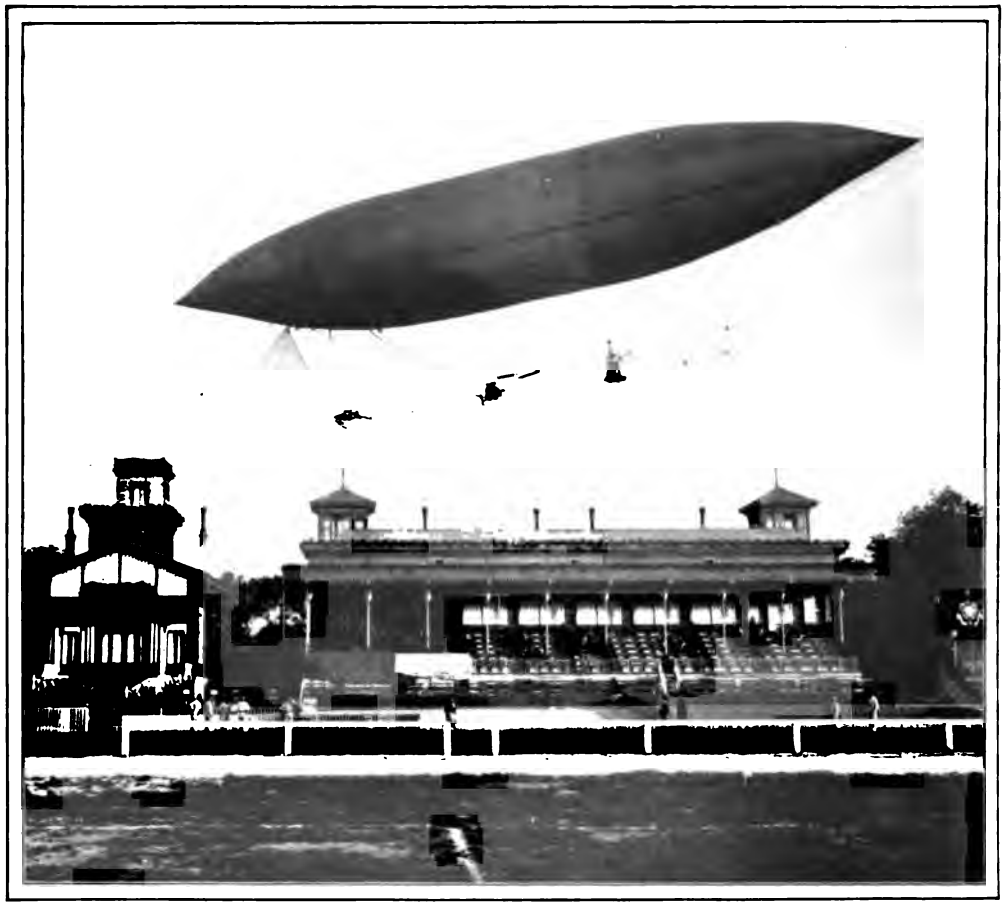
VIEWING THE BALLOON FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

done must be done promptly. But I shall not want a nervous passenger, a fearful passenger, or even a useless passenger. Also I want more motive power for my propeller; for when I have obtained a more complete mastery of the air-ship I shall wish to begin the great battle with the wind. But, as a model, I consider my Nos. 5 and 6 already perfect. The rudder, which was the last part to persist in giving trouble, now works beautifully."

RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

"BEFORE we get any further," was my next question, "what do you consider you have accomplished?"

"Everything I set out to accomplish. I have gone up dozens of times and, in the presence of half Paris, I have followed the route laid down in advance and returned to my starting-point. I was nine minutes late in my first trial for the Deutsch Prize.[1] Put

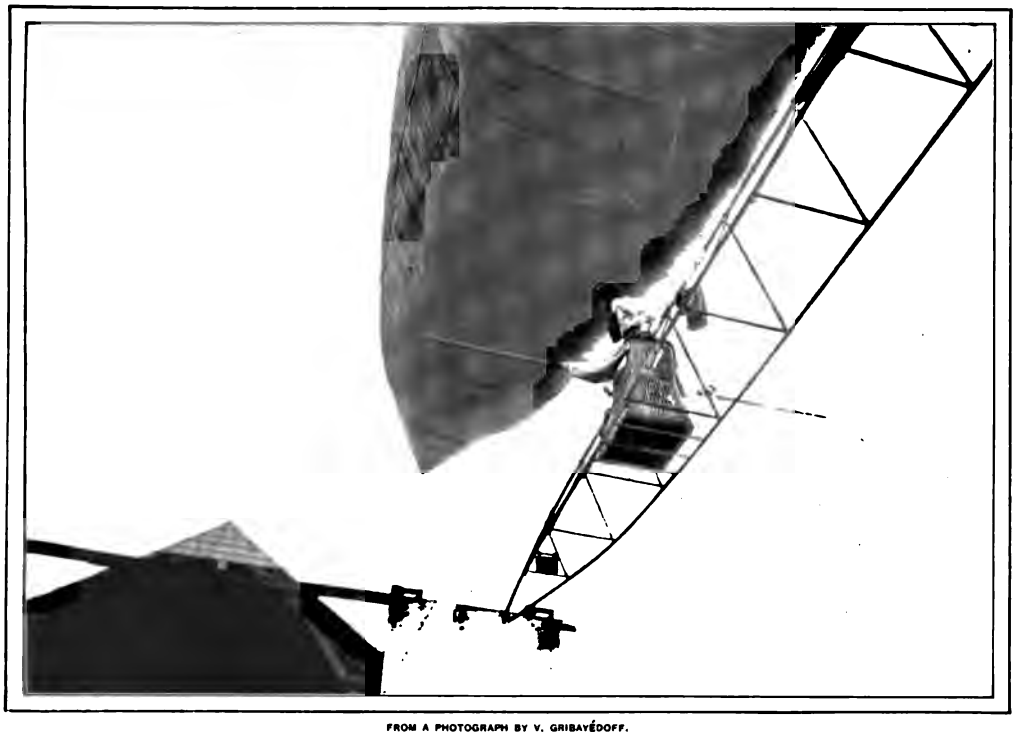


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. RAFFAELE.

ASCENDING FROM THE LONGCHAMPS RACE-TRACK, JULY 12-13, 1901.

On the occasion of the first trial, M. Santos-Dumont, after a few evolutions to gain control of his machine, proceeded from the grounds of the Aéro Club to the near-by race-track of Longchamps. There, before mounting in the upper air for a long flight, he tried his paces around the track. He went around the circular course a number of times, and on each occasion descended and alighted exactly in front of the grand stand. In this picture he is seen just after mounting again, the stem of the balloon being still pointed upward.—S. H.

[1] M. Henry Deutsch (de la Meurthe), a wealthy petroleum-refiner and pillar of the Aéro Club, has offered a prize of one hundred thousand francs for the first dirigible balloon or air-ship that, between May 1 and October 1 of 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904, shall rise from the Parc d'Aérostation of the Aéro Club at St. Cloud, and without touching ground and by its own self-contained means describe a closed curve in such a way that the axis of the Eiffel Tower shall be within the interior of the circuit, and return to the point of departure in the maximum time of half an hour. A special committee of prominent Aéro Club members, sometimes called the Technical Committee, was named to formulate M. Deutsch's conditions and judge of their fulfilment. By reason of certain of these conditions, trying for the prize is a more formidable undertaking than would appear at first glance. The course from the Aéro Club's grounds to the Eiffel Tower and back is eleven kilometers; and these eleven kilometers plus the turning round the tower must be accomplished in



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT DESCENDING TO HIS BALLOON-SHED, JULY 12-13, 1901.

this down to the poor work of a motor which had, nevertheless, worked well the day before—petroleum motors are like the ladies, capricious, and nobody knows what to do with them. But look at the Paris-Berlin automobile race," he continued with animation; and here M. Santos-Dumont gave what is almost a complete general answer to all the criticisms made concerning his experiments. "Of the one hundred and seventy automobiles registered for it, only one hundred and nine completed the first day's run, and of these only twenty-six got to Berlin. The others broke down or stopped on the way. And of the twenty-six arriving, how many do you imagine made the trip without a serious accident? It is perfectly natural, and people think nothing of it. But if I break down while up in the air, I cannot stop for repairs—I must go on."

"Many people will ask why you select favorable days when you have an air-ship capable of making way against any wind less than forty kilometers an hour."

"I am waiting until practice shall make me a better navigator. Do you think I want to break the air-ship often?" he inquired—"never mind what it has cost me, or the value of the Deutsch Prize, or my labors, my disappointments and hopes, and the pleasure the balloon gives me every time I take it into the air? Suppose I am obliged to land in Paris; how many of those great chimney-pots might I not bring down on people's heads before I came to ground, say, in a public square? I cannot get a company to insure me against the damage I might do on a squally day. Then there is danger in bringing the inflated balloon out of its shed on a windy day. The

thirty minutes, no matter what the force of contrary winds may be. This means, in a perfect calm, a necessary speed of thirty kilometers an hour for the straight stretches. Then the Technical Committee must be informed twenty-four hours in advance of each intended trial; and when it has met together at St. Cloud there is a kind of moral pressure to go on, no matter how the weather may have changed or in what condition the balloon or its machinery may be found to be. Yet a previous day's preliminary spin may easily derange so uncertain an engine as the present-day petroleum motor. When M. Santos-Dumont last spring won the four thousand francs annual Prize of Encouragement of the Aéro Club, he handed the money back to the club for the foundation of a Santos-Dumont Prize clogged by no such vexatious conditions. The Santos-Dumont Prize is to go to the first dirigible balloon or flying-machine (other than the founder's) that shall navigate the air from the Aéro Club's grounds to the Eiffel Tower, turn round it, and return to the Aéro Club's grounds, in no matter what time and under the observation of no matter what witnesses.—S. H.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

THE RESCUE OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT, AUGUST 6, 1901.

grounds are small and encumbered, nothing like the grounds of a balloon club of the future, when clear, wide, elevated terraces will be considered essential to the aërial navigator's safety and convenience."[1]

"I expect the great contest now will be the battle with the air," I said. "I have seen you go against it."

"One scarcely goes 'against' the wind in a balloon," replied M. Santos-Dumont. "You are in the wind itself; you are part of it, and so you do not feel it blowing against you. The old adage, "Il n'y a pas de vent en ballon," is not completely true, because a streamer attached even to a spherical balloon will sometimes flutter, while if there were no wind at all, it would point to the ground; but the saying is true enough for practical purposes. The navigation of the air, for me, is like the navigation of a river," he went on. "It is not like the navigation of the ocean; and to talk about 'tacking' is a mistake. With my propeller pushing me at the rate of, say, thirty miles an hour, I am in the position of a river-steamboat captain whose propeller is driving him up or down the river at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Suppose the current to be ten miles an hour. When he goes up-stream he will accomplish thirty less ten, or twenty miles an hour with respect to the land. When he goes down-stream he will accomplish thirty plus ten, or forty miles an hour with respect to the shore. It is the same in the air, a question of plus or minus. Like any river-steamboat captain, I would prefer to go with the current or navigate the calm, say, of a lake; but when the time comes that I must navigate 'up-stream' I will do it. I have done it."

At the Chalais-Meudon Military Balloon Park they have gathered statistics of the wind over Paris. In every instance its force was measured by means of a registering anemometer situated on the plateau of Châtillon, at the summit of a mast ninety-two feet high. Thus it has been found that the winds vary from five and a half miles to one hundred miles an hour; but as a wind of a hundred miles an hour has been noted only once in eleven thousand six hundred and forty-nine hours of observation, analysis of the data has shown that a dirigible balloon possessing a speed of its own of forty-five kilometers (twenty-eight miles) an hour will be able to navigate the air above Paris eight hundred and fifteen times out of a thousand, and make almost six miles an hour straight ahead in the wind seven hundred and eight times out of a thousand. The military balloonists, therefore, conclude that: "The conquest of the air will be practically accomplished on the day when there shall be constructed a dirigible balloon having a speed of forty-five kilometers an hour and able to sustain this speed all day."

"What was your speed with No. 5?" I asked of M. Santos-Dumont.

"Forty kilometers an hour," he replied, without expressing an opinion of the above figures which I cited; "and my No. 6 will be still more powerful."

"M. Henry Deutsch is building a sixty horse-power air-ship modeled on your own," I suggested. "He ought to get great speed out of it. What do you think of it?"

"Yes, it ought to furnish great speed," he answered; "but I think it too much for any one to begin with. Such a balloon will be sixty yards long, where mine, after four years of growth based on experience, is still only thirty-five yards long. In every way it will be hard for a beginner to manage. I am afraid M. Deutsch will not be able to get any one to drive it. So far every professional chauffeur has refused to go up with him. 'To think that they are willing to risk their necks daily on the highways,' he exclaims, 'and yet they are afraid to go a few hundred feet into the air!'"

"But shall you never build a sixty horse-power dirigible balloon yourself?"

"Why not? And why not one of six hundred horse-power? My experience demonstrates that the thing itself is practicable; then why not go on improving in mere size and strength?"

[1] The grounds of the Aéro Club are peculiarly encumbered by the gigantic skeleton of M. Henry Deutsch's own balloon-shed, designed to "stable" the great air-ship he is having built on the exact lines of the "Santos-Dumont No. 5." Rising as it does directly opposite the sliding-doors of M. Santos-Dumont's shed, and at scarcely two balloon-lengths' distance, it constitutes a veritable peril to the latter's air-ship on any but the calmest days.

Once in the air, with its propeller working, the balloon is far safer than on the surface in the midst of such encumbrances.—S. H.

NOTE TO THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

M. Santos-Dumont is seen sitting on a window-sill, to which he climbed, unaided, from his basket. A rope has been lowered to him from the roof above, but M. Santos-Dumont, who is being supported against the barred window by a pole held by a person on the inside of the building, surveys the wreck for a few minutes before allowing himself to be pulled up to the roof.—S. H.

SONGS OF THE SECOND YOUTH:

A PRELUDE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

I.

LOVE will go where it is sent.
Dear! My dear! To you it went.
The moon of joy swings in the sky.
For living love, who would not die!

II.

Of fates astray or found, I choose but this:
To sip the brim of rapture from your kiss,
To cast for you the pearls of peace away;
Yours be the sacred night, the royal day.
For you, ideals be not what they seem.
Perish for you the glory of a dream
Of faith more lofty, and of love more true
Than yours—I know it—yet I come to you.
In earth or heaven, who takes, escapeth not
The sentient tendrils of a common lot.
I lay my life in yours to ban or bless.
A famished soul, I drink your tenderness.

III.

There are so many ways to kill a woman!
Divine, or demon ways, or chances human;
The bruise that slowly blinds the life with wonder,
The stroke that smites and shocks the heart asunder,
The subtler pain, the direst of invention,
That slays, yet slaying, stabs without intention;
The throbbing pang to which the nerve is bidden,
The unprobed wound, the deepest felt if hidden.
Go nameless, blameless, ancient hurts and human—
There are too many ways to kill a woman!

IV.

The moon of joy wastes in the sky.
Be kind again before I die!
Love will go where it is sent.
Oh, my dear, to you it went!

HAVING LOVED THE KING.

THE wind besieged the castle.
(Now barricade the soul!)
The moon against the lattice
Broke like a silver bowl.
Her lord slept on his pillow.
On her pale hand his ring
Gnawed deep—a tooth of fire:
"Oh, once I loved the King!"

Her eyes outwatched the dawning,
Too wan, too wise to weep.
One honest sob would waken
The dreamer from his sleep.
Her lips, to prayer apprentice,
Could frame this only thing:
"God of mistakes forgiven!—
I loved, I loved the King!"

DARE NOT, IF DESOLATE.

THE broken stair of love winds round your house. I say,
If friendship set a ladder in its place,
And climbing, lift to you a quiet face,—
Stay not, nor parley. Turn your own away.

Servant to him who hath, shall joy on joy attend.
Who hath not, misseth ever all his own.
For this is graven, being law, on stone:
"Dare not, if desolate, to need a friend."

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE REINDEER.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wahb: The Biography of a Grizzly," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

Skoal! Skoal! For Norway Skoal!
Sing you the song of the Vand-dam troll.
When I am hiding
Norway's luck
On a White Storbuk
Comes riding, riding.

THE SETTING.

BLEAK, black, deep, and cold is Utrovand, a long pocket of glacial water, a crack in the globe, a wrinkle in the high Norwegian mountains, blocked with another mountain, and flooded with a frigid flood, three thousand feet above its Mother Sea, and yet no closer to its Father Sun. Around its cheerless shore is a belt of stunted trees, that sends a long tail up the high valley, till it dwindles away to sticks and moss, as it also does some half-way up the granite hills that rise a thousand feet, encompassing the lake. This is the limit of trees, the end of the growth of wood. The birch and willow are the last to drop out of the long fight with frost. Their miniature thickets are noisy with the cries of Fieldfare, Pipit, and Ptarmigan, but these are left behind on nearing the upper plateau, where shade of rock and sough of wind are all that take

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"THE BROWN BRUTE LANDED WITH A DEEP-CHESTED GROWL, TO BE RECEIVED ON THE YOUNG ONE'S SPIKES."

their place. The chilly Hoifjeld rolls away, a rugged, rocky plain, with great patches of snow in all the deeper hollows, and the distance blocked by snowy peaks that rise and roll and whiter gleam, till, dim and dazzling in the north, uplifts the Jötunheim, the home of spirits, glaciers, and lasting snow.

The treeless stretch is one vast attest to the force of heat. Each failure of the sun by one degree is marked by a lower realm of life. The northern slope of each hollow is less boreal than its southern side. The pine and spruce had given out long ago; the mountain-ash went next; the birch and willow climbed up half the slope. Here nothing grows but creeping plants and moss. The plain itself is pale grayish green, one vast expanse of reindeer-moss, but warmed at spots into orange by great beds of polytrichum, and in sunnier nooks deepened to a herbal green. The rocks that are scattered everywhere are of a delicate lilac, but each is variegated with spreading frill-edged plasters of gray-green lichen or orange powder-streaks and beauty-spots of black. These rocks have great power to hold the heat, so that each of them is surrounded by a little belt of heat-loving plants that could not otherwise live so high. Dwarfed representatives of the birch and willow both are here, hugging the genial rock, as an old French habitant hugs his stove in winter-time, spreading their branches over it, instead of in the frigid air. A foot away is seen a chillier belt of heath, and farther off, colder, where none else can grow, is the omnipresent gray-green reindeer-moss that gives its color to the upland. The hollows are still filled with snow, though this is June. But each of these white expanses is shrinking, spending itself in ice-cold streams that somehow reach the lake. These *snö-fläcks* show no sign of life, not even the "red-snow" tinge, and around each is a belt of barren earth, to testify that life and heat can never be divorced.

Birdless and lifeless, the gray-green snow-pied waste extends over all the stretch that is here between the timber-line and the snow-line, above which winter never quits its hold. Here this snow-line is a couple of thousand feet above the timber-line, but farther north both come lower; the plains there replace the mountains, and all the land is within the space called the Tundra in the Old World, the Barrens in the New, but in both it is the Realm of the Reindeer-moss and the Home of the Reindeer.

I.

IN and out it flew, in and out, over the water and under, and it sang, as the Varsimlé, the leader doe of the Reindeer herd, walked past on the vernal banks.

"*Skoal! Skoal! Gamle Norge Skoal!*" and more about "a White Reindeer and Norway's good luck," as though the singer were gifted with special insight.

When old Sveggum built the Vand-dam on the Lower Hoifjeld, just above the Utrovand, and set his *ribesten* a-going, he supposed that he was the owner of it all. But some one was there before him. And in and out of the spouting stream this some one dashed, and sang songs that he made up to fit the place and the time. He skipped from *skjæke* to *skjæke* of the wheel, and did many things which Sveggum could set down only to luck—whatever that is; and some said that Sveggum's luck was a Wheel-troll, a Water-fairy, with a brown coat and a white beard, one that lived on land or in water, as he pleased.

But most of Sveggum's neighbors saw only a Fossekal, the little Waterfall Bird that came each year and danced in the stream, or dived where the pool is deep. And maybe both were right, for some of the very oldest peasants will tell you that a Fairy-troll may take the form of a man or the form of a bird. Only this bird lived a life no bird can live, and sang songs that men never had sung in Norway. Wonderful eyes had he, and sights he saw that man never saw. For the Fieldfare would build before him, and the Lemming fed its brood under his very eyes. Eyes were they to see; for the dark speck on Suletind that man could see was a Reindeer, with half-shed coat, to him; and the green slime on the Vandren was beautiful green pasture with banquet spread.

Oh, Man is so blind, and makes himself so hated! But Fossekal harmed none, so none were afraid of him. Only he sang, and his songs were sometimes mixed with fun and prophecy, or perhaps a little scorn.

From the top of the tassel-birch he could mark the course of the Vand-dam stream past the Nystuen hamlet to lose itself in the gloomy waters of Utrovand; or by a higher flight he could see across the barren upland that rolled to Jötunheim in the north.

The great awakening was on now. The springtime had already come in the woods; the valleys were a-throb with life; new birds coming from the south, winter sleep-

ers reappearing, and the Reindeer that had wintered in the lower woods should soon again be seen on the uplands.

Not without a fight do the Frost Giants give up the place so long their own; a great battle was in progress; but the sun was slowly, surely winning, and driving them back to their Jötunheim. At every hollow and shady place they made another stand, or sneaked back by night, only to suffer another defeat. Hard hitters these, as they are stubborn fighters; many a granite rock was split and shattered by their blows in reckless fight, so that its inner fleshy tints were shown and warmly gleamed among the gray-green rocks that dotted the plain, like the countless flocks of Thor. More or less of these may be found at every place of battle-brunt, and straggled along the slope of Suletind was a host that reached for half a mile. But stay! these moved. Not rocks were they, but living creatures.

They drifted along erratically, yet one way, all up the wind. They swept out of sight in a hollow, to reappear on a ridge much nearer, and serried there against the sky we mark the branching horns, and know them for the Reindeer in their home.

The band came drifting our way, feeding like sheep, grunting like only themselves. Each one found a grazing-spot, stood there till it was cleared off, then trotted on cracking hoofs to the front to seek another. So the band was ever changing in rank and form. But there was one that was always at or near the front—a large and well-favored Simlé, or hind. However much the band might change and spread, she was in the forefront, and the observant would soon have seen signs that she had an influence over the general movement—signs that mark the leader. Even the big bucks, in their huge velvet-clad antlers, admitted this untitular control; and if one, in a spirit of independence, evinced a disposition to lead elsewhere, he soon found himself uncomfortably alone.

The Varsimlé, or leading hind, had kept the band hovering, for the last week or two, along the timber-line, going higher each day to the baring uplands, where the snow was clearing and the deer-flies were blown away. As the pasture zone had climbed she had followed in her daily foraging, returning to the sheltered woods at sundown, for the wild things fear the cold night wind even as man does. But now the deer-flies were rife in the woods, and the rocky hillside nooks warm enough for the nightly bivouac, so the woodland was deserted.

Probably the leader of a band of animals does not consciously pride itself on leadership, yet has an uncomfortable sensation when not followed. Still there were times when all would wish to be alone. She had been fat and well through the winter, but now was listless, and stood with drooping head as the grazing herd moved past her.

Sometimes she stood gazing blankly while the unchewed bunch of moss hung from her mouth, then roused to go on to the front as before; but the spells of vacant stare and the hankering to be alone grew stronger. She turned downward to seek the birch woods, but the whole band turned with her. She stood stock-still, with head down. They grazed and grunted past, leaving her like a statue against the hillside. When all had gone on, she slunk quietly away; walked a few steps, looked about, made a pretense of grazing, snuffed the ground, looked after the herd, and scanned the hills; then downward fared toward the sheltering woods.

Once as she peered over a bank she sighted another Simlé, a doe Reindeer, uneasily wandering by itself. But the Varsimlé wished to be alone. She did not know why, but she felt that she must hide away somewhere.

She stood still until the other had passed on, then turned aside, and went with faster steps and less wavering, till she came in view of Utrovand, away down by the little stream that turns old Sveggum's ribesten. Up above the dam she waded across the limpid stream, for deep-laid and sure is the instinct of a wild animal to put running water between itself and those it shuns. Then, on the farther bank, now bare and slightly green, she turned, and passing in and out among the twisted trunks, she left the noisy Vand-dam. On the higher ground beyond she paused, looked this way and that, went on a little, but returned; and here, completely shut in by softly painted rocks, and birches wearing little springtime hangers, she seemed inclined to rest; yet not to rest, for she stood uneasily this way and that, keeping off the flies that settled on her legs, heeding not at all the growing grass, and thinking she was hid from all the world.

But nothing escapes the Fossekal. He had seen her leave the herd, and now he sat on a gorgeous rock that overhung, and sang

as though he had waited for this and knew that the fate of the nation might turn on what passed in this far glen. He sang:

Skoal! Skoal! For Norway Skoal!
Sing you the song of the Vand-dam troll.
When I am hiding
Norway's luck
On a White Storbuk
Comes riding, riding.

There are no storks in Norway, and yet an hour later there was a wonderful little Reindeer lying beside the Varsimlé. She was brushing his coat, licking and mothering him, proud and happy as though this was *the* first little Renskalv ever born. There might be hundreds born in the herd that month, but probably no more like this one, for he was snowy white, and the song of the singer on the painted rock was about

Good luck, good luck,
And a White Storbuk,

as though he foresaw clearly the part that the white calf was to play when he grew to be a Storbuk.

But another strange thing now came to pass. Before an hour there was a second *little* calf—a brown one this time. Strange things happen, and hard things are done when they needs must. Two hours later, when the Varsimlé led the white calf away from the place, there was no brown calf, only some flattened rags with calf-hair on them.

The mother was wise: better one strongling than two weaklings. Within a few days the Simlé once more led the band, and running by her side was the white calf. The Varsimlé considered him in all things, so that he really set the pace for the band, which suited very well all the mothers that now had calves with them. Big, strong, and wise was the Varsimlé, in the pride of her strength, and this white calf was the flower of her prime. He often ran ahead of his mother as she led the herd, and Rol, coming on them one day, laughed aloud at the sight as they passed, old and young, fat Simlé and antlered Storbuk, a great brown herd, all led, as it seemed, by a little white calf.

So they drifted away to the high mountains, to be gone all summer. "Gone to be taught by the spirits who dwell where the Black Loon laughs on the ice," said Lief of the Lower Dale; but Sveggum, who had always been among the Reindeer, said: "Their mothers are the teachers, even as ours are."

When the autumn came, old Sveggum saw a moving snö-fläck far off on the brown moorland; but the Troll saw a white yearling, a Nekbuk; and when they ranged alongside of Utrovand to drink, the still sheet seemed fully to reflect the white one, though it barely sketched in the others, with the dark hills behind.

Many a little calf had come that spring, and had drifted away on the moss-barrens, to come back no more; for some were weaklings and some were fools; some fell by the way, for that is law; and some would not learn the rules, and so died. But the white calf was strongest of them all, and he was wise, so he learned of his mother, who was wisest of them all. He learned that the grass on the sun side of a rock is sweet, and though it looks the same in the dark hollows, it is there worthless. He learned that when his mother's hoofs crackled he must be up and moving, and when all the herd's hoofs crackled there was danger, and he must keep by his mother's side. For this crackling is like the whistling of a whistler's wings: it is to keep the kinds together. He learned that where the little Bomuldblomster hangs its cotton tufts is dangerous bog; that the harsh cackle of the Ptarmigan means that close at hand are Eagles, as dangerous for fawn as for bird. He learned that the little troll-berries are deadly, that when the *verra*-flies come stinging he must take refuge on a snow-patch, and of all animal smells only that of his mother was to be fully trusted. He learned that he was growing. His flat calf sides and big joints were changing to the full barrel and clean limbs of the yearling, and the little bumps which began to show on his head when he was only a fortnight old were now sharp, hard spikes that could win in fight.

More than once they had smelt that dreaded destroyer of the north that men call the Gjerv or Wolverene; and one day, as this danger-scent came suddenly and in great strength, a huge blot of dark brown sprang rumbling from a rocky ledge, and straight for the foremost—the white calf. His eye caught the flash of a whirling, shaggy mass, with gleaming teeth and eyes, hot-breathed and ferocious. Blank horror set his hair on end; his nostrils flared in fear: but before he fled there rose within another feeling—one of anger at the breaker of his peace, a sense that swept all fear away, braced his legs, and set his horns

at charge. The brown brute landed with a deep-chested growl, to be received on the young one's spikes. They pierced him deeply, but the shock was overmuch; it bore the white one down, and he might yet have been killed but that his mother, alert and ever near, now charged the attacking monster, and heavier, better armed, she hurled and speared him to the ground. And the white calf, with a very demon glare in his once mild eyes, charged too; and even after the Wolverene was a mere hairy mass, and his mother had retired to feed, he came, snorting out his rage, to drive his spikes into the hateful thing, till his snowy head was stained with his adversary's blood.

Thus he showed that below the ox-like calm exterior was the fighting beast; that he was like the men of the north, rugged, square-built, calm, slow to wrath, but when aroused "seeing red."

When they ranked together by the lake that fall, the Fossekal sang his old song:

When I am hiding
Norway's luck
On a White Storbuk
Comes riding, riding,

as though this was something he had awaited, then disappeared no one knew where. Old Sveggum had seen it flying through the stream, as birds fly through the air, walking in the bottom of a deep pond as a Ptarmigan walks on the rocks, living as no bird can live; and now the old man said it had simply gone southward for the winter. But old Sveggum could neither read nor write: how should he know?

II.

EACH springtime when the Reindeer passed over Sveggum's mill-run, as they moved from the lowland woods to the bleaker shore of Utrovand, the Fossekal was there to sing about the White Storbuk, which each year became more truly the leader.

That first spring he stood little higher than a hare. When he came to drink in the autumn, his back was above the rock where Sveggum's stream enters Utrovand. Next year he barely passed under the stunted birch, and the third year the Fossekal on the painted rock was looking up, not down, at him as he passed. This was the autumn when Rol and Sveggum sought the Hoifjeld to round up their half-wild herd and select some of the strongest for the sled. There was but one opinion about the Storbuk. Higher than the others, heavier, white as snow, with a mane that swept the lowest drifts, with breast like a horse and horns like a storm-grown oak, he was king of the herd, and might easily be king of the road.

There are two kinds of deer-breakers, as there are two kinds of horse-breakers: one that tames and teaches the animal, and gets a spirited, friendly helper; one that aims to break its spirit, and gets only a sullen slave, ever ready to rebel and wreak its hate. Many a Lapp and many a Norsk has paid with his life for brutality to his Reindeer, and Rol's days were shortened by his own pulk-Ren. But Sveggum was of gentler sort. To him fell the training of the White Storbuk. It was slow, for the buck resented all liberties from man, as he did from his brothers; but kindness, not fear, was the power that tamed him, and when he had learned to obey and glory in the sled race, it was a noble sight to see the great white mild-eyed beast striding down the long snow-stretch of Utrovand, the steam jetting from his nostrils, the snow swirling up before like the curling waves on a steamer's bow, sled, driver, and deer all dim in flying white.

Then came the Yule-tide Fair, with the races on the ice, and Utrovand for once was gay. The sullen hills about reëchoed with merry shouting. The Reindeer races were first, with many a mad mischance for laughter. Rol himself was there with his swiftest sled deer, a tall, dark five-year-old, in his primest prime. But over-eager, over-brutal, he harried the sullen, splendid slave till in mid-race—just when in a way to win—it turned at a cruel blow, and Rol took refuge under the upturned sled until it had vented its rage against the wood; and so he lost the race, and the winner was the young White Storbuk. Then he won the five-mile race around the lake; and for each triumph Sveggum hung a little silver bell on his harness, so that now he ran and won to merry music.

Then came the horse races,—running races these; the Reindeer only trots,—and when Balder, the victor horse, received his ribbon and his owner the purse, came Sveggum with all his winnings in his hand, and said: "Ho, Lars, thine is a fine horse, but mine is a better Storbuk; let us put our winnings together and race, each his beast, for all."

A Ren against a race-horse—such a race was never seen till now. Off at the pistol-crack they flew. "Ho, Balder! (*cluck!*) Ho, hi, Balder!" Away shot the beautiful racer.

and the Storbuk, striding at a slower trot, was left behind.

"Ho, Balder!" "Hi, Storbuk!" How the people cheered as the horse went bounding and gaining! But he had left the line at his top speed; the Storbuk's rose as he flew—faster—faster. The pony ceased to gain. A mile whirled by; the gap began to close. The pony had over-spurted at the start, but the Storbuk was warming to his work—striding evenly, swiftly, faster yet, as Sveggum cried in encouragement: "Ho, Storbuk! good Storbuk!" or talked to him only with a gentle rein. At the turning-point the pair were neck and neck; then the pony—though well driven and well shod—slipped on the ice, and thenceforth held back as though in fear, so the Storbuk steamed away. The pony and his driver were far behind when a roar from every human throat in Filefjeld told that the Storbuk had passed the wire and won the race. And yet all this was before the White Ren had reached the years of his full strength and speed.

Once that day Rol essayed to drive the Storbuk. They set off at a good pace, the White Buk ready, responsive to the single rein, and his mild eyes veiled by his drooping lashes. But, without any reason other than the habit of brutality, Rol struck him. In a moment there was a change. The racer's speed was checked, all four legs braced forward till he stood; the drooping lid was raised, the eyes rolled—there was a green light in them now. Three puffs of steam were jetted from each nostril. Rol shouted, then, scenting danger, quickly upset the sled and hid beneath. The Storbuk turned to charge the sled, sniffing and tossing the snow with his foot; but little Knute, Sveggum's son, ran forward and put his arms around the Storbuk's neck; then the fierce look left the Reindeer's eye, and he suffered the child to lead him quietly back to the starting-point. Beware, O driver! the Reindeer, too, "sees red."

This was the coming of the White Storbuk for the folk of Filefjeld.

In the two years that followed he became famous throughout that country as Sveggum's Storbuk, and many a strange exploit was told of him. In twenty minutes he could carry old Sveggum round the six-mile rim of Utrovand. When the snow-slide buried all the village of Holaker, it was the Storbuk that brought the word for help to Opdalstole and returned over the eighty miles of deep snow in seven hours, to carry brandy, food, and promise of speedy aid.

When over-venturesome young Knute Sveggumsen broke through the new thin ice of Utrovand, his cry for help brought the Storbuk to the rescue; for he was the gentlest of his kind and always ready to come at call.

He brought the drowning boy in triumph to the shore, and as they crossed the Vanddam stream, there was the Troll-bird to sing:

> Good luck, good luck,
> With the White Storbuk.

After which he disappeared for months—doubtless dived into some subaqueous cave to feast and revel all winter; although Sveggum did not believe it was so.

III.

How often is the fate of kingdoms given into child hands, or even committed to the care of bird or beast! A she-wolf nursed the Roman Empire. A wren pecking crumbs on a drum-head aroused the Orange army, it is said, and ended the Stuart reign in Britain. Little wonder, then, that to a noble Reindeer Buk should be committed the fate of Norway: that the Troll on the wheel should have reason in his rhyme.

These were troublous times in Scandinavia. Evil men, traitors at heart, were sowing dissension between the brothers Norway and Sweden. "Down with the Union!" was becoming the popular cry.

Oh, unwise peoples! If only you could have been by Sveggum's wheel to hear the Troll when he sang:

> The Raven and the Lion
> Long held the Bear at bay;
> But he picked the bones of both
> When they quarreled by the way.

Threats of civil war, of a fight for independence, were heard throughout Norway. Meetings were held more or less secretly, and at each of them was some one with well-filled pockets and glib tongue, to enlarge on the country's wrongs, and promise assistance from an outside irresistible power as soon as they showed that they meant to strike for freedom. No one openly named the power. That was not necessary; it was everywhere felt and understood. Men who were real patriots began to believe in it. Their country was wronged. Here was one to set her right. Men whose honor was beyond question became secret agents of this power. The state was honeycombed with

mines; society was a tangle of plots. The king was helpless, though his only wish was for the people's welfare. Honest and straightforward, what could he do against this far-reaching machination? The very advisers by his side were corrupted through mistaken patriotism. The idea that they were playing into the hands of the foreigner certainly never entered into the minds of these dupes —at least, not into the rank and file. One or two, tried, selected, and bought by the arch-enemy, knew the real object in view, and the chief of these was Borgrevinck, a former lansman of Nordlands. A man of unusual gifts, a member of the Storthing, a born leader, he might have been prime minister long ago but for the distrust inspired by several unprincipled dealings. Soured by what he considered want of appreciation, balked in his ambition, he was a ready tool when the foreign agent sounded him. At first his patriotism had to be sopped, but that necessity disappeared as the game went on, and perhaps he alone, of the whole far-reaching conspiracy, was prepared to strike at the Union for the benefit of the foreigner.

Plans were being perfected,—army officers being secretly misled and won over by the specious talk of "their country's wrongs," and each move made Borgrevinck more surely the head of it all,—when a quarrel between himself and the "deliverer" occurred over the question of recompense. Wealth untold they were willing to furnish; but regal power, never. The quarrel became more acute. Borgrevinck continued to attend all meetings, but was ever more careful to center all power in himself, and even prepared to turn round to the king's party if necessary to further his ambition. The betrayal of his followers was to be the price of his own safety. But proofs he must have, and he set about getting signatures to a declaration of rights which was simply a veiled confession of treason. Many of the leaders he had deluded into signing this before the meeting at Laersdalsoren. Here they met in the early winter, some twenty of the patriots, some of them men of position, all of them men of brains and power. Here, in the close and stifling parlor, they planned, discussed, and questioned. Great hopes were expressed, great deeds were forecast, in that stove-hot room.

Outside, against the fence, in the winter night, was a Great White Reindeer, harnessed to a sled, but lying down with his head doubled back on his side as he slept, calm, unthoughtful, ox-like. Which seemed likelier to decide the nation's fate, the earnest thinkers indoors, or the ox-like sleeper without? Which seemed more vital to Israel, the bearded council in King Saul's tent, or the light-hearted shepherd-boy hurling stones across the brook at Bethlehem? At Laersdalsoren it was as before: deluded by Borgrevinck's eloquent plausibility, all put their heads in the noose, their lives and country in his hands, seeing in this treacherous monster a very angel of self-sacrificing patriotism. All? No, not all. Old Sveggum was there. He could neither read nor write. That was his excuse for not signing. He could not read a letter in a book, but he could read something of the hearts of men. As the meeting broke up he whispered to Axel Tanberg: "Is his own name on that paper?" And Axel, starting at the thought, said: "No." Then said Sveggum: "I don't trust that man. They ought to know of this at Nystuen." For there was to be the really important meeting. But how to let them know was the riddle. Borgrevinck was going there at once with his fast horses.

Sveggum's eye twinkled as he nodded toward the Storbuk, standing tied to the fence. Borgrevinck leaped into his sleigh and went off at speed, for he was a man of energy.

Sveggum took the bells from the harness, untied the Reindeer, stepped into the pulk. He swung the single rein, clucked to the Storbuk, and also turned his head toward Nystuen. The fast horses had a long start, but before they had climbed the eastward hill Sveggum needs must slack, so as not to overtake them. He held back till they came to the turn above the woods at Maristuen; then he quit the road, and up the river-flat he sped the Buk, a farther way, but the only way to bring them there ahead.

Squeak, crack—squeak, crack—squeak, crack —at regular intervals from the great spreading snow-shoes of the Storbuk, and the steady sough of his breath was like the *Nordland* as she passes up the Hardanger Fjord. High up, on the smooth road to the left, they could hear the jingle of the horse-bells and the shouting of Borgrevinck's driver, who, under orders, was speeding hard for Nystuen.

The highway was a short road and smooth, and the river valley was long and rough; but when, in four hours, Borgrevinck got to Nystuen, there was in the throng a face that he had just left at Laersdalsoren. He appeared not to notice, though nothing ever escaped him.

At Nystuen none of the men would sign. Some one had warned them. This was serious; might be fatal at such a critical point. As he thought it over, his suspicions turned more and more to Sveggum, the old fool that could not write his name at Laersdalsoren. But how did he get there before himself with his fast horses?

There was a dance at Nystuen that night; the dance was necessary to mask the meeting; and during that Borgrevinck learned of the swift White Ren.

The Nystuen trip had failed, thanks to the speed of the White Buk. Borgrevinck must get to Bergen before word of this, or all would be lost. There was only one way, to be sure, of getting there before any one else. Possibly word had already gone from Laersdalsoren. But even at that, Borgrevinck could get there and save himself, at the price of all Norway, if need be, provided he went with the White Storbuk. He would not be denied. He was not the man to give up a point, though it took all the influence he could bring to bear, this time, to get old Sveggum's leave.

The Storbuk was quietly sleeping in the corral when Sveggum came to bring him. He rose leisurely, hind legs first, stretched one, then the other, curling his tail tight on his back as he did so, shook the hay from the great antlers in a way that made them seem like twigs, and slowly followed Sveggum at the end of the tight halter. He was so sleepy and slow that Borgrevinck impatiently gave him a kick, and got for response a short snort from the Buk, and from Sveggum an earnest warning, both of which were somewhat scornfully received. The tinkling bells on the harness had been replaced, but Borgrevinck wanted them removed. He wished to go in silence. Sveggum would not be left behind when his favorite Ren went forth, so he was given a seat in the horse-sleigh which was to follow, and the driver thereof received from his master a secret hint to delay.

Then, with papers on his person to death-doom a multitude of misguided men, with fiendish intentions in his heart as well as the power to carry them out, and with the fate of Norway in his hands, Borgrevinck was made secure in the sled, behind the White Storbuk, and sped at dawn on his errand of desolation.

At the word from Sveggum the White Ren set off with a couple of bounds that threw Borgrevinck back in the pulk. This angered him, but he swallowed his wrath on seeing that it left the horse-sleigh behind. He shook the line, shouted, and the Buk settled down to a long, swinging trot. His broad hoofs clicked double at every stride. His nostrils, out level, puffed steady blasts of steam in the frosty morning as he settled to his pace. The pulk's prow cut two long shears of snow, that swirled up over man and sled till all were white. And the great ox-eyes of the King Ren blazed joyously in the delight of motion, and of conquest too, as the sound of the horse-bells faded far behind.

Even masterful Borgrevinck could not but mark with pleasure the noble creature that had balked him last night and now was lending its speed to his purpose; for it was his intention to arrive hours before the horse-sleigh, if possible.

Up the rising road they sped as though downhill, and the driver's spirits rose with the exhilarating speed. The snow groaned ceaselessly under the prow of the pulk, and the frosty creaking under the hoofs of the flying Ren was like the gritting of mighty teeth. Then came the level stretch from Nystuen's hill to Dalecarl's, and as they whirled by in the early day, little Carl chanced to peep from a window, and got sight of the Great White Ren in a white pulk with a white driver, just as it is in the stories of the Giants, and clapped his hands, and cried, "Good, good!"

But his grandfather, when *he* caught a glimpse of the white wonder that went without even sound of bells, felt a cold chill in his scalp, and went back to light a candle that he kept at the window till the sun was high, for surely this was the Storbuk of Jötunheim.

But the Ren whirled on, and the driver shook the reins and thought only of Bergen. He struck the white steed with the loose end of the rope. The Buk gave three great snorts and three great bounds, then faster went, and as they passed by Dyrskaur, where the Giant sits on the edge, his head was muffled in scud, which means that a storm is coming. The Storbuk knew it. He sniffed, and eyed the sky with anxious look, and even slacked a little; but Borgrevinck yelled at the speeding beast, though going yet as none but he could go, and struck him once, twice, and thrice, and harder yet. So the pulk was whirled along like a skiff in a steamer's wake; but there was blood in the Storbuk's eye now, and Borgrevinck was hard put to balance the sled. The miles flashed by like rods till Sveggum's bridge appeared. The storm-

wind now was blowing, but there was the Troll. Whence he came now none knew, but there he was, hopping on the keystone and singing of

Norway's fate and Norway's luck,
Of the hiding Troll and the riding Buk.

Down the winding highway they came, curving inward as they swung around the corner. At the voice on the bridge the Deer threw back his ears and slackened his pace. Borgrevinck, not knowing whence it came, struck savagely at the Ren. The red light gleamed in those ox-like eyes. He snorted in anger and shook the great horns, but he did not stop to avenge the blow. For him was a vaster vengeance still. He onward sped as before, but from that time Borgrevinck had lost all control. The one voice that the Ren would hear had been left behind. They whirled aside, off the road, before the bridge was reached. The pulk turned over, but righted itself, and Borgrevinck would have been thrown out and killed but for the straps. It was not to be so; it seemed rather as though the every curse of Norway had been gathered into the sled for a purpose. Bruised and battered, he reappeared. The Troll from the bridge leaped lightly to the Storbuk's head, and held on to the horns as he danced and sang his ancient song, and a new song, too:

Ha! at last! Oh, lucky day,
Norway's curse to wipe away!

Borgrevinck was terrified and furious. He struck harder at the Storbuk as he bounded over the rougher snow, and vainly tried to control him. He lost his head in fear. He got out his knife, at last, to strike at the wild Buk's hamstrings, but a blow from the hoof sent it flying from his hand. The speed they had made on the road was slow to that now: no longer striding at the trot, but bounding madly, great five-stride bounds, the wretched Borgrevinck strapped in the sled, alone and helpless through his own contriving, screaming, cursing, and praying. The Storbuk, with bloodshot eyes, madly steaming, careered up the rugged ascent, up to the broken, stormy Hoifjeld; mounting the hills as a Petrel mounts the rollers, skimming the flats as a Fulmar skims the shore, he followed the trail where his mother had first led his tottering steps, up from the Vand-dam nook. He followed the old familiar route that he had followed for five years, where the white-winged Rype flies aside, where the black rock mountains, shining white, come near and block the sky, "where the Reindeer find their mysterie."

On like the little snow-wreath that the storm-wind sends dancing before the storm, on like a whirlwind over the shoulder of Suletind, over the knees of Torholmenbræ —the Giants that sit at the gateway. Faster than man or beast could follow, up—up—up —and on; and no one saw them go, but a Raven that swooped behind, and flew as Raven never flew, and the Troll, the same old Troll that sang by the Vand-dam, and now danced and sang between the antlers:

Good luck, good luck for Norway
With the White Storbuk comes riding.

Over Tvindehoug they faded like flying scud on the moorlands, on to the gloomy distance, away toward Jötunheim, the home of the evil spirits, the land of the lasting snow. Their every sign and trail was wiped away by the drifting storm, and the end of them no man knows.

THE Norse folk awoke as from a horrid nightmare. Their national ruin was averted; there were no deaths, for there were no proofs; and the talebearer's strife was ended.

The one earthly sign remaining from that drive is the string of silver bells that Sveggum had taken from the Storbuk's neck—the victory bells, each the record of a triumph won; and when the old man came to understand, he sighed, and hung to the string a final bell, the largest of them all.

Nothing more was ever seen or heard of the creature who so nearly sold his country, or of the White Storbuk who balked him. Yet those who live near Jötunheim say that on stormy nights, when the snow is flying and the wind is raving in the woods, there sometimes passes, at frightful speed, an enormous White Reindeer with fiery eyes, drawing a snow-white pulk, in which is a screaming wretch in white, and on the head of the Deer, balancing by the horns, is a brown-clad, white-bearded Troll, bowing and grinning pleasantly at him, and singing

Of Norway's luck
And a White Storbuk—

the same, they say, as the one that with prophetic vision sang by Sveggum's Vand-dam on a bygone day when the birches wore their springtime hangers, and a great mild-eyed Varsimlé came alone, to go away with a little white Renskalv walking slowly, demurely, by her side.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

BORGREVINCK'S RIDE.

PEGGY! Who wrought this saucy name
From stately Margaret?
Methinks, in laughter's chime it came,
To reckless music set.
Who was the lover, knave, or poet
That dared first in this guise to show it?

Peggy! The sound is sweet and odd,
Like quaint wild note of bird,
Or quick foot dancing on a sod;
Yet—nothing ever heard
Quite echoes Peggy. Who could breathe it
And not with graceful rhythm wreathe it?

Peggy! Its syllables transform
Proud Margaret's queenly grace
To milkmaid beauty, wild and warm,
Of sun-kissed brow and face,
In green Arcadian lanes coquetting
With rustic swains, her path besetting.

Peggy! But of one thing I 'm sure:
A great deal 's in a name!
Margaret had never proved the lure
That Peggy swift became.
I knew at once Love could not err in
The blindest pathway he saw her in!

DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEARSON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST: A STUDY IN TRANSPORTATION.

BY EMERSON HOUGH.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

I. THE PATHWAY OF THE WATERS.

ITEM, A PLAINSMAN.

UPON a busy street of a certain Western city there appeared, not long ago, a figure whose peculiarities attracted the curious attention of the throng through which he passed. It was a man, tall, thin, bronzed, wide-hatted, long-haired, clad in the garb of a day gone by. How he came to the city, whence he came, or why, it boots little to ask. Here he was, one of the old-time "long-haired men" of the West. His face, furrowed with the winds of the high plains and of the mountains, and bearing still the lines of boldness and confidence, had in these new surroundings taken on a shade of timorous anxiety. His eye was disturbed. At his temples the hair was gray, and the long locks which dropped to his shoulders were thin and pitiful. A man of another day, of a bygone country, he babbled of scoutings, of warfare with savages, of the chase of the buffalo. None knew what he spoke. He babbled, grieved, and vanished.

ITEM, A BOOMER.

INTO the same city there wandered, from a somewhat more recent West, another man grown swiftly old. Ten years earlier this figure might have been seen over all the farming-lands of the West, most numerous near the boom towns and the land-offices. He was here transplanted, set down in the greatest boom town of them all, but, alas! too old and too alien to take root. He wore the same long-tailed coat, the same white hat that marked him years ago—tall-crowned, not wide-rimmed; the hat which swept over Kansas in the early eighties. His beard was now grown gray, his eye watery, his expression subdued, and no longer buoyantly and irresistibly hopeful. His pencil, as ready as ever to explain the price of lots or land, had lost its erstwhile convincing logic. From his soul had departed that strange, irrational, adorable belief, birthright of the America that was, by which he was once sure that the opportunities of the land that bore him were perennial and inexhaustible. This man sought now no greatness and no glory. He wanted only the chance to make a living. And, think you, he came of a time when a man might once have been a carpenter at dawn, merchant at noon, lawyer by night, and yet have been respected every hour of the day, if he deserved it as a man.

THE WEST FROM WHICH BOOMER AND PLAINSMAN CAME.

IT was exceeding sweet to be a savage. It is pleasant to dwell upon the independent character of Western life, and to go back to the glories of that land and day when a man who had a rifle and a saddle-blanket was sure of a living, and need ask neither advice nor permission of any living soul. These days, vivid, adventurous, heroic, will have no counterpart upon the earth again. These early Americans, who raged and roared across the West, how unspeakably swift was the play in which they had their part! There, surely, was a drama done under the strictest law of the unities, under the sun of a single day.

No fiction can ever surpass in vividness the vast, heroic drama of the West. The clang of steel, the shoutings of the captains, the stimulus of wild adventure—of these things, certainly, there has been no lack. There has been close about us for two hundred years the sweeping action of a story keyed higher than any fiction, more unbelievably bold, more incredibly keen in spirit. And now we come upon the tame and tranquil sequel of that vivid play of human action. "Anticlimax!" cries all that humanity which cares to think, which dares to regret, which once dared to hope. "Tell us of

the West that was," demands that humanity, and with the best of warrant. "Play for us again the glorious drama of the past, and let us see again the America that once was ours."

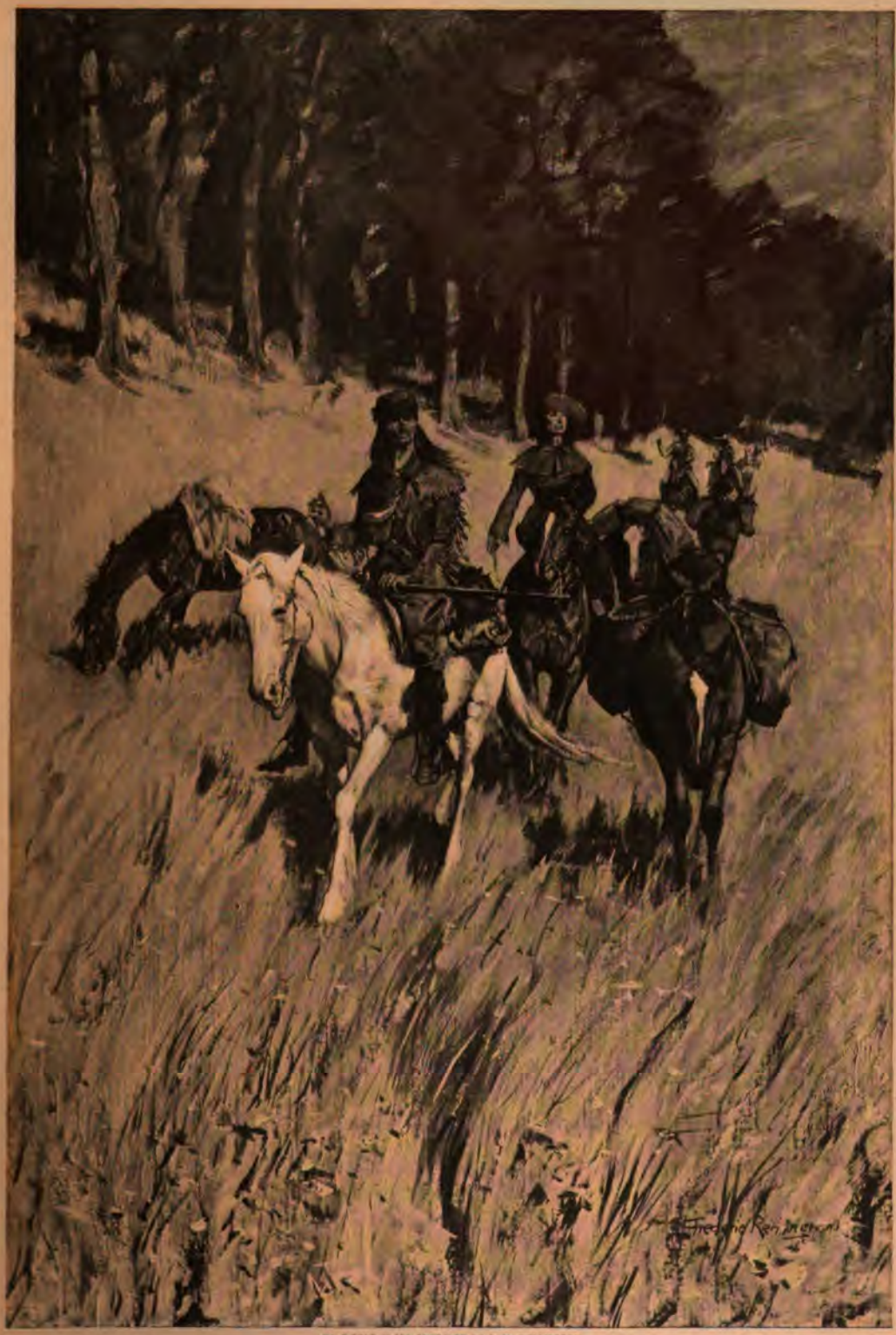
WHAT WAS THAT WEST?

HISTORIAN, artist, novelist, poet, must all in some measure fail to answer this demand, for each generation buries its own dead, and each epoch, to be understood, must be seen in connection with its own living causes and effects and interwoven surroundings. Yet it is pleasant sometimes to seek among causes, and I conceive that a certain interest may attach to a quest which goes further than a mere summons on the spurred and booted Western dead to rise. Let us ask, What was the West? What caused its growth and its changes? What was the Western man, and why did his character become what it was? What future is there for the West to-day? We shall find that the answers to these questions run wider than the West, and, indeed, wider than America.

HOW TO GET AT THAT WEST FUNDAMENTALLY.

IN the pursuit of this line of thought we need ask only a few broad premises. These premises may leave us not so much of self-vaunting as we might wish, and may tend to diminish our esteem of the importance of individual as well as national accomplishment; for, after all and before all, we are but flecks on the surface of the broad, moving ribbon of fate. We are all, here,—Easterner and Westerner, dweller of the Old World or the New, bond or free, of to-day or of yesterday,—but the result of that mandate which bade mankind to increase and multiply, which bade mankind to take possession of the earth. We have each of us taken over temporarily that portion of earth and its fullness which was allotted or which was made possible to him by that Providence to which both belong. We have each of us done this along the lines of the least possible resistance, for this is the law of organic life.

"ONE OF THE OLD-TIME 'LONG-HAIRED MEN' OF THE WEST."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

EARLY PIONEERS ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

HOW THE EARTH WAS SETTLED.

THE story of the taking over of the earth into possession has been but a story of travel. Aryan, Cimri, Goth, Vandal, Westerner—it is all one. The question of occupying the unoccupied world has been only a question of transportation, of invasion, and of occupation along the lines of least resistance. Hence we have at hand, in a study of transportation of the West at different epochs, a clue which will take us very near to the heart of things.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE QUESTION OF TRANSPORTATION.

WE read to-day of forgotten Phenicia and of ancient Britain. They were unlike, because they were far apart. The ancient captains who directed the ships that brought them approximately together were great men in their day, fateful men. The captains of transportation who made all America one land are still within our reach, great men, faithful men, and they hold a romantic interest under their grim tale of material things. You and I live where they said we must live. It was they who marked out the very spot where the fire was to rise upon your hearth-stone. You have married a certain Phenician because they said that this must be your fate. Your children were born because some captain said they should be. You are here not of your own volition. The day of volitions, let us remember, is gone. The West was sown by a race of giants, and reaped by a race far different and in a day dissimilar. Though the day of rifle and ax, of linsey-woolsey and hand-ground meal, went before the time of trolley-cars and self-binder, of purple and fine linen, it must be observed that in the one day or the other the same causes were at work, and back of all these causes were the original law and the original mandate. The force of this primeval impulse was behind all those early actors, Cavalier and Roundhead, praying man and fighting man, who had this continent for a stage. It was behind the men who followed inland from the sea the first prophets of adventure. It is behind us to-day. The Iliad of the West is only the story of a mighty pilgrimage.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AFTER A SKETCH BY F. B. MAYER.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN VOYAGEUR.

WHAT, THEN, WAS THE FIRST TRANSPORTATION OF THE WEST?

WHEN the Spaniard held the mouth of the Great River, the Frenchman the upper sources, the American only the thin line of coast whose West was the Alleghanies, how then did the West-bound travel, these folk who established half a dozen homes for every generation?

The answer would seem easy. They traveled as did the Cimri, the Goths—in the easiest way they could. It was a day of raft and boat, of saddle-horse and pack-horse, of ax and rifle, and little other luggage. Mankind followed the pathways of the waters.

THE RECORD OF THE AVERAGE LINE OF WEST-BOUND TRAVEL.

BISHOP BERKELEY, prophetic soul, wrote his line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The public has always edited it to read that it is the "star of empire" which "takes its way" to the West. If one will read this poem in connection with a govern-

ment census map, he will not fail to see how excellent is the amendment. Excellent census map, which holds between its covers the greatest poem, the greatest drama ever written! Excellent census map, which marks the center of population of America with a literal star, and which, at the curtain of each act, the lapse of each ten years, advances this star with the progress of the drama, westward, westward, ever westward! Excellent scenario, its scheme done in red and yellow and brown, patched each ten years, ragged, blurred, until, after a hundred years, the scheme is finished, and the color is solid all across the page, showing that the end has come, and that the land has yielded to the law!

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.
DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AFTER A SKETCH BY F. S. MAYER.

A MISSOURI HUNTER.

WHY THIS AVERAGE LINE TOOK THE COURSE IT DID.

THE first step of this star of empire (that concluded in 1800) barely removed it from its initial point upon the Chesapeake. The direction was toward the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania. The government at Washington, young as it was, knew that the Ohio River, reached from the North by a dozen trails from the Great Lakes, and running out into that West which even then was coveted by three nations, was of itself a priceless possession. It was a military reason which first set moving the Pennsylvania hotbed of immigrants. The restless tide of humanity spread from that point according to principles as old as the world. Having a world before them from which to choose their homes, the men of that time sought out those homes along the easiest lines. The first thrust of the outbound population was not along the parallels of latitude westward, as is supposed to have been the rule, but to the south and southeast, into the valleys of the Appalachians, where the hills would raise corn, and the streams would carry it. The early emigrants learned that a raft would eat nothing, that a boat ran well downstream. Men still clung to the seaboard region, though even now they exemplified that great law of population which designates the river valleys to be the earliest and most permanent centers of population. The valleys of Virginia and Maryland caught the wealthiest and most aristocratic of the shifting population of that day. Daniel Boone heard the calling of the voices early, but not until long after men had begun to pick out the best of the farming-lands of North and South Carolina and lower Virginia. The first trails of the Appalachians were the waterways, paths which we do not follow or parallel, but intersect in our course when we go by rail from the Mississippi valley to that first abiding-place of the star.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK WERE NOT PARENTS OF THE WEST.

DEAR old New England, the land sought out as the home of religious freedom, and really perhaps the most intolerant land the earth ever knew, sometimes flatters herself that she is the mother of the West. Not so. New England holds mortgages only upon the future of the West, not upon its past. The first outshoots of the seaboard civilization to run forth into the West did not trace back to the stern and rock-bound shore where the tolerants were punishing those who did not agree with them. New York, then, was perhaps the parent of the West? By no means,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS: THE RETREAT TO THE BLOCKHOUSE.

however blandly pleasant that belief might be to many for whom New York must be ever the first cause and center of the American civilization, not the reflection-point of that civilization. The rabid Westerner may enjoy the thought that neither New England nor New York was the actual ancestor. Perhaps he may say that the West had no parent, but was born Minerva-like. In this he would be wrong.

WHY NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK WERE NOT THE PARENTS OF THE WEST.

THE real mother of the West was the South. It was she who bore this child, and it has been much at her expense that it has grown so large and matured so swiftly. If you sing "arms and the man" for the West, you must sing Cavalier and not Roundhead, knight errant and not psalmodist. The path of empire had its head on the Chesapeake. There was the American Ararat. But let us at least be fair. New England and New York did not first settle the West, not because the Chesapeake man was some superhuman being, but because the rivers of New England and New York did not run in the right direction. We may find fate, destiny, and geography very closely intermingled in the history of this country, or of any other. Any nation first avails itself of its geography, then at last casts its geography aside; after that, politics.

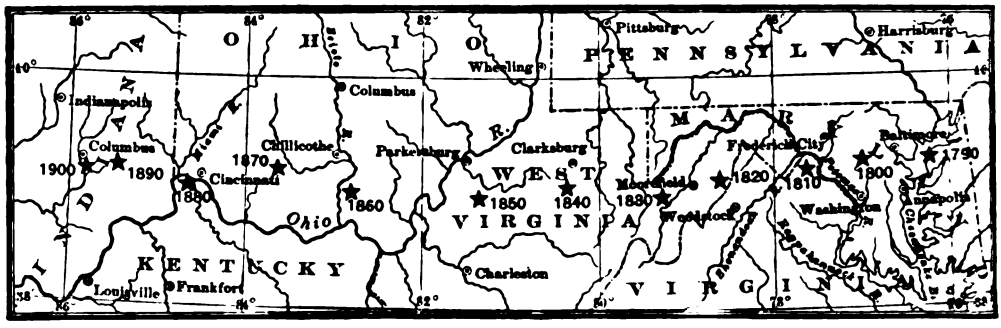
PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST WEST-BOUND AMERICAN.

LET us picture for ourselves this first restless American, this West-bound man. We must remember that there had been two or three full American generations to produce him, this man who first dared turn away from the seaboard and set his face toward the sinking of the sun, toward the dark and mysterious mountains and forests which then encompassed the least remote land fairly to be called the West. Two generations had produced a man different from the Old-World type. Free air and good food had given him abundant brawn. He was tall, with Anak in his frame. Little fat cloyed the free play of his muscles, and there belonged to him the heritage of that courage which comes of good heart and lungs. He was a splendid man to have for an ancestor, this tall and florid athlete who never heard of athletics. His face was thin and aquiline, his look high and confident, his eye blue, his speech reserved. You may see this same man yet in those restricted parts of this country which remain fit to be called America. You may see him sometimes in the mountains of Tennessee, the brakes of Arkansas or Missouri, where the old strain has remained most pure. You might have seen him over all the West in the generation preceding our own.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE EARLY AMERICAN—HIS SKILL WITH IT.

THIS was our American, discontented to dwell longer by the sea. He had two tools, the ax and the rifle. With the one he built, with the other he fought and lived. Early America saw the invention of the small-bore rifle because there was need for that invention. It required no such long range in those forest days, and it gave the greatest possible amount of results for its expenditure. Its charge was tiny, its provender compact and easily carried by the man who must economize in every ounce of transported goods; and yet its powers were wonderful. Our early American could plant that little round pellet in just such a spot as he liked of game-animal or of red-skinned enemy, and the deadly effect of no projectile known to man has ever surpassed this one, if each be weighed by the test of economic expenditure. This long, small-bored tube was one of the early agents of American civilization. The conditions of the daily life of the time demanded great skill in the use of this typical arm, and the accuracy of the early riflemen of the West has probably never been surpassed in popular average by any people of the world. Driving a nail and snuffing a candle with a rifle-bullet were common forms of the amusement which was derived from the practice of arms. Another was that of "squirrel-barking," a sport which no rifleman today habitually practises, though it appears to have been common in early times. The famous pioneer Daniel Boone was in his time a good rifleman, and a writer who met him in his later life gives the following description of the skill of Boone at the difficult art of barking the squirrel:

> I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort, Kentucky. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a very good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a

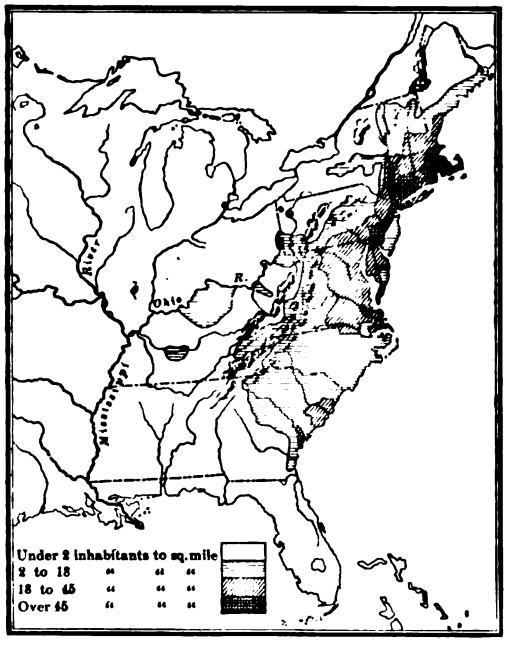


WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CENTER OF POPULATION FROM 1790 TO 1900, INDICATED BY STARS.

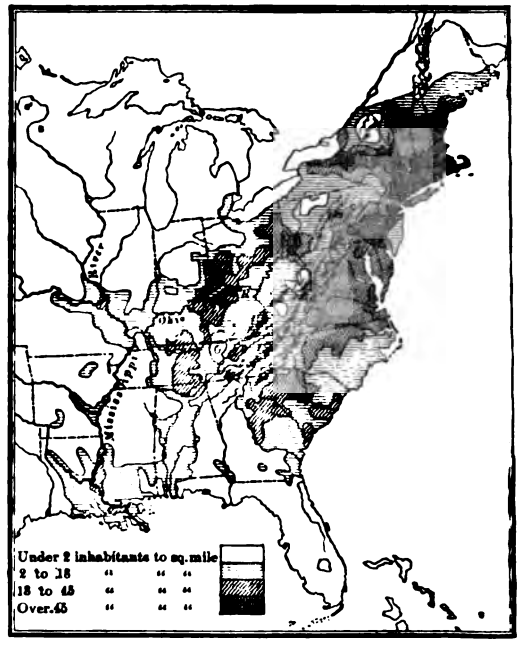
homespun hunting-shirt, barelegged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all of his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and a charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so thick that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of the animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a bank about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead, or sight, of the barrel was brought in a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately underneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder-magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed he had procured as many squirrels as he wished. Since that first interview with the veteran Boone I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

THIS AMERICAN, SO EQUIPPED, MOVES WESTWARD.

WHEN the American settler had got as far West as the Plains he needed arms of greater range, and then he made them; but the first two generations of the West-bound had the buckskin bandoleer, with its little bullets, its little molds for making them, its little worm which served to clean the interior of the barrel with a wisp of flax, its tiny flask



MAP OF THE CENTSUS OF 1790.



MAP OF THE CENSUS OF 1830.

of precious powder, its extra flint or so. The American rifle and the American ax—what a history might be written of these alone! They were the sole warrant for the departure of the outbound man from all those associations which had held him to his home. He took some sweet girl from her own family, some mother or grandmother of you or me, and he took his good ax and rifle, and he put his little store on raft or pack-horse, and so he started out; and God prospered him. In his time he was a stanch, industrious man, a good hunter, a sturdy chopper, a faithful lover of his friends, and a stern hater of his foes.

HOW HE FINDS THE WATERWAYS EASY AS PATHS WESTWARD.

In time this early outbound man learned that there were rivers which ran not to the southeast and into the sea, but outward, across the mountains toward the setting sun. The winding trails of the Alleghanies led one finally to rivers which ran toward Kentucky, Tennessee, even farther out into that unknown, tempting land which still was called the West. Thus it came that the American genius broke entirely away from salt-water traditions, asked no longer "What cheer?" from the ships that came from across the seas, clung no longer to the customs, the costumes, the precedents or standards of the past. There came the day of buckskin and woolsey, of rifle and ax, of men curious for adventures, of homes built of logs and slabs, with puncheons for floors, with little fields about them, and tiny paths that led out into the immeasurable preserves of the primeval forests. A few things held intrinsic value at that time—powder, lead, salt, maize, cowbells, women who dared. It was a simple but not an ill ancestry, this that turned away from the sea-coast forever and began the making of another world. It was the strong-limbed, the bold-hearted who traveled, the weak who stayed at home.

EXAMPLE OF ONE EARLY WEST-BOUND MAN.

Of this hardy folk who left home when yet there was no need of so doing, and who purposed never to come back from the land which they discovered,—types of that later proverb-making Western man who "came to stay,"—let us seek out one where there were many, some distinct Phenician, some master of ways and means, some captain of his time. One man and one community may serve as typical of this epoch, and if you read of these, accept full promise that your blood will thrill, even after the latest novel of high-strung heroics.

HOW THE NEW LAND WAS CHOSEN OUT.

In 1779 one James Robertson, of the Wautoga settlements of North Carolina, a young but steadfast man, heard certain voices that called him to the West. At that time John Sevier was still struggling to safeguard his once famous Free State of Frankland, and fighting at the same time for the safety of North Carolina and of the United States. Kentucky and Tennessee were still in the West. Far out in that West, across the ranges of wild mountains, some of these "long hunters," far-traveling scouts of the settlements,[1] had found that grand hunting-ground known even then as the French Licks, so called because in the year 1714 the French hunters from the North had hunted and built cabins in the good game country near the salt-springs of the Cumberland Plateau. Time was not so rapid in those days, and matters had advanced but calmly on that beautiful plateau in the sixty-five years since Charleville's French wood-rangers had discovered the streams which the deer and buffalo loved so well. The "long hunters" from east of the mountains saw this land, and knew it would raise corn as well as venison. To journey thither was at the peril of one's life; to live there was at peril of the life of one's wife and babes. The Indians of the North and of the South had always prized this midway hunting-ground. That this region could perhaps be held, that it would supply corn and venison, was enough for the men who set out on this greater quest of a Golden Fleece.

HOW THE EMIGRANTS WENT TO THE CHOSEN PLACE.

James Robertson, not yet thirty, forming his company for this uncertain, perilous enterprise, said: "We are the advance-guard of a civilization, and our way is across the continent." Simple words. Yet that was 1779.

Now, for the building of this one town

[1] In 1766 Colonel James Smith, "with five others," went as far as Middle and Western Tennessee. His companions continued their journey into Illinois. Smith returned home to North Carolina after an absence of eleven months, in which he "saw neither bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquor."

(the town which is now the city of Nashville, and the capital of Tennessee) this leader had gathered three hundred and eighty persons, men, women, and children. All the women and children, one hundred and thirty in number, in charge of a few men, went by boat, scow, pirogue, and canoe, in the winter-time, down the bold waters of the Holston and Tennessee rivers. The rest traveled as best they might over the five hundred miles of "trace" across Kentucky. Of this whole party two hundred and twenty-six got through alive. The boat party had many hundreds of miles of unknown and dangerous waters to travel, and the journey took them three months, a time longer than it now requires to travel around the world. They ran thirty miles of rapids on the shoals of the Tennessee, pursued and fired upon by Cherokees. Of this division of the party only ninety-seven got through alive, and nine of these were wounded. One was drowned, one died of natural causes and was buried, and the rest were killed by the Indians. Their voyage was indeed "without a parallel in modern history." Among those who survived the hardships of this wild journey was Rachel Donelson, later the wife of Andrew Jackson.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF CRAYON SKETCHES IN THE POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ.

JAMES ROBERTSON. JOHN SEVIER.

HOW THEY LIVED AND WENT NOT BACK.

THE men who now built their cabins on the rolling bluffs of the Cumberland region began forthwith to exploit its possibilities of corn and venison. They scattered, as was the irresistible though fatal custom of that time. Their corn began to grow among the green stumps. In one hunt they brought home one hundred and fifty bears, seventy-five buffalo, and ninety deer.

The path of empire in America, the path of corn and venison, was a highway which never ran backward. These men would never leave this country now that they had taken it. But what a tax was this that the barbaric land demanded of them! In November of 1780, less than a year after the party was first organized, there were only one hundred and thirty-four persons left alive out of the original three hundred and eighty. In the settlement itself there had not yet been a natural death. The Indians killed these settlers, and the settlers killed the Indians. Death and wounds meant nothing to the adults. The very infants learned a stoic hardihood. Out of two hundred and fifty-six survivors, thirty-nine were killed in sixty days. Out of two hundred and seventeen survivors, the next season saw but one hundred and thirty-four left. The spring of 1781 found only seventy persons left alive. But when the vote was cast whether to stay or return, not one man voted to give up the fight. In that West corn was worth one hundred and sixty-five dollars a bushel, and in its rearing the rifle was as essential as the plow. Powder and lead were priceless. Man and woman together, fearless, changeless, they held the land, giving back not one inch of the West-bound distance they had gained!

In 1791 there were only fifteen persons

left alive out of the three hundred and eighty who made this American migration. There had been only one natural death among them. In such a settlement there was no such thing as a hero, because all were heroes. Each man was a master of weapons, and incapable of fear. No fiction ever painted a hero like to any one of these. One man, after having been shot and stabbed many times, was scalped alive, and jested at it. A little girl was scalped alive, and lived to forget it. An army of Indians assaulted the settlement, and fifteen men, with thirty women, beat them off. Mrs. Sally Buchanan, a forgotten heroine, molded bullets all one night during an Indian attack, and on the next morning gave birth to a son.

OTHER DISTANCES, OTHER CUSTOMS, OTHER VALUES.

THIS was the ancestral fiber of the West. What time had folk like these for powder-puff or ruffle, for fan or jeweled snuff-box? Their garb was made from the skin of the deer, the fox, the wolf. Their shoes were of buffalo-hide, their beds were made of the robes of the bear and buffalo. They laid the land under tribute. Yet, so far from mere savagery was the spirit that animated these men that in ten years after they had first cut away the forest they were founding a college and establishing a court of law! Read this forgotten history, one chapter, and a little one, in the history of the West, and then turn, if you like, to the chapters of fiction in an older world. You have your choice of lace or elkskin.

In those early days there were individual opportunities so numerous in the West that no opportunity had value. A tract of six hundred and forty acres, which is now within the limits of the city of Nashville, sold for three axes and two cow-bells. Be sure it was not politics that made corn worth one hundred and sixty-five dollars a bushel, and sold a mile of ground for the tinkle of a bell. The conditions were born of a scanty and insufficient transportation.

THE WEST CONTINUED TO GROW DOWN STREAM, NOT UP.

THERE was a generation of this down-stream transportation, and it built up the first splendid, aggressive population of the West—a population which continued to edge farther outward and farther down-stream. The settlement at Nashville, the settlements of Kentucky, were at touch with the Ohio River, the broad highway that led easily down to the yet broader highway of the Mississippi, that great, mysterious stream so intimately connected with American history and American progress. It was easy to get to New Orleans, but hard to get back over the Alleghanies. Therefore, out of the mere fact that water runs downhill arose one of the earliest and most dangerous political problems this country ever knew. The riflemen of Sevier and Robertson saved Tennessee and Kentucky to the Union only that they might well-nigh be lost again to Spain. The Indian-fighters of the West knew little how the scales trembled in the balance for the weak young government of the United States of America, lately come into the place of an independent power. The authorities at Washington dared not be too firm with France or Spain, or even with England. Diplomacy juggled across seas, while the riflemen of the West fought for the opening of that Great River which meant everything for them. Below them lay the savage federation of the Southern tribes, led by that strange character, Alexander McGillivray, half Cherokee and half Scotchman, half scholar and half soldier, one fourth gentleman and three fourths devil, courted by three great nations, and at the same time an officer in the armies of Great Britain, Spain, and the United States. While the settlers of the Cumberland clamored for the head of this McGillivray, the government at Washington asked him East, dined him, fêted him, and gave him one hundred thousand dollars on his simple promise to behave himself, which, however, he never did. The league of Spain and the Cherokees kept up the covert warfare against these early Westerners. The stark, stanch men of Robertson and Sevier hunted down the red fighters of McGillivray and killed them one by one over all the Western hunting-grounds and corn-grounds; and then they rebelled against Washington, and were for setting up a world of their own. They sent in a petition, a veritable prayer from the wilderness, the first words of complaint ever wrung from those hardy men.

"We endured almost unconquerable difficulties in settling this Western country," they said, "in full confidence that we should be enabled to send our products to the market through the rivers which water the country; but we have the mortification not only to be excluded from that channel of commerce by a foreign nation, but the In-

dians are rendered more hostile through the influence of that nation."

ONE WOULD BREAK THE WEST FROM THE PARENT BOUGH.

To add to the intricacy of this situation, now came one General James Wilkinson, late of a quasi-connection with the Continental army, who early discovered the profit of the trade to the mouth of the Mississippi. Discovering, likewise, the discontent of the West, which was almost wholly dependent upon that river for its transportation, he conceived the pretty idea of handing over this land to Spain, believing that in the confusion consequent upon such change his own personal fortunes must necessarily be largely bettered. The archives show the double dealings of Wilkinson with Spain, Great Britain, and the United States. He played fast and loose with friend and foe, until at length he found his own level and met his just deserts.

HAVING THE MISSISSIPPI FOR ITS ROAD, THE WEST IS CONTENT.

MEANTIME the stout little government at Washington, knowing well enough all the dangers which threatened it, continued to work out the problems of the West. Some breathless, trembling years passed by—years full of wars and treaties in Europe as well as in America. Then came the end of all doubts and tremblings. The lying intrigues at the mouth of America's great roadway ceased by virtue of that purchase of territory which gave to America forever this mighty Mississippi, solemn, majestic, and mysterious stream, perpetual highway, and henceforth to be included wholly within the borders of the West. The year which saw the Mississippi made wholly American was one mighty in the history of America and of the world. The date of the Louisiana Purchase is significant not more by reason of a vast domain added to the West than because of the fact that with this territory came the means of building it up and holding it together. It was now that for the first time the solidarity of this New World was forever assured. We gained a million uninhabited miles—a million miles of country which will one day support its thousands to the mile. But still more important, we gained the right and the ability to travel into it and across it and through it. France had failed to build roads into that country, and thereafter neither France nor any other power might ever do so.

HOW LITTLE STATESMEN KNEW THE FAST BINDING WHICH TRANSPORTATION WAS TO EFFECT.

WE who have the advantage of the retrospect understand the Mississippi and its tributaries far better than did the statesmen of a hundred years ago. Indeed, it was then the belief of many of the ablest minds that we ought not to accept this Louisiana Purchase even as a gift. John Quincy Adams, senator from Massachusetts, in discussing the bill for the admission of Louisiana as a State, said: "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

This from Massachusetts, later to be the home of abolition and of centralization! It may sit ill with the sons of Massachusetts to reflect that their own State was the first one deliberately to propose secession. Still more advanced was the attitude of James White, who painted the following dismal picture of that West which was to be:

HOW LITTLE THEY KNEW OF THE COMING WAY OF TRAVEL.

Louisiana must and will be settled if we hold it, and with the very population that would otherwise occupy part of our present territory. Thus our citizens will be removed to the immense distance of two or three thousand miles from the capital of the Union, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the general government; their affections will become alienated; they will gradually begin to view us as strangers; they will form other commercial connections, and our interests will become distinct.

These, with other causes that human wisdom may not now foresee, will in time effect a separation, and I fear our bounds will be fixed nearer to our houses than the waters of the Mississippi. We have already territory enough, and when I contemplate the evils that may arise to these States from this intended incorporation of Louisiana into the Union, I would rather see it given to France, to Spain, or to any other nation of the earth, upon the mere condition that no citizen of the United States should ever settle within its limits, than to see the territory sold for a hundred millions of dollars and we retain the sovereignty. . . . And I do say that, under existing cir-

cumstances, even supposing that this extent of territory was a valuable acquisition, fifteen million dollars was a most enormous sum to give.

HOW MUCH RICHER WAS THIS WEST THAN DREAMED.

How feeble is our grasp upon the future may be seen from the last utterance. The sum of $15,000,000 seemed "enormous." To-day, less than a century from that time, one American citizen has in his lifetime made from the raw resources of this land a fortune held to be $266,000,000. One Western city, located in that despised territory, during the year last past showed sales of grain alone amounting to $123,300,000; of live stock alone, $268,000,000; of wholesale trade, $786,205,000; of manufactures,—where manufactures were once held impossible,—the total of $741,097,000. It was once four weeks from Maine to Washington. It is now four days from Oregon. The total wealth of all the cities, all the lands, all the individuals of that once despised West, runs into figures which surpass all belief and all comprehension. And this has grown up within less than a hundred years.

IGNORANT INFANCY OF TRANSPORTATION.

THE immense significance of this question of transportation could not be more forcibly presented than in this debate of the statesmen of a century ago upon the acceptance of the peerless Western empire. Yet the men of that day were not so much to blame, for they were in the infancy of transportation, and as no army is better than its commissary-trains, so is no nation better than its transportation. We were still in the crude, primitive, down-stream days. Steam had not yet come upon the great interior waterways. The West-bound mountain roads across the Alleghanies were still only narrow tracks worn by the feet of pack-horses that carried mostly salt and bullets. The turnpikes fit for wagon traffic were Eastern affairs only. The National Road, from Wheeling to Cumberland, was only restricted in its staging possibilities. Between the hardy Western population and its earlier home there rose the high barrier of the Appalachians, to ascend the streams of which meant a long, grievous, and dangerous journey, a journey commercially impracticable. The first traffic of the Old Mountain Road was in salt and bullets, and it was a traffic which all went one way. The difficulties of even this crude commerce led to the establishment, as the very first manufacture ever begun in the West, of works for the production of salt. Bullitt's Lick, on Salt Creek, was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, manufacturing community west of the Alleghanies, and part of the down-stream trade of the day was in carrying kettles from Louisville down the Ohio and up Salt Creek to the lick. This route was in hostile Indian country, and every voyage held its own terrors.

TYPICAL PERILS.

ONE such venture, of a flatboat loaded with kettles, was undertaken in the spring of 1788, by a party of twelve men and one woman, led by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears, who owned the cargo in common. After entering the narrow channel of the creek, they were assailed by a large party of Indians, who shot down some of the boatmen at the first fire. The white men used their kettles as bulwarks, and fought the savages for more than an hour. At the end of that time five of the boatmen were dead and four wounded. The boat was at last abandoned, though it was not until after the death of Spears, who, fatally wounded, begged his friends to leave him and to save themselves. The woman was captured by the Indians and carried to Canada, though eventually she reached her home in Kentucky. The Indians told her that thirty of their men were killed in this fight. Four of the whites escaped, every one badly wounded. Christian Crepps and Henry Crist got a short distance from the boat, but were shot down. They both struggled on for a time, but Crepps soon found himself unable to travel. Moore, the only man to escape unhurt, got to the settlement, and neighbors found Crepps the following day, but too late to save his life. Crist had his heel shot off, and was unable to walk. He put his moccasins on his knees, strips of his shirt upon his hands, and so crawled for three days and nights, in the utmost torture, over the eight miles that lay between him and the settlement at the salt-lick. He was discovered just in time to save his life, while yet half a mile from the haven he sought. His wounded limb was entirely useless, and the flesh was worn from his hands and knees. Yet in time he recovered. Later he was a member of the legislature of Kentucky, and in 1808 he was a member of Congress for Kentucky. He died in 1844. A posthumous child of Crepps, one of the heroes of this fight, became the wife of the Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe. Such were some of the first families of Kentucky, and such were some of the first commercial enterprises of the West.

THE WESTERNER RAISES MORE THAN HE CAN EAT.

WE may note, then, the beginning of the commercial West in the local necessities of that West. For the first West-bound generation the problem of transportation had been largely a personal one. The first adventurers, with small baggage but the rifle and the ax, able to live upon parched corn and jerked venison, with women almost as hardy as the men, neither had nor cared for the surplus things of life. They subsisted upon what nature gave them, seeking but little to add to the productiveness of nature in any way. But now we must conceive of our Western man as already shorn of a trifle of his fringes. His dress was not now so near a parallel to that of the savage whom he had overcome. There was falling into his mien somewhat more of staidness and sobriety. This man had so used the ax that he had a farm, and on this farm he raised more than he himself could use—first step in the great future of the West as storehouse for the world. This extra produce could certainly not be taken back over the Alleghanies, nor could it be traded on the spot for aught else than merely similar commodities.

Here, then, was a turning-point in Western history. There is no need to assign to it an exact date. We have the pleasant fashion of learning history through dates of battles and assassinations. We might do better in some cases did we learn the times of happenings of certain great and significant things. It was an important time when this first Western farmer, somewhat shorn of fringe, sought to find market for his crude produce, and found that the pack-horse would not serve him so well as the broad-horned flatboat which supplanted his canoe.

HOW HE MIGHT SELL THIS SURPLUS FAR FROM HOME.

THE flatboat ran altogether down-stream. Hence it led altogether away from home and from the East. The Western man was relying upon himself, cutting loose from traditions, asking help of no man; sacrificing, perhaps, a little of sentiment, but doing so out of necessity, and only because of the one great fact that the waters would not run back uphill, would not carry him back to that East which was once his home. So the homes and the graves in the West grew, and there arose a civilization distinct and different from that which kept hold upon the sea and upon the Old World. The Westerner had forgotten the oysters and shad, the duck and terrapin, of the seaboard. He still lived on venison and corn, the most portable food ever known for hard marching and hard work. The more dainty Easterners said that this new man of the Western territory was a creature "half horse and half alligator." It were perhaps more just to accord to him a certain manhood, either then or now. He prevailed, he conquered, he survived, and therefore he was right.

WASHINGTON SEEKS TO GAIN HOLD UPON THE WEST.

THE government at Washington saw this growing up of a separate kingdom, and it sought to shorten the arc of this common but far-reaching sky; it sought to mitigate the swiftness of these streams, to soften the steepness of these eternal hills. Witness Washington's forgotten canal from the headwaters of the James River—a canal the beginning or the end of which it would puzzle the average American of to-day to define without special study. Witness many other canal and turnpike schemes, feeble efforts at the solution of the one imperishable problem of a land vast in its geography. Prior to the Louisiana Purchase no man could think of a civilization west of the Mississippi; but there were certain feeble attempts made by the government to bind to itself that part of the new lands which lay in the eastern half of the Mississippi valley. The "Ordinance of the Northwest" (done by the hand of Thomas Jefferson himself) makes interesting reading to-day. This ordinance sought to establish a number of States in the great valley "as soon as the lands should have been purchased from the Indians." It was proposed that each State should comprehend, from north to south,

> Two degrees of latitude, beginning to count from the completion of thirty-one degrees north of the equator, but any State northwardly of the forty-seventh degree shall make part of that State next below; and eastwardly and westwardly they shall be bounded, those on the Mississippi by that river on one side, and the meridian of the lowest point on the rapids of the Ohio on the other; those adjoining on the east by the same meridian on their western side, and on their eastern by the meridian of the western cape of the mouth of the Great Kanawha; and the territory eastward of this last meridian between the Ohio, Lake Erie, and Pennsylvania shall be one State.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE DOWN-RIVER MEN.

DID NOT EVEN GIVE PERMANENT NAMES TO ITS STATES.

THE ordinance even went so far as to propose names for these future States, and quaint enough were some of the names suggested for those which are now Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan: "Sylvania," "Cherronesus," "Assenisipia," "Metropatamia," "Pelesipia"—these are names of Western States that never were born, and in this there is proof enough of the fact that, though the government at Washington had its eye upon the West, it had established no control over the West, and under the existing nature of things had no right ever to expect such control. As a matter of fact, the government never did catch this truant province until the latter, in its own good time, saw fit to come back home. This was after the West had solved its own problems of commercial intercourse.

WHAT WAS THE WEST AT THIS TIME OF DOWN-STREAM?

IT may now prove of interest to take a glance at the crude geography of this Western land at that time when it first began to produce a surplus, and the time when it had permanently set its face away from the land east of the Alleghanies. The census map (see page 98) will prove of the best service, and its little blotches of color tell much in brief regarding the West of 1800. For forty years before this time the fur trade had had its depot at the city of St. Louis. For a hundred years there had been a settlement upon the Great Lakes. For nearly a hundred years the town of New Orleans had been established. Here and there, between these foci of adventurers, there were odd, seemingly unaccountable little dots and specks of population scattered over all the map, product of that first uncertain hundred years. Ohio, directly west

A BOOMER. (SEE PAGE 91.)

of the original hotbed, was left blank for a long time, and indeed received her first population from the southward, and not from the East, though the New-Englander Moses Cleveland founded the town of Cleveland as early as 1796. Lower down in the great valley of the Mississippi was a curious, illogical, and now forgotten little band of settlers who had formed what was known as the "Mississippi Territory." Smaller yet, and more inexplicable, did we not know the story of the old water-trail from the Green Bay to the Mississippi, there was a dot, a smear, a tiny speck of population high up on the east bank of the Mississippi, where the Wisconsin emptied. These valley settlements far outnumbered all the population of the State of Ohio, which had lain directly in the path of the star, but the streams of which lay awkwardly on the scheme of travel. The West was beginning to be the West. The seed sown by Marquette the Good, by Hennepin the Bad, by La Salle the Bold, by Tonti the Faithful,—seed despised by an ancient and corrupt monarchy,—had now begun to grow.

ANOTHER WEST BEYOND.

YET, beyond the farthest families of the West of that day, there was still a land so great that no one tried to measure it, or sought to include it in the plans of family or nation. It was all a matter for the future, for generations much later. Compared with the movements of the past, it must be centuries before the West—whatever that term might mean—could ever be overrun. That it could ever be exhausted was, to be sure, an utterly unthinkable thing. There were vague stories among the hardy settlers about new lands incredibly distant, mythically rich in interest. But who dreamed the import of the journey of strong-legged Zebulon Pike into the lands of the Sioux, and who believed all his story of a march from Colorado to Chihuahua, and thence back to the Sabine? What enthusiasm was aroused for the peaceful settler of the Middle West, whose neighbor was fifty miles away, by that ancient saga, that heroically done, misspelled story of Lewis and Clark? There was still to be room enough and chance enough in the West.

THE WEST HAS BEGUN TO DO SOMEWHAT FOR HUMANITY.

THE progress of civilization, accelerated with the passing of each century, was none the less slow at this epoch. There was an ictus here in the pilgrimage of humanity. It was as though the Fates wished that for a brief time the world might see the spectacle of a land of help and hope, of personal initiative and personal ambition. The slow-moving star of the West trembled and quivered with a new and unknown light, caught from these noble lakes and rivers, reflected from these mountains and these skies. The stars of a new heaven looked down upon another king, a king in linsey-woolsey. France kicked him forth a peasant, and, born again, he scorned the petty limitations of her seigniories, and stood upon her rejected empire, the emperor of himself. England rotted him in her mines and ditches, but before the reversed flags of England were borne home from her war which did not subjugate, this same man, under another sky, was offering hospitality, and not obeisance, to her belted earls.

(To be continued.)

Hope and Memory.

by Howard Pyle.

(*Scene: the Student's closet. Time: the dead of night. The candle wanes and flickers. The cock crows, and a cold breath from starry spaces breathes into the room. Shrouded Memory stands patiently behind the chair. In her hand she holds a cup. Suddenly Hope, a jocund spirit, appears: a rainbow bubble out of the shadows of the night.*)

HOPE (*speaking in chanting cadence*). Art thou weary, O Mortal Soul? Lift up thine eyes! How dark the brooding night; yet in her solemn womb there stirs and moves the promise of a new and glorious day about to dawn.

MEMORY. And when it dawns, what then, O Mortal? Will it be different from all the other empty, shallow days that have gone before?

HOPE. And as the new day breaks forth from the dark matrix of the night, so from thy present faintness and fatigue some great achievement maybe shall arise that shall illuminate the gloomy world of toiling men with the great glory of a wingèd thought—that shall make bright, perhaps, those souls that were so dark before. Lift up thine eyes!

MEMORY. Be not cheated, O Mortal, by such foolish whisperings! What great achievement hast thou yet performed that thou mayst amuse thyself with such bootless imaginings? What work hast thou yet done that has been worthy of all the weary hours that thou hast spent upon it?

HOPE. And, haply, Fame and Glory shall be thine. Perhaps it shall be thine to hear the marvelous anthem of a world's applause, that, rising from ten hundred thousand lips, rouses the echoes from Parnassian altitudes whereon the Singer stands, and sends the chant reverberating down through hollow, vaulted spaces of futurity, there to be caught up

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

COUNTESS MATILDA AT THE FIREPLACE.

BARBAROSSA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

PART I. AT THE CASTLE OF VOBURG.

WAITING THE ROYAL VISITOR.

EVEN the fascinations of chess seemed to have no power to distract the mind of the Countess Matilda von Voburg. Her companion, who was but an indifferent player at best, was plainly getting the advantage of her in her preoccupation, when she stopped the game and dismissed the waiting-woman for the night. Leaving the carved ivory chessmen standing upon their squares, she presently rose from the table, and—for the autumn night was chill—stepped over to the fire of great logs crackling and blazing in the huge fireplace which, with its massive chimney, nearly filled one side of the room.

She stood in silence, gazing at the flames, twisting her hands together from time to time in a gesture of mingled perplexity and anxiety. Presently her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of her old steward, who announced the arrival of a royal messenger from the kaiser. Giving brief direction to admit him forthwith, the countess walked across the rush-strewn floor to the dais against the wall opposite the fireplace. She seated herself in the great carved chair with the wolf's head hanging above it, and there awaited the arrival of the king's despatch-bearer. When he came into the hall she signed to him to approach nearer, and, as he knelt lowly before her, she received from him the bulky parcel sealed with the imperial lions. Dismissing him with an inclination of her head, she waited in assumed calmness until he had left the hall. As he disappeared behind the tapestry hangings, however, her seeming indifference was abandoned, and with eager, impatient hands she broke the seal, tore off the confining ribbons of the wrapping, and opened the packet.

The Countess Matilda had been well educated. She was able to read—nay, more, to read somewhat rapidly and with ease. A few moments, therefore, sufficed to put her in possession of the brief message scrawled in great, ungainly characters across the sheet of parchment. She read it over again, frowning with displeasure as she did so, although it conveyed an intimation of an honor which most subjects would have prized highly.

The document, although purporting to be only an announcement, was in effect a royal order. It informed her that his Majesty the emperor purposed visiting the castle of Voburg that night, and begged that due preparation on the part of the countess might be made to receive him. It was signed by a name which, though it was but little known at that time, was destined to become one of the most famous in history.

There were many other more important things than these, however, which the message did not explicitly state, but which it nevertheless conveyed in a perfectly unmistakable way to the Countess Matilda, and doubtless it was these unwritten facts which ruffled the brow of the fair lady; and it was these unwelcome tidings which caused her to spring to her feet and descend from the dais while she proceeded to crumple and crush the inoffensive parchment between her strong, white hands. Her apprehension of what was behind the letter it was, surely, that so clouded the hospitality of a loyal subject to her king.

The countess was alone in the world, save for her admirers, and they were many. The last of a great and ancient race, the representative of a proud and distinguished line, the mistress in her own right of vast possessions, she was one of the most desirable of women, from a matrimonial point of view, in Germany, or even in the Roman Empire. In addition to all these advantages, Heaven

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

COUNTESS MATILDA AT THE FIREPLACE.

had endowed her with a magnificent person, which did not diminish her potential value.

A splendid picture she made standing tall and queenly in the great vaulted room. She wore a tight-fitting bodice, which emphasized, rather than concealed, every swelling curve and rounded outline of her splendid figure. Her skirt was confined by a loose belt studded with gems, which fell low over the hips in front, and over which the kirtle dropped in graceful folds. The fabric of her dress was of rich silver tissue, and embroidered upon it in vivid scarlet were the rampant wolves of the Voburgs. The underskirt she wore, which swept the rush-covered stone flagging of the hall, was of blue cloth; and soft, heelless cloth shoes, richly jeweled, covered her shapely, if not very small, feet. Her bodice, which was bordered with scarlet, was cut square at the neck above her magnificent bust, disclosing a throat of dazzling whiteness; her thick blond hair was confined about her brows by a band, or fillet, of gold, mounted with rudely cut turquoises, and fell far down her back in two long, heavy braids.

Pride, strength, power, were stamped on her noble features, sparkled in her eyes, quivered in her nostrils, curled in her lips, flushed in her cheek. She appeared as Britomart or Brunhild might have looked—typically German, splendidly strong, brilliantly fair, yet possessing, in spite of all this, a subtle something that proclaimed the woman. For all her size and strength, her movements were as graceful, her step was as light, her carriage as easy, as a swan in the water or a bird in the air. She stood forth a heroic woman for a historic age, a potential mother for Homeric races of medieval days.

The recently elected kaiser was madly in love with her, although a married man was Frederick when he first realized his passion for his noble ward. According to the feudal law, and by the will of her father as well, she had been left to the guardianship of that fountain of honor, the then Duke of Swabia. She had grown to womanhood in Waiblingen, at the court of the Hohenstaufens, and it was not until Frederick had been for some time married to the noble Adelheid—a marriage of policy and convenience, be it said—that he became aware of her matchless beauty.

With the easy morality of the age—and, indeed, of any age, so far as kings have been concerned—he had at once offered her the questionable position of mistress of his heart, a dubious offer which she spurned with the native purity of her Teutonic race. Frederick had persisted in his attention, and his passion had only grown stronger under the opposition with which it had been received. Finally, carried beyond all reason by the fervor of his feelings, for he was still a young man, he had actually contrived to secure a divorce from his unfortunate wife through the complaisance of the Pope. The Vicegerent of Heaven did not yet wish to break with the rising sun of secular power, and precipitate that long struggle between church and state which did not end until the waters of the swollen Kalykadnos River closed over the head of the dying crusader emperor. As soon as he was freed, Frederick proposed to make the countess his wife.

The dazzling prospect before her—for there had been no secrecy about the kaiser's plans—had not charmed her, and she had taken advantage of the absence of the emperor on an expedition to bring into submission some of the refractory nobles of the great empire, which he held at that time by no very certain tenure, to leave the court and fly to her own castle. It is not probable, however, that even a woman of the heroic mold of the Countess Matilda would have been able, or indeed willing, to reject an alliance of so brilliant a character if, with the perversity of women of all ages, she had not fallen madly in love with another man.

It had been some years now since the young Count Conrad von Hohenzollern—destined to be the founder of a most illustrious line, and whose descendants would in time wear the imperial purple—had come riding down, like the simple soldier of fortune he was, from the high mountains from which, as a younger son, he took his name. He had been attended by but a single esquire, and had carried all his earthly possessions on his person in the shape of his lance, his sword, and his armor. He had entered the service of the powerful Duke of Swabia, in whose following, in those turbulent days, there was always room for a good blade. By his prowess and courage he had found favor with his ducal and afterward imperial master until he ventured to eclipse the royal sun in the attempt to enkindle the flame of love in the heart of the Countess Matilda.

A rivalry none the less intense because between monarch and man had presently arisen between them. Hohenzollern had presumed to cross the will of the emperor. Forgetful of the obedience due to his liege lord, he refused to stand aside, and had persisted in his suit. The king, doing a little forgetting on his own account, disregarded the fact that

the young count should receive every consideration from him because he had saved his master's life in one of the border frays of the period, and at last became so incensed at him that he drove him from the court. Nay, more; he deprived him of his offices, abrogated his privileges, stripped him of his emoluments, withdrew the grants he had made, nullified the rewards he had given him, and left him penniless. Unmindful of all these things, or rather in despite of them, Count Conrad had persevered in his love chase, and had found means to intrench himself so firmly in the affections of the countess that the emperor was almost forced to acknowledge that he was beaten.

One weapon still was left him, and having made use of it, the king felt that he had indeed launched the last bolt in his quiver. He put Hohenzollern under the ban of the empire, making it lawful for any one to take him prisoner and deliver him to the monarch, promising rich reward therefor, and, in case of resistance, full immunity if the unlucky count were killed. He was made an outlaw among men from that day forth, a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth, with no asylum anywhere. After perpetrating this ingenious piece of infamy, the emperor promptly despatched the letter in question to the Countess Matilda. Having, as he considered, disposed of Hohenzollern, it was evident that he purposed coming himself and securing the person, if not the heart, of the object of his passion.

Things boded ill for the Countess Matilda. Standing alone in the great hall of the ancient castle, in the flickering, uncertain light of lamp and torch, she looked a fitting part of the ancient picture, as she thought hard and desperately as to what should be done.

Her castle of Voburg was a strong one, but resistance would be fruitless. She had not anticipated the visit; the place was not provisioned for a siege or garrisoned for defense. Indeed, there was no one there save a few old retainers and lackeys. Her feudal retainers, her guards and troopers, were then actually with the army of the kaiser. Also it was too late to fly. She had no place to which she could escape, except the gloomy depths of the Black Forest, which stretched far to the southward of the castle, and even that she could not try unaccompanied. The Schwarzwald was the haunt of every rascal and vagrant in the empire; there her life alone would scarce be worth a moment's purchase. She was helpless.

As for Conrad von Hohenzollern, his case was indeed desperate. The course of their true love ran rough over rocks, and bade fair in the end to be swallowed up altogether. Still, she did not entirely give up. In spite of herself, there yet remained to her some lingering faith in the kaiser. She did not know where Conrad von Hohenzollern was; she had not yet, in fact, become aware that he was under the ban of the empire, but she knew that he was a fugitive and in disgrace. There was nothing to do but to wait, and to do what she could by matching her woman's wit against the kaiser's power.

Women of her stamp are not good waiters. Patience was left out of her fiery soul. The impotent helplessness of her position exasperated her beyond measure. She threw the crumpled letter from her hand, and tramped restlessly up and down the length of the long, sparsely furnished apartment. A rough, bare table, a few rudely carved, uncomfortable chairs, a settle and some stools, were lost in the dim, bare expanse. In one neglected corner stood a dusty spinning-wheel, evidently not a favorite article with the countess. Here and there on the walls, where the quaint tapestry or the hangings of skins of wild beasts, slain by former lords, gave space, hung rude suits of armor and the massive weapons of the period.

There was her father's mighty sword. She stopped before it, and drew it from its scabbard. She poised it lightly in the air, some vain fleeting hope filling her breast. A modern woman could scarce have lifted the huge brand, yet she mastered it easily, and, indeed, was not without some skill in the rude fence of the day; but she could do nothing against a warrior like Barbarossa.

"Give me blade rather than distaff!" she cried at last, thrusting the sword reluctantly into its sheath. "Oh, that I were a man! I would—but an I were a man there would be no need for doing. I would be nothing to the kaiser nor to Count Conrad. Where can he be, I wonder? Hath sworn thousands of times he loved me, and splintered many lances in the tourney in my honor, and now, when I want him most, he is not here."

She stepped over to the table, and, with the hilt of a dagger which she drew from a sheath hanging at her side, struck a sharp blow upon a metal gong standing thereon. Immediately the arras parted, and the gray-haired majordomo bowed before her to receive her commands.

"The emperor stops here to-night. Make what preparation you can with the little that we have here," she cried.

"Comes he alone, your Highness, or with much retinue?"

"I know not. But stay; hand me yon parchment," she added. Unfolding the crumpled message once more as the steward obeyed her, she continued: "His Majesty writes me that he will be accompanied by only one attendant, Baron Eckhardt. See that all needful be done. The messenger who arrived a moment since—hath he been provided for?"

"He hath drunk deep in the refectory, your Highness, and is gone but a moment since."

"'T is well. See that nothing you can compass be lacking for the emperor's welcome. Go!"

After the old man left her, the countess sank down on a low stool, clasped her hands in her lap, and, leaning forward, gazed into the crackling fire.

The night wind howled around the old turrets of the castle, and the rain drum-tapped on the long lancet-windows, new-filled with horn to keep out the coming cold. In an hour, perhaps, the emperor would be there. She would be alone, helpless, in his hands. What might not happen then? It was a barbarous age, and might meant right more often than not, especially with a king. When power, desire, and opportunity were conjoined, little care was had of consequence. She was a bold, resolute woman, but she shivered at the dire possibilities of the situation. Presently a relieving thought came to her. She was not quite helpless, after all; she had a refuge. She unclasped her fingers and slipped her dagger from its sheath. It was a rare Spanish blade, Toledo-tempered, keen and true. The firelight played fitfully on its polished surface. Although it lay in a woman's hand, it was a man's weapon. With that in hand, at least she was master of destiny—in the end.

"Daggers and love," she murmured sadly; "they go not well together by right, I think. And yet—oh, that I were a man, or that my knight were here! Where is the count? Why comes he not in this my hour of need?"

As she spoke she was aware of a clinking step in the antechamber to the hall, a vibrant ringing as of rustling links of steel. She sprang to her feet, dagger still in hand, her soul aflame for resistance, defense, death, if need be.

"So early!" throbbed her beating heart. "*It cannot be!*"

THE COUNTESS MATILDA ENTERTAINS A LOVER.

THE tapestry was parted again. A tall, blond giant, in full war panoply of linked mail, stepped lightly within the room. The hood, or coif, of his hauberk was thrown back upon his shoulder. As he entered he removed the ogival-pointed cap of burnished steel which covered his light-brown curls. Then he allowed the heavy, pointed war-shield that he carried to slip from his left arm and rest against the wall. His sleeveless blue surcoat, open at the breast, was richly embroidered with a royal golden stag passant, the heraldic cognizance of his princely house; the same device appeared painted on the face of his shield.

His legs and feet were covered with the same ringed mail, and on his heels he wore the golden spurs of knighthood. He carried no weapons save a heavy sword and a dagger swinging from a loose belt; his lance, ax, and cumbrous war-helmet he had left outside with his steed. Raindrops sparkled on the polished iron of his equipment. The light showed a fair face, red-cheeked, handsome, bold.

He set down his steel cap, tore the iron-plated gauntlets from his hands, threw them on a stool, and extended his arms toward the maiden, such a look of passionate devotion in his laughing gray eyes as filled her heart with flooding feeling.

"Oh," she cried, running toward him, her joy and relief at his presence shining in her face, "is it thou?"

"Didst not expect me, sweet?" answered the man, smiling buoyantly down upon her as he swept her to his heart.

After a moment of rapturous embrace she drew away from him slightly, and gazed at him lovingly while she answered his question:

"Nay; the king comes here to-night."

"The king?" he cried in amazement, releasing her in sudden jealous suspicion.

"Yes, Sir Count—but not the king of my heart," she added daringly.

"Lady Matilda!" he cried, opening his arms again, and as she fled therein he fairly crushed her against his mail-clad breast. She thought she loved to feel the touch even of that hard iron over that iron heart, since it beat for her alone.

"Conrad," she said at last, clinging passionately to him, "I have longed for thee. Thou comest in a fitting hour. The kaiser has divorced the noble Adelheid. He rides here to-night to—to claim me."

"And dost thou not belong to me, sweetheart?"

"Yea, lord, thou knowest it; and no power on earth could pluck thee from my heart. But how stand you with the empire, Sir Count?"

"Disgraced; fled from the court in fear of my life; stripped of honors and emoluments—a poor match indeed for thee, noble Matilda," he answered, slightly releasing her in tentative fear as he spoke.

"Thou hast still my heart," answered the countess, looking up at him with swimming eyes.

"Rich indeed in that am I. And, in truth, I had naught but sword and armor, steed and 'squire, when I came over the mountains to serve this Redbeard," he added gloomily. "With them I can at least go back again to the eyrie of my fathers, there to defy the world."

"Thou shalt take back with thee a wife, an thou wilt, lord, even though she come to thee but empty-handed."

"Know, sweet maiden," answered the count, his face flushed, his eyes filled with thankfulness, "that not even the empire itself would I exchange for thy possession. Give me but thyself and the world may go its way. I shall be envied."

Their lips met again, but their embrace was suddenly interrupted.

"Pardon, lord," exclaimed a deep, gruff voice, as another huge figure, clad in complete armor like to but less rich than that of his master, entered the room. He was a gray-mustached veteran of great size and strength, who seemed to carry his years as lightly as if he had been a boy. A heavy iron battle-ax swung easily in his hand.

"Degerberg!" exclaimed the count, releasing the lady and turning quickly. "You here!"

"You ordered me to meet you here, sir," answered the soldier, tersely. "I am come."

"What news?"

"This, lord," replied the grizzled warrior, thrusting a parchment into his master's hand. "I tore it from the wall in Waiblingen this morning, where a scrivener read it to a gaping crowd of churls and villains."

"Read it, thou, fair countess; thou hast more skill in the cunning characters than a rude soldier," said the count, handing the paper to her.

Hohenzollern could at least write his name, and could manage, albeit with some difficulty, to indite a letter or spell out a document if he had plenty of time, but he had not the fluency of the lady.

"Sir, the ban of the empire!" she cried, dismayed, as her eye glanced over the parchment. "A price on thy head, exile, death!"

She dropped the proclamation, and turned to him, terrified.

"Is 't so?" cried Conrad, his face flushing darkly. "The emperor begins early. A ban! By the mass, the empire stretches everywhere, and now I have no haven!"

"Save in my heart," answered Matilda, devotedly.

"And in mine," echoed old Degerberg.

"What, old friend!" cried Conrad, turning to his old servitor again, and smiling bitterly. "I cannot fight against this. Take my sword and make me prisoner. Deliver me up. Thou shalt gain rich reward, honors—"

"Master," burst out the veteran, fiercely, "stop! Say you so to me? By Heaven, sir, if I take thy sword under such dishonorable terms it would be but to pass it through my heart!"

"He speaks well," said Matilda. "Keep thy sword, noble Conrad. In the last event we can at least use it together. Death—mine and thine—the power of the empire goes not beyond."

"Here are love and friendship," said the count, extending his hands to sweetheart and servitor, "things men find hard to leave behind. But the blow is crushing. An outlaw in the world! And for no cause but loving thee, lady. By Heaven, I 'll seek service with the Turk!"

"Better death than allegiance to the foul Mahoun, my lord," answered Matilda, softly.

"Rememberest thou not, my lord," said Degerberg, promptly, "that we have sworn, when time serves, to take the cross to win back the Christ, His Holy Sepulcher, from the thieving dogs of Saracens?"

"Thou speakest truly; yet it were better done with life then. Left without a foot of ground upon which to stand, without a coign of vantage upon which even to wait attack!" He spoke gloomily, and as his eyes fell upon the set of chessmen upon a table, he added, with an assumption of his former lightness: "The emperor hath beaten me. 'T is new chess. The king hath checked the knight."

"Then let the knight take the king!" cried Matilda, boldly.

"Nay, love; 't is not permitted in chess, according to the rule."

"Aye, but in war—and in love."

"The maid speaks well, sir," responded the veteran. "There are left us some twenty bold men whom not even the ban of empire

can turn against thee. I have brought them here; they wait without. With twenty men, and thee and me, much may be done. They have eaten thy bread and salt. Their fathers have served in the castle upon the hill whence we came for centuries. They are thy men. Where you say strike, they strike."

"Even against the king?"

"Against the empire, against the Holy Father himself," exclaimed the old soldier, recklessly.

"Thou blasphemer!" cried the young count, horrified.

"Doubtless," answered the old man, hardily. "Bid me blaspheme for thee an thou wilt, and I 'll e'en do it."

"Silence!" thundered the count, sternly. "To the oratory yonder, and say a prayer for forgiveness. I would not have thy damnation on my soul. Meanwhile I will consider."

As old Degerberg, shaking his head, but not daring disobedience to orders so positive, turned to leave, his master called after him:

"'THOU HAST STILL MY HEART.'"

"When thou hast said thy prayer, dismount the men and bring them hither."

"My prayers will be short, then, I fear, craving your pardon," answered the old man, smiling at the prospect of action.

"See that they be the more fervent, then," the count called out as he disappeared, then, turning to Matilda, he continued: "Your suggestion is a noble one, and a hardy, dearest lady, and perhaps our only safety. But how bring it about?"

"Hast thou forgot this letter?" she answered, picking up the royal message. "The kaiser writes he will be here to-night, alone and unattended save by Baron Eckhardt. You have a force devoted to you. Take him in the hall. Conceal yourselves behind the arras. There is room for all the men. I will meet him alone here, make one last appeal to his knightly heart, and if that fail, at the favorable moment I will give a signal, and—"

"Aye, but when we take him, what then? I have no cage strong enough to hold so big a bird."

"The gloomy forest lies over there," she answered, pointing. "Within its confines are thousands of trackless glades, unknown shelters, where we can hold the kaiser."

"Enough; thy woman's wit hath solved the problem. And—didst say 'we,' sweet?"

"Aye," answered the countess, bravely. "What haven is there, would there be, in any case, for me save in your arms? Whom have I now but thee? Whither thou goest I will go."

"The kaiser would deny thee nothing," he cried, looking at her standing gloriously before him.

"He shall not have the opportunity. Sooner than sue for his pardon or favor, I would—"

She hesitated; her glance fell to the dagger at her side.

"My brave countess!" cried Hohenzollern, following her glance and divining her thought.

"'T was in my hand when you entered the hall," she whispered from the shelter of his circling arm. "Didst thou not see? Hadst thou not come, sooner than yield to the emperor, I should have sheathed it in my heart."

At this moment Degerberg reëntered the hall. There was a busy tumult in the antechamber.

"Thy orisons?" cried the count.

"Performed, your Lordship. The men are there at your command."

"By your leave, fair lady, may I not have them in here?" asked Conrad.

"Gladly. This poor house—and I—are yours. Do what you will."

"Bid them enter," said Hohenzollern to Degerberg, who had watched the Countess Matilda with a grim look of approbation.

He stepped into the hall, and presently came back with the troop crowding upon his heels. There were old veterans there, and younger men, sons of gray-haired sires who had followed the Hohenzollerns long since, and had gone to their rest, leaving a heritage of service to their children; and all looked hardy, bold, and resolute.

"Men," cried the count, as they ranged themselves about the three, "this lady is the Countess Matilda von Voburg. The kaiser, whose ward she is, is in love with her. I, too—as who could help it?—have given her my heart, and unwisely hath she chosen to bestow her affections upon me, and so hath slighted the kaiser. You know the tale: because I would not give up the woman of my heart, he hath stripped me of every honor and left me penniless and alone, save for old Degerberg and ye."

"Thou wilt find us with thee wherever thou goest, Sir Count," answered Hans, the old sergeant of the little company.

"Say ye all so?"

"Aye; so say we all, sir," came in a ready chorus from the men. Some of them struck their swords hanging at their sides, and the words burst forth with a brave sound of ringing steel.

"Here are true hearts indeed. But wait; ye have not heard the worst. I am this day put under the ban of the empire. Degerberg, your captain, hath brought the proclamation. Attention, all, while the countess reads!"

How much of the language of the proclamation the rude men understood as the Countess Matilda translated it to them may be imagined; but they heard enough to realize that their master was branded an outlaw, and the news served to stir in their sturdy breasts naught but rage and indignation. Oaths and cries of "Shame!" broke from them as the reading finished.

"Now, my men, you have heard," continued Conrad, his face lighting up with pleasure at these manifestations of devotion. "You have been true to me since you entered my service. I now release you from your obligations. You may go back to your brothers on the mountains at Zollern. Nay, more than this: if there be one among you who would secure the favor of the empire by delivering me to the kaiser, here am I—let him stand forth."

It was a bold appeal. A look of avarice shone in the dark eyes of an Italian mercenary, the only foreign member of the band; but in the face of the vehement protestations of the others he joined in their acclamations.

"Well for ye," said old Degerberg, presently, lifting his battle-ax, "that no one

hath decided to step out to betray his Lordship, for I would have stricken him down."

"That 's well, brave men," said the count, his face mantling with pleasure again; "but an you stay with me, know that I shall require of you great service. I purpose not to lie and rot under this ban; to be at the chance of hazard; to allow any one to strike at me and I not strike back. The emperor hath thrown himself against me in the final issue. The Hohenzollern hath nothing left but God—and thou, fair lady. Men, I take the king. Art with me?"

There was a momentary hesitation as the stupendous nature of the proposition dawned upon the men. The count stood with careless indifference before them, his eye, however, taking in every shade of emotion that swept across every feature, the Countess Matilda by his side with clasped hands, a world of entreaty in her face, gone pale with the stress of the moment. Old Degerberg, with clenched teeth and battle-ax still quivering in his mighty hand, waited grimly for dissenting voices. It was a rare picture in the firelight.

THEY KISS THE HAND OF THE COUNTESS.

"Master," said the spokesman of before, "we are thy men. We will follow thee to hell

an thou sayest. What 's king or empire to us if thou art here? Say I well, comrades?"

"Aye, well, indeed. We are thine. What wouldst thou have us to do, lord?"

"First, flagons of Rhenish," cried Matilda, striking the gong and giving quick direction to the majordomo on his entrance; "and then get ye behind the arras. The king comes here alone to-night to take me. He 's likelier to lose his head than win me under thy protection, my brave friends. Ye are to come forth when commanded by his Lordship, then for the Black Forest! We will form the court of his Majesty; every man shall be a noble; and we will keep him there until he make us free."

"A health, men," cried old Degerberg, lifting his flagon, "to the noble Conrad of Hohenzollern and the most gracious lady the Countess Matilda! May she soon mate with the eagle in his eyrie, and give to the world men with the courage of their father and women with the beauty of their mother, whom may we all live long to serve!"

"I thank you," answered the countess, joyously, lifting her own silver goblet. "Here 's to the valiant men who cannot be forced from their allegiance by the threat of empire. I thank you for your gracious words," she continued, smiling, no whit abashed by the frankness of the ancient servitor's speech. "Thou wilt permit me, Conrad?" she added, extending her hand to old Degerberg, who bent low over it, brushing it with his grizzled lips.

"Certainly, lady; 't is noble of thee. We are to be devoted together, perhaps to the death. Therefore, come forward, men, and pledge your lady on her fair hand."

It was a great condescension for that day, and the men appreciated the significance of the unusual privilege as they knelt before the countess and humbly kissed her extended hand and then disappeared in the appointed places of their concealment. The Italian came last, and bent over the hand with the grace and fervency of his courtly nation. As he crossed the room and took his place with the others, the countess frowned and rubbed her hand, remarking:

"I like not that dark-visaged man."

"He is least to be depended upon, perhaps," answered the count, lightly; "but what can one do among so many?"

"'T was but a single man who betrayed our Lord," answered Matilda, gravely.

"Well, dearest, 't is too late now."

"Captain Degerberg," said the countess, "please you go to the anteroom and inform the majordomo that after he hath admitted the kaiser he is to disappear with the other servants, so that they will neither see nor know aught of the happenings. I would not involve them in our peril."

"Degerberg, old friend," said the count, extending his hand, "when thou hast finished thy task, bid the men pray and make ready for death, for sure never before did a score of men and one woman engage in so desperate an enterprise."

Left alone together, the two lovers stood in quiet embrace before the fire, whispering sweet nothings and exchanging caresses in spite of the seriousness of the issue soon to be determined.

"Sweetheart," said the count at last, withdrawing from her embrace, "I hear the trampling of horses. The king comes. Another kiss. I leave thee here until thou dost call me. Hesitate not too long; let not majesty lay upon thy loved person a soiling hand."

With a kiss upon her lips, the count withdrew from the hall.

PART II. A DESPERATE HAZARD.

AN IMPERIAL SUITOR.

LEFT alone in the vast apartment, the Countess Matilda made ready to meet the king. In that she was a Christian, she sent a swift prayer to Heaven for succor in this time of need; in that she came of a race of warriors, she loosened the dagger that hung at her side; and in that she was a woman, she gave a furtive pat or two to the golden hair under the diadem about her forehead, more by guess than otherwise, for she lacked a mirror in the castle; and then she waited.

Horses came to a restless stop in the courtyard; men dismounted. She heard again the ringing tread on the pavement; in the antechamber a deep voice issued a sharp command:

"See that the horses are lodged and fed. You, Eckhardt, are thirsty after your long wet ride. You may repair to the refectory with the house-steward here, and when you have finished take guard in the antechamber. Admit no one. We like not this strange silence, Sir Steward. There be but few to welcome the king!"

"He gives orders like a master and a monarch already," murmured the countess, within.

"And, knave, your mistress," continued the masterful voice—"where is she? I like not this cold welcome, I say!"

"Your Majesty," returned the old steward, drew it back and stood at attention, announcing in a loud voice:

"His Majesty the Kaiser Frederick!"

A tall and splendid figure, following hard

BARBAROSSA RIDES INTO THE COURTYARD.

humbly, "my lady awaits you within the hall. Your Majesty's arrival was so sudden—our men are even now with your Majesty's army—that I crave your pardon for the seeming poverty of our hospitality. It comes from no lack of loyalty to your Majesty."

"Peace! Show me the way."

Again the hanging curtain masking the doorway was lifted by the majordomo, who upon the heels of the ancient servitor, strode into the hall. Like Hohenzollern, he was clad from head to foot in the complete armor of the day. His hauberk was of the finest leather, covered thickly with interlacing rings of steel gleaming with silver and gold. The close-fitting hood was drawn up around his shoulders and over his head, which was covered in addition with a round

cap of burnished steel surmounted by a golden crown. Over his hauberk he wore a rich surcoat of tissue of silver with three lions-leopards of vivid scarlet, one above the other, rampant, upon his breast. From a heavy silver-plated belt hung a ponderous sword in a jeweled scabbard, the hilt richly chased and set with priceless gems. His left arm bore a triangular shield plated with steel and emblazoned like the tunic with the royal lions of the Hohenstaufens. Steel-plated gauntlets and pointed golden spurs completed his attire.

He was a ruddy, highly colored, massive man. Beneath a noble brow he surveyed the world in lordly way from out a pair of fiery red-brown eyes with a glint of humor lurking in them behind their heat. Veiling, but not concealing, the firmness of mouth and strength of jaw, flowed a magnificent auburn beard far down his breast, whence his name. Pride, strength, ability, self-will, courage, generosity, and passion strove for mastery in his magnificent personality. Power and majesty were in his port. Here was one who would bear the ancient name of Cæsar worthily with the best, if he could but conquer his deadliest enemy—himself. The mighty shoulders seemed well fitted to carry the weight of empire, the mighty arm strong to defend his imperial prerogative, the broad brow cunning to plan. Here was one who, if he could not reign, would at least die gloriously. No one who looked upon him would forget him.

He stood a moment before the door, gazing at the countess. Presently a slight smile irradiated his features, and when he smiled he was charming. He threw his shield from him, stepped forward, and bowed low before her.

"I thank you, fair countess, for the hospitality which, if somewhat enforced upon you, and scanty withal, shall be not less gratefully enjoyed by me."

"Comes the emperor in peace or war to the poor house of the Voburgs?"

"In love, your Ladyship."

"And that means both."

"Nay, not so, I trow. Let there be no question of strife between us. When last I saw you, madam, I made—proposals—which—"

"Which were an insult to any honest woman, my lord," interrupted the haughty countess, looking at him scornfully from under level brows.

Wincing under her disdain, the eye of the king sought the floor abashed. His disengaged hand played with the hilt of his sword in some embarrassment.

"There be some indifferent honest women, madam," at last he answered, somewhat hotly, it seemed, too, "who might not have thought so, perchance."

"I belong not to that class, sire," she replied contemptuously. "Infamy hath never even been whispered against the women of my race till you breathed it in my ear."

"But let that pass, I beg you, lady," returned the king, with deference and deprecation in his voice. "May I not ask its dismissal from thy mind when, acknowledging my error, I sue for pardon?"

"Words of entreaty and appeal do not lessen the shame, my lord!"

"Not even when uttered by a king?" he cried, bending toward her.

"When a king wooes a woman he is but a man, I think," she answered straightly. "But I forgive you, my lord, and so far as an honest German maiden can, I forget your proposition."

"And perhaps you will let me complete my apologies, fair countess, by making what reparation I can. I come as a suppliant once more. Nay, start not back, but hear me. Wilt be, not mistress, but wife to empire?"

"And the noble Adelheid?" she cried quickly.

"The Holy Father, whom God assoil," he interrupted promptly, making the sign of the cross piously as he spoke, "hath pronounced the writ of severance and divorce. See, here is the writing," he exclaimed, taking a parchment sealed with the papal bulla from his tunic.

"And upon what pretext was this pronouncement made, my lord?"

"What have kings to do with pretexts?" he answered sharply, annoyed by her questioning. "Pretenses are for common men. Know, madam, that majesty doth not justify itself to subjects."

"But majesty itself must plead to God."

"I have done so through His Vicegerent," he replied triumphantly.

"The Pope may keep the conscience of the king, sire, but he will not dispose of mine," she answered haughtily; "and ere I entertain thy wooing, I must know thy reason."

"By Heaven, madam, you yourself are pretext and reason enow for me! Such beauty, such majesty of person, such keenness of mind as thou hast, are fit for nothing less than a throne."

"And you make me, your Majesty, the

cause of infamy? You use me as a pretext for your violation of the marriage vow? For shame, sire!"

"But the Pope—"

"Speak not to me of Pope!" she cried. "Know, sir, that I refuse—"

"Hold!" said the king, fiercely. "'T is treason—nay, 't is blasphemy itself! I warn thee, push not my patience too far, lest that for which I have stooped to sue I take by force!"

He stepped close to her side as he spoke.

"A noble and a kingly threat," she answered, springing back quickly. "Nay, come no nearer, lord. You cannot enforce my heart and honor. And whilst I have this," slipping out the dagger, "though I stand alone, the power of the empire cannot win my person."

"And," cried the king, appalled by this display of resolution, "between death and our person you choose—"

"Death, your Majesty, a thousand times!"

"By God's wounds, you would reject me! Me, madam! Dost know what 't is you do? I shall go high. Nay, I boast not, but speak true. I feel it here. The nobles, princes, and kings who have not yet acknowledged my election shall be made to feel the weight of my arm. I shall make of this Germany an empire fit indeed for Cæsar, and not even the triple tiara of Rome shall stay my hand. Indeed, I have his promise here to lodge the Roman crown upon my head. By the mass, this thou shalt share with me, side by side. We will mount together. And be assured, fair Matilda, that I seek not merely to dazzle thee with the power of a king, but I offer thee the love of a man who may not be thought unworthy a place among men, I trust. I lay at your feet the devotion and the hard-earned reputation of a soldier not unskilled in war, and even now not unknown to fame. By the rood, lady, I shall make that term of derision thou wottest of a title of honor, and any woman in the end may be proud to be the wife of Frederick! But I have not the cunning tongue of the gay gallants of my court. I have said my say in the blunt words of a soldier; and now—thy answer!"

"'T is no, my lord. You offer me a kingdom. Know, sire, that I already reign—and in a soldier's heart."

"This Hohenzollern?"

"Yes, your Majesty. The man who stood beside you with broken sword and shattered shield on a stricken field thou knowest of; who himself received the blow which would have clipped thy brow ere it had worn the crown. And you have put him under the ban of the empire, have declared him outlaw, commissioned all men to strike him down! For shame, my lord! But know," she cried, raising her voice, "if all the world forsake him, one woman will still cleave to him, follow him wherever he goes, share his trouble, interpose her life for his—and this because she loves him! You have said that the hot passion which surges through your veins is love for me; and though love is best shown in sacrifice, and blossoms sweetest in the white garments of purity, sire, yet you may feel, from the shadow of it that is in your heart, how I love this man. Nay, no nearer, for at a touch I plunge this dagger into mine own breast! For shame, my lord! Take back the wife of your youth. Devote yourself to your great destiny, and leave to a devoted friend and faithful servitor, and one poor woman, alone in this world, and who was by her father confided to your knightly care, the freedom of their hearts!"

She had never looked so splendidly beautiful as when she made this noble plea. Almost, indeed, she moved the king to grant her petition. For a space he looked on, half relenting as she confronted him.

"The man has crossed my will, flaunted my power!" cried the king, at last, having succeeded in stifling the voice of conscience called to life in his heart by her glowing words, and more than ever determined to possess her. "He shall die! And you, madam, shall yet learn what it is to thwart the empire. For the last time, wilt come with me and be my wife?"

"No."

"Then thou shalt be taken to be what I will! What, ho, without, there!" he cried. "Eckhardt, attend me! I—"

(To be concluded.)

TRENT'S TRUST.

A NOVELETTE.

BY BRET HARTE,
Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," etc., etc.

V.

ANDOLPH'S request for a four months' leave of absence was granted with little objection and no curiosity. He had acquired the confidence of his employers, and beyond Mr. Revelstoke's curt surprise that a young fellow on the road to fortune should sacrifice so much time to irrelevant travel, and the remark, "But you know your own business best," there was no comment. It struck the young man, however, that Mr. Dingwall's slight coolness on receiving the news might be attributed to a suspicion that he was following Miss Avondale, whom he had fancied Dingwall disliked, and he quickly made certain inquiries in regard to Miss Eversleigh and the possibility of his meeting her. As, without intending it, and to his own surprise, he achieved a blush in so doing, which Dingwall noted, he received a gracious reply, and the suggestion that it was "quite proper" for him, on arriving, to send the young lady his card.

Captain Dornton, under the alias of "Captain Johns," was ready to catch the next steamer to the Isthmus, and in two days they sailed. The voyage was uneventful, and if Randolph had expected any enthusiasm on the part of the captain in the mission on which he was now fairly launched, he would have been disappointed. Although his frankness was unchanged, he volunteered no confidences. It was evident he was fully acquainted with the legal strength of his claim, yet he, as evidently, deferred making any plan of redress until he reached England. Of Miss Eversleigh he was more communicative. "You would have liked her better, my lad, if you had n't been bewitched by the Avondale woman, for she 's the whitest of the Dornitons." In vain Randolph protested truthfully, yet with an even more convincing color, that it had made no difference, and he *had* liked her. The captain laughed. "Aye, lad! But she 's a poor orphan, with scarcely a hundred pounds a year, who lives with her guardian, an old clergyman. And yet," he added grimly, "there are only three lives between her and the property—mine, Bobby's, and Bill's—unless *he* should marry and have an heir."

"The more reason why you should assert yourself and do what you can for her now," said Randolph, eagerly.

"Aye," returned the captain, with his usual laugh, "when she was a child I used to call her my little sweetheart, and gave her a ring, and I reckon I promised to marry her, too, when she grew up."

The truthful Randolph would have told him of Miss Eversleigh's gift, but unfortunately he felt himself again blushing, and fearful lest the captain would misconstrue his confusion, he said nothing.

Except on this occasion, the captain talked with Randolph chiefly of his later past—of voyages he had made, of places they were passing, and ports they visited. He spent much of the time with the officers, and even the crew, over whom he seemed to exercise a singular power, and with whom he exhibited an odd freemasonry. To Randolph's eyes he appeared to grow in strength and stature in the salt breath of the sea, and although he was uniformly kind, even affectionate, to him, he was brusque to the other passengers, and at times even with his friends the sailors. Randolph sometimes wondered how he would treat a crew of his own. He found some answer to that question in the captain's manner to Jack Redhill, the abstractor of the portmanteau, and his old shipmate, who was accompanying the captain in some dependent capacity, but who received his master's confidences and orders with respectful devotion.

It was a cold, foggy morning, nearly two months later, that they landed at Plymouth. The English coast had been a vague blank all night, only pierced, long hours apart, by dim star-points or weird yellow beacon-flashes against the horizon. And this vagueness and unreality increased on landing, until it seemed to Randolph that they had slipped into a land of dreams. The illusion was kept up as they walked in the weird shadows through half-lit streets into a murky railway-station throbbing with steam and sudden angry flashes in the darkness, and then drew away into what ought to have been the open country, but was only gray plains of mist against a lost horizon. Sometimes even the vague outlook was obliterated by passing trains coming from nowhere and slipping into nothingness. As they crept along with the day, without, however, any lightening of the opaque vault overhead to mark its meridian, there came at times a thinning of the gray wall on either side of the track, showing the vague bulk of a distant hill, the battlemented sky-line of an old-time hall, or the spires of a cathedral, but always melting back into the mist again as in a dream. Then vague stretches of gloom again, foggy stations obscured by nebulous light and blurred and moving figures, and the black relief of a tunnel. Only once the captain, catching sight of Randolph's awed face under the lamp of the smoking-carriage, gave way to his long, low laugh. "Jolly place, England—so very 'Merrie.'" And then they came to a comparatively lighter, broader, and more brilliantly signaled tunnel filled with people, and as they remained in it, Randolph was told it was London. With the sensation of being only half awake, he was guided and put into a cab by his companion, and seemed to be completely roused only at the hotel.

It had been arranged that Randolph should first go down to Chillingworth rectory and call on Miss Eversleigh, and, without disclosing his secret, gather the latest news from Dorniton Hall, only a few miles from Chillingworth. For this purpose he had telegraphed to her that evening, and had received a cordial response. The next morning he arose early, and, in spite of the gloom, in the glow of his youthful optimism, entered the bedroom of the sleeping Captain Dornton, and shook him by the shoulder in lieu of the accolade, saying: "Rise, Sir John Dorniton!"

The captain, a light sleeper, awoke quickly. "Thank you, my lad, all the same, though I don't know that I 'm quite ready yet to tumble up to that kind of piping. There 's a rotten old saying in the family that only once in a hundred years the eldest son succeeds. That 's why Bill was so cock-sure, I reckon. Well?"

"In an hour I 'm off to Chillingworth to begin the campaign," said Randolph, cheerily.

"Luck to you, my boy, whatever happens. Clap a stopper on your jaws, though, now and then. I 'm glad you like Sybby, but I don't want you to like her so much as to forget yourself and give me away."

Half an hour out of London the fog grew thinner, breaking into lace-like shreds in the woods as the train sped by, or expanding into lustrous tenuity above him. Although the trees were leafless, there was some recompense in the glimpses their bare boughs afforded of clustering chimneys and gables nestling in ivy. An infinite repose had been laid upon the landscape with the withdrawal of the fog, as of a veil lifted from the face of a sleeper. All his boyish dreams of the mother-country came back to him in the books he had read, and repeopled the vast silence. Even the rotting leaves that lay thick in the crypt-like woods seemed to him the dead laurels of its past heroes and sages. Quaint old-time villages, thatched roofs, the ever-recurring square towers of church or hall, the trim, ordered parks, tiny streams crossed by heavy stone bridges much too large for them—all these were only pages of those books whose leaves he seemed to be turning over. Two hours of this fancy, and then the train stopped at a station within a mile or two of a bleak headland, a beacon, and the gray wash of a pewter-colored sea, where a hilly village street climbed to a Norman church tower and the ivied gables of a rectory.

Miss Eversleigh, dignifiedly tall, but youthfully frank, as he remembered her, was waiting to drive him in a pony-trap to the rectory. A little pink, with suppressed consciousness and the responsibilities of presenting a stranger guest to her guardian, she seemed to Randolph more charming than ever.

But her first word of news shocked and held him breathless. Bobby, the little orphan, a frail exotic, had succumbed to the Northern winter. A cold caught in New York had developed into pneumonia, and he died on the passage. Miss Avondale, although she had received marked attention

from Sir William, returned to America in the same ship.

"I really don't think she was quite as devoted to the poor child as all that, you know," she continued with innocent frankness, "and Cousin Bill was certainly most kind to them both, yet there really seemed to be some coolness between them after the child's death. But," she added suddenly, for the first time observing her companion's evident distress, and coloring in confusion, "I beg your pardon—I 've been horribly rude and heartless. I dare say the poor boy was very dear to you, and of course Miss Avondale was your friend. Please forgive me!"

Randolph, intent only on that catastrophe which seemed to wreck all Captain Dornton's hopes and blunt his only purpose for declaring himself, hurriedly reassured her, yet was not sorry his agitation had been misunderstood. And what was to be done? There was no train back to London for four hours. He dare not telegraph, and if he did, could he trust to his strange patron's wise conduct under the first shock of this news to his present vacillating purpose? He could only wait.

Luckily for his ungallant abstraction, they were speedily at the rectory, where a warm welcome from Mr. Brunton, Sybil's guardian, and his family forced him to recover himself, and showed him that the story of his devotion to John Dornton had suffered nothing from Miss Eversleigh's recital. Distraught and anxious as he was, he could not resist the young girl's offer after luncheon to show him the church with the vault of the Dornitons and the tablet erected to John Dorniton, and, later, the Hall, only two miles distant. But here Randolph hesitated.

"I would rather not call on Sir William to-day," he said.

"You need not. He is over at the horse show at Fern Dyke, and won't be back till late. And if he has been forgathering with his boon companions he won't be very pleasant company."

"Sybil!" said the rector, in good-humored protest.

"Oh, Mr. Trent has had a little of Cousin Bill's convivial manners before now," said the young girl, vivaciously, "and is n't shocked. But we can see the Hall from the park on our way to the station."

Even in his anxious preoccupation he could see that the church itself was a quaint and wonderful preservation of the past. For four centuries it had been sacred to the tombs of the Dornitons and their effigies in brass and marble, yet, as Randolph glanced at the stately sarcophagus of the unknown ticket-of-leave man, its complacent absurdity, combined with his nervousness, made him almost hysterical. Yet again, it seemed to him that something of the mystery and inviolability of the past now invested that degraded dust, and it would be an equal impiety to disturb it. Miss Eversleigh, again believing his agitation caused by the memory of his old patron, tactfully hurried him away. Yet it was a more bitter thought, I fear, that not only were his lips sealed to his charming companion on the subject in which they could sympathize, but his anxiety prevented him from availing himself of that interview to exchange the lighter confidences he had eagerly looked forward to. It seemed cruel that he was debarred this chance of knitting their friendship closer by another of those accidents that had brought them together. And he was aware that his gloomy abstraction was noticed by her. At first she drew herself up in a certain proud reserve, and then, perhaps, his own nervousness infecting her in turn, he was at last terrified to observe that, as she stood before the tomb, her clear gray eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, please don't do that—*there*, Miss Eversleigh," he burst out impulsively.

"I was thinking of Cousin Jack," she said, a little startled at his abruptness. "Sometimes it seems so strange that he is dead—I scarcely can believe it."

"I meant," stammered Randolph, "that he is much happier—you know,"—he grew almost hysterical again as he thought of the captain lying cheerfully in his bed at the hotel,—"much happier than you or I," he added bitterly; "that is—I mean, it grieves me so to see *you* grieve, you know."

Miss Eversleigh did *not* know, but there was enough sincerity and real feeling in the young fellow's voice and eyes to make her color slightly and hurry him away to a locality less fraught with emotions. In a few moments they entered the park, and the old Hall rose before them. It was a great Tudor house of mullioned windows, traceries, and battlements; of stately towers, moss-grown balustrades, and statues darkening with the fog that was already hiding the angles and wings of its huge bulk. A peacock spread its ostentatious tail on the broad stone steps before the portal; a flight of rooks from the leafless elms rose above its stacked and twisted chimneys. After all, how little had this stately incarnation of the vested rights

and sacred tenures of the past in common with the laughing rover he had left in London that morning! And, thinking of the destinies that the captain held so lightly in his hand, and perhaps not a little of the absurdity of his own position to the confiding young girl beside him, for a moment he half hated him.

The fog deepened as they reached the station, and, as it seemed to Randolph, made their parting still more vague and indefinite, and it was with difficulty that he could respond to the young girl's frank hope that he would soon return to them. Yet he half resolved that he would not until he could tell her all.

Nevertheless, as the train crept more and more slowly, with halting signals, toward London, he buoyed himself up with the hope that Captain Dornton would still try conclusions for his patrimony, or at least come to some compromise by which he might be restored to his rank and name. But upon these hopes the vision of that great house settled firmly upon its lands, held there in perpetuity by the dead and stretched-out hands of those that lay beneath its soil, always obtruded itself. Then the fog deepened, and the crawling train came to a dead stop at the next station. The whole line was blocked. Four precious hours were hopelessly lost.

Yet despite his impatience, he reëntered London with the same dazed semi-consciousness of feeling as on the night he had first arrived. There seemed to have been no interim; his visit to the rectory and Hall, and even his fateful news, were only a dream. He drove through the same shadow to the hotel, was received by the same halo-encircled lights that had never been put out. After glancing through the halls and reading-room he hurriedly made his way to his companion's room. The captain was not there. He quickly summoned the waiter. The gentleman? Yes; Captain Dornton had left with his servant, Redhill, a few hours after Mr. Trent went away. He had left no message.

Again condemned to wait in inactivity, Randolph tried to resist a certain uneasiness that was creeping over him, by attributing the captain's absence to some unexpected legal consultation or the gathering of evidence, his prolonged detention being due to the same fog that had delayed his own train. But he was somewhat surprised to find that the captain had ordered his luggage into the porter's care in the hall below before leaving, and that nothing remained in his room but a few toilet articles and the fateful portmanteau. The hours passed slowly. Owing to that perpetual twilight in which he had passed the day, there seemed no perceptible flight of time, and at eleven o'clock, the captain not arriving, he determined to wait in the latter's room so as to be sure not to miss him. Twelve o'clock boomed from an adjacent invisible steeple, but still he came not. Overcome by the fatigue and excitement of the day, Randolph concluded to lie down in his clothes on the captain's bed, not without a superstitious and uncomfortable recollection of that night, eighteen months ago, when he had awaited him vainly at the San Francisco hotel. Even the fateful portmanteau was there to assist his gloomy fancy. Nevertheless, with the boom of one o'clock in his drowsy ears as his last coherent recollection, he sank into a dreamless sleep.

He was awakened by a tapping at his door, and jumped up to realize by his watch and the still burning gaslight that it was nine o'clock. But the intruder was only a waiter with a letter which he had brought to Randolph's room in obedience to the instructions the latter had given overnight. Not doubting it was from the captain, although the handwriting of the address was unfamiliar, he eagerly broke the seal. But he was surprised to read as follows:

DEAR MR. TRENT: We had such sad news from the Hall after you left. Sir William was seized with a kind of fit. It appears that he had just returned from the horse show, and had given his mare to the groom while he walked to the garden entrance. The groom saw him turn at the yew-hedge, and was driving to the stables when he heard a queer kind of cry, and turning back to the garden front, found poor Sir William lying on the ground in convulsions. The doctor was sent for, and Mr. Brunton and I went over to the Hall. The doctor thinks it was something like a stroke, but he is not certain, and Sir William is quite delirious, and does n't recognize anybody. I gathered from the groom that he had been *drinking heavily*. Perhaps it was well that you did not see him, but I thought you ought to know what had happened in case you came down again. It 's all very dreadful, and I wonder if that is why I was so nervous all the afternoon. It may have been a kind of presentiment. Don't you think so?

Yours faithfully,
SYBIL EVERSLEIGH.

I am afraid Randolph thought more of the simple-minded girl who, in the midst of her excitement, turned to him half unconsciously, than he did of Sir William. Had it not been

for the necessity of seeing the captain, he would probably have taken the next train to the rectory. Perhaps he might later. He thought little of Sir William's illness, and was inclined to accept the young girl's naïve suggestion of its cause. He read and re-read the letter, staring at the large, grave, child-like handwriting,—so like herself,—and obeying a sudden impulse, raised the signature, as gravely as if it had been her hand, to his lips.

Still the day advanced and the captain came not. Randolph found the inactivity insupportable. He knew not where to seek him; he had no more clue to his resorts or his friends—if, indeed, he had any in London—than he had after their memorable first meeting in San Francisco. He might, indeed, be the dupe of an impostor, who, at the eleventh hour, had turned craven and fled. He might be, in the captain's indifference, a mere instrument set aside at his pleasure. Yet he could take advantage of Miss Eversleigh's letter and seek her, and confess everything, and ask her advice. It was a great, and at the moment it seemed to him an overwhelming, temptation. But only for the moment. He had given his word to the captain—more, he had given his youthful *faith*. And, to his credit, he never swerved again. It seemed to him, too, in his youthful superstition, as he looked at the abandoned portmanteau, that he had again to take up his burden—his "trust."

It was nearly four o'clock when the spell was broken. A large packet, bearing the printed address of a London and American bank, was brought to him by a special messenger; but the written direction was in the captain's hand. Randolph tore it open. It contained one or two inclosures, which he hastily put aside for the letter, two pages of foolscap, which he read breathlessly:

DEAR TRENT: Don't worry your head if I have slipped my cable without telling you. I 'm all right, only I got the news you are bringing me, *just after you left*, by Jack Redhill, whom I had sent to Dorniton Hall to see how the land lay the night before. It was not that I did n't trust *you*, but *he* had ways of getting news that you would n't stoop to. You can guess, from what I told you already, that, now Bobby is gone, there 's nothing to keep me here, and I 'm following my own idea of letting the whole blasted thing slide. I only worked this racket for the sake of him. I 'm sorry for him, but I suppose the poor little beggar could n't stand these sunless, God-forsaken longitudes any more than I could. Besides that, as I did n't want to trust any lawyer with my secret, I myself had hunted up some books on the matter, and found that, by the law of entail, I 'd have to rip up the whole blessed thing, and Bill would have had to pay back every blessed cent of what rents he had collected since he took hold—not to *me*, but the *estate*—with interest, and that no arrangement *I* could make with *him* would be legal on account of the boy. At least, that 's the way the thing seemed to pan out to me. So that when I heard of Bobby's death I was glad to jump the rest, and that 's what I made up my mind to do.

But, like a blasted lubber, now that I *could* do it and cut right away, I must needs think that I 'd like first to see Bill on the sly, without letting on to any one else, and tell him what I was going to do. I 'd no fear that he 'd object, or that he 'd hesitate a minute to fall in with my plan of dropping my name and my game, and giving him full swing, while I stood out to sea and the South Pacific, and dropped out of his mess for the rest of my life. Perhaps I wanted to set his mind at rest, if he 'd ever had any doubts; perhaps I wanted to have a little fun out of him for his d—d previousness; perhaps, lad, I had a hankering to see the old place for the last time. At any rate, I allowed to go to Dorniton Hall. I timed myself to get there about the hour you left, to keep out of sight until I knew he was returning from the horse show, and to waylay him *alone* and have our little talk without witnesses. I dare n't go to the Hall, for some of the old servants might recognize me.

I went down there with Jack Redhill, and we separated at the station. I hung around in the fog. I even saw you pass with Sybil in the dog-cart, but you did n't see me. I knew the place, and just where to hide where I could have the chance of seeing him alone. But it was a beastly job waiting there. I felt like a d—d thief instead of a man who was simply visiting his own. Yet, you may n't believe me, lad, but I hated the place and all it meant more than ever. Then, by and by, I heard him coming. I had arranged it all with myself to get into the yew-hedge, and step out as he came to the garden entrance, and as soon as he recognized me to get him round the terrace into the summer-house, where we could speak without danger.

I heard the groom drive away to the stable with the cart, and, sure enough, in a minute he came lurching along toward the garden door. He was mighty unsteady on his pins, and I reckon he was more than half full, which was a bad lookout for our confab. But I calculated that the sight of me, when I slipped out, would sober him. And, by ——, it did! For his eyes bulged out of his head and got fixed there; his jaw dropped; he tried to strike at me with a hunting-crop he was carrying, and then he uttered an ungodly yell you might have heard at the station, and dropped down in his tracks. I had just time to slip back in the hedge again before the groom came driving back, and then all hands were piped, and they took him in the house.

And of course the game was up, and I lost my only chance. I was thankful enough to get clean away without discovering myself, and I have to

trust now to the fact of Bill's being drunk, and thinking it was my ghost that he saw, in a touch of the jimjams! And I 'm not sorry to have given him that start, for there was that in his eye, and that in the stroke he made, my lad, that showed a guilty conscience I had n't reckoned on. And it cured me of my wish to set his mind at ease. He 's welcome to all the rest.

And that 's why I 'm going away—never to return. I 'm sorry I could n't take you with me, but it 's better that I should n't see you again, and that you did n't even know *where* I was gone. When you get this I shall be on blue water and heading for the sunshine! You 'll find two letters inclosed. One you need not open unless you hear that my secret was blown, and you are ever called upon to explain your relations with me. The other is my thanks, my lad, in a letter of credit on the bank, for the way you have kept your trust, and I believe will continue to keep it to

JOHN DORNTON.

P. S. I hope you dropped a tear over my swell tomb at Dorniton church. All the same, I don't begrudge it to the poor devil who lost his life instead of me. J. D.

As Randolph read, he seemed to hear the captain's voice throughout the letter, and even his low, characteristic laugh in the postscript. Then he suddenly remembered the luggage which the porter had said the captain had ordered to be taken below; but on asking that functionary he was told a conveyance for the Victoria Docks had called with an order, and taken it away at daybreak. It was evident that the captain had intended the letter should be his only farewell. Depressed and a little hurt at his patron's abruptness, Randolph returned to his room. Opening the letter of credit, he found it was for a thousand pounds—a munificent beneficence, as it seemed to Randolph, for his dubious services, and a proof of his patron's frequent declarations that he had money enough without touching the Dorniton estates.

For a long time he sat with these sole evidences of the reality of his experience in his hands, a prey to a thousand surmises and conflicting thoughts. Was he the self-deceived disciple of a visionary, a generous, unselfish, but weak man, whose eccentricity passed even the bounds of reason? Who would believe the captain's story or the captain's motives? Who comprehend his strange quest and its stranger and almost ridiculous termination? Even if the seal of secrecy were removed in after years, what had he, Randolph, to show in corroboration of his patron's claim?

Then it occurred to him that there was no reason why he should not go down to the rectory and see Miss Eversleigh again under pretense of inquiring after the luckless baronet, whose title and fortune had, nevertheless, been so strangely preserved. He began at once his preparations for the journey, and was nearly ready when a servant entered with a telegram. Randolph's heart leaped. The captain had sent him news—perhaps had changed his mind! He tore off the yellow cover, and read:

Sir William died at twelve o'clock without recovering consciousness.

S. EVERSLEIGH.

VI.

FOR a moment Randolph gazed at the despatch with a half-hysterical laugh, and then became as suddenly sane and cool. One thought alone was uppermost in his mind: the captain could not have heard this news yet, and if he was still within reach, or accessible by any means whatever, however determined his purpose, he must know it at once. The only clue to his whereabouts was the Victoria Docks. But that was something. In another moment Randolph was in the lower hall, had learned the quickest way of reaching the docks, and plunged into the street.

The fog here swooped down, and to the embarrassment of his mind was added the obscurity of light and distance, which halted him after a few hurried steps, in utter perplexity. Indistinct figures were here and there approaching him out of nothingness and melting away again into the greenish-gray chaos. He was in a busy thoroughfare; he could hear the slow trample of hoofs, the dull crawling of vehicles, and the warning outcries of a traffic he could not see. Trusting rather to his own speed than that of a halting conveyance, he blundered on until he reached the railway-station. A short but exasperating journey of impulses and hesitations, of detonating signals and warning whistles, and he at last stood on the docks, beyond him a vague bulk or two, and a soft, opaque-flowing wall—the river!

But one steamer had left that day,—the *Dom Pedro*, for the river Plate,—two hours before, but until the fog thickened, a quarter of an hour ago, she could be seen, so his informant said, still lying, with steam up, in midstream. Yes, it was still possible to board her. But even as the boatman spoke, and was leading the way toward the landing-steps, the fog suddenly lightened; a soft salt breath stole in from the distant sea, and a

veil seemed to be lifted from the face of the gray waters. The outlines of the two shores came back; the spars of nearer vessels showed distinctly, but the space where the huge hulk had rested was empty and void. There was a trail of something darker and more opaque than fog itself lying near the surface of the water, but the *Dom Pedro* was a mere speck in the broadening distance.

A BRIGHT sun and a keen easterly wind were revealing the curling ridges of the sea beyond the headland when Randolph again passed the gates of Dorniton Hall on his way to the rectory. Now, for the first time, he was able to see clearly the outlines of that spot which had seemed to him only a misty dream, and even in his preoccupation he was struck by its grave beauty. The leafless limes and elms in the park grouped themselves as part of the picturesque details of the Hall they encompassed, and the evergreen slope of firs and larches rose as a background to the gray battlements, covered with dark-green ivy, whose rich shadows were brought out by the unwonted sunshine. With a half-repugnant curiosity he had tried to identify the garden entrance and the fateful yew-hedge the captain had spoken of as he passed. But as quickly he fell back upon the resolution he had taken in coming there—to dissociate his secret, his experience, and his responsibility to his patron from his relations to Sybil Eversleigh; to enjoy her companionship without an obtruding thought of the strange circumstances that had brought them together at first, or the stranger fortune that had later renewed their acquaintance. He had resolved to think of her as if she had merely passed into his life in the casual ways of society, with only her personal charms to set her apart from others. Why should his exclusive possession of a secret—which, even if confided to her, would only give her needless and hopeless anxiety—debar them from an exchange of those other confidences of youth and sympathy? Why could he not love her and yet withhold from her the knowledge of her cousin's existence? So he had determined to make the most of his opportunity during his brief holiday; to avail himself of her naïve invitation, and even of what he dared sometimes to think was her predilection for his companionship. And if, before he left, he had acquired a right to look forward to a time when her future and his should be one—but here his glowing fancy was abruptly checked by his arrival at the rectory door.

Mr. Brunton received him cordially, yet with a slight business preoccupation and a certain air of importance that struck him as peculiar. Sybil, he informed him, was engaged at that moment with some friends who had come over from the Hall. Mr. Trent would understand that there was a great deal for her to do—in her present position. Wondering why *she* should be selected to do it instead of older and more experienced persons, Randolph, however, contented himself with inquiries regarding the details of Sir William's seizure and death. He learned, as he expected, that nothing whatever was known of the captain's visit, nor was there the least suspicion that the baronet's attack was not the result of any predisposing emotion. Indeed, it seemed more possible that his medical attendants, knowing something of his late excesses and their effect upon his constitution, preferred, for the sake of avoiding scandal, to attribute the attack to long-standing organic disease.

Randolph, who had already determined, as a forlorn hope, to write a cautious letter to the captain (informing him briefly of the news without betraying his secret, and directed to the care of the consignees of the *Dom Pedro* in Brazil, by the next post), was glad to be able to add this medical opinion to relieve his patron's mind of any fear of having hastened his brother's death by his innocent appearance. But here the entrance of Sybil Eversleigh with her friends drove all else from his mind.

She looked so tall and graceful in her black dress, which set off her dazzling skin, and, with her youthful gravity, gave to her figure the charming maturity of a young widow, that he was for a moment awed and embarrassed. But he experienced a relief when she came eagerly toward him in all her old girlish frankness, and with even something of yearning expectation in her gray eyes.

"It was so good of you to come," she said. "I thought you would imagine how I was feeling—" She stopped, as if she were conscious, as Randolph was, of a certain chill of unresponsiveness in the company, and said in an undertone, "Wait until we are alone." Then, turning with a slight color and a pretty dignity toward her friends, she continued: "Lady Ashbrook, this is Mr. Trent, an old friend of both my cousins when they were in America."

In spite of the gracious response of the ladies, Randolph was aware of their critical scrutiny of both himself and Miss Eversleigh,

of the exchange of significant glances, and a certain stiffness in her guardian's manner. It was quite enough to affect Randolph's sensitiveness and bring out his own reserve.

Fancying, however, that his reticence disturbed Miss Eversleigh, he forced himself to converse with Lady Ashbrook,—avoiding many of her pointed queries as to himself, his acquaintance with Sybil, and the length of time he expected to stay in England,—and even accompanied her to her carriage. And here he was rewarded by Sybil running out with a crape veil twisted round her throat and head, and the usual femininely forgotten final message to her visitor. As the carriage drove away, she turned to Randolph, and said quickly:

"Let us go in by way of the garden."

It was a slight detour, but it gave them a few moments alone.

"It was so awful and sudden," she said, looking gravely at Randolph, "and to think that only an hour before I had been saying unkind things of him! Of course," she added naïvely, "they were true, and the groom admitted to me that the mare was overdriven and Sir William could hardly stand. And only to think of it! he never recovered complete consciousness, but muttered incoherently all the time. I was with him to the last, and he never said a word I could understand—only once."

"What did he say?" asked Randolph, uneasily.

"I don't like to say—it was *too* dreadful!"

Randolph did not press her. Yet, after a pause, she said in a low voice, with a naïveté impossible to describe, "It was 'Jack, damn you!'"

He did not dare to look at her, even with this grim mingling of farce and tragedy which seemed to invest every scene of that sordid drama. Miss Eversleigh continued gravely: "The groom's name was Robert, but Jack might have been the name of one of his boon companions."

Convinced that she suspected nothing, yet in the hope of changing the subject, Randolph said quietly: "I thought your guardian perhaps a little less frank and communicative to-day."

"Yes," said the young girl, suddenly, with a certain impatience, and yet in half apology to her companion, "of course. He—*they*—all and everybody—are much more concerned and anxious about my new position than I am. It 's perfectly dreadful—this thinking of it all the time, arranging everything, criticizing everything in reference to it, and the poor man who is the cause of it all not yet at rest in his grave! The whole thing is inhuman and unchristian!"

"I don't understand," stammered Randolph, vaguely. "What *is* your new position? What do you mean?"

The girl looked up in his face with surprise. "Why, did n't you know? I 'm the next of kin,—I 'm the heiress,—and will succeed to the property in six months, when I am of age."

In a flash of recollection Randolph suddenly recalled the captain's words, "There are only three lives between her and the property." Their meaning had barely touched his comprehension before. She was the heiress. Yes, save for the captain!

She saw the change, the wonder, even the dismay, in his face, and her own brightened frankly. "It 's so good to find one who never thought of it, who had n't it before him as the chief end for which I was born! Yes, I was the next of kin after dear Jack died and Bill succeeded, but there was every chance that he would marry and have an heir. And yet the moment he was taken ill that idea was uppermost in my guardian's mind, good man as he is, and even forced upon me. If this—this property had come from poor Cousin Jack, whom I loved, there would have been something dear in it as a memory or a gift, but from *him*, whom I could n't bear—I know it 's wicked to talk that way, but it 's simply dreadful!"

"And yet," said Randolph, with a sudden seriousness he could not control, "I honestly believe that Captain Dornton would be perfectly happy—yes, rejoiced!—if he knew the property had come to *you*."

There was such an air of conviction, and, it seemed to the simple girl, even of spiritual insight, in his manner that her clear, handsome eyes rested wonderingly on his.

"Do you really think so?" she said thoughtfully. "And yet *he* knows that I am like him. Yes," she continued, answering Randolph's look of surprise, "I am just like *him* in that. *I* loathe and despise the life that this thing would condemn me to; *I* hate all that it means, and all that it binds me to, as he used to; and if I could, *I* would cut and run from it as *he* did."

She spoke with a determined earnestness and warmth, so unlike her usual grave naïveté that he was astonished. There was a flush on her cheek and a frank fire in her eye that reminded him strangely of the captain; and yet she had emphasized her words with a little stamp of her narrow foot and a

gesture of her hand that was so untrained and girlish that he smiled, and said, with perhaps the least touch of bitterness in his tone, "But you will get over that when you come into the property."

"I suppose I shall," she returned, with an odd lapse to her former gravity and submissiveness. "That 's what they all tell me."

"You will be independent and your own mistress," he added.

"Independent," she repeated impatiently, "with Dorniton Hall and twenty thousand a year! Independent with every duty marked out for me! Independent with every one to criticize my smallest actions—every one who would never have given a thought to the orphan who was contented and made her own friends on a hundred a year! Of course you, who are a stranger, don't understand; yet I thought that you—" she hesitated, "would have thought differently."

"Why?"

"Why, with your belief that one should make one's own fortune," she said.

"That would do for a man, and in that I respected Captain Dornton's convictions, as you told them to me. But for a girl, how could she be independent, except with money?"

She shook her head as if unconvinced, but did not reply. They were nearing the garden porch, when she looked up, and said: "And, as *you* 're a man, you will be making your way in the world. Mr. Dingwall said you would."

There was something so childishly trustful and confident in her assurance that he smiled. "Mr. Dingwall is too sanguine, but it gives me hope to hear *you* say so."

She colored slightly, and said gravely: "We must go in now." Yet she lingered for a moment before the door. For a long time afterward he had a very vivid recollection of her charming face, in its childlike gravity and its quaint frame of black crape, standing out against the sunset-warmed wall of the rectory. "Promise me you will not mind what these people say or do," she said suddenly.

"I promise," he returned, with a smile, "to mind only what *you* say or do."

"But I might not be always quite right, you know," she said naïvely.

"I 'll risk that."

"Then, when we go in now, don't talk much to me, but make yourself agreeable to all the others, and then go straight home to the inn, and don't come here until after the funeral."

The faintest evasive glint of mischievousness in her withdrawn eyes at this moment mitigated the austerity of her command as they both passed in.

Randolph had intended not to return to London until after the funeral, two days later, and spent the intervening day at the neighboring town, whence he despatched his exploring and perhaps hopeless letter to the captain. The funeral was a large and imposing one, and impressed Randolph for the first time with the local importance and solid standing of the Dornitons. All the magnates and old county families were represented. The inn yard and the streets of the little village were filled with their quaint liveries, crested paneled carriages, and silver-cipher caparisoned horses, with a sprinkling of fashion from London. He could not close his ears to the gossip of the villagers regarding the suddenness of the late baronet's death, the extinction of the title, the accession of the orphaned girl to the property, and even, to his greater exasperation, speculations upon her future and probable marriage. "Some o' they gay chaps from Lunnon will be lordin' it over the Hall afore long," was the comment of the hostler.

It was with some little bitterness that Randolph took his seat in the crowded church. But this feeling, and even his attempts to discover Miss Eversleigh's face in the stately family pew fenced off from the chancel, presently passed away. And then his mind began to be filled with strange and weird fancies. What grim and ghostly revelations might pass between this dead scion of the Dornitons lying on the trestles before them and the obscure, nameless ticket-of-leave man awaiting his entrance in the vault below! The incongruity of this thought, with the smug complacency of the worldly minded congregation sitting around him, and the probable smiling carelessness of the reckless rover,—the cause of all,—even now idly pacing the deck on the distant sea, touched him with horror. And when added to this was the consciousness that Sybil Eversleigh was forced to become an innocent actor in this hideous comedy, it seemed as much as he could bear. Again he questioned himself, Was he right to withhold his secret from her? In vain he tried to satisfy his conscience that she was happier in her ignorance. The resolve he had made to keep his relations with her apart from his secret, he knew now, was impossible. But one thing was left to him. Until he could disclose his whole story,—until his lips were unsealed by

Captain Dornton,—he must never see her again. And the grim sanctity of the edifice seemed to make that resolution a vow.

He did not dare to raise his eyes again toward her pew, lest a sight of her sweet, grave face might shake his resolution, and he slipped away first among the departing congregation. He sent her a brief note from the inn saying that he was recalled to London by an earlier train, and that he would be obliged to return to California at once, but hoping that if he could be of any further assistance to her she would write to him to the care of the bank. It was a formal letter, and yet he had never written otherwise than formally to her. That night he reached London. On the following night he sailed from Liverpool for America.

Six months had passed. It was difficult, at first, for Randolph to pick up his old life again; but his habitual earnestness and singleness of purpose stood him in good stead, and a vague rumor that he had made some powerful friends abroad, with the nearer fact that he had a letter of credit for a thousand pounds, did not lessen his reputation. He was reinstalled and advanced at the bank. Mr. Dingwall was exceptionally gracious, and minute in his inquiries regarding Miss Eversleigh's succession to the Dorniton property, with an occasional shrewdness of eye in his interrogations which recalled to Randolph the questioning of Miss Eversleigh's friends, and which he responded to as cautiously. For the young fellow remained faithful to his vow even in thinking of her, and seemed to be absorbed entirely in his business. Yet there was a vague ambition of purpose in this absorption that would probably have startled the more conservative Englishman had he known it.

He had not heard from Miss Eversleigh since he left, nor had he received any response from the captain. Indeed, he had indulged in little hopes of either. But he kept stolidly at work, perhaps with a larger trust than he knew. And then, one day, he received a letter addressed in a handwriting that made his heart leap, though he had seen it but once, when it conveyed the news of Sir William Dorniton's sudden illness. It was from Miss Eversleigh, but the post-mark was Callao! He tore open the envelop, and for the next few moments forgot everything —his business devotion, his lofty purpose, even his solemn vow.

It read as follows:

Dear Mr. Trent: I should not be writing to you now if I did not believe that I *now* understand why you left us so abruptly on the day of the funeral, and why you were at times so strange. You might have been a little less hard and cold even if you knew all that you did know. But I must write now, for I shall be in San Francisco a few days after this reaches you, and I *must* see you and have *your* help, for I can have no other, as you know. You are wondering what this means, and why I am here. I know *all* and *everything*. I know *he* is alive and never was dead. I know I have no right to what I have, and never had, and I have come here to seek him and make him take it back. I could do no other. I could not live and do anything but that, and *you* might have known it. But I have not found him here as I hoped I should, though perhaps it was a foolish hope of mine, and I am coming to you to help me seek him, for he *must be found*. You know I want to keep his and your secret, and therefore the only one I can turn to for assistance and counsel is *you*.

You are wondering how I know what I do. Two months ago *I got a letter from him*,—the strangest, quaintest, and yet *the kindest letter*,—exactly like himself and the way he used to talk! He had just heard of his brother's death, and congratulated me on coming into the property, and said he was now perfectly happy, and should *keep dead*, and never, never come to life again; that he never thought things would turn out as splendidly as they had,—for Sir William *might* have had an heir,—and that now he should *really die happy*. He said something about everything being legally right, and that I could do what I liked with the property. As if *that* would satisfy me! Yet it was all so sweet and kind, and so like dear old Jack, that I cried all night. And then I resolved to come here, where his letter was dated from. Luckily I was of age now, and could do as I liked, and I said I wanted to travel in South America and California; and I suppose they did n't think it very strange that I should use my liberty in that way. Some said it was quite like a Dorniton! I knew something of Callao from your friend Miss Avondale, and could talk about it, which impressed them. So I started off with only a maid —my old nurse. I was a little frightened at first, when I came to think what I was doing, but everybody was very kind, and I really feel quite independent now. So, you see, a girl may be *independent*, after all! Of course I shall see Mr. Dingwall in San Francisco, but he need not know anything more than that I am traveling for pleasure. And I may go to the Sandwich Islands or Sydney, if I think *he* is there. Of course I have had to use some money,—some of *his* rents, —but it shall all be paid back. I will tell you everything about my plans when I see you.

Yours faithfully,

Sybil Eversleigh.

P. S. Why did you let me cry over that man's tomb in the church?

Randolph looked again at the date, and then hurriedly consulted the shipping-list. She was due in ten days. Yet, delighted as he was with that prospect, and touched as he had been with her courage and naïve determination, after his first joy he laid the letter down with a sigh. For whatever was his ultimate ambition, he was still a mere salaried clerk; whatever was her self-sacrificing purpose, she was still the rich heiress. The seal of secrecy had been broken, yet the situation remained unchanged; their association must still be dominated by it. And he shrank from the thought of making her girlish appeal to him for help an opportunity for revealing his real feelings.

This instinct was strengthened by the somewhat formal manner in which Mr. Dingwall announced her approaching visit: "Miss Eversleigh will stay with Mrs. Dingwall while she is here, on account of her—er—position, and the fact that she is without a chaperon. Mrs. Dingwall will, of course, be glad to receive any friends Miss Eversleigh would like to see."

Randolph frankly returned that Miss Eversleigh had written to him, and that he would be glad to present himself. Nothing more was said, but as the days passed he could not help noticing that, in proportion as Mr. Dingwall's manner became more stiff and ceremonious, Mr. Revelstoke's usually crisp, good-humored suggestions grew more deliberate, and Randolph found himself once or twice the subject of the president's penetrating but smiling scrutiny. And the day before Miss Eversleigh's arrival his natural excitement was a little heightened by a summons to Mr. Revelstoke's private office.

As he entered, the president laid aside his pen and closed the door.

"I have never made it my business, Trent," he said, with good-humored brusqueness, "to interfere in my employees' private affairs, unless they affect their relations to the bank, and I have n't had the least occasion to do so with you. Neither has Mr. Dingwall, although it is on *his* behalf that I am now speaking." As Randolph listened with a contracted brow, he went on with a grim smile: "But he is an Englishman, you know, and has certain ideas of the importance of 'position,' particularly among his own people. He wishes me, therefore, to warn you of what *he* calls the 'disparity' of your position and that of a young English lady—Miss Eversleigh—with whom you have some acquaintance, and in whom," he added with a still grimmer satisfaction, "he fears, you are too deeply interested."

Randolph blazed. "If Mr. Dingwall had asked *me*, sir," he said hotly, "I would have told him that I have never yet had to be reminded that Miss Eversleigh is a rich heiress and I only a poor clerk, but as to his using her name in such a connection, or dictating to me the manner of—"

"Hold hard," said Revelstoke, lifting his hand deprecatingly, yet with his unchanged smile. "I don't agree with Mr. Dingwall, and I have every reason to know the value of *your* services, yet I admit something is due to *his* prejudices. And in this matter, Trent, the Bank of Eureka, while I am its president, does n't take a back seat. I have concluded to make you manager of the branch bank at Marysville, an independent position with its salary and commissions. And if that does n't suit Dingwall, why," he added, rising from his desk with a short laugh, "he has a bigger idea of the value of property than the bank has."

"One moment, sir, I implore you," burst out Randolph, breathlessly. "If your kind offer is based upon the mistaken belief that I have the least claim upon Miss Eversleigh's consideration more than that of simple friendship—if anybody has dared to give you the idea that I have aspired by word or deed to more, or that the young lady has ever countenanced or even suspected such aspirations, it is utterly false, and grateful as I am for your kindness, I could not accept it."

"Look here, Trent," returned Revelstoke, curtly, yet laying his hand on the young man's shoulder not unkindly. "All that is *your* private affair, which, as I told you, I don't interfere with. The other is a question between Mr. Dingwall and myself of your comparative value. It won't hurt you with *anybody* to know how high we 've assessed it. Don't spoil a good thing!"

Grateful even in his uncertainty, Randolph could only thank him and withdraw. Yet this fateful forcing of his hand in a delicate question gave him a new courage. It was with a certain confidence now in his capacity as *her* friend and qualified to advise *her* that he called at Mr. Dingwall's the evening she arrived. It struck him that in the Dingwalls' reception of him there was mingled with their formality a certain respect.

Thanks to this, perhaps, he found her alone. She seemed to him more beautiful than his recollection had painted her, in the development that maturity, freedom from restraint, and time had given her. For a moment his new, fresh courage was staggered. But she had retained her youthful

simplicity, and came toward him with the same naïve and innocent yearning in her clear eyes that he remembered at their last meeting. Their first words were, naturally, of their great secret, and Randolph told her the whole story of his unexpected and startling meeting with the captain, and the captain's strange narrative, of his undertaking the journey with him to recover his claim, establish his identity, and, as Randolph had hoped, restore to her that member of the family whom she had most cared for. He recounted the captain's hesitation on arriving; his own journey to the rectory; the news she had given him; the reason of his singular behavior; his return to London; and the second disappearance of the captain. He read to her the letter he had received from him, and told her of his hopeless chase to the docks only to find him gone. She listened to him breathlessly, with varying color, with an occasional outburst of pity, or a strange shining of the eyes, that sometimes became clouded and misty, and at the conclusion with a calm and grave paleness.

"But," she said, "you should have told me all."

"It was not my secret," he pleaded.

"You should have trusted me."

"But the captain had trusted *me*."

She looked at him with grave wonder, and then said, with her old directness: "But if I had been told such a secret affecting you, I should have told you." She stopped suddenly, seeing his eyes fixed on her, and dropped her own lids with a slight color. "I mean," she said hesitatingly, "of course you have acted nobly, generously, kindly, wisely —but I hate secrets! Oh, why cannot one be always frank?"

A wild idea seized Randolph. "But I have another secret,—you have not guessed,—and I have not dared to tell you. Do you wish me to be frank now?"

"Why not?" she said simply, but she did not look up.

Then he told her! But, strangest of all, in spite of his fears and convictions, it flowed easily and naturally as a part of his other secret, with an eloquence he had not dreamed of before. But when he told her of his late position and his prospects, she raised her eyes to him for the first time, yet without withdrawing her hand from his, and said reproachfully:

"Yet but for *that* you would never have told me."

"How could I?" he returned eagerly. "For but for *that* how could I help you to carry out *your* trust? How could I devote myself to your plans, and enable you to carry them out without touching a dollar of that inheritance which you believe to be wrongfully yours?"

Then, with his old boyish enthusiasm, he sketched a glowing picture of their future: how they would keep the Dorniton property intact until the captain was found and communicated with; and how they would cautiously collect all the information accessible to find him until such time as Randolph's fortunes would enable them both to go on a voyage of discovery after him. And in the midst of this prophetic forecast, which brought them so closely together that she was enabled to examine his watch-chain, she said:

"I see you have kept Cousin Jack's ring. Did he ever see it?"

"He told me he had given it to you as his little sweetheart, and that he—" There was a singular pause here.

"He never did *that*—at least, not in that way!" said Sybil Eversleigh.

AND, strangely enough, the optimistic Randolph's prophecies came true. He was married a month later to Sybil Eversleigh, Mr. Dingwall giving away the bride. He and his wife were able to keep their trust in regard to the property, for, without investing a dollar of it in the bank, the mere reputation of his wife's wealth brought him a flood of other investors and a confidence which at once secured his success. In two years he was able to take his wife on a six months' holiday to Europe via Australia, but of the details of that holiday no one knew. It is, however, on record that ten or twelve years ago Dorniton Hall, which had been leased or unoccupied for a long time, was refitted for the heiress, her husband, and their children during a brief occupancy, and that in that period extensive repairs were made to the interior of the old Norman church, and much attention given to the redecoration and restoration of its ancient tombs.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KINGS AND PRESIDENTS.

BY J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.,
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THAT word of ill omen, assassin, is believed to have originated from the methods adopted by the chief of a military and religious order which migrated from Persia to the mountains of Syria about the close of the eleventh century. By secret and treacherous murders in different parts of the world, perpetrated by selected agents, the sect became infamous; and because, to prepare these emissaries for "bloody deeds and death," they were drugged with hashish, they were called assassins. The word early came into English, for Bacon speaks of the sending by a Saracen prince of an assassin who slew Amurath I and wounded Edward I of England. Milton used the word; Burnet also; and Shakspere fits it to the tongue of *Macbeth:*

> If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
> It were done quickly: if the assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
> With his surcease, success.

Bates, the elegant Puritan writer, in treating the immortality of the soul, said: "In the judgment of mankind some heinous offenders, as parricides, the assassinators of kings, the betrayers of their country, contract so great a guilt as exceeds the most exquisite torments that the criminal can endure."

Though the word came late into use, the crime was born with government, and the history of the ancient world might with slight exaggeration be described as a catalogue of actual or attempted assassinations of rulers. The greater number of these sprang from personal hatred or revenge; were often incidents of the debauchery common to rulers, or were prompted by ambition for a crown. Some were the fruit of conspiracies to overthrow a dynasty, fomented within or without the state; others were engendered by religious fanaticism. Of the most notable, some were designed to prevent the execution of a decree capriciously issued by a despot as part of a plan of extermination of a race, a clan, or the inhabitants of a province; three others were the result of jealousy. Assassinations have sometimes been necessary to self-preservation, as when the object of royal jealousy knew that the ruler would compass his ruin if he did not first destroy him. Few have been the result of unmistakable insanity.

The age, nation, circumstances, subject, and the perpetrators have made assassinations of certain rulers typical.

He who fought at Thermopylæ, at Platæa, and at Salamis, who assembled the largest army ever known, whose empire was the most extensive,—Xerxes the Great,—ended his career ingloriously, for he was assassinated by Artebanus, a captain of his guard, the motive being personal ambition combined with revenge. Xerxes was dissolute, bloodthirsty, and tyrannical. To appease the jealousy of his own wife, he consented to the horrible mutilation of his brother's wife, whose betrayal he had vainly attempted, and sent the bleeding body to her husband. Hearing of his just indignation, Xerxes despatched a party of horse after him, who cut him in pieces and all his children and retinue. Finally, Artebanus was commanded by Xerxes to murder his eldest son, Darius, for what cause does not appear. As Xerxes was intoxicated when he issued this order, Artebanus thought that he might forget it; but as the king complained of the delay, Artebanus formed a conspiracy to kill him instead of the son, which having done, he went to the third son, Artaxerxes, charged Darius with the murder, and by working upon the fears of Artaxerxes, led him to join in compassing the death of Darius. Assassination was the fashion of the age, and often a capricious, tyrannical, sanguinary, and drunken despot was slain by one who became as bad, he, in turn, giving way to another equally detested.

Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, was elevated to the throne by his transcendent abilities, and was possessed of rare military talents. He was endowed with the deepest political sagacity, but was with-

out moral restraint, or any of the elements of a generous nature. He met his fate under dramatic circumstances. While engaged in celebrating a magnificent marriage festival, and walking in solemn procession to the temple, he was struck to the heart by the dagger of Pausanias, the son of a noble, who had been brutally injured by Attalus, uncle of the mistress of Philip, and to whom Philip had refused to do justice. Historians are almost unanimous in the conclusion that, although he had been driven from the court by disgust at the conduct of his father, the guilt of being privy to the assassination cannot be laid to the charge of Alexander the Great.

Three hundred years later occurred the assassination of Julius Cæsar, the most celebrated in old-world history. The ancient republican constitution was at an end, the liberty of Rome had been subverted, and it was destined to fall; but Cæsar's usurping hand had seized it with the fell purpose of dragging it down. Among the sixty or more conspirators were some of the most distinguished Roman citizens. Judicious critics do not deny to Brutus a large measure of patriotism, and believe that he might have truly spoken what Shakspere puts in his mouth:

> Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. . ... There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.

Those who slew Cæsar were under the delusion that "by his death they would restore the liberty and ancient constitution of the country"; but their views were narrow.

July 10, 1584, is a dark day in modern history, for William, Prince of Orange, was one of the few who in purity, patriotism, nobility of character, and dignity of moral and physical courage might be deemed worthy of comparison with George Washington. He had achieved freedom for his country, and employed all his sovereign power and personal ability for the good of his people.

Philip of Spain, defeated by him in battle, having wholly lost the Netherlands, offered a reward of twenty-five thousand crowns to any one who should capture him or take his life. Within two years, with the knowledge of the Spanish government, five attempts to assassinate him were made.

The sixth attempt was successful. The assassin was a religious fanatic, who for seven years had nurtured the purpose; the reason he assigned was that he was "convinced that so long as the prince lived he seemed likely to remain a rebel against the Catholic king, and to make every effort to disturb the rights of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion." He was suspected also of hoping for pecuniary reward. At two o'clock on the fatal day he shot the illustrious patriot, statesman, and warrior through the heart with three balls. The prince fell, exclaiming, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" The conduct of the assassin on his trial, and during the infliction of the sentence, the most horrible that the mind of man could conceive, furnished conclusive evidence that, whatever had been the condition of his mind when he conceived the deed and perpetrated it, he was then insane.

On May 14, 1610, Henry IV, the first Bourbon monarch of France, and probably the best of all of that line, a king who coquetted with both Protestants and Catholics, was a great soldier and captain if not a great general, and who had an abundance of fashionable vices, but is credited even by his enemies with elevated sentiments, affable manners, and genuine love of his country, was murdered by Ravaillac, who stabbed him with a knife. The assassin protested to the last that he had no accomplices, and his statement is generally credited. He had been unsuccessful in life and had applied for admission to several orders and houses of residence, among them the Society of Jesus, which rejected his application. Rumors being current that Henry intended to make war against the Pope, the distorted mind and vindictive heart of Ravaillac engendered the idea of assassinating the king. All France mourned the event as a national calamity, and Voltaire, in speaking of Henry's character, said that if it had been described to an intelligent foreigner, and it had then been said that this man was struck down by a person to whom he had done no harm, the narration would be incredible.

In Washington, at the Capitol, on the thirtieth day of January, 1835, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, attended the funeral of Warren R. Davis, member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina. To accompany the body to the grave a procession was formed, the President near its head. As he crossed the rotunda and was about to step upon the portico, a man rushed forward, placed himself about eight feet before the President and, point-

ing a pistol at his breast, pulled the trigger. The cap exploded, but the pistol was not discharged. The man raised a second pistol, which he had held in his left hand under his cloak. That also missed fire. The President, with uplifted cane, rushed furiously at him, but before he reached him a lieutenant of the navy knocked the assassin down, and he was immediately taken to jail. The President was hurried into a carriage and driven to the White House. President Jackson for a few days was disposed to give the attempt a political significance. The man, however, proved to be an English house-painter, of the name of Lawrence, whose brain, on account of his having been long out of employment and listening to those who alleged that the policy of General Jackson was ruining the country, had been fired with the project of assassinating him. The official examiners reported him to have many insane delusions, among them that he believed he could not be punished for his act because it would be resisted both by the American people and the powers of Europe; that he was in correspondence with those powers, and that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the crown of England. He was confined in an asylum. Had a modern revolver been in the hands of this lunatic, Andrew Jackson would have been the first in the growing list of assassinated Presidents.

Friday, the fourteenth of April, 1865, thirty years after this attempt upon President Jackson, was the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson, but that day was to be made more memorable by the most appalling event in the history of the country. Early the next morning the telegraph, which for days had been flashing to every corner of the land tidings of victory, of the fall of Richmond, of the triumph of Sherman, conveyed the awful intelligence that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Not even the shock of September 6, 1901, made the hearts of the people shiver as did this. Yet it was capable of intensification, for when it was learned that the assassin was the third son of the famous Junius Brutus Booth, and the brother of Edwin Booth, the sense of horror deepened; and when it became clear that it was part of a general plan of assassination, and that there were accomplices, an unparalleled and previously inconceivable situation constituted a brain-racking and heart-rending problem.

Junius Brutus Booth was an actor of rare power, mastering intricate characters almost by intuition. His sons were soon exposed to tendencies liable to accentuate any degree of nervous instability which they might have inherited. John Wilkes Booth, who was named after the great agitator, early became connected with the theater. One of the eulogists of the dramatic profession justly states that "when not addicted to intemperance, to which the exciting character of the life inclines so many, actors have reached the longest period of the duration of the human life of all classes; *they are freest from crime*; an inordinate vanity and irregularity in money matters are among the vices of the profession; but that which principally tends to continue the social ban upon them is their looseness on the subject of marriage, and there is a lavish promiscuousness about the notions of all, male and female, on the subject of the family relation."

A decided improvement has taken place among actors of the first class, but the writer described the situation in the time of John Wilkes Booth. As an actor he was goaded by two powerful incentives—the memory of his father, whose fame was once so great, and the success of his brother Edwin. His earliest efforts in Philadelphia, where he appeared not under his own proper name, but as Mr. J. Wilkes, were ignominious failures, and more than once he was hooted and hissed off the stage. He attained a better position in Richmond, and becoming more self-reliant, appeared in Philadelphia under his own name, to considerable advantage, in "Romeo," "The Corsican Brothers," and especially in "Richard III," but was overshadowed by the renown of other members of the family.

It was a matter of common remark that he was disappointed and embittered, also that his avarice for fame was insatiable. Eccentricities in his conduct were to be explained by this fact. In 1863 he said to a friend: "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln!" and then quoted his favorite lines:

> The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it.

He also expressed his opinion, a year before the assassination, that "the man who killed Abe Lincoln would occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame than George Washington." The tragedy in which he achieved his greatest success, "Richard III," is chiefly a roll-call of assassinations.

But he could not have thought of murdering President Lincoln had he not re-

garded him as a tyrant and been inflamed by sympathy with a lost cause. This error of judgment led to delusion with relation to the sentiment of the world and of posterity concerning his deed. He imagined that by the bulk of mankind in this and subsequent ages he would be applauded.

The place chosen for the deed was a theater; and as the hour for the fatal act approached, the tragedian was seen in every step. "Go to Ford's Theater to-night," said he to an acquaintance. "There will be some splendid acting there." He was sure of success. After the shot he leaped upon the stage, crying, "Sic semper tyrannis!" an exclamation uttered by him a hundred times before, and added, "The South is avenged!"

The predisposing cause of the act of Booth was an unsatisfied lust for fame. His victim was selected under a misapprehension of his character, and the incidents of the crime resulted from his familiarity with assassinations in tragedy. The deed done, he proposed to escape, but never was there a more remarkable exhibition of poetic justice. It was written in the book of fate that the American flag should avenge the martyred President, for the drapery of the box was the Stars and Stripes, and the foot of the assassin became entangled in the curtain of the state box. Thrown forward, he fell, breaking his leg as he struck the floor. His subsequent agony and his ignominious death at the hands of a fanatical soldier completed a tragedy without a parallel, because such elements had never been in solution at a time when crystallization was possible.

On Saturday, July 2, 1881, a little more than sixteen years after the death of Lincoln, President Garfield, four months after his inauguration, rode in the carriage of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, to the Baltimore and Potomac depot in Washington. At twenty minutes past nine he entered the women's passenger-room, leaning upon the arm of the Secretary, when Charles Julius Guiteau, a lawyer, approached him from behind, and shot him twice. He languished in great pain until September 19, on which day he died.

The motives and character of the assassin constituted a new problem. At the trial the defense offered for him was insanity. One of his counsel, aware that for some years I had made a study of mental derangement and had testified as an expert in similar cases, requested me to visit the prisoner in his cell and give an opinion as to his sanity. I did so, and after a protracted interview reached a conclusion unsatisfactory to the lawyer, for I was convinced that the assassin could only be described in words which would seem a paradox to many, as belonging to the class of *responsible insane*. Such persons may approach at any time the invisible and shifting line which separates sanity from insanity, but in many cases, if not so easily as some, they can restrain themselves. Ordinary juries are liable to believe, and counsel and a certain class of heavily paid medical experts try to make jurors believe, that if a man be in any degree insane he should be held irresponsible before the law. Hence are set free many criminals who were never thought insane till they needed that defense, and who, after their acquittal, never exhibit a sign of insanity.

I propounded to Guiteau a series of questions which, with few exceptions, were such as he had not answered before. They related to his mental and moral experiences while contemplating his objections to the course of Garfield toward himself, to the rise of the idea that he must "remove him," to his shrinking from it at first or otherwise, and to what would have been his opinion if President Garfield had recovered. Many of them involved sharp discriminations, and were such as would have puzzled a typical monomaniac or paranoiac. He answered the questions, made no reply that required explanation, used no superfluous words, did not ask for a repetition of any question, nor employ a word in an improper sense; but occasionally he contradicted the record of his own course and his own testimony. He gave no indication of being, or ever having been, *irresponsibly* insane. His conversation and bearing were unlike those of any irresponsibly insane man with whom I have conversed. They resembled those of a man who had committed a crime, and after doing so had made himself believe that he could not help it. His motives were obvious. He desired office; disappointed in the quest, he felt revengeful, and the idea occurred to him to kill the President and put the "Stalwarts" in power. When it first rose it was like the idea of forgery, murder, or suicide. By turning away he could have cast it out and resisted its fascination, but as he voluntarily dwelt upon it, its proportions grew.

The thought that he had been subject to "a pressure of the Deity" came upon him in this way. Most criminals are fatalists. The chief difficulty is to convince them of guilt. Guiteau had all his life been familiar with theology; his mind was imbued with biblical

phrases. With an inactive conscience, vanity stimulated by the excitement which his deed caused, the peculiarities of treatment to which he was subjected, it was natural that he should pervert biblical analogies and say that "God commanded it." This naturalized his act in his own view, and left him free from remorse. That he expressed it in theological language no more proves that he could not help it than if, like an ordinary criminal, he had said, "I could not help it; I had to do it."

The root questions in his case were: Did he know what he was doing? Did he know that it was a crime? Had he power to refrain from doing it? These, I believe, could be answered only in the affirmative by one unwedded to a theory.

Whether Guiteau had become irresponsibly insane at the time of his execution is another question.

On March 13, 1881, Alexander II of Russia was assassinated. It was not remarkable that a czar should thus meet death. It had occurred before in the century, and before the century. But this was unlike other homicides of rulers. Its purpose was not to destroy one czar to make room for another; it was not the act of religious fanatics, nor of individuals seeking revenge, nor of men endeavoring to prevent the execution of a particular decree affecting themselves. It was an attempt to spread universal terror and demoralization by assassination, not by the deeds of a few acting on their own responsibility, but by a few supported by an unknown number, some of whom might be among the kindred of royalty.

I was greatly stirred by the murder of Lincoln and Garfield, and had been profoundly impressed with the noble expression of sympathy sent during the Civil War by Alexander II to President Lincoln. As soon after the assassination of the czar as I could arrange my affairs I went to Russia, chiefly to study the mind of the educated nihilist, bearing from President Arthur a special letter to all representatives of the American government.

Unable to believe in the dispassionate character of the extreme representations then current in favor of and against the nihilists and the Russian methods of suppressing them, before visiting the country I sought the acquaintance of Russians wandering about Europe either as refugees, for pleasure, or on official business.

On reaching Russia I soon found that most of the Russians refused to talk, and that domiciled foreigners differed on all questions of fact. I had had an interview on a steamer with an official of the Russian government, who, being slightly intoxicated, communicated many things, the knowledge of which enabled me to induce persons to converse with me who otherwise would not have spoken. I learned that the nihilists, many of whom were virtually anarchists, included a few whose vagaries lie in the border-land between sanity and insanity, yet but few; that many were nobles impoverished by the emancipation of the serfs; more came from the army; many from the student class; quite a number from the Jews; some from religious dissenters; and but very few from the peasantry.

Most of the deadly work of nihilism was done by young persons. In a great trial in 1880 there were three women and thirteen men, of whom the women were twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three years of age; of the men, all but one were under thirty years of age, and only half of the whole number were more than twenty-five. One was a Polish Catholic, two were Jews, seven were dismissed students. While I was in Russia a trial took place in which there were fourteen defendants. Five were officers in the army, the highest a lieutenant-colonel; two were of the navy, including Baron Alexander Stromberg. One woman was a physician's wife, another a member of the nobility, another a priest's daughter; three were merchants' sons, one a priest's son. All were convicted. Eight were sentenced to death, including Vera Figner, known as the "beautiful nihilist," who had been suspected and tracked for five years, and also the physician's wife. The czar granted life to six of them, but Baron Stromberg and Lieutenant Rogatcheff were hanged, and the rest imprisoned.

The word "nihilism," which, when first used, was of limited meaning, later was applied by the governing class and conservatives generally to several widely divergent parties; but at last they were resolved into two, one whose rallying-cry was, "The Democratization of Land!" and the other, "The Will of the People!" The latter party engaged in a political contest with the government, and failing, conceived the idea of demoralizing the government and society by terror. They boldly called themselves Terrorists. This was the party which, after assassinating several high in authority, and after unsuccessful attempts upon his life, murdered Alexander II, the most benign,

progressive, and disinterested sovereign Russia had ever known.

In the latter part of the century just closed arose a doctrine which bodes more evil to the world than any previous conception of human relations. Its direct fruit is *regicide on theory without personal malice.* Its votaries call themselves anarchists, a harmless word as used by the French philosopher who expounded a theory of the possible establishment of order in human society "without any supreme ruler, whether king or convention." He proposed to bring this condition about by education and free action, but, in the evolution of the thought, it encountered and was assimilated by nihilism. The chief principles of this unprincipled system are: The least exercise of government is a crime; "property is robbery"; "the agents of government, whether king or president, must be killed, whether the government be more or less despotic, more or less free."

Quiet theoretical anarchists, expecting a gradual acceptance of their faith, have furnished the conception and the arguments. Revolutionists and expatriated people—all whose temperaments would have fitted them for leaders in the first French Revolution—have met on the neutral ground of Switzerland, and organized and plotted wherever they could find a foothold, and when driven from Europe have fled to this country. Many of them are constantly in motion, flitting from capital to capital, ready to promote any conspiracy. At first confined to the members of a few nationalities, they now include a considerable number of Americans and Englishmen.

The first successful attempt under this conception was upon President Carnot, stabbed to death by an Italian anarchist on June 24, 1894, in the height of his popularity. Honesty, dignity, and patriotism had been exhibited in every office that he held, and for seven years he had successfully guided the ever rolling and tossing French ship of state.

The next in order of time was the assassination of the illustrious Cánovas del Castillo, prime minister of Spain, in August, 1897. While sitting with his wife, he was shot down, without warning, by an Italian anarchist named Golli, who claimed that he had performed the atrocious deed not as a personal but as a political act.

The third was the assassination, by Luccheni, an Italian anarchist from Parma, of the Empress of Austria in the canton of Geneva in Switzerland on September 10, 1898. The miserable being confessed that he had been an anarchist since he was thirteen years old, and said to the arresting officer, "*If all anarchists did their duty, as I have done mine, bourgeois society would soon disappear.*"

On the last Sunday evening in July, 1900, Humbert, King of Italy, was struck by three revolver shots, one of which pierced his heart. The assassin was Angelo Bresci, an Italian anarchist, who had been associated with the colony of anarchists in Paterson, New Jersey. As an evidence of universal peril this startled the world even more than the assassination of Carnot.

On Friday, September 6, 1901, William McKinley, President of the United States of America, was shot by a native of this country, of Polish descent, who, not content to leave Judas alone in his infamy, as one who used the symbol of love as an instrument of betrayal, approached his victim as though about to shake the hand of a loved and honored friend. The assault proved fatal on the 14th of September.

No student of human nature, normal and abnormal, should have been surprised at this dénouement, for such it was. Every doctrine that strikes at the root of an organization, if believed, gives new meanings to the words "wise" and "prudent," "good" and "evil," and, creating a new conscience, gives a true or false sense of merit to the consciousness, a new signification to "honor" or "disgrace," and develops pride in deeds which before would have engendered shame. An organization, such as an anarchistic group, crystallizes these new elements, and new personalities of the nature of moral monsters are produced. Men without such a theory may commit crime, and their dead consciences may not trouble them. Those who act upon theory, when they are contriving assassination, may reach the cheerful calmness of a father planning a festival for his children. In Russia I sat incognito where such conversation flowed as smoothly as a rivulet in a meadow. This, then, seemed more wonderful than that they could have such thoughts. The grandiose idea of assassinating a king or president has a peculiar fascination for many minds; secret societies to promote destructive work inflame all abnormal combustibles in human nature; and a large number in every country are saturated with the spirit of anarchy. The crime of an individual indicates only the depravity of one person; anarchic murders imply the

practical application of the theories of many.

Absolute freedom of speech in practice has developed in many the most diabolical phases of human nature. While the privileges granted by the Constitution must not be unduly restricted, and freedom of speech must be maintained, responsibility should be attached to words tending to a breach of the peace, in the order of the importance of the crime which they advocate. Statesmanship should devise some method, in harmony with the federal government of the United States and the independence of the States, whereby the law should pronounce a man who attempts to assassinate a ruler guilty of treason, and punish him with death, sane or insane—unless the alleged lunacy should be shown to be so pronounced as to have no connection with a system of doctrine justifying assassination in the eyes of the holder thereof.

A man able to hold permanently a theory of assassination, conceive a plan of murder, and execute it in accordance therewith, should be counted sane enough to die for it, even though "experts" declare him insane. Those who advocate assassination should be counted accessories before the fact.

Formerly too many offenses were punished by death and long imprisonment. The pendulum has swung so far the other way that doctrinaire sentimentalists would abolish the penalty of death, which should be retained for desperate emergencies in criminal jurisprudence.

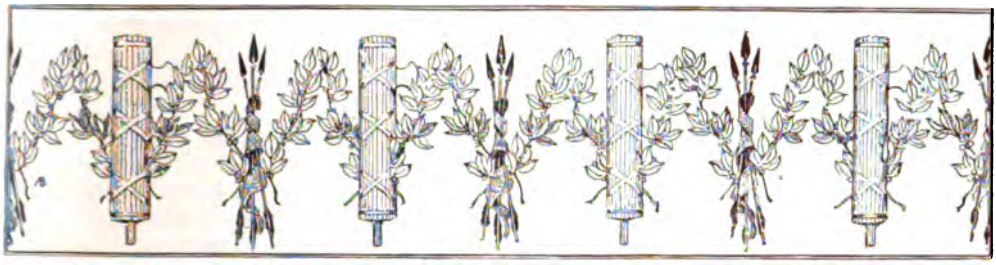
Imprisonment of anarchistic assassins for life simply makes them invisible centers of worship and psychological generators of murderers of rulers.

The proposition to incarcerate all anarchists in hospitals for the insane is quixotic. It ignores the possibility of a sane person becoming subject to a serious mental or moral twist without the loss of self-control—a possibility which has become an actuality in numerous instances of persons eminent in science, philosophy, commerce, and politics. It confuses the distinction between crime and disease. It springs from a common tendency to suppose that there is always something wrong in the brain of a man who can conceive theories and, in harmony therewith, execute deeds which would be abhorrent to people generally. In practice it would instigate efforts to communicate with the anarchist and to facilitate his escape; and it would introduce a method of deciding questions of sanity which, if consistently applied, would require the sequestration of thousands in every large community, who hold fanaticisms, superstitions, and irrational ideas (in the opinion of the majority) upon the most important questions, and who live in a way which their neighbors cannot understand.

An international "penal" colony for anarchists is equally visionary. There would be no common standard of justifiable opposition to government in theory or practice among the various nations; and where oppression prevails, what would almost justify revolution would in free governments call only for agitation with a view to change statutes or administration.

The success of this assassination on theory is liable, after a brief period of misleading quiescence, to cause the epidemic to spread rather than diminish. The President, hereafter, must be actually, not, as at Buffalo, nominally, guarded. When the genial custom arose for the President to give receptions to the public, and to offer his hand fearlessly to every one who might come, the population was comparatively homogeneous, and there was no theory of regicide without personal malice.

The capacity of the United States to assimilate all creeds, nationalities, and races has been overworked in orations, in the press, and in public confidence. The problem for American statesmanship is how to retain the glorious privileges of the Constitution, and control the constantly increasing unassimilable units of the population.



THE NEW PRESIDENT.

A PRAYER.

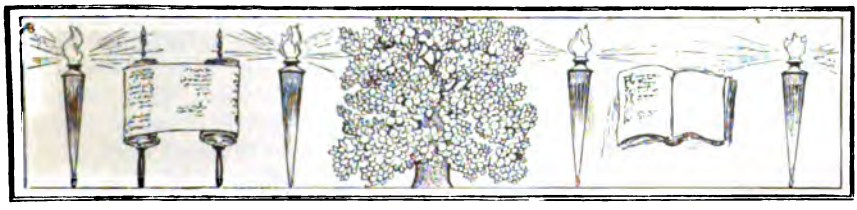
BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

NOT for the silent chief whom Death
  Gently and sedulously keeps
Within a splendid calm; naught mars
  His well-won laurels where he sleeps.

Rather for him who newly stands
  Half startled on a slippery height,
Like a strong falcon which some hand
  Unhooded rudely, whom the light

Floods unforeseen, but who shall prove
  A wide-winged strength! For him we pray:
Give him such wisdom swift and keen
  He shall restore us Yesterday!

DILLON, GEORGIA.



SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

BY JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the Navy.

IT is the personality of President McKinley that has given him a hold upon the affections of the American people such as no other President—not even Lincoln before his martyrdom—has had. McKinley was the most lovable of men alike in public and in private life. His friends loved him because he loved them. His enemies—if such an unfitting term can be used, for he had none—were disarmed because he would not cherish enmity nor make retaliation.

I remember one day at a Cabinet meeting a secretary of one of the departments urged the discharge of some female clerk who had after many years grown at once incompetent and obstreperous, but relied for her retention in office upon the help of a senator. It was a senator who had been especially bitter and malignant in his attacks upon the President's administration. But I shall never forget the kindly smile with which he said: "Go slow. It may be some old friend of Senator ——'s wife, and I really would not like to trouble him or her. You know, when any of you are too easy I am inclined to be a little severe, and when you are severe I am inclined to be easy. However, Mr. Secretary, I shall of course sustain you in anything you think ought to be done in the matter, but think it over." Of course no removal was made.

He was considerate toward everybody. His first thought seemed to be to make all with whom he came in contact or had political or private relation happier and more at ease. As he drove through the street or along the country road, he never failed to recognize a salutation, even if it were only the wistful face of some child or the kindly interest of the wayside laborer. There was no schoolboy or -girl who had the happy fortune to be admitted to the Cabinet chamber that did not receive from his hand the flower which he was wearing in the lapel of his coat.

How many times I have seen him break from an important task to receive a call from a visiting delegation of teachers or excursionists, and that, too, without the slightest impatience or expression of irritation, which almost any other man would have uttered in conferring the same favor. It was in this spirit that he went among the people of the South, and did more than any other man has done since the Civil War to restore among them the fraternal spirit. He acted in this no doubt from a wise policy, but he also acted in the genuine spirit of his own generous nature.

In the long railroad journeys which I made with him over the country his latchstring was always out. If his fellow-countrymen could not come in, he went out to them, fearless, frank, confiding. "Who will attack me?" he would say. "I have n't an enemy in the world."

There was always the pleasant smile from the car window, whether the gathering were large or small, and, when time allowed, the kindly word of response.

I never saw a man with such an even and unruffled temper. During the years in which I was with him, under the strain of war, in the heat of the congestion of closing Congresses, under the pressure for place, I never heard him utter an impatient word. He never scolded nor whined. He never showed irritation, neither at the Cabinet board nor, so far as I know, in separate conversation with its members. If there were a difference of opinion, his views, which of course prevailed, were put in a way as considerate as if his were not the final word.

He had a fine sense of humor. He remembered incidents and narrated them with effect. Twice a week, on Cabinet days, it was a delightful thing to go into the Cabinet room at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The President would be standing near the window, looking fresh, with a white waist-

coat and a rose in his buttonhole. A few people left over from the morning callers would be lingering for a word, each getting a pleasant one. In due time the Cabinet would be left with the President. He would take his seat at the table, but before settling down to business was more than likely to entertain us for ten or fifteen minutes with some story of the war, or some anecdote about public men, or some experience of his in old campaigning days.

He was great enough not to be afraid of availing himself of the help and counsel of those about him, especially his constitutional advisers and the leading men of Congress and of the day. Whether it was a message to Congress, or a state paper, or a speech to be delivered, he would often read it to us and consult with us alike as to its matter and its form. He seemed to repose with absolute confidence in those whom he trusted, never reminding them in any way that any subject was a matter of confidence or suggesting that it be so regarded, but taking for granted that the confidence would be kept.

So far as I observed, he did not primarily dictate his papers or speeches. His habit was, when alone in his office or in his chamber, to write parts of these on slips with a pencil from time to time, afterward reading them to some of us, and then turning them over to his stenographer for a better copy. He gave a good deal of thought to phrases. It will be noted, I think, in almost every speech and paper that there are a few sentences especially significant and striking as texts. These were usually the result of careful and deliberate thought.

In this frank consultation with those about him whom he trusted there seemed to be no favorite. While his friendships were of the warmest, he never seemed to single out any one official as the special depositary of his confidence or as his special adviser. To the head of each executive department he looked with regard to matters in it.

So, also, in legislative matters no one senator or representative was the avenue to him, but each in the legislative line which he represented weighed with him. If Senator Hoar, for instance, differed from him on the question of the Philippines, it only made him the more eager to welcome Senator Hoar, to whom he was sincerely attached, with the assurance that an honest difference of opinion on one question in no wise lessened the influence of his advice and sympathy on another.

President McKinley had the art of intrusting the discharge of administrative details to others. It is needless to say that the business of his office is enormous—almost too great a load for any pair of shoulders to carry. And yet he discharged its duties promptly, in an orderly way and efficiently. He gave free rein to his executive chiefs, yet kept himself thoroughly informed of their doings.

He was an unusually wise adviser. His tact and sense of the fitness of things were often of great service in checking us from hasty or unwise action. Many a paper prepared with great care has been taken to him, to which he has patiently listened, then kindly suggested that perhaps it better be laid aside or modified.

He was not easily disturbed. Only once, and that was during the events leading up to the Spanish War, did I see him in a state of what is called nervous excitement. It then manifested itself in his repeatedly sitting for a moment, then rising, then sitting again.

He was the very ideal of serenity and deliberation. He was an instance of what some of the physicians say is the proper thing—good health without much physical exercise. Now and then he would send for one of his Cabinet officers to take a walk with him in the street—sometimes to drive with him in his carriage. In the summer at noon it was his habit to go into the large park in the rear of the White House, although I often then found him there sitting in the shade rather than walking about.

His personal habits were of the simplest and most unassuming. He was a constant attendant at church on Sunday, and never, if he could avoid it, would travel on that day. He acted in this, it seemed to me, alike from a religious principle upon his part, and from a very considerate respect for the principles of others.

The moral side of his character was very pronounced. He was by nature a right-minded man. There was no guile in him. There never was the suggestion of an inclination to accomplish even a good result by improper means.

As has been said, it was the consciousness of this moral quality in him which won him not only the love and affection, but the confidence of all the people. Other men have been as brilliant, as wise, as gifted in speech, as efficient in action,—some more,—but have failed for lack of this quality to command

that confidence and those honors which cannot be attained without it.

Make every allowance for the ambition which every public man feels for success and fame and popularity; make every allowance for the selfish motive that enters into every act even when it is good, and yet there remains in President McKinley the instinctive, inherent impulse to do good for its own sake, to serve his country, to better the condition of its people, to help those who labor, to lighten toil, to promote human happiness.

I have never seen anything more significant than the journey with his dead body from Buffalo to Washington on the 16th of September last—the wife of his heart, around whom in her frail physical health his arm never before had failed to be a support, entering the Presidential car bereaved of his devoted care; the school-children with their little flags at every station standing with uncovered heads and full of even an unconscious sympathy; the lines of workingmen, as we went through manufacturing villages, in their shirt-sleeves, arranged in a military platoon, with their hats off and held in military salute against their breasts, every face among them speaking of the loss of one they knew to be their friend; the greater crowds at the larger towns and cities, from which, as the train stopped, seemed to burst almost spontaneously his favorite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which will always be associated with him.

All this was not mere curiosity. It was the genuine expression of a universal feeling, and by its responsiveness to him who called it out was a measure and index of his own character.

The nation has suffered the loss of a chief magistrate. The people, one and all, have lost a personal friend.

Criticism of public men is a good thing and should not be deprecated. It is hard when it is unjust, especially so if, accompanied by personal feeling or party spirit, it is strained and malignant. In the long run, however, the balance is restored. President McKinley, considering the magnitude of the events of his administration, has escaped bitter criticism more than his predecessors, notably Lincoln.

Still, remembering what that criticism has sometimes been, it is right that those who knew him should bear testimony to the prayerful and conscientious spirit in which he met the great problems of his administration—greater than any since Lincoln's time.

He made every effort to avert the Spanish War. When negotiations for peace came, every impulse was for the largest generosity. In dealing with the Philippines his unreserved and single purpose was their civilization and help. His state papers are historic monuments to the embodiment in him of the principles of American freedom and liberty and civilization. No better appointments than his were ever made or could be made to the great, responsible positions of civil trust in our newly acquired possessions. His whole idea of the administrative service abroad and at home was for the most honest and most efficient service.

For himself, as for Lincoln, with whom he ranks, his martyrdom, while the most cruel of bereavements to his country, only the more illuminates his high place in the hall of his country's fame.

THE COMFORT OF THE TREES.

THE DYING PRESIDENT: SEPTEMBER, 1901.

BY R. W. G.

GENTLE and generous, brave-hearted, kind,
And full of love and trust was he, our chief;
He never harmed a soul! Oh, dull and blind
And cruel, the hand that smote, beyond belief!
Strike him? It could not be! Soon should we find
'T was but a torturing dream—our sudden grief!—
Then sobs and wailings down the northern wind
Like the wild voice of shipwreck from a reef!

By false hope lulled (his courage gave us hope!)
By day, by night we watched,—until unfurled
At last the word of fate!——Our memories
Cherish one tender thought in their sad scope:
He, looking from the window on this world,
Found comfort in the moving green of trees.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1901.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

McKinley — Roosevelt.

THE two names associated such a little while ago as candidates on a Presidential ticket, and in a partizan sense, are associated now in a new sense as successive Presidents of our country in circumstances of tragic import.

McKinley the candidate, the President, now takes his place in history among the American Presidents whose assumption of public duty led to a shocking and murderous end. His last hours threw back on his career a strong light. Even those of his countrymen who had conscientiously criticized many of his acts and measures felt a patriotic pride in those noble traits of character which shone bright in the time of suffering and calamity. His magnanimity toward a treacherous assassin, his consideration for friends, his quick regret at having brought embarrassment to the enterprise at Buffalo which it was his errand to assist, his calm fearlessness and resignation in the face of death—all these but glorify those engaging personal characteristics which have continuously been felt by those nearest the late President. McKinley's critics have believed that his geniality was sometimes the occasion of error in action; that the fine "quality" had its "defect": but every one recognizes now that his amiability was genuine and ineradicable; that his kind-heartedness was never a mere pose, but that it was so deep in his nature that the most trying, the most terrible events could only intensify it, and make it conspicuous and splendid—as it was profoundly pathetic—in the eyes of the whole world.

It is satisfactory to his fellow-countrymen, regardless of political predilections, to realize that President McKinley's very last public utterance was on an unusually exalted plane. His speech at the Pan-American Exposition the day before he was shot was an enthusiastic expression of the higher meanings of that gathering of American nations. The President's outlook upon the world was lofty, generous, humane; his words breathed the spirit of fraternity and peace. That speech should be regarded as his political testament, and might well serve as the platform for the administration of his constitutional successor; and indeed the words uttered by President Roosevelt on the very day on which he assumed his new office may be held to imply this exact intention. Said President McKinley:

> Let us ever remember that our interest [that of the nations of the New World] is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

As to our new President, there can be no fear that the higher interests of the nation will suffer in his hands.

This is true not only because the manner of his accession is so harrowing and sobering; not only because the tremendous power and dignity of the office must ever impose a solemn mood upon its occupant; not only because, as Napoleon said of himself in a great crisis of his career, he is no longer young; not only because of his extraordinary training and special knowledge derived from experience in legislation, in the national Civil Service Commission, in municipal administration (both as the chairman of the Roosevelt Commission of Inquiry and in the Police Commission of New York), derived too from his experience in State administration, in navy administration, and in the exigencies of an army in the field; not only because of his wide range of acquaintance with affairs of the East and of the West, but because Theodore Roosevelt, from the beginning of his career to this present hour, through whatever mistakes of temperament and of judgment, has ever had as his ideal all that is noblest in American citizenship. From the time when, an enthusiastic youth fresh from the Harvard of Emerson and Lowell, he rushed into the fierce battle of New York politics, to the moment when, with a great pang at his heart, but with unflinching courage and determination, he took the oath of office as chief magistrate of the United States, he has striven to do his whole duty as a servant and, at the same time, a leader of the people. Honesty and courage, fraternity and justice, have been his sincere watchwords.

Roosevelt has been the subject of criticism by not a few who thought that in practice he sometimes carried his theory of "common sense" beyond the bounds of legitimate compromise to the point of actual surrender. But those who have been nearest him have held that his executive actions have been throughout consistent with his own views of duty and his always announced endeavor to obtain in result, if not the very best, at least as near the best as a brave and sensible

administrator could reach. Few, if any, who have been in a position to know all the facts in mooted cases have for a moment doubted the sincerity and devotion of the man, even if they have continued to doubt the rightness of a given decision.

Whatever apprehensions concerning his course which at any time even his friends may have cherished have all arisen from the possession of a temperament one of the most phenomenal existing among the public men of modern times. From this temperament come a physical and mental energy and a power of endurance most remarkable. If he were noted merely for abounding physical courage, impetuosity, love of conflict, mental alertness and ability, tremendous industry in administrative work, and for political success, he would still be a striking figure in public life. But the interesting and important thing about Theodore Roosevelt is that he puts all the resources of this extraordinary temperament—all his chivalric bravery and exhaustless energy—at the service of high political ideals. In the still active ranks of statesmen he was among the first to see that the full and frank adoption of the merit system is an absolute requisite of good government. He fought valiantly for this system when he was a member of the national Civil Service Commission; he put civil service reform into practice when President of the New York Police Board; and as Governor of New York he saw to it that the legislature should enact the best State laws on the subject in vogue in all the States of the Union.

The hopes cherished by his well-wishers—and in this great emergency they should be the men of right feeling everywhere—are based upon their belief that he is fully able to resist the temptation to compromise principle, and that—now that the accidents which made him Vice-President and President, against his wish, have given him the highest position to which his ambition could aspire—he will rise to the level of the best impulses and actions of his unique career. They believe, too, that he is honest in his reiterated declarations of the fundamental creed of his political life. This creed he has preached over and over in words no less precise than eloquent, and nowhere more clearly than in the following pregnant sentences:

> There can be no meddling with the laws of righteousness, of decency, of morality. We are in honor bound to put into practice what we preach; to remember that we are not to be excused if we do not; and that in the last resort no material prosperity, no business acumen, no intellectual development of any kind, can atone in the life of a nation for the lack of the fundamental qualities of courage, honesty, and common sense.[1]

Liberty and Happiness, in the Light of a Recent Tragedy.

THREE Presidents shot within the vivid memory of Americans not old! This is the record in the freest country on earth. But the latest, and in all the fourth murderous, attack upon a President is the most significant and threatening. The earlier assassins were moved by temporary conditions; the latest acted on a theory which, consistently carried out, would subject to foul murder all public officials whomsoever; and this theory is one known to be held not only by a single miscreant, but by other foreigners in various parts of this country, whose sense of "duty"—the very word used both by Czolgosz and by the assassin of the Empress of Austria—may at any time lead to as dastardly a performance as that at Buffalo.

No wonder that the whole nation has been profoundly stirred, not merely by sympathy, grief, and indignation, but by a sense of danger and a desire to do whatever may be wisely and safely done to prevent a spread of that disease of the mind and morals which leads to such far-reaching crimes.

While lawyers and laymen, statesmen, legislators, and others are debating as to possible legal remedies, a great deal of good is being done by discussions in the press and elsewhere of general and moral, rather than legal and specific, remedies. It is very much to be hoped that these discussions may have a powerful effect upon that public opinion which is the ultimate and supreme lawmaker and ruler of communities.

In the first place, the guardians of public morals have been given a text from which to preach against all forms of violence. The wretch who attacked President McKinley seems to have been inspired directly by the enunciation of anarchical doctrines; but in a country where illegal, violent, and murderous acts are constantly being performed by mobs of citizens who take the law into their own hands and hang, shoot, and burn human beings "for the public good," in such a country how can it be expected that individuals will not sometimes act on their own peculiar theories of "public good" and perform executions without warrant of law?

So much as to the possible effect of conspicuous and illegal acts of violence. But violence of speech, as is now clearly shown,—and as was shown, also, in the case of the Chicago anarchists,—leads surely to violent action. The ravings of anarchists, it is evident again, lead directly to murders by anarchists. Cause and effect work as exactly in the psychological as in the obviously physical domain.

There is a wholesome appreciation, moreover, at the present crisis, of the fact that professed anarchists are not the only promoters of anarchical sentiment in America. The sordid and assumed friendship of "yellow journalism" with the working-man whom it deceives and deludes has led to utterances which may prove as dangerous as any emanating from the convinced, or demented, or solely criminal advocates of anarchy. Now and again the decent portion of the community has a period of intense realization of the demoralizing influence of the "loathsome press"; such a period is now upon us; it will be interesting to note how long this revival of indignation will last.

[1] "Latitude and Longitude among Reformers," THE CENTURY for June, 1900. Reprinted in "The Strenuous Life," p. 62.

Again, there is a new sense of the danger of allowing proper and patriotic criticism of the public action of a national Executive to pass over into abuse so violent as to be little less than an instigation to murder. This is an outrage difficult to regulate by law, but easily regulated by public opinion. Personal vilification and gross caricature of a nation's chosen representative and chief magistrate should be abhorrent and unendurable to a self-respecting people.

The words "Liberty and Happiness" were always being joined in the speeches and writings of the founders of our republic. The phrase represented the ideal toward which the world, by its most liberal and sympathetic leaders, earnestly and hopefully strove. "Liberty and Happiness" were supposed to have been established by the written constitutions of the United States and certain other countries, and by the unwritten constitutions of others; and indeed there has been a genuine advance, we believe, in human liberty and in human happiness. But this country is finding out, through painful experiences, that our "free government" does not make certain all forms of happiness; it does not insure our system from deadly attack in the person of its rulers; it does not make our whole Senate pure; it does not, in itself, save all our State and municipal governments from corruption. When a people has obtained its freedom, it may be only beginning to learn the lesson of self-government. There are ill-regulated minds, even in a republic like ours, that interpret freedom as license, and would make free speech the handmaid to free murder.

The opening of the twentieth century is crowded with events that should induce sober reflections and lead to strenuous efforts to supplement our liberty with those virtues that alone can preserve a state and make the happiness of its people an inalienable possession.

The Great West.

THE older clientèle of this magazine will remember the series of illustrated papers on "The Great South" undertaken in 1873–74, when our fellow-citizens of that section were just beginning to rally from the disasters of the war. These articles set forth with much particularity of detail the latent material forces and the picturesque beauty of that section, and were regarded as a significant token of good will from across Mason and Dixon's line—a token the memory of which has not yet entirely faded from the minds of our Southern readers. Something of the same sort, though on a different plan, we are now undertaking in the groups of papers by Emerson Hough and Ray Stannard Baker announced in our advertising pages. In other ways, also, during the next year, the West will have a prominent place in THE CENTURY.

Not that we can be charged with neglect of the West in the past. As early as 1871 Governor Langford contributed to this magazine the first illustrated article on the wonders of the Yellowstone. It was THE CENTURY that, later, sent into the field Mr. Thomas Moran to illustrate Professor Hayden's account of the same extraordinary region. Major Powell's perilous exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado was made public here. Cushing's pioneer scientific work on the Zuñi Indians followed, and later John Muir's engaging and poetic papers on Yosemite and the Sierra. There were also the comprehensive series on "The Gold Hunters of California" by survivors of the great emigrations of 1845–50; Theodore Roosevelt's vivid articles on ranch life; Mrs. Foote's careful studies of California society and scenery, and other articles on the same general topic by "H. H.," Robert Louis Stevenson, and others; E. V. Smalley's descriptive papers on "The New Northwest"; Henry King's charming glimpses of Kansas life; Schwatka's adventures on the Yukon; separate accounts of ascents of Gray's Peak, Mount Hayden, and Mount Shasta; articles on the Cliff-dwellers, Leadville, Rocky Mountain Life, The Arid Lands, Irrigation, etc.—in all a long, important, and varied list. Alone of the monthly magazines THE CENTURY has supported from the beginning the cause of forest-reservation and forest-protection, deeming them essential to the fullest progress of the West.

Mr. Hough's papers and those of Mr. Baker will admirably supplement each other. The former describes, on broad lines, the heroic settlement of the West and its marvelous growth, with the various sorts of transportation as a motif, presenting a panorama which, with Mr. Remington's pictures, sets forth the uniqueness of the great conquests of the pioneers, and thus addresses the interest and the pride of their descendants in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Mr. Baker's group continues the subject to the Rockies and beyond—into the desert and the plain, where the foresight of wise men discovers a new empire with unlimited opportunities and a colossal wealth which is likely to dwarf our colonial dreams into insignificance. The series closes appropriately with a paper on irrigation, which is increasingly forcing itself upon the attention of the public.

To one fresh from a perusal of these graphic papers no climax of national achievement seems difficult of belief. As Mr. Gladstone once said that the center of the world's interest had been transferred to America, so we may say that the center of interest of the New World has been transferred beyond the Alleghanies. And as the frontier of settled country pushed farther and farther westward we came to look beyond the Mississippi for triumphs of exploration, for bold commercial projects, and for open-mindedness and imagination. Once it was the East that led in most things; now in many its leadership is no longer a matter of course. The young giant is already feeling his strength. The material triumphs of the West are sure to be followed in due time by noteworthy achievements of the intellect. Its present prosperity is the gateway to all that resources, knowledge, and opportunity can bestow. The region that embraces more than half of the reading constituency of the country is likely soon to produce, even more richly than it has done, in

literature and the arts. The interchange of such products will contribute much to the common pride and the mutual understanding of the sections, thus insuring that unity of national life and aspiration which is increasingly necessary as the borders and the interests of the nation expand.

OPEN LETTERS

Recollections of Artemus Ward.

BY JAMES F. RYDER.

ON going into the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" editorial rooms, one morning, I saw a new man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Browne.

He was young, cheerful in manner, tall and slender, not quite up-to-date in style of dress, yet by no means shabby. His hair was flaxen and very straight; his nose, the prominent feature of his face, was Romanesque,—quite violently so,—and with a leaning to the left. His eyes were blue-gray, with a twinkle in them; his mouth seemed so given to a merry laugh, so much in motion, that it was difficult to describe.

It seemed as though bubbling in him was a lot of happiness which he made no effort to conceal or hold back. When we were introduced he was sitting at his table writing. He gave his leg a smart slap, arose, shook hands with me, and said he was glad to meet me. I believed him, for he looked glad all the time. You could not look at him but he would laugh. He laughed as he sat at his table writing. When he had written a thing which pleased him he would slap his leg and laugh.

I noticed that George Hoyt and James Brokenshire at their tables were pleased with his merriment and indulged in broad smiles. As I bade him and the others good morning, he said, "Come again, me liege." I thanked him, said I would, and went my way, thinking what a funny fellow he was.

Within a month thereafter appeared in the columns of the "Plain Dealer" a funny letter signed "Artemus Ward." The writer said he was in the show business, had a trained kangaroo, "a most amoosin' little cuss," some "snaix," and a collection of wax figures, which he called a "grate moral show." As he was coming to Cleveland to exhibit, he made a proposition to the proprietor that they "scratch each other's backs"—the publisher to write up the show vigorously, and the showman to have the handbills printed at his office and give him free tickets for all his family. So I found my young friend of the gurgle and hay-colored hair to be an embryo humorist just bursting into bloom. Artemus, as from that time he was best known, soon had a city full of friends, myself and family among them.

He sat at our table every Sunday. We learned to know him well and to enjoy his cheerful peculiarities. His humor was like a bubbling spring, "on tap." His merry laugh was ever ready, and was easily called out. On his jaunts about town in quest of items,—for he was city editor,—he often called at the studio to learn if we had anything new for him. When not, he would frequently manufacture an item and start away upon his rounds again.

One morning he paid me the usual call, and I noticed in that evening's "Plain Dealer" that I (designated as Cleveland's favorite artist) had been engaged by "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" to go to the Crimea as staff photographer.

For a time he called me the "favorite artist," afterward referring to me as the "Cleveland Pet." This pleased him greatly, as at that time there was an ugly-looking "bruiser" in the city who bore that endearing title. He enjoyed getting a joke upon a friend—the nearer the friend and the harder the joke the better he was pleased.

When the Japanese embassy visited America to acquaint themselves with "things worth knowing" touching government, commercial progress, and business methods, they brought with them a phenomenal boy known as "Japanese Tommy." He became a pet with the ladies in Washington society and, in a way, something of a lion. He was the best-advertised youngster this country ever knew.

Photography was entirely new to them, and some members of the embassy became interested in it. Tommy was struck with a desire to learn, and began to study.

Through Artemus some photographs from my hands came to Tommy's notice, and so well was he impressed with them that I was asked for the formulas and methods of production, which I was glad to give. I was rewarded by presents from Tommy of an elegantly wrought pair of silver suspender-buckles and a number of Japanese coins.

I exhibited these in my show-case of photographs at my entrance-door, and was proud of them. I considered this kindness a good offset to the "Cleveland Pet" joke.

Browne's mother, from Waterford, Maine (where Browne was born April 26, 1834), spent some time with us one summer, when we found that he got his drollery by inheritance. Mother and son were comrades; they enjoyed good fun, and, like overgrown children, were always having a jolly time. He called her Caroline, and she called him Charles.

Mrs. Browne was funny without realizing it. Artemus was appreciative and watchful of the humorous phrases she let fall. He quickly picked them up and stored them away for future use. He was devoted and loyal to "Caroline." He would lure her to talk of the early days when his uncles and aunts came to visit them at Waterford.

"And now, Caroline," he said, "tell me the names of them all. I am forgetful, you know, and I may have lost some of them."

"Well, Charles," she said, "there was your uncle Daniel, and Marlboro, and Jabez, and your father,—Levi,—and Thaddeus. And your aunts Susan and Mary and Mercy and Sarah; and that 's all."

"Well, was n't that enough?" said Artemus. "But where do you come in?"

"Well, being a Farrar, I did n't come in at all, except I be counted with your father—Levi. You remember, Charles, my father, Mr. Farrar, kept the store at Waterford, and your father hired out to him as a clerk."

"Why, Caroline, how could I remember? That was before my time."

"Well, yes, 'Smarty'; but I guess you 've heard of it. It was common report about Waterford years ago. Your father and I got married, and my father took Levi in partnership, and it was Farrar & Browne. Now, that 's so, faithful."

"Oh, yes," said Artemus. "I remember seeing a sign over the door. Your father and my father, why, what relation does that make *us?*"

"Now, Charles Farrar Browne, behave yourself —be respectful to your mother. Remember what the Bible says!"

"Well, I expect I ought to; but it is so different from the 'Plain Dealer' I don't 'putter' with it much. You know it says a man can't serve two masters. And I 'm a Democrat."

Thus these two people would chaff each other by the hour.

Mrs. Browne was very proud of Charles. She said he was a strange child from a baby, but had been a good boy and good to her.

I have said there was always a laugh or a smile upon his face. Let me record an exception. I had a little baby daughter of whom he was very fond. He called her "papoose," and talked "baby Indian" to her. She seemed to understand him and accept him for a friend. Her joy was freely manifested. She tried to talk back, and delighted in clawing his nose, which, by way of encouragement, was held within easy reach. Her feet and hands would begin talking as soon as she heard his voice on entering the room.

The little one died, and on the morning of her death I met him on the street. He tried to talk, but his words turned to tears, seeming to disregard the publicity. I was surprised to see this man of fun-making weep so unreservedly in the open street. It made me love him more.

Artemus was fond of the colored people, and had many friends among them. He attended their functions in the old church at the corner of Champlain and Seneca streets, where now stands the Bell Telephone Exchange. It had been abandoned as a place of worship; the lower floor had to be converted to manufacturing purposes, and the large up-stairs rooms were well suited to meetings, dances, etc., and were used by the colored people as a place for the festival meetings connected with their religious society.

When a festival was to be held, Artemus was invited, and on the following morning the "Plain Dealer" was watched with interest by the promoters of the entertainment. Mr. Charles Park, my brother Jack, and I frequently attended these festive occasions with him.

Members of the legal, medical, and other learned professions, as well as men prominent in business, who possessed a taste for unique enjoyment, were generally in attendance. An attractive feature of these festivals was the refreshment-tables, always daintily spread. It was "Mistah Browne" here and "Mistah Browne" there.

Artemus found pleasure in attending the Methodist meetings at the colored church at the corner of Ohio and Brownell streets. In times of their revivals, which were held every winter, and usually continued through several weeks, these people sometimes indulged in extravagances inconsistent with divine worship as usually conducted. But no one doubted their sincerity. They were emotional and enthusiastic, their intense natures were deeply stirred to religious sentiment, and in their earnestness they sometimes forgot themselves.

It was more particularly during these revival meetings that Artemus was found in attendance, and his friends of the festivals were glad to see him there, and welcomed him warmly.

On one occasion, when a sermon of unusual power had been preached and Artemus had followed it closely and with eagerness, as the minister closed, Artemus arose from his seat at the extreme front, walked into the pulpit, grasped the preacher's hand, and thanked him for the splendid sermon and the great good he was doing in rescuing his people from sin. He turned and walked back to his seat, beside my brother, with moist eyes. As my brother claimed, the act was unpremeditated, and without intent of disrespect.

The winter evenings that Artemus spent with us were very enjoyable. With his long legs stretched toward the fire, he would chatter and gurgle, and burst into occasional explosions of laughter so hearty that he would sometimes slide out of his chair and land upon the floor.

He was sure to be entertaining. It always happened that he had seen some one or something during the day to please him, and he would tell us about it.

Down on Canal street, one day, he encountered a "Mrs. Mulligan" over her wash-tub, with her dress pinned up about her waist, barefooted, and rubbing away upon her wash-board, with some dirty children playing about. He accosted her with a "Good morning," and inquired if she would like to do his washing, and what was her price.

She straightened up, put her fists upon her hips, and with a withering stare said: "I 'm not one of

those that does washing out of my own family. You 're a fine gossoon. I don't even know you by eyesight."

Turning to the two boys, she said: "Here, Joseph Ander, take Thomas Ander by the hand and lade him off til skule."

Said Joseph Ander: "I 've not had me breakfast."

"Yes, and ye have. Ye had the blue duck's eggs and pancakes sopped in gravy. Now be off wid yees."

And Artemus said he thought it was time for him to go, lest she might take a fancy to wash his shirt without his taking it off.

The menu pleased him so much that he repeated it again and again, laughing heartily at each repetition: "The blue duck's eggs and pancakes sopped in gravy."

He told us one evening of a boarding-place he had down East, where the woman was possessed of great executive ability. In his words, "she was a splendid manager," a pusher, while, on the other hand, the husband was gifted with a great lack of stored energy. He told us this woman was "great on hash"; she furnished it very often. And he added: "I tell you, Susan, there 's one thing I like about hash. When I have it, I know just what I 'm eating."

The husband was always out of work, but would sometimes go fishing, and one day he was drowned. The body was recovered. The bereaved wife bore up well. She provided a good coffin for her husband, and was to give him a fine funeral. She said it was the last thing she could do for him, and it should be done right.

Artemus was to be a pall-bearer, and was looking as "cast down" as possible out of respect to the occasion. When the minister had concluded the services and the undertaker had announced that burial would be private, "at the convenience of the family," and friends were told that they now had an opportunity to view the remains, and would please pass through the room and out of the front door, Artemus, with the other pall-bearers, was seated in a bedroom off the parlor. The widow appeared at the door of their room, and said:

"Now, you pall-bearers, just step into the pantry, help yourselves to a drink of rum from the jug, and we 'll start this man right along."

Artemus was fond of theaters and public entertainments. He was also given to dancing, and on winter nights joined the sleighing-parties to McIlrath's in East Cleveland. McIlrath was "publican," farmer, giant, and noted hunter. His tavern was the home of every man or woman under its hospitable roof. The great open fireplace in the receiving-room, which was office and bar-room, was piled with logs six feet in length, and was surrounded by guests just in from the cold weather outside. The bar was not a drinking-resort, but a glass of something hot to drive out the chills could be had, and the practice was never abused in that staid old house.

In the dancing-room up-stairs would be found Von Olker's string-band, and John von Olker, from fiddling night after night, was liable to be found fiddling as he slept—the only man I ever knew who possessed that talent.

The dances were always good, the suppers fine, and Abner McIlrath always happy. A very pleasant friendship existed between Artemus and Abner. Abner had a black bear with which he used to wrestle. Giant as he was, he was quite equal to it. He never could succeed in getting Artemus to try a "square hold" with Bruin.

Artemus's fame as a humorist and writer of humor resulted in calls to other fields. He was outgrowing Cleveland, and accepted a call to New York city as a writer for "Vanity Fair," and in a little while he became its managing editor. While in New York he published his first book, and later prepared his version of "Babes in the Wood" for a lecture, and went touring the country with it.

In the spring of 1861 my wife and I went to New York, I to get "spring fashions" in photographs, she to look in shop-windows in Broadway and to visit friends, not the least of whom was Artemus.

Soon after our arrival, he came to our hotel, and was pleased to see us. After the usual greetings, he turned to my wife, and said:

"Now, Susan, put your bonnet right on. We 'll make it lively for New York while you stay. Where shall we go first, my pretty gazelle?"

"To Barnum's Museum," said the gazelle, and away they went.

The evening following the visit to the museum there was a special event at Wallack's Theater, "Oliver Twist" being given for a benefit to Agnes Robertson Boucicault, with the following great cast: *Oliver*, Agnes Robertson Boucicault; *Nancy Sykes*, Charlotte Cushman; *Bill Sykes*, Lester Wallack; *Fagin*, J. W. Wallack; *Artful Dodger*, George W. Jamison; *Bumble the Beadle*, William Davidge. To see the cream of the stage together in a play where the strength of the characters and that of the actors representing them were so ably blended, to see a representation so wonderfully held together, so powerfully carried, was an event never to be forgotten. The audience was tremendously moved by the powerful impersonations. When Nancy's pleadings with Bill availed not, and he killed her, tears filled all eyes. From the balcony where we sat, Artemus looked down, then turned to my wife and told her the people below were putting up their umbrellas because of her flood of weeping. With his own eyes filled he could not resist the opportunity of a joke.

Becoming restless for further acquaintance with the country, he left "Vanity Fair," to tell to the cities of America the pitiful story of the "Babes."

His mother had never heard him lecture. She wondered what he could find to say that could interest an audience, and with a desire to gratify her, he sent for her to come down to Boston when he gave his lecture.

The evening came. She was patiently waiting at the Revere House for Charles, and he, in accordance with one of his peculiarities, had forgotten all about her. Suddenly he thought of her

as the time approached for the lecture. He hurriedly explained the situation to his "friend all the year round," Mr. C. W. Coe of Cleveland, saying: "Hurry and get Caroline, while I hold up this stage."

Mrs. Browne got there in time, but she did not see the "Babes" nor hear a word about them.

From Pittsburg he came to Cleveland. His success had been most gratifying; he came in the light of a man who had made his mark. The Academy of Music, where the lecture was given, was filled with his friends. It was an ovation, a tribute to his popularity to which he was well entitled, and which made him happy.

I had secured seats near the front for my wife, her brother Charles Park, and my brother Jack. Considering our intimacy with the lecturer, and the disposition of Charles and Jack to "guy" an amateurish showman, it was rather a hard party to face.

Artemus came upon the stage in dress-suit, his usual straight hair broken up into a mass of curls. He looked sweet enough to eat. He stepped to the front of the stage and smiled; that settled the matter. Every person in the house was immediately his friend. His reception was generous and genuine. While at first I resented the curled hair, his smile made me forgive it. He was truly our own Artemus, and we were to stand by him.

We found the lecture disregarded the title. We heard nothing and saw nothing of the "Babes," but we did not question it; we knew he would carry us through all right, and allowed him to take his own course. He told us of a lazy man who, upon a certain hot day, was possessed of an extreme thirst; but his disinclination to walk five rods to a cool spring of pure water inclined him to take a tea-kettle from a hot stove and pour therefrom a bowl of its boiling contents, with which, by waiting and blowing over the surface until he reduced the temperature below scalding-point, he managed to slake his thirst.

Then stepping to the front, in a manner peculiar to himself, he took the audience into his confidence. He said he did not like to spoil a story "for relation's sake" or shield a shirk from public gaze, so he pointed out the hero of this true tale, saying: "It is Charley Park, sitting right down there, in the second seat."

Well, if any one in the house laughed louder than any one else, it was Charley Park; and he had his quietus for the rest of the evening. No more grimaces to distract the lecturer that night. When the "Babes" were tucked away for the night, and Artemus had made his bow, an impromptu reception was given him. This was headed by the Elephant Club, of which he was an honored member.

After giving Cleveland this burst of sunshine he continued west. Having heard favorably of Brigham Young, he desired to meet him and show his "Babes." It is a matter of "Ward history," as shown by his published letters, that he was graciously received by the prophet.

As a bit of stage business during his lectures he was sometimes attacked with a paroxysm of coughing of such severity that a chair would be brought upon the stage, in which he could sit and rest. Wishing to keep his audience entertained during the interruption, he would seemingly depart from the line of his subject and tell a story. He told one of the wife of a middle-aged farmer "passing away." The neighboring women were early on hand to offer assistance and tender sympathy. Along in the forenoon, after doing the chores of the morning, the men began to call to express condolence and offer assistance. Not finding the bereaved husband, inquiry was made where he could be found. The women-folk could not tell exactly, but said he could n't be far away. So they all filed out of the back door to look up the sorrowing man. He was not found at the barn, and was nowhere in sight. One of the neighbors thought he heard a noise in the well, and, on looking down, saw the bereaved one and asked what he was doing down there; to which he replied that his wife's death had made rather of a broken day and he thought it would be a good time to clean out the well.

The roars of applause which greeted this story were construed by Artemus as an encore, to which, after rising, bowing, smiling, and reseating himself, he responded by relating another story, which he certified to be as true as the one just told.

Artemus learned the printer's trade in the office of the "Oxford County Advertiser," Norway, Maine. He had a brother Cyrus, who was also a printer, and learned his trade in the same office. He was afterward editor of the New Bedford "Standard." Like Artemus, he was a humorist, and more droll than his brother, because of a peculiar drawling voice which emphasized his drollery. He died some years before Artemus.

Dr. J. C. Gallison of Franklin, Massachusetts, also learned the printer's trade in the "Advertiser" office. Artemus preceded him, and had left something of his fame for the new boy to look up to. He says: "I was a mere boy, a very young man. I regarded Charley Browne with mingled worship and awe, for had he not traveled?" It was told of him that while "devil" on the "Advertiser" he became disgusted because of the continual boasting of the rival paper that a new window had been put in, and the week following that the casing had been painted. Other small matters were announced certifying to the enterprise of the establishment. Artemus wrote and the "Advertiser" published:

"We have bored a new hole in the sink and put a brand-new slop-pail under it. What will the 'hell-hounds' of the other office say to that?"

Referring to Ward's traveling abroad, the doctor says: "An old schoolmate of his in Waterford, Horace Maxfield, son of the old stage-driver Maxfield, accompanied him, and was with him through his last illness and death. Maxfield brought home with him some admission tickets which had been used for entrance to his lectures. These were distributed among Ward's immediate friends."

The doctor further says: "I have one of these tickets, which, together with my old printer's

rule, is in the drawer of the desk at which I am writing, and which I keep as relics, as mementos, of Artemus and the old days."

From Charles E. Wilson, now of Hartford, Connecticut, I get the following touching Artemus's wanderings:

Being of a roving disposition, he left the "Advertiser" of Norway, Maine. He worked for a time at Skowhegan and at Gardiner, Maine, and later drifted down to Boston, where he obtained a situation in the composing-room of the "Carpet Bag," published by Benjamin P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). While employed in this office he wrote his first article of any pretension, and shoved the copy under Shillaber's sanctum door.

He was much gratified a few days later to see the copy come into the composing-room to be set up; and being thus encouraged, he wrote another article, rather historical in character, making no attempt to be funny. This also went under the sanctum door. Neither of these articles was signed, but Shillaber was satisfied they were written by some one in the office, and accordingly made inquiry, which resulted in Browne's acknowledging that he wrote them. Shillaber patted him on the back,—metaphorically,—told him he manifestly had ability, and encouraged him to make literary work a study and profession.

Noticing one day, in one of the local papers, an advertisement, "School-teacher wanted" at a small town in Kentucky, near Cincinnati, he answered it, and secured the position, but taught the school only one week. There were several big boys in the school, and he learned from local gossips that these young toughs had "licked" every schoolmaster that had attempted to keep school there for several years previous. As he was not particularly robust and had never studied the "noble art" of self-defense, he concluded the climate of that Kentucky village would not exactly suit him.

At the close of school on Friday night he packed his modest wardrobe in his down-East carpet-bag, and without waiting to collect his week's pay, started early Saturday morning for Cincinnati. He did not remain there long, however, but pushed along up the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, stopped a short time in Dayton, thence went on to Springfield, where he obtained a situation as compositor, remaining there several weeks. Major W. W. Armstrong, publisher of the Tiffin "Advertiser," along in the fifties, engaged Artemus for his paper, temporarily, to fill a sick man's place. Artemus walked from Sandusky to Tiffin, a distance of thirty-four miles, to take the job. The major says he reached Tiffin late in the day, wearing a long linen duster and a shilling chip hat, and with his carpet-bag; he was hungry and weary, but jolly—considered the feat a good joke.

When he came again a few years later to exhibit his "moral snaix and waxworks" at Webster Hall, he averred that a prejudiced citizen smashed the face of Judas Iscariot with a brick, declaring the "betrayer" could never again show his "ugly mug" in Seneca County.

His next stopping-place was at Toledo, where he secured the position of market reporter on the Toledo "Commercial." It was on this paper that his work as a writer really began. When James D. Cleveland, later Judge Cleveland, who had held the position of city editor of the "Plain Dealer," was called as assistant clerk to the United States District Court, Artemus was called to fill his chair. How well he filled it is generally known in Cleveland and throughout the country.

From a letter dated March 15, 1867, written by Albion Chadbourne of London, England (formerly of Waterford), to Daniel Browne of Waterford, Maine, an uncle of Artemus, I get information of interest.

Mr. Chadbourne, a close friend of Artemus, in the early days of his coming was active in introducing him among his friends, and took with him a good number of friends to the lecture, with a view to encouraging and applauding him. He found it quite unnecessary, as Artemus's reception was an ovation. He and his friends had difficulty in getting into the hall even, so crowded was it. Never had an American visited London as a stranger who so quickly found his way to the favor and friendship of the English people. His popularity was unprecedented. He was soon admitted to membership of a club of authors and artists, where, when in London, he spent many happy hours.

At the residence of Mr. Millward, one of the foremost members of the club, Artemus spent his first evening in London, and after his death (March 6, 1867) his body was brought from Southampton to Mr. Millward's, and lay in state until his burial, which occurred in the chapel at Kensal Green, where all that was mortal of that sunny nature lies in a tomb by itself. Mr. Chadbourne, who was one of the pall-bearers, says that many honest tears were shed in the circle of friends who surrounded his grave.

Dear Artemus! His mission was to "tickle the ribs" of the world, and the world stood the tickling right cheerfully.

The Dirigible Balloon of Santos-Dumont—Addendum.

(SEE PAGE 77.)

THE "Santos-Dumont No. 6" balloon is one hundred and twelve feet long and twenty feet in its greatest diameter, being in form an elongated ellipsoid, terminated at each end by a conical point. Thus it is now a cigar-shaped balloon only in name, all its predecessors having deviated more and more from the original cylinder terminated by two cones. The balloon's total capacity is twenty-two thousand one hundred and eight cubic feet, so that when filled with hydrogen gas it will have a lifting-power of thirteen hundred and sixty pounds. Of this, eleven hundred pounds are represented by keel, machinery, and M. Santos-Dumont's own weight, leaving two hundred and sixty pounds disposable ballast. M. Santos-Dumont will load every pound of this ballast, from which it will result that when the order to "let

all go" is given, the air-ship will scarcely more than hold its equilibrium in the air at the four or five feet of altitude to which it will have been lifted by M. Santos-Dumont's aids. At most it will rise very slowly and to no great height. To the lifting-power of the balloon, however, must be added the sixty-six pounds ascensional effort developed by the air-ship's two-bladed propeller. This propeller, which describes a circle of thirteen feet in diameter, is driven by a new twenty horse-power, four-cylinder petroleum motor with water-refrigerator. Now more than ever dependent on propeller-force for mounting into the air that will be barely heavier than itself, the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" can no longer be described, with any propriety, as being "lighter than the air," although it is not "heavier than the air." In truth, it has important aëroplane features, plus always the precious ability to shoot up into the air, should need be, when lightened of a proper quantity of ballast. This must be what Mr. Alexander Graham Bell means when he says, "Just so far as M. Santos-Dumont has abandoned the 'lighter than the air' theory, just so far has he approached success. . . . Never before has there been an aërial ship with a balloon so small and a motor so powerful."

Sterling Heilig.

Note on Zurbaran's "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary."

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

FRANCISCO DE ZURBARAN, born at Fuente de Cantos, Estremadura, Spain, in 1598, was contemporary with Velasquez, by whom he was summoned to the court at Madrid in 1650, where he thereafter labored, and died in 1662. He painted mostly religious subjects, among which were many female saints, the originals supposed to be the reigning beauties of the time. We are indebted to Claude Phillips, Esq., keeper of the Wallace collection at London, for having pointed out the present beautiful example of the painter's work, and to its owner, the Right Honorable A. H. Smith-Barry of London, for the privilege of engraving it.

The saint is here shown in her character of patron of the poor and distressed. In her outstretched hand she holds a coin, while beneath is a group of poor folk supplicating relief. The figure is life-size; the canvas measures thirty-eight inches wide by forty-five inches high. It is a fine, soft, warm glow of color. The background curtain, which drops over a dark landscape heavy with clouds, is a rich, soft, deep shade of maroon, whose high lights are yellow of a salmon flush, harmonious and beautiful. Against this tone the figure is relieved with softness and charm. It is clad in a sumptuous dress, the waist of which is a lovely soft, warm shade of blue, keyed almost to the verge of green, exquisite in its tender melting quality, and harmonizing delightfully with the rich gold embroideries, and the creamy lace about the bosom, that floats into the warm, rich tones of the luminous and even flesh. Were it not for the blue, the picture might be too warm, but it is this delightful note of color that gives to the whole such a charm. The flounces of the sleeves, which form so important a feature in the costume, are white, but grayed to a tone lower than the mass of the light on the flesh, with touches of black velvet between the flounces. Though this is stylish and very effective, it is not turbulent, and owing to its discreet management in its subordination to the head, it does not clash in the least with the relief and expression of that part; for the head receives the highest light, and framed as it is between its wealth of dark tresses, — which, next to the touches of dark velvet, are the strongest notes of color in the picture, — the eye naturally goes to the face. The rich dark hair is of a frizzy texture, which, on close inspection, reveals an extraordinary number of little ringlets that were impossible to engrave. I could only show its soft character and volume, as one would see it without too closely scrutinizing.

There is great breadth of treatment as well as delicacy of finish to this work, and the drawing is charming. Zurbaran has been styled "the Spanish Caravaggio" from his resemblance to the Italian in his broad handling, strong contrasts of light and shade, and the easy, natural grace of the attitudes of his figures.

Timothy Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Wiseacreage.

TO be happy one must have an intense sense of the humorous, and a humorous sense of the intense.

IT is the tiny flaw that makes perfection flawless.

SOME smiles look as if they had been done up in curl-papers overnight.

AT times there is nothing so unnatural as nature.

HAPPINESS is the ability to recognize it.

THE greatest cleverness is in knowing just when to hide our cleverness.

WE should live and learn; but by the time we 've learned, it 's too late to live.

Carolyn Wells.

Policeman Flynn's Adventures.

XII. HE QUELLS A RIOT.

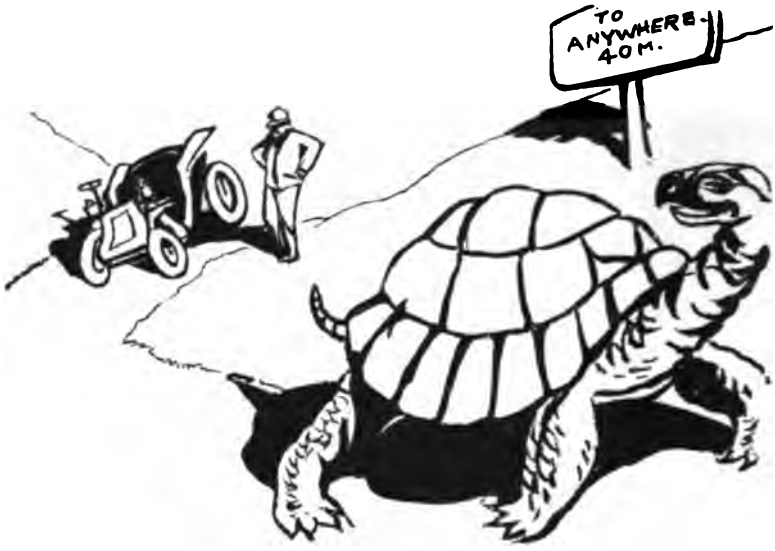
"FLYNN," said the captain to the policeman of that name, "I am going to give you the 'cripple beat' and see what you can do with it."

Patrolman Flynn nodded gravely. He knew the cripple beat by reputation, and he realized that to be assigned to it was a compliment to his prowess. It lay in a district in which there were two rival factions of rowdies, who had nothing in common except an inborn hatred of the police, and it derived its name from the fact that more policemen had been temporarily crippled on it than on any other one beat in the city. The rowdies clashed at frequent intervals, and, in the general fight that invariably ensued, windows were smashed and the lives of all in the immediate vicinity were put in jeopardy by the flying missiles. Arrests were frequent, and the patrol-wagon had made so many trips to that neighborhood that the horses just naturally turned in that direction when they left the barn. If a single policeman endeavored to interfere when a battle was in progress, he went to the hospital in an ambulance; if a squad arrived on the scene, the warring factions scattered, and the fact that a

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"PATROLMAN FLYNN WAS FOUND STANDING LIKE A CONQUERING HERO."

PICTURES AND VERSES BY OLIVER HERFORD.



Tortoise

THE Tor-toise is, to say the Least,
A very Con-tra-dic-to-ry Beast.
Though he may walk the wide world o'er,
He can-not step Out-side his Door.
The Slow-est Crea-ture 'neath the Sun,
He 's Not-ed for a Race he Won.
Ig-no-blest of Cre-at-ed Things,
His Shield has Ma-ny Quar-ter-ings.
And Last-ly, though De-void of Hair,
His Combs are Fa-mous eve-ry-where.

---

few participants might be gathered in had no lasting effect on existing conditions.

"I 'm to ha-ave a thrial on th' cripple beat," said Patrolman Flynn somewhat dejectedly when he made his daily report to his wife.

"I 'll lay in a sup-ply iv arniky an' shplints an' pla-asters this very da-ay," was her far from consoling reply. "Bad luck to thim, why do they put a little felly like you to doin' a big ma-an's wor-rk?"

"F'r because," answered Patrolman Flynn, with some pride, "pluck an' raysoorce is not decided be a fut-rule or a pair iv scales. Th' capt'in says to me, he says, 'I 've thried th' big min an' they 've not been akel to th' job, an' 't is nicissary f'r to take th' sta-arch out iv thim ri'tous fellies some wa-ay.' So 't is f'r me to take th' sta-arch out iv thim, but I wisht he 'd told me how to do it."

"There 's only wan wa-ay I know," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is astonishin' to me ye have n't tin iv thim," returned Patrolman Flynn, sarcastically.

"Give me ye-er collar," commanded Mrs. Flynn by way of reply.

The policeman looked surprised, but he took off his nicely starched collar and handed it to her. She promptly dipped it in a basin of water and then held it up for his inspection.

"'T is done," she announced.

Patrolman Flynn scratched his head and departed in a thoughtful mood. "She has a gr-reat head on her, f'r sure," he soliloquized. "If I iver r-run short iv ca-ash I 'll rint her out to a com-ity iv wa-ays an' means."

The first few days passed uneventfully on his new beat. The clash that had resulted in temporarily incapacitating his predecessor for work had

The Crocodile

Oh, shun the Croc-o-dile, my Child.
He is not Trac-ta-ble and Mild,
Nor like the Dog, the Friend of Man.
He 's built up-on a Dif-fer-ent Plan.
He is not Dif-fi-dent or Shy,
He will not Shrink when you say "Fie!"
And though he 's said Some-times to Cry,
Be not Re-spon-sive to his Wail,
Nor Pat him if he wag his Tail.
This Pic-ture 's true to Eve-ry Line
Ex-cept the Smile. (The Smile is Mine.)

---

been followed by the arrest of some of the rowdies, and the others were disposed to be quiet. Patrolman Flynn put in the time making a study of the situation. He knew that they were watching him, and, like a good general, he desired to familiarize himself thoroughly with the locality in which his battle or battles were to be fought. It was perhaps a week after he had begun patrolling the beat that the first conflict came, and he announced the result when he reached home by the simple statement, "'T is done."

"What 's done?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Me fir-rst job," replied Patrolman Flynn. "Ye see, 't was this wa-ay," he went on. "Th' la-ads have been sizin' me up an' waitin'. There 's no fightin' whin a new po-lisman shows up till they ha-ave a thry at him, an' they tuk a cha-ance at me this da-ay. Oho! 't was a big felly that sta-arted it all be ta-alkin' har-rd to me. 'D' ye think ye 'll r-run this beat?' he says. 'I 'll thry,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave ye-er wor-rk cut out f'r ye,' he says, 'ye little bit iv a sawed-off match.' 'If ye touch th' match,' I says to him, 'ye 'll find ye ha-ave hold iv the sulphur ind.' 'Shall I ha-and him wan?' he says to th' others. 'Sure,' says they to him, but 't was too late. While we was ta-alkin' I 'd wor-rked him r-round till I had his ba-ack to th' horse-trough in front iv th' say-loon where they 'd shtopped me."

"An' what did ye do thin?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"With wan push," answered Patrolman Flynn, "I tuk th' sta-arch out iv him."

"They 'll murder ye f'r that," said Mrs. Flynn. "Bad luck to thim all, I wish ye 'd niver been put on th' beat."

However, by keeping his eyes open Flynn was able to guard against any sudden attack, and they showed no disposition to go at him openly.

"But you 'd better watch out for them when the two gangs have their next scrimmage," cautioned the sergeant. "If they can get a policeman in it they 'll quit fighting each other to do him

Porcupine

I LIKE the Fret-ful Por-cu-pine.
De-cep-tion is not in his line.
With him there is no Make-be-lieve:
He wears his Thorns up-on his Sleeve.
Un-like some Hu-man Por-cu-pines,
Who care-ful-ly Con-ceal their Spines,
His Bad Points stick out eve-ry-where.
'T is true he 's Fret-ful as a Bear,
And Vain-er than a Pop-in-jay;
Yet has he One Re-deem-ing Trait
That to my heart en-dears him Quite:
Though full of Quills, he *Does Not Write.*

---

up. Just remember to call the wagon the first thing."

"If I ha-ave time," answered Patrolman Flynn, carelessly. "'T is not f'r shport that I 've been shtudyin' th' lay iv th' la-and an' makin' fri'nds iv th' la-ads in th' injine-house."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the sergeant.

"L'ave that to me," replied Patrolman Flynn.

The real conflict came two days later, and it was not Patrolman Flynn who sent in the call for the patrol-wagon. He was too busy. Something had happened to rouse one of the factions to action, and it started out in search of the other, while Patrolman Flynn hastily made preparations in a side street that the mob would have to pass, but where he was concealed from view as it approached. Others had leisure to call the wagon, however, and it came on the run.

Patrolman Flynn was found standing like a conquering hero, leaning on the big nozzle to a lead of hose that he had borrowed from his friends in the engine-house on the corner, but otherwise the street was almost deserted.

"What 's the trouble?" asked the driver, as he pulled his horses up.

"What stra-ange idees ye get!" returned Patrolman Flynn. "I 've had no throuble at all. There was a few la-ads come down th' shtreet a bit ago lukkin' f'r throuble, but they 've gone awa-ay."

"Where are they?" was the next question.

"I dunno f'r sure," answered Patrolman Flynn. "but 't is me impression they 've been hung out on th' line f'r to dhry so 's they can be sta-arched up ag'in."

Elliott Flower.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

With Pictures
by
Maxfield Parrish.

"And the milkmaid singeth blithe."

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee

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" Straight mine eye hath

caught new pleasures."

" Straight mine eye hath

caught new pleasures.''

Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream."

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting sòul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

"THE NOCTURNAL VISITS OF THE LITTLE CHRIST-CHILD."

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

BY TH. BENTZON.

WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

HALF a century ago I can see myself as a little girl, bundled up to the tip of my nose in furs and knitted shawls, tiny wooden shoes on my feet, a lantern in my hand, setting out with my parents for the midnight mass of Christmas Eve. What joy there was in the mere fact of being up so late! And, moreover, we were permitted to play every imaginable sort of game until eleven o'clock. The night before Christmas was surely the most boisterous in the year. I, for my part, however, preserved a certain dignity, feeling myself an important personage: I was to take up the collection at church! Once a year I had to perform this public function.

We started off, a number of us, together in a stream of light, which I called the glow-worm procession, over a road that at this nocturnal hour was not lacking in solemnity —the long avenue leading out from the park to the church. Our lanterns cast great shadows on the white road, crisp with frost which crackled under my feet as I walked. The sound of a dry branch falling to the ground, and all the other mysterious noises which in the country, on a winter's night, are suggestive of fear, made me take firmer hold of my mother's hand.

There are so many legends about Christmas eve, the night when animals in their stables begin to talk like men! The peasants of our acquaintance had not left us in ignorance of such matters, but what harm can come to people of good intention, and what intention can be better than that of going to midnight mass? As our little group advanced, it saw others on their way, people from the farm and from the mill, who joined us, and once on the Place de l'Église, we found ourselves with all the parishioners in a body. No one spoke—the icy north wind cut short our breath; but the voice of the chimes filled the silence. Pealing out, they sang joyously of the great fête, and I repeated to myself the lines by Théophile Gautier, which they had made me learn by heart, those beginning:

> Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche;
> Cloches, carillonnez gaiment!
> (The sky is black, the earth is white;
> Bells, ring out merrily!)

Yes, they rang into my ears only the merry things of those days, the Christmas bells. Later on one learns that they can speak another language, counting from year to year, for instance, the dear ones who have vanished.

Above us the stars shone like diamond nails driven into velvet, and my eyes sought confidently the most beautiful, the one that guided the Wise Men, convinced as I was that it must guide us too, and all who are good. The old church, out of all proportion to the village of four hundred souls it sheltered, rose much more majestically than in the broad daylight; and how black was its ivy-mantled tower, which is all that remains to it from the thirteenth century! We entered, accompanied by a gust of wind that swept into the porch at the same time we did; and the splendors of the altar, studded with lights, green with pine and laurel branches, dazzled us from the threshold. Indeed, it was almost as cold as outside in this tumble-down building, whose walls were spotted with saltpeter, whose damp stone floors had never known the luxury of a furnace or even of a matting; but the brilliancy of the wax tapers evidently sufficed to warm us and the crowd as well. Not only all the village was there, but the people from the neighboring hamlets, who, expecting to sup with friends after the midnight mass, had to wait for the one at daybreak too. It was a pious place, and many of the faithful attended the three masses.

At once I looked for the *crèche*, the miniature stable, which we had been hard at work upon for a week at least, as the accessories from year to year needed repairing. The damaged animals had to be restored, the turbans and the cloaks of the Wise Men had to be made over, the straw freshened, and the figures that could no longer be used replaced by new effigies. It was a devout way of playing dolls; we went about it with a particular feeling of reverence.

And now the songs burst forth before the mass had even begun, the Christmas carols so old, so charming, sacred idyls in honor of Christ's nativity:

He is born, the holy child,

or,

The angels of our land,

and so many others!

I stayed awake determinedly, listening to these beloved refrains that one hears only at Christmas-time. I was less attentive to the sermon, a short one, however, on account of the late hour. It recalled simply to this rustic congregation the duty of giving alms in the name of him who, being God, was born destitute. This announced the moment for the collection.

Leaving part of my wrappings and my wooden shoes in the pew, I went about proudly, an embroidered red velvet bag in hand, shaking it at every step to make the sous ring and clatter. But later it is very probable that sleep overcame me in spite of myself, for my mother had to rouse me when it was time to go, although the angels around us continued to sing endless glorias. Every

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

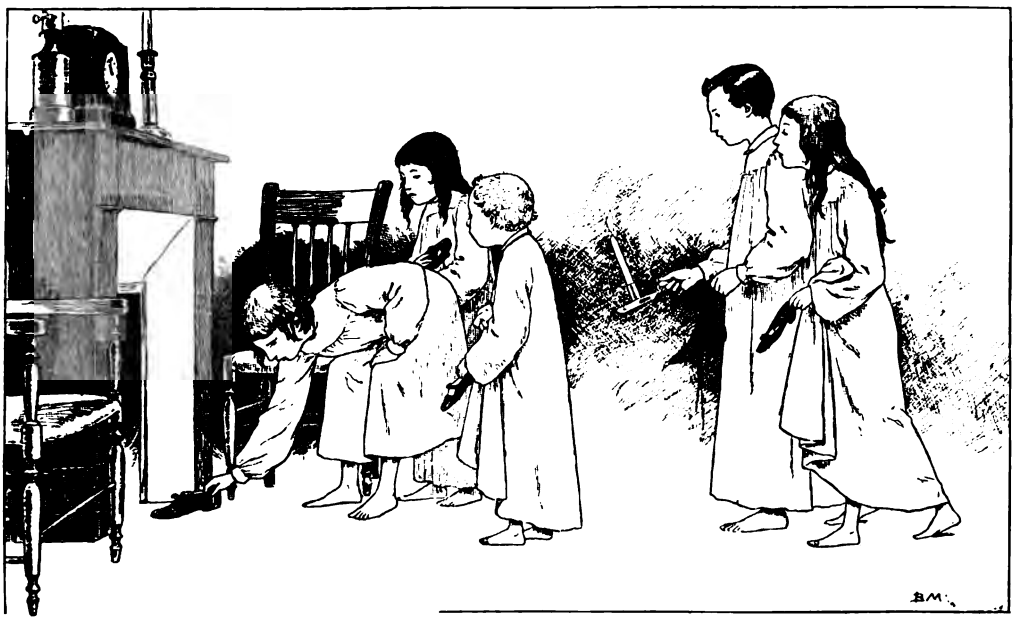
"THE GLOW-WORM PROCESSION."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

ON THE PLACE DE L'ÉGLISE.

one went off to eat roasted chestnuts soaked in the light white wine of the country, and we did like every one else, except that instead of this frugal repast it was a fat chicken or a turkey that awaited us. For dinner we had limited ourselves to a collation of hors-d'œuvres and preserves in order to fast during our vigil and to enjoy our supper better after it; and what appetites! Hunger and cold got me wide awake on the way back. I enjoyed in anticipation the wonderful welcome that would greet us at home—gaiety, comfort, cheer, and good food. At last we reached it all—a big fire where the Yule log was burning, a well-laden table, a huge roast with its appetizing fumes, all sorts of luscious home-made pasties (we always sacrificed a pig at Christmas), and a sparkling wine from the neighboring hillsides, which, in our opinion, was as good as the best champagne. It went somewhat to the young people's heads, and we would willingly have romped until morning, we were so excited, especially as it would have been a pretext for spying out the first glow of dawn that was to bring our presents down the chimney. But the grown-up people felt differently about this matter. The youngsters were sent to bed just at the moment when they least wanted to go.

As we climbed up-stairs to our rooms, we kept asking each other, "What do you suppose Petit Noël will bring you?" And there were guesses and smothered exclamations, "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" I can remember with what care I placed my shoe before the mantelpiece and determined not to close my eyes until morning, so as not to miss Noël's arrival; but a fatal moment always arrived when my eyelids closed in spite of themselves. And I must confess that, at the particular time of which I am speaking, I had not for several years believed in the nocturnal visits of the little Christ-child. The name of a Parisian toy-shop stuck on a certain box, which I can still see, had suddenly enlightened me. From this same white box, so innocent in appearance, many evils were let forth. One does not know what may result from the loss of a first illusion!



"WITH WHAT CARE I PLACED MY SHOE BEFORE THE MANTELPIECE."

Realizing that my credulity had been abused, I was careful to conceal the bitterness of my disappointment. I continued to say to my mother, "This is what I want the Petit Jésus to bring me." But it was no longer like an innocent confidence: I said it slyly by way of a hint. And when the thing I had asked for appeared, it seemed less precious to me than formerly. It was not long, however, before the gift made up for my loss of faith. Already I was lowering my standard!

Nowadays there is not a baby of three, probably, ingenuous enough to believe that its toys come from heaven, nor sentimental enough to care.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. SCHOLTEN.

"THE VILLAGE CHILDREN, ARMED WITH TAPERS, . . . CARRY ABOUT THE STREETS . . . A LITTLE CRÈCHE, SINGING AS THEY GO."

In remote parts of the country Christmas is still celebrated in very much the same way. Near Paris, where I live now, the village children, armed with tapers which shine out in the darkness of the night, carry about the streets, on their shoulders, a little crèche, singing as they go the Christmas carols which they make the pretext for collecting pennies from door to door.

When I was young I saw in the south of France what remains of the mysteries that used to be part of the midnight mass, and

"THE MAGI."

which have been got together, songs and music, by collectors of popular chansons. The most beautiful part of this curious work is a song in patois where the shepherds ask from without to enter the church. Scholars think also that it is the oldest, and that the origin of this pastoral mystery goes back, perhaps, as far as the twelfth century. In the beginning it used to be represented by pilgrims who were returning from the Holy Land, and as time went on new scenes were added to it. When the shepherds had come in, after their prayer full of a wild and original sort of melancholy, the shepherdesses arrived in turn, three by three, carrying a tree festooned with apples, nuts, and chestnuts, and singing couplets like these to an air one might have believed was by Lulli:

Shepherdess,
Dearest one,
Where hast thou been?
What hast thou seen?

To which the others replied:

Deep in a manger,
A little child,
On the dry straw,
Suffers, yet smiles.

And it began over and over again:

Shepherdess, etc.

The first three shepherdesses advanced a few steps, and the others drew back until the two groups united again, singing together:

Bring your gifts, little shepherdesses,
Bring your sweetest fruits;
Be ready at once to come,
And, kneeling, offer your hearts.

This scene, as regular as a ballet, is evidently the most modern. It is believed to be of the seventeenth century, and traces of it are to be found in several provinces.[1]

[1] In Canada, at the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec, I saw a crèche carefully preserved in an immense wardrobe, which the nuns open only at Christmas-time. Angels, dressed in satin, wearing curled wigs worthy of the Great Monarch, float over the divine new-born infant. And before that sort of royal relic, which dates from the foundation of their house, an old French carol is sung to a minuet tune, by the spiritual daughters of the high-born lady who was Mother Catherine de St. Augustin.

"THE KING WAS SEATED ON A RAISED THRONE, BETWEEN HIS TWO MINISTERS."

Sometimes the shepherdesses accost the shepherds:

Whither so swiftly,
Shepherds, are you hastening?

The last act of the mystery dates from the sixteenth century. It used to be played under the pulpit, near the baptismal fonts, which represented summarily the palace of Herod. The king was seated on a raised throne, between his two ministers, and three lawyers stood about a table covered with books. Suddenly the Eastern star glided on a string from the sanctuary to the pulpit. Three knocks sounded on the church door, and the beadle went to open for the Magi, dressed in full, Oriental trousers, with shawls rolled up into belts and turbans. They made known the object of their journey to the greatly astonished king; they consulted the lawyers, who, after discussing at length and looking through many books, ended by quoting the prophets. Whereupon Herod sent the Magi to Bethlehem, and they crowded before him, making salaams, and then walked toward the sanctuary, where the shepherdesses were already awaiting them. While they were all prostrating themselves, the priest concluded the mass which had been interrupted, giving communion to the actors and to all the others at the same time. Then an angel came to warn the Magi that they should return to their country without visiting Herod again. The star reappeared as guide. The wicked king rose noisily, and gave orders for the slaughter of the innocents.

It is centuries since these rustic scenes, handed down from the middle ages, have been played in church, but they must have inspired Richepin and Maurice Bouchor in their sacred marionette shows. The "Marche à l'Étoile," so often given in the ungodly surroundings of the Chat Noir, also suggests them. All Paris, even the most blasé, took pleasure in this primitive performance. It was while seeing the "Mystère de la Nativité," in the little theater of the Rue St. Lazare, that I first understood the reverent admiration of the Greeks for puppets, and the great inspiration Haydn and Goethe have taken from these simple wooden actors. Their faces were carved with a care as to the expression which made them marvels of art. No living comedians could ever have attained the naïve charm they diffused about them.

But this brings us back to the Parisian Christmas, with its studied effects, its refinements, its splendors borrowed from all

countries; for if they make the Christmas marionettes sing minuets and gavots revived from the days of Louis XIV, they have also acclimated St. Nicholas, the American Santa Claus. He is on show in the candy-shop windows, with a long beard and a pointed hood, sprinkled with frost and laden with bonbons. Mistletoe was introduced at the same time that he was, although we have not attained to the luxury of wreaths and garlands that appear at the windows and doors in New York. As for the Christmas tree, brought from Northern regions and transplanted in France, or at least in the fashionable and official world, it is the center of popular fêtes given to school-children at the Palais de l'Industrie, and the pretext for all sorts of society parties which have nothing in common with simple family reunions. The little folk, who used to be satisfied with a modest present slipped into their shoe, now expect a pine-tree lighted with many-colored candles, bedecked with ribbons, glistening with golden fruits, and bearing on every branch a costly toy or some goody. Cosmopolitanism has crept into the Parisian Christmas as it has into everything else.

Of course there is a religious fête in Paris, a midnight mass solemnly celebrated. The beautiful music, the magnificence of the ceremony, attract an enormous and often not very serious crowd. There is also the *réveillon*, which is not always preceded by mass, the big restaurants of Paris remaining open all night. But the real French Christmas is celebrated only in the retirement of provincial life. It is not at all like the great popular holiday which in London, from the top to the bottom of the social ladder, sets people to a merrymaking that is manifested by an abundant display of eatables, by pantomimes and dazzling fairy pieces, and amusements of all sorts.

Our Christmas, although it was formerly named the *Cri de Joie*, is more especially a church festival, a religious celebration almost like Easter, a family reunion also, as it is the beginning of the vacation of the *Jour de l'An*, which, in a secular way, means to us what Christmas does in Northern countries. It is on New Year's day that we exchange cards, compliments, and visits. The *étrennes*, of a distinctly Latin origin, are given on the 1st of January, not on the 25th of December. We do not wish a Merry Christmas, but a Happy New Year. The cry of the Gauls, "Au gui l'an neuf!"—slightly distorted into *aiguillonné*—is yet used by the Languedoc peasants. At the exact moment when the December moon is full, the beginning of the druidical year, they go from door to door, a pack on their backs, a stick in their hands, telling off the fifty verses of an old-time song, whereby they procure donations of flour, eggs, and other articles of food. There is a sequence of traditions, completed by the Twelfth-cake (*gâteau des rois*), served in every household on Twelfth Night, the 6th of January, Epiphany.[1] In the cake is concealed a bean, and this bean determines, by the laws of chance, the last royalty which France still preserves. The one who finds it in his piece of cake is king, and must choose himself a queen. Shouts of "Le roi boit! La reine boit!" are sent up around the table as soon as their Majesties touch the glasses placed before them and carefully kept replenished.

In the country the poor have always had their share of Twelfth-cake. It was called "the good God's share."

Unfortunately, all that was pious and poetic in these old customs has an ever-increasing tendency to disappear. Soon, it is to be feared, nothing will remain but unfeeling routine.

[1] The Magi are commonly referred to as kings.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

The Steeple-Builders

By Anita Fitch

Within the room of weekly prayer,
Where God's great peace may dwell,
One and by one the good folk stood
Experience to tell.

And then the steeple-builder big
Rose up with glorious youth,
And as he spoke he wept, and all
Knew that he spoke the truth.

He said, "Once on the scaffold high
Stood one with dizzy head,
And on the ground stretched out below
He seemed to look with dread.

"And I stood by, who 'd hated long,
And swift above the world,
Upon this dazed one, strong as I,
I my strong body hurled.

I forced him to the scaffold's edge
And faced him to the skies,
To feast upon his trembling fear
And shrinking, coward eyes.

"But lo! the man was unafraid,
And as we stood there came:
'Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowèd be thy name.'

"I laughed, 'Thy God in churches lives;
He may not scale the air!'
He said, 'Nay, friend, you do mistake:
My God is everywhere.'

bent his body like a reed,
And cried, 'Now call this One.'
He answered, looking on the clouds,
'Dear Lord, thy will be done.'

"I tore him back and said, 'Begone!
Or I shall kill thee still.'
He answered, 'Here I must remain,
If but your hate to kill.'

"I bade him take my own poor life,
And swore that death were sweet.
He said, 'My brother's keeper, I
Must lead his wand'ring feet.'

"He knelt and prayed with simple word
That I might know God's peace;
And as he prayed I felt the bands
Break with my heart's release.

"He sang of Calvary and Him
Who for man's sake had died;
He sang the sin out of my soul
And cooled its burning tide.

"And then he left me there to weep,
When soon, O wondrous sight!
The bright Christ on the scaffold stood
And built with me till night.

"And since that day, where'er I climb,
And other feet must go,
I trace a cross, that other souls
This mighty Love may know."

THE MYSTERY PLAY.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CROSSROADS FARM.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

I.

HIGH and conspicuous in a stout red wagon, a new cooking-stove made a triumphant progress along the country road which connected the county town, the Crossroads and Pegram Settlements. A triumphant progress it was, because, on a frosty December morning, the good farm-folk had plenty of time to flatten their noses against the window-panes at the sound of wheels, or leave wood-chopping in barn lot or forest to ask questions, or peer into the wagon-bed and admire. It was such a cooking-stove as had never come the Crossroads way before. Large, with a water-tank, with bright nickel trimmings and long lengths of shining pipe, it impressed the communities far more than a set of new parlor furniture would have done. This seemed to mean much more. In answer to a hundred questions along the route, Carl Kruse, the German driver, had one invariable reply. He was doing "dish shob of haulin' fer Deacon Gladden." Beyond that his mind did not go, but the country-side, for eight miles, reckoned "thet the deacon was sheerin' up his big wheat-crops with Mis' Gladden."

The progress of the cooking-stove was past large and small farms; by long, isolated fields; through remnants of forests where the brown beech-leaves rustled above with a crisp softness; down a steep hill-slope, and over a knoll or two. It waited at a red wagon-gate only long enough for the lank youth, who had been the German's silent companion on his errand, to open the creaking hindrance. It drew up before the kitchen door, where Ma Gladden stood in wait, mildly defiant of happenings, and unconscious of surprises.

"Ye 've made a mistake, hain't ye?" she ventured gently as the German turned his tired steeds. "Or air ye jest stoppin' fer a restin' spell?"

The stout driver gave her a joyless smile, while the chains rattled as he threw down the tail-board.

"Ter deacon buyed de stove," he said. "Shust ask him, mem."

A small and rosy man who appeared behind the partner of his joys and sorrows looked rather nervous.

"Hurry up," said his wife, pulling at his sleeve, "er they 'll have out a stove thet hain't ourn at all, Asahel."

Much as Pa Gladden liked to have things happen, he was blushing now as he looked from his wife to the new cooking-stove.

"Thet 's all right, Drusilly," he said huskily. "Ye see, I jest thort, Drusilly, an' Brother Kruse here, thet it war erbout time fer Christmasing ter begin. Now, hain't it?"

Drusilly gave way, and hastily retreated to a corner with her arms rolled in her apron. There was something she could not swallow low in her throat. She watched the men take down and carry out the old stove that had seen thirty years of actual service with few repairs. She saw, set up in its place, a very apotheosis of a cooking-stove, splendid in its glitter and high polish. About it were new tea-kettles, pots, pans, and baking-utensils, of all which she could not even guess the use. The men, in a joking way, at once started a fire and put on the tea-kettle "to see ef it would dror well." As one in a

dream, she obeyed pa's hospitable suggestion to give "them thar young fellers a bite ter eat before they start back ter town."

Pa hovered about, making congratulatory remarks on the draft and the heat and the general splendor, but when the men had finished their meal and driven away, he at once subsided into a silent wonder as "ter how Drusilly 'd take it." For Pa Gladden had a secret in his breast that made him uneasy.

Drusilly said nothing until there was no longer the sound of wagon-wheels, then she threw her apron over her face with a dry sob.

"Waal, I swanny!" cried the man. "Ye never air goin' ter cry, Drusilly? Ain't ye glad? I jist could n't wait fer thet stove to git here. Ye shorely know I been like a hen on a hot griddle all the mornin'. I thort ye 'd ruther hev a new stove than a new gownd. Shorely ye like it; shorely ye 're pleased with yer present, Drusilly."

But Drusilly still sobbed behind her shield.

"An' ye 're actooly cryin' like a baby. If women ain't the oncertaintest critters anyhow! Laws o' massy, I thort ye 'd be tickled ter death!"

"Oh, pa," came from the apron, "I 'm repentin' in dust an' ashes how mean I hev been ter ye about thet barn. I never hev give ye one minute's peace sence ye built it so fur away, believin' it pure foolishness. It war onchristian of me, truly, but ye 've made me 'shamed by yer kindness, ye hev."

It was pa's turn to redden, but he helped himself to another piece of pie as unconcernedly as possible.

"Thet 's all right," he said in a conciliatory tone. "I never minded it much, an' I jest planned ye ter hev yer stove up afore yer cousin Mary Jane Ann got in from Kansas fer thet visit. It 'll stump 'er, won't it?"

Drusilly sobbed anew.

"She can't say yer all fer yer own comfort arter thet, Asahel. It air a most beautiful stove, ain't it?"

"They don't make many better ones," replied pa, finishing his pie. "I don't never warnt ye to ast me whut thet kitchin ornyment did cost, Drusilly. I don't keer nothin' about the cost, an' I warnt ter fergit it ez soon ez I kin. Air ye properly pleased?"

"Ye know I be," replied Ma Gladden. "I never made no complaint, but the way thet old stove could act on a windy day war a terror, it war. Whar 's the old stove anyhow, pa? Did ye sell it fer old iron?"

Pa's mouth was again full, and he speechless of a necessity. Mrs. Gladden went to the kitchen door, looked out, and returned to the disordered table. By that time pa said, in a trifle too light a tone to deceive her:

"It 's out at the barn."

"I 'd 'a' sold it," said his wife, "onless ye air to hev a fire in thet harness-room."

"It might come handy in lambing-time," mused pa, "er fer heatin' water, would n't it?"

"Er fer settin' by," broke in his wife, with a touch of sharpness; "yer likin' ter set off alone so much. I 'll be glad to think ye can get warm arter the long journey out to thet barn on a cold mornin'. It 's turrible fur."

"Tut, tut!" replied pa. "Jest listen to the drorin' power of this one. Mary Jane Ann air boun' ter respect thet stove, Drusilly. It did cost scand'lous, an' she 's boun' ter respect it."

A half-hour later Pa Gladden escaped to his capacious barn, his pride and, for a year past, the wonder of his county. For Pa Gladden had dreamed of this barn as the prophets of old dreamed of temples, and he builded it from crops that seemed miraculous in years when others were scanty. The barn was a large and long building of rough stones in the first story, and with two stories of frame lofts above. At one end was a square tower, making a room below and above, with the roughest of stairways connecting them. Primitive architecture in every part it was, but somehow well in keeping with the rugged slopes, the fields, the woodlands near. To Elder Becks, the gaunt and earnest Methodist preacher of the Dutch Settlement Church, did Pa Gladden impart the real reason and secret of the construction of the barn.

"Ye see, elder," he said earnestly, "the Lord Almighty fust put it inter my head ter house my cattle an' sheep in winter weather. An' I said, 'Lord, how kin I? This hain't the days of meracles, an' I hain't hed good crops fer years.' The thing kep' turnin' uppermost in my mind, an' I kep' questionin' how. Then I had my fust good wheat-crop, an' I says, 'Lord, ef this means build a barn fer them pore dumb brutes, I 'll do it.' Thar war really no accountin' fer the crops, elder, leastwise onless it war because I sot on the rails every night an' prayed over 'em. An' the plan of the barn come to me gradooal-like, a leetle now an' a leetle then. When the wheat moved in the wind, I could see it all stacked and threshed, bushels an' bushels, waitin' ter be sold ter build a barn ter shel-

"'SHORELY YE 'RE PLEASED WITH YER PRESENT.'"

ter dumb brutes. An' it allers stood right on the same spot, elder, in my thorts, so thar I built it, regrettin' thet it made any feelin' betwixt me an' Drusilly. It air borne in on me thet thar air meanin's to enymost everything thet stays in yer mind, elder, an' they ginerally work out arter a while, jest ez the ways of the Lord air shorely past findin' out."

To-day Pa Gladden gathered an armful of sticks and started the first barn fire. He brought in a rough milking-stool from the stalls, and sat down in front of the blaze, rubbing his small, hard hands in an almost childlike glee.

"Let the women talk now," he thought, "but women's talk such ez Mary Jane Ann is partial to is very tryin' to quiet folk. Drusilly 'll never miss me when Mary Jane Ann an' her gits ter dissectin' the relationship. I hev heerd thet hull relationship pulled fore an' aft every time Mary Jane Ann comes in from Kansas, an' I 'm plumb tired of it. We never kin agree. She air Hard-shell Baptist an' I air rank Methody. God has 'lowed them two creeds to grow mighty various—mighty various. Now, me an' the dumb brutes hev a refuge here. When we can't do jist right ourselves, an' keep from bein' wordy, we 'll cut an' run. Thet 's sound sense ef it hain't pure Scripter. An' this here air the bes' place ez I kin be tinkerin' roun' while she 's here an' not raise no more feelin'. It air one thing ter kill a cat an' 'nother ter choke it with butter. I calkilated thet new stove ter be the bridge thet 'll carry me over Mary Jane Ann's stay without a real squabble."

II.

MARY JANE ANN arrived from Kansas for her visit two or three days after the setting up of the new cooking-stove. Her youngest son had just entered a Baptist theological seminary, and she was much elated at the honor. She entered upon the full enjoyment of her visit by starting the most heated argument on religion that had ever been heard in the Gladden homestead. After this preliminary skirmish Pa Gladden chided himself anew and kept silent during meal-times. The barn was, indeed, his refuge, and to its shelter he betook himself at the least sign of a storm. There was always much visiting in the county when Mary Jane Ann came, and many noontimes it was quite convenient for Pa Gladden to boil his coffee and eat his luncheon in the barn. Thus, little by little, discarded comforts, cooking-utensils, and broken furniture found their way thither. His hymn-books, a worn Bible, and the farm almanacs had a new niche on the rough wall shelf. Drusilly was too busy to miss anything or to notice much. Mary Jane Ann was a woman who filled all silences and absences.

Pa spent much of the daylight hours in the harness-room, mending and tinkering, looking after the wants of his cattle, and rejoicing in their evident comfort. Over his tasks he crooned and hummed quaint psalms and old hymns. He had been a great psalm-singer in his youth, and he still raised a quavering voice in his Maker's praise. Besides, he knew many odd ballads and strains that, though he never realized it, were a direct inheritance from an English grandmother and a long line of God-fearing people. When Christmas-time came he remembered many of these Old-World carols:

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity!

along with many Yule-tide anthems and carol-singers' glees. And, because of forgotten or never-known things in the past, Pa Gladden's tender heart was always more tender near the Christmas season.

After the middle of the month there came a wild night or two, loud with wind, bitter with snow and sleet. The small man's rosy cheeks were more rosy than ever, and there was a glow in his heart. His cattle were safe in the weather-proof barn, his sheep safe in the old sheds, all protected, all cared for. No keen blast made him shudder for his stock, helpless creatures with which he felt that the Lord had intrusted him. Beyond his fields, his pastures, there was suffering enough, the horses and steers, sheep and cows, running in the bleak fields, "turned out," as the phrase went, to gain a scant existence during the winter from frozen gleanings. He breathed always his favorite petition, that *one* for "redeemin' love." It was pa's religious theory that when this great "redeemin' love" entered into the heart of any man or woman there was no room for hardness, rebellion, selfishness, or greed. All took flight, like black ravens from out a belfry, and the clear sunshine of God went through.

For two days sleet and snow fell, and the north winds blew. Drusilly and Mary Jane Ann found occupation in many elaborate preparations for the annual festival of the Crossroads church, which had been set for Christmas eve. It took the farmer's entire time to attend to his stock, and he found the fire in the harness-room a great convenience and comfort. It warmed the upper room fairly well, and many an afternoon nap Pa Gladden snatched on a bed of hay covered with a blanket. There was absolute peace there, time for thought, and, like king and philosopher, Pa Gladden had come to his years of contemplation. Absolute peace was here among his cattle, and absolute relief from Mary Jane Ann's strident voice and her love of argument.

He was bracing the tongue of the old green sleigh, one morning, when Drusilly appeared, almost breathless.

"Thar 's a strange man an' woman to see ye, pa," she began hurriedly. "They come from Washin'ton County. They 've been lookin' fer a young woman thet 's strayed away, an' they been durrected here. 'Pears like she run away them cold days an' hez walked clear over here. Law!" she continued, glancing into the harness-room, "you hev plumb set up ter housekeepin', ye jest hev."

"'I SOT ON THE RAILS EVERY NIGHT AN' PRAYED OVER 'EM.'"

Pa put down his tools hastily.

"Ye should hev rung the big bell, an' I 'd come," he said. "Thar air really no call fer ye ter git yer feet wet. 'Pears like ye lose yer good sense ef anything excitin' comes yer way. Ye never 'll be more 'n sixteen, Drusilly, will ye?"

Both smiled, for this was pa's bit of conjugal gallantry, and never wore out. The two tramped over the snowy foot-path in silence. In sight of the house Drusilly broke out:

"Thet man says the young woman war roun' here yesterday, pa, walkin' 'long our hay-field line. Ye hain't seen her, hev ye?"

"Pore thing!" said pa, in a low voice. "Whar 'd I see 'er, Drusilly? I been clost kep' ter the barn sence Cephy 's been off his feed. No, I hain't seen 'er."

"Cephy," be it known, was the favorite of Pa Gladden's good team of horses. If, as the

"DRUSILLY APPEARED, ALMOST BREATHLESS."

Crossroads doctor had once remarked, in some past time this good steed had been christened Bucephalus, his master neither knew nor cared. "Cephy" was the name for him, and between the horse and his master there was a perfect understanding on every subject save that of oats.

"There hain't a mite o' danger o' losin' the horse, air they?" queried Drusilly, anxious at once.

"No; he 's better now," said pa, over his shoulder. "He 'll pull through."

"What did ye doctor 'im with this time?"

Pa stopped mysteriously.

"Ye won't tell Mary Jane Ann, will ye? Kin ye keep it?"

"La, Asahel, I won't tell."

"Then," continued pa, reaching over until his ear was at her shoulder, "I give him a little meal an' bran, mixed warm, an' a little linseed, an'—an'—I tried thet cha'm thet ole black Jude over the river onct told me. I biled three ha'rs of a dead hoss's mane in the meal."

"My sakes! Air thet Christian?" queried Drusilly, much impressed.

"'I BILED THREE HA'RS OF A DEAD HOSS'S MANE.'"

"Jude says it 'll fix the wind-colic every time, an' it did Cephy good, Drusilly, fer a fact. I hope ye 'll hold out ag'in' mentionin' it ter any one. It air a powerful cure, someway, but I would n't tell it."

They found the neat kitchen occupied by the two strangers and Mary Jane Ann, who had long since found out their errand. Pa Gladden at once recognized the man as the almshouse-keeper of a neighboring county, and a man of whom he had never heard a good report. The woman with him seemed much overdressed to pa's simple tastes. A strong compassion for the fugitive girl filled his heart at once.

"We 've lost an inmate of our institution, Mr. Gladden," began the man, with an important air, "and hear that she was seen walking along your hayfield. She is a tall young woman, and wore a large cloak and hood."

Pa Gladden took a chair to the side of the new stove and sat down.

"Tuesday war a mortal bad day fer any one ter be out er run away," he said slowly;

"leastwise it war a mortal bad day at the Crossroads."

The burly stranger grew red.

"Maybe you don't remember me, Mr. Gladden," he went on. "My name 's Simon Helmbold, and I have charge of the almshouse over in our county, Washington. This young woman was placed with us for care by her friends, you understand—prominent people. Just at present there was no place else open to her."

Pa regarded him mildly.

"Oh, yes, I understand," he said. "They're payin' money fer her, bein' she war a pore derelict."

The spokesman was evidently most uncomfortable.

"But she blindly and foolishly determined to leave us, and was helped away by a male inmate we thought we could trust. At least, I did; Mrs. Helmbold never did put thorough faith in him."

"I don't trust any one," announced the woman; "at least, not that class of people."

"Quite right," echoed Mary Jane Ann,

MR. AND MRS. HELMBOLD.

"quite right. You can't trust the lower classes."

"I don't see ez we hev anything to do with this, hev we, ma?" said Pa Gladden. "The young gal hez never called here to my knowin'."

"No, indeed," added the visitor. "Don't you understand, Asahel, that she hez no character now, if she ever had any?"

"I should say not," burst out Mrs. Helmbold, "and sets herself up for decent people to worry over. She ought to be in a prison."

"Mebbe others air also ter blame," suggested pa, gravely. "It ain't allers best ter condemn. Let the Lord do thet. He knows all the ins an' outs of every one's sorrer. Let him jedge."

"To lay religion aside," said the black-browed keeper, sharply, "this person was seen by two of your neighbors, who were hauling wood, walking at the corner of your land. When they looked back she was gone. Could she hide anywhere on your place, do you think?"

Pa Gladden stared at the man in astonishment. Suddenly he said, and quite shortly for him:

"No, I hain't seen 'er about. She mebbe cut across to Tarleton road through the wood lane. Why not let her go? She 's out of yer hands."

The man grew pale.

"It might cost me my place. She left saying that Mrs. Helmbold abused her. It might

"'I HAIN'T LIVIN' MUCH AT HOME JESS NOW, . . . BUT I GOT THE DEEDS TER THE FARM.'"

get to the trustees' ears. She was such a bold one."

"I never abused her," broke in Mrs. Helmbold, sullenly. "I shut her up because she would n't answer my questions."

Pa's mouth changed into a narrow line.

"It ginerally do take two stories ter git at the truth of a matter," he said, with his judicial air; "but right gits on top every time. Thet young woman ain't here, an' I don't at all hold with yer drivin' women out in the snow an' sleet. It suttinly don't look right ter Christian people. The poor an' oppressed hez got the Lord on their side every time."

The couple at once rose, the man livid with anger.

"I 'm sure they calkilated ter stay ter dinner," whispered Drusilly, as she watched them down the walk. "Ain't ye a leetle hard on 'em, Asahel?"

"Some one hez got ter be hard on 'em," returned her small spouse. "Sech a storm ez we hed on Tuesday don't coax women out ter go walkin'. Thar 's bad men's money somers, Drusilly, er my name ain't Pa Gladden."

"I 'm glad she never come in here," replied his wife, nervously; "I 'd be afraid."

"Waal, now," spoke up Mary Jane Ann, "you need n't be. I 'd send such a baggage flying. I 'm just as much of a man ez Asahel, any day."

Pa was winding a blue comforter about his neck. He stopped and looked at Mary Jane Ann for a full minute. Then he started for the door.

"I hain't livin' much at home jess now," he said mildly, "but I got the deeds ter the farm. Ef thet young woman comes, Drusilly, ast her in an' ring the bell. I 'll come up an' 'tend ter the hull matter."

He gave Drusilly a reassuring smile and returned over the hill to his work in the barn.

III.

"YE never air goin' out ter the barn this time o' night, air ye, pa?" called Ma Gladden's soft voice from the kitchen bedroom.

"THEN HE LIGHTED THE LANTERN AND WENT FORTH."

For Pa Gladden, after having removed a portion of his garments, was deliberately donning them again. Mary Jane Ann was comfortably snoring in the parlor bedroom, and it was nearly ten o'clock.

Pa tiptoed over the carpet to the bedside.

"Drusilly," he said solemnly, "somethin' is callin' me from out thar, an' it is likelier ter be the voice of God than of Satan, seein' it came arter strong prayer. Yer know thet I felt thet way when Cephy hurt hisself on the barb-wire fence an' eenymost bled to death. Don' ye hol' me back, Drusilly, fer some trouble er somethin' air callin' me out thar ter the barn."

"I never do like ter hear ye say sech things," replied his wife, timidly. "I don' hear no calls ner feel sech things, pa."

"Natur's air different, Drusilly. I disremember whether it war my grandmother er my mother tol' me thet the hull family 'way back in Scotland had 'second sight.' Some things air put in the blood fer all time. Lie down thar now an' say yer prayers fer me an' fer all poor creeturs like thet wanderin' one we hearn tell of ter-day."

He kissed her as solemnly and tenderly as if she was a child, then gave her a little pat.

"I allers feel like sayin', 'Now I lay me,' after you 've done thet, Asahel," she smilingly said as he turned away.

"'Now I lay me' never did do any hurt," he returned.

Then he lighted the lantern and went forth sturdily, with his heart full. Before him lay a wonderful still and white world, a world pure enough for spirits, the air crisp and sharp, the serenity of the everlasting, starlit firmament above, symbolic of the ever-living, ever-speaking beyond. He went forth on a quest, and his pure old heart was as unsullied by the fifty years he had lived in the world, was as noble and as knightly, as that of any fabled Sir Galahad. He went forth on a quest to seek and to save.

Along the narrow path he went in the

"AYE, THERE WAS THE WANDERER."

cold starlit air, over the slope and down to the great barn. The dark form seemed to him palpitant with life, the lives of dumb things and the life of a human being strangely intermingled and interwoven. Beyond him, once or twice, he fancied he saw a tiny flitting thing, an intangible shape like a large white moth that led him on, and which flew to the stable door. But he was not a fanciful man, and thought the wind blew the snow about. He felt sure that the great barn sheltered the hunted woman of whom the almshouse people were in search. He opened the basement door and went in quietly. The cows turned inquiring eyes upon his lantern, but with little concern. The horses never moved, nor did the great collie, whose week-old puppies lay on a warm bed of straw. They knew Pa Gladden, and that they were safe where he came and went.

He passed along the stalls with a reverent feeling he knew came from the Christ-birth story he had read to himself in the twilight of that very day, read before he closed the barn and was about to snap the hasp and padlock as usual. It had seemed to him then that his hand was arrested by something. Was it only a thought or an actual, detaining hand? Whatever it was, he took the key from the lock, and, for the first time since Jan Gunderman's cow had been stolen in late August, Pa Gladden left his barn unlocked at night.

His thought? It was hardly tangible. The poor creature he had called a "derelict" might be somewhere—maybe she was watching him from the near-by woodland. It seemed to him he could feel that she watched him in the semi-darkness, that, when he went away she would slowly creep in among the cattle and find warmth and shelter until morning. He even went back after starting away—went back to carry a second blanket up the rough stairs, to build the fire anew, and to put the remnants of his noon coffee on the back of the stove. Then he went home.

Now, hours later, Pa Gladden softly stepped into the harness-room. A breath of warm air met him. He held up the lantern, but the room was empty. Then he stealthily climbed the stairs and peered into the loft chamber. Aye, there was the wanderer, lying asleep on the pile of straw, with the blankets and a cloak almost hiding her! A plait of brown hair—long, soft, pretty hair—lay over the cover. He could hear her heavy breathing. She was safe—warmed,

"THE CHRIST-BIRTH STORY HE HAD READ TO HIMSELF."

"'I WAS BEHIND SOME CEDAR-TREES.'"

quieted at last. He stole down and put some wood into the stove. Then he went home.

"Did you find anything wrong?" sleepily inquired his wife, as he moved about.

"Nothin' wrong, thank God," returned he; "nothin' wrong, Drusilly, this night."

IV.

"PA gits airlier an' airlier o' mornin's," sighed Ma Gladden, when her spouse had closed the kitchen door the next morning. "He war up before light, actooly."

Mary Jane Ann was sitting at the breakfast-table in a dark wrapper and curl-papers. She was at that moment thinking that visiting in winter was rather tiresome after all.

"It is early," she snapped, reaching for the coffee-pot, "powerful early. Out in Wichita I never get up till seven anyhow."

"You 'd better snatch another nap," returned Mrs. Gladden, hospitably, "fer pa does rouse up airly. He war restless last night anyhow. I b'lieve thet story of the missin' woman bothered him, pa is thet tender-hearted."

"There 's no sense in bein' foolish over trash," said Mary Jane Ann, snappishly.

"He air thet tender-hearted an' thet innercent," went on Drusilly, as she watched her husband pass over the hill, "sometimes I think he air the innercentest man I ever did see. He never sees any wrong 'less he 's plumb brung up ag'in' it."

While this conversation was going on Pa Gladden was stepping forward through the dazzling gladness and whiteness of a winter's morning. The sun was not above the horizon, but the sky was glorious with long heralds of light and color. The crisp, unsullied snow lay over field and road, and hid all ugliness, all roughness. In this mother-of-pearl and marble world Pa Gladden walked forward, drawing deep breaths of enjoyment. He could not have told the name of a single color that quivered from zenith to nadir, but his feeling was no less deep as he murmured an actual heart-rapture fervently:

"God onspeakable!"

"HE RAIDED THE PANTRY."

A figure stood in the barn door as he came over the hill slope, a woman's figure shrouded in a dark cloak. He had been almost too late. He now hurried his steps, but she hastened around the corner of the building. The small man actually ran to intercept her. She had not gone far, and was leaning against the fence of the cow-lot, already exhausted. She looked at him with a white, pitiful face, frightened, helpless.

"Oh, sir," she said humbly, "I was going. I did n't do any harm in there, indeed I did n't."

She was like a broken-winged bird, fluttering, lost. An instinct, an emotion, something hitherto no part of his existence, awoke in Pa Gladden. He put out his hand to her arm, himself trembling.

"Come inside, my darter."

He led her in, wondering at her evident feebleness. In a few moments he had a fire blazing in the old stove, the coffee-pot on. He went into the barn and returned with three fresh eggs, which he put into a saucepan over the fire.

"Now, when thet there water biles, them eggs 'll be done to a T," he said cheerily, "an' there 's coffee, an' there 's milk, an' ye 'll feel better when ye 've eaten somethin'."

"THE DOCTOR OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CATTLE-BARN."

The young woman sat upon the milking-stool. The dark cloak fell back and showed a pale young face, very pained and anxious. Her hair was parted in the meekest fashion, and hung in two thick plaits over her shoulders and into her lap. Her eyes were deep-sunken and her lips drawn. There was suffering in every lineament.

"You won't send me back to the almshouse," she quavered pitifully, "'cause I ran away from there. I could n't stay in a poor-house. Oh, no, indeed, I could n't stay there!"

"Hain't ye got any friends er kinfolk, darter?" asked Pa Gladden, in his gentlest tone, "'cause this 'ere is heartrendin' business an' jest won't do. Hain't ye got any one ter look arter ye?"

"Oh, yes, yes; some one will come. Christmas will be the time. All this trouble will be over. The time is certainly 'most here, indeed it is."

"To-day is Christmas eve," returned Pa Gladden from over the stove, "an' how 'll yer folks find ye out if ye hide from 'em?"

"I just wanted to hide till I got some rested. I was so tired and so cold. Then I will go on and get to a city. And I 'll let some one know right away. I can't tell any one anything, for I promised I would not, not a word. I 'll die rather than break that promise. Oh, sir, just let me get rested, and I will go on, indeed I will."

Pa gulped something down his throat, and proceeded to pour out the steaming coffee.

"Jest hold yerself level," he said, trying to be humorous to hide his feeling. "You eat, an' I 'll see to Cephy. Cephy warn't well yestidday, so I must give him a leetle extry attention. Make yerself ter hum an' don't ye worry."

When he returned she had bathed her face and was plaiting her hair. It almost hid her as she looked sorrowfully up into his face.

"The almshouse man was after me," she said. "I saw his buggy go by twice. I was

behind some cedar-trees out of the wind. Was he at your house?"

Pa nodded as he poked the fire.

"He told you I was a bad girl, a wicked woman. I know that it turns folks from me, but I am not what he says. Oh, why does God let me suffer so?"

"Air ye an orphan gal?" asked pa, very gently.

"From my birth. My father was killed by a locomotive, and my mother died when I was born. But I had friends—until—I—I could n't explain everything—and then they sent me away."

She began to sob.

"You air, indeed, a pore, deceived creetur," thought Pa Gladden, "a lost sheep in the wilderness." But aloud he said: "The best thing ye kin do is tu lie by till this here cold spell is over, an' we 'll git ye somers. A barn hain't like a house, but this here hain't a common barn. It 's a refuge fer some folks. Lie by an' rest fer a day er so, an' trust yer Pa Gladden ter fetch ye some vittals an' ter keep the old stove goin'."

"I should tell Drusilly ter onct ef it war not fer Mary Jane Ann," he said to himself, "but Mary Jane Ann air allers so hard on her own sect. No one comes out here, an' thet festivul air an all-absorbin' performance jest now. I 'll fix 'er a bed an' make 'er comfortable. Pore gal, pore gal!"

As it was the day of the Christmas fair and festival at the Crossroads settlement, he had no difficulty in carrying out his ideas. The green sleigh carried Ma Gladden and Mary Jane Ann to the village by ten o'clock. Pa made them a conditional promise to join them in the evening. At noontide he raided the pantry for good things to tempt the wanderer's appetite. But the girl could not eat. She shook her head, and she looked at him with eyes that did not seem to see anything.

"Air ye so sick?" he asked her when, toward night, he climbed the half-ladder again.

She seized his hard hand with a terrible shudder.

"Oh, sir, good, kind sir, I am ill! If I have to have a doctor, make him promise to come quietly. I will pay. See! I have this to pay him. It will bring one, I am sure."

She rapidly unfastened a knot in her handkerchief. One large and shining gold coin she laid in his palm.

"Now, don't ye give up," pa replied cheerfully. "Ye won't feel thet way to-morrer. Ye 'll be rested an' much better. But I 'll git a doctor ef ye say so, good ole Doc Briskett, thet tells nobody's business, not even his own."

"Wait a little," she whispered, "wait a little"; but her lips were set.

"It air lucky," soliloquized Pa Gladden, half an hour later, "thet Cephy don't git on 'is feed, fer thet 's a good excuse ter stay at hum. Drusilly an' Mary Jane Ann kin put up at Aby Early's, an' I 'll jest send 'em word by the passin' neighbors. Then I kin properly look arter things in the barn. Somethin' might happen thet 'd need me ter run it. Thet pore creetur acts purty sick. I jest tuk the responsibility ter send a line ter doc ter come right out. I know doc: he 'll be eenymost ez glad ter git out of a church festivul ez I be."

V.

IN the early darkness of the winter night Pa Gladden returned to the barn laden with a lamp, a candle, tea and food. He felt glad that he had sent for the doctor, although he attributed the young woman's illness to exposure and anxiety. She was tossing on the warm bed, at times unable to speak intelligibly. She drank the warm tea he gave her, and again asked for the doctor. Being assured that he would soon come, she turned her face to the wall. It was such a sorrowful sight that, setting the candle down on the floor, Pa Gladden knelt upon the boards and prayed fervently:

"Father of love, look down on our sorrerful darter this holy night when redeemin' love should fill all our hearts, this Christmas night when ye sent yer Son inter the world ter bear all our sins an' ignorances. Heal 'er sore heart, O Lord, heal 'er wounds with the soothin' balm o' thy love. Hold 'er in thy arms in all 'er trouble an' tribblelations, an' let Christmas day be a real turnin'-point in 'er life."

When he rose up, the young woman was sitting up, her eyes full of deep meaning.

"You are a good man," she said. "I want to say I deserve it, all your goodness. I am not"—here her voice rose to a shriek—"I am not wicked. You can pray for me, and over me if I should die. I am not afraid to be here. It 's quiet and peaceful. I will try to be patient. Please tell me your name, sir."

"Pa Gladden."

"Mine is Mary, plain Mary. Have you any daughter?"

"No"—with lingering regret; "but I 'm allers Pa Gladden to all the folks."

S. Gardiner

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'FATHER OF LOVE, LOOK DOWN ON OUR SORRERFUL DARTER.'"

"If you had a daughter, Pa Gladden, she 'd likely be grown up."

"Probable."

"And married; and you might be praying for her, right by her side, just like you are here. God bless you forever and forever, Pa Gladden!" She ended with a sob.

"Don't take on so. Won't ye come inter the house, my darter? I 'll make it all right with Drusilly. Hers is a good heart."

"No, no. I 'm afraid of women. Does it make you feel bad to see me cry, Pa Gladden? Then I 'll set my lips tighter. Just let me stay here. If you had a daughter she 'd want to be quiet now, peaceful and quiet."

He sat by her for a few moments longer.

"The doctor 'll be comin' ter the house presently," he said cheerfully. "I must go an' pilot him here. Lie still, darter; he 'll soon git somethin' outen them old leather saddle-bags ter quiet ye down. Doc Briskett knows his business."

She held out her hand to him.

"Yes, go, Pa Gladden, but leave me the little candle. It 's lonesome in the dark when one is in misery. And I 'll listen for your footsteps."

Pa was not much too soon. He heard the bump and rattle of the doctor's cart over the hard road before he reached the red gate.

"Jest hold hard, doc," he called out as he swung it open. "Go out the barn road. Yer patient air out thar."

"Jee whillikins!" exclaimed Doc Briskett. "You never have brought me 'way out here to see a sick cow on a church-festival night!"

Pa climbed in beside him.

"It 's a pore woman thet 's sick," he announced calmly, and unfolded his story for the doctor's amazed ears.

"Pa Gladden!" exclaimed the doctor. "God alone knows what sort of an illness she may have. However, I 'll see her. A tramp is likely to have any disease traveling."

A lamp stood on the old table in the harness-room, and the burly doctor took it and climbed to the upper room. Pa Gladden paused at the doorway to look over the white world of Christmas eve. On such a night, he thought, the shepherds watched, the star shone, the angels sang, the Child was born. Pa Gladden heard the voice of his mother in the long ago:

> Carol, carol, Christians,
> Carol joyfully,
> Carol for the coming
> Of Christ's nativity!

Then, hoarse and terrible, came the doctor's voice as he almost tumbled down the ladder:

"Pa, pa, get in that cart and drive like mad to Dilsaver's. Meenie is at home, and tell her I said to come back with you. Bring her here; bring some woman, for the love of God!"

It was in the first dawn of the morning that the doctor opened the door of the cattle-barn to find Pa Gladden. By the light of the forgotten lantern he saw the small man seated with his head buried in his hands beside the rough-coated collie. Used as he was to scenes of distress, he was touched by this. He bent over him and laid his hand on his shoulder. Pa glanced up and tried to rise.

"Air she gone?" he gasped.

"Gone? No, no! Why, she 'll live fifty years. And just come in and see what a fine little boy Christmas has brought to your house, dear old pa, a real little Christmas fellow with big blue eyes."

"But I thort—" and pa's lips quivered.

"We all thought for a while, pa. Things, indeed, looked black," said the doctor, gravely, "but the danger is past—though it wrung her foolish secret from her. Oh, pa, old Pa Gladden, you are a good man, if there is one! Do you know what you 've done this time? Rescued a poor mistaken child that was only foolish, never worse. She is the wife of that little rascal, Jeddie Hebbs, the one that you used to be so fond of when the old squire was alive. She is an orphan girl brought up by his uncle in Washington County. He courted her there and married her on the sly last fall, then went out to California to get a home for her. She promised to keep it a secret, and a fine time she 's had with her secret. He will be here for her as quick as I can telegraph him. Then I 'll give him a piece of my mind as big as the Crossroads church. There, pa, don't shake so. Go in and see that baby, and let Meenie, good soul, give you a cup of coffee. You 've done a good deed, pa, and I really like to know you 're alive. This is a queer old world, but God made a few of the folks in it."

Through the half-open door Pa Gladden caught a glimpse of the old German woman with a small bundle across her knees. He looked back through the long barn, then out into the gray of the Christmas dawn. His lips moved as, pale and shaken with the awful fear of the night hours, he turned to enter the harness-room. To him Christ was, indeed, new-born. His lips moved in his own secret rapture-cry:

"God onspeakable!"

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

"'A REAL LITTLE CHRISTMAS FELLOW.'"

H.M. ARMSTRONG

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

IN middle heaven a form behold;
Fair-aureoled
Her shapely brow with noon-bright gold;
Soli Deo Gloria!

Upon a little cloud she stands,
Within her hands
A tympanum with scarlet bands;
Soli Deo Gloria!

Thereon she playeth without fault,
While up the vault
Her voice makes silvery assault—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Till, blended with her soaring notes,
Adown there floats
An echo from a myriad throats—
Soli Deo Gloria!

An angel she of God's own choir,
Whose one desire
Is higher yet to chant, and higher—
Soli Deo Gloria!

And every year, upon the morn
When Christ was born
Within the manger-bed forlorn—
Soli Deo Gloria!

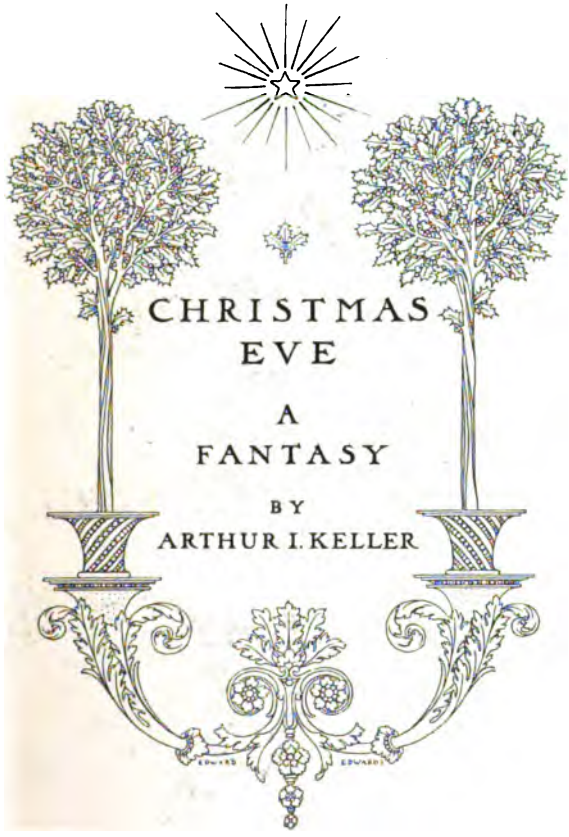
'T is hers to bid song's raptures run
From sun to sun,
And list to earth's low antiphon—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Would that our praise might swell and rise
Along the skies,
And scale the gates of Paradise—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Bearing, with more complete accord,
Unto the Lord,—
Forevermore our watch and ward,—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Laudate eum in tympano

Laudate eum in chordis et organo


CHRISTMAS
EVE
A
FANTASY
BY
ARTHUR I. KELLER

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE UP-RIVER MEN—CORDELLING BOATS ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST: A STUDY IN TRANSPORTATION.

BY EMERSON HOUGH.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

II. AGAINST THE WATERS.

THE UP-STREAM MAN.

IN 1810 the Western frontier of the United States slanted like the roof of a house from Maine to Louisiana. The center of population was almost exactly upon the site of the city of Washington. The West was a distinct section, and it was a section which had begun to develop an aristocracy. We still wore linsey-woolsey in Kentucky; still pounded our corn in a hollow stump in Ohio; still killed our Indians with the ancient weapon of our fathers; still took our produce to New Orleans in flatboats; still were primitive in many ways. None the less we had among us an aristocrat, a man who classified himself as better than his fellow-man. There had been born that early captain of transportation, the keel-boatman, the man who could go up-stream. The latter had for the stationary or semi-stationary man a vast and genuine contempt, as nomad man has ever had for the man of anchored habit. There was warrant for this feeling of superiority, for the keel-boat epoch was a great one in American history. Had this clumsy craft never been supplanted by the steamboat, its victories would have been of greater value to America than all the triumphs she ever won upon the seas.

As for the keel-boatmen themselves, they were a hardy, wild, and reckless breed. They spent their days in the blazing sun, their heads drooping over the setting-pole, their feet steadily trudging the walking-boards of their great vessel from morning until night and day after day. A wild life, a merry one, and a brief, was that lived by this peculiar class of men who made characters for one of the vivid chapters in the tale of the early West.

ANECDOTE OF UP-STREAM MAN.

MIKE FINK, they tell us, was a king among the keel-boatmen at the date of the introduction of steam-craft upon the Ohio and the Mississippi; a man of medium height, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, all bone and brawn, a champion with the rifle, a master in fisticuffs, a hard drinker, a hard worker, of temper alternately sullen and merry, and of a sheer physical force which dominated all he met in his rude calling. This is the man who figures in a well-known anecdote recounted by different early writers. It seems that he had a bosom friend named Carpenter, with whom he was wont to engage in a certain risky pastime. "Carpenter and Mike used to fill a tin cup with whisky," says one chronicler, "and place it by turns on each other's heads, and shoot at it with a rifle, at the distance of seventy yards. It was always bored through without injury to the one on whose head it was placed. This feat is too well authenticated to admit of question. It was often performed, and they liked the feat the better because it showed their confidence in each other." Yet it fell out that after a long and much-tried friendship these two at last had a quarrel which parted them, and it was some time before their friends could bring about a reconciliation. A truce was patched up, however, and, to bind it, the two agreed to resort to their old test of amity. Mike won the toss, and it was Carpenter who was chosen by fate to carry the tin cup for the other's aim. Carpenter knew what was to follow, and he then and there made his will, giving his rifle, pistols, and equipment to his friend Talbot. He was too proud to ask for his life, though he knew Mike Fink's treachery and relentlessness. Folding his arms, Carpenter stood calm and steady with the cup on his head. Fink shot him square through the forehead, and then calmly chided him for spilling the contents of the cup. He pretended remorse when told he had killed his friend. Justice of the frontier overtook him, when Talbot, at a

later day, shot him with one of the pistols Carpenter had bequeathed to him.

THE UP-STREAM MAN REACHES THE HEAD OF THE WATERS.

No great interest attaches to Mike Fink as a man, though he is typical of the wild conditions which then obtained in the Western regions. It is an important thing, however, to know that this cowardly action of his took place in 1822, and not on the Ohio or the Mississippi, but far up the Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellowstone River—the "Roche Jaune" of the early voyageurs. We may see that the men of the West had solved in some rude sort of way the problem of getting up-stream, though still they clung to the highways of nature, the watercourses. Fink and his savage friends were in the employ of Henry & Ashley, traders in furs. The men of the ax and rifle had once more broken over the ultimate barriers assigned to them by the men of book and gown. That mysterious land beyond the Mississippi was even then receiving more and more of that adventurous population which the statesmen of the Louisiana Purchase feared would leave the East and never would return. The fur-traders of St. Louis had found a way to reach the Rockies. The adventurous West was once more blazing a trail for the commercial and industrial West to follow. This was the second outward setting of the tide of Westbound travel. We had used up all our down-stream transportation, and we had taken over, and were beginning to use, all the trails that led into the West, all the old French trails, the old Spanish trails, the trails that led out with the sun. No more war parties now from the Great Lakes to the Ohio, from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. This was our country. We held the roads.

STEAM HELPS THE UP-STREAM JOURNEYINGS.

BUT now there were happening yet other strange and startling things. In 1806, at Pittsburg, some persons built the first steamboat ever seen on the Ohio River. Its first trip was the occasion of much rejoicing, and was celebrated with fervor, which, however, must have received a certain dampening by the outcome of the experiment. The boat, crowded with excited spectators, ran very handsomely down-stream, but when it essayed to return, the current proved too strong, and only setting-poles and rowboats saved the day. This, then, was the precursor of an aristocracy in transportation before which even the haughty keel-boatmen were obliged to abase themselves. In 1811 the steamer *New Orleans* was built at Pittsburg, and following the guidance of "Mr. Rosevelt of New York," who had previously investigated the matter, successfully ran the river-way to New Orleans. More than that, she proved able to return up-stream.[1] What fate then was left for the keel-boats?

In 1819 a steamboat had appeared as far west on the Great Lakes as Mackinaw. In 1826 a steamboat reached Lake Michigan. In 1828 the first steamboat of the American Fur Company mastered the turbid flood of the Missouri, and ascended that stream as far as the Great Falls. In 1832 a steamboat arrived in the city of Chicago. The West was now becoming very much a country of itself.

NORTH AND SOUTH MAKE THE WEST.

THE curious fact continued to be fact—that it was the South which was to open, the North and the East which were to occupy. Of the two essential tools, the Southern man might have left at home his ax, the Northern man his rifle. But it was as yet no time for a North or a South. The Northerners and the Southerners both became Westerners, and if the ax followed the rifle, the plow as swiftly came behind the ax.

KASKASKIA: THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

THANKS to the man who could go up-stream, corn was no longer worth one hundred and sixty-five dollars a bushel anywhere in America. Corn was worth fifty cents a bushel, and calico was worth fifty cents a yard, at the city of Kaskaskia, in the heart of the Mississippi valley. Kaskaskia the ancient was queen of the down-stream trade in her day. She was important enough to command a visit from General Lafayette, early in this century, and the governor of Illinois addressed the distinguished visitor with an oratory not without interest, since it was alike full of bombast, of error, of truth, and of prophecy:

[1] Naturally, the down-stream and up-stream eras overlapped. Thus the cypress rafting of the Mississippi Delta, down the Sunflower and Yazoo rivers to the port of New Orleans, was at its height in the years 1842–44. The rivers will ever remain the great downhill highways for heavy freight.

Sir, when the waters of the Mississippi, generations hence, are traversed by carriers of commerce from all parts of the world; when there shall live west of the Father of Waters a people greater in numbers than the present population of the United States; when, sir, the power of England, always malevolent, shall have waned to nothing, and the eagles and stars of our national arms be recognized and honored in all parts of the globe; when the old men and the children of to-day shall have been gathered to their fathers, and their graves have been obliterated from the face of the earth, Kaskaskia will still remember and honor your name. Sir, as the commercial queen of the West, she welcomes you to a place within her portals. So long as Kaskaskia exists, your name and praises shall be sung by her.

To-day Kaskaskia is forgotten. The conditions which produced her have long since disappeared. The waters, in pity, have literally washed her away and buried her far in the southern sea. Yet Kaskaskia serves very admirably as a measuring-point for the West of that day. She stood at the edge of civilization on the one hand, of barbarism upon the other. Beyond her lay a land as unknown as the surface of the moon, a land which offered alike temptation and promise.

THE COMMERCE OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST.

CALICO was worth fifty cents a yard at Kaskaskia; it was worth three dollars a yard in Santa Fé. A beaver-skin was worth three dollars in New York; it was worth fifty cents at the head of the Missouri. There you have the problems of the men of 1810, and that, in a nutshell, is the West of 1810, 1820, 1830. The problem was then, as now, how to transport a finished product into a new country, a raw product back into an old country, and a population between the two countries. There sprang up then, in this second era of American transportation, that mighty commerce of the prairies, which, carried on under the name of trade, furnished one of the boldest commercial romances of the earth. Fostered by merchants, it was captained and carried on by heroes, and was dependent upon a daily heroism such as commerce has never seen anywhere except in the American West. The Kit Carsons now took the place of the Simon Kentons, the Bill Williamses of the Daniel Boones. The Western scout, the trapper, the hunter, wild and solitary figures, took prominent place upon the nation's canvas.

This Western commerce, the wagon-freighting, steamboating, and packing of the first half of this century, was to run in three great channels, each distinct from the other. First there was the fur trade, whose birth was in the North. Next there was the trade of mercantile ventures to the far Southwest. Lastly there was to grow up the freighting trade to the mining regions of the West. The cattle-growing, farming, or commercial West of to-day was still a thing undreamed.

CAUSES FOR GROWTH OF SELF-RELIANT WESTERN CHARACTER.

IN every one of these three great lines of activity we may still note what we may call the curiously individual quality of the West. The conditions of life, of trade, of any endurance upon the soil, made heavy demands upon the physical man. There must, above all things, be strength, hardihood, courage. There were great companies in commerce, it is true, but there were no great corporations to safeguard the persons of those transported. Each man must "take care of himself," as the peculiar and significant phrase went. "Good-by; take care of yourself," was the last word for the man departing to the West.[1] The strong legs of himself and his horse, the strong arms of himself and his fellow-laborers, these must furnish his transportation. The muscles tried and proved, the mind calm amid peril, the heart unwearied by reverses or hardships—these were the items of the capital universal and indispensable of the West. We may trace here the development of a type as surely as we can by reading the storied rocks of geology. This time of boat and horse, of

[1] As witness the following from the record of an early prairie journey:

"Our route lay through all that vast extent of country then known as Dakota, including the Territories, since formed, of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, and a portion left, still bearing the original name. The greater part of the distance had never been traveled, and we were obliged to pick our way as best we could. There was not even an Indian trail to guide us. We were twenty days in crossing the State of Minnesota to Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, at that time the last outpost of civilization. Remaining there a few days for repairs, we resumed our journey early in July over the trackless plains, certain of our point of destination, but uncertain as to the distance between us and it, the time to be consumed in getting there, and all the difficulties of the long and tedious travel. Conscious of our exposure to attacks from savages, we were on the lookout every moment. A trip that is now completed in five days and is continuously a pleasure-trip consumed five months of time, every moment filled with care and anxiety."

pack and cordelle and travois, of strenuous personal effort, of individual initiative, left its imprint forever and indelibly upon the character of the American, and made him what he is to-day among the nations of the globe.

THE ADVENTUROUS WEST.

THERE was still a West when Kaskaskia was queen. Major Long's expedition up the Platte brought back the "important fact" that the "whole division of North America drained by the Missouri and the Platte, and their tributaries between the meridians of the mouth of the Platte and the Rockies, is almost entirely unfit for cultivation, and therefore uninhabitable for an agricultural people." There are many thousands of farmers to-day who cannot quite agree with Major Long's dictum, but in that day the dictum was accepted carelessly or eagerly. No one west of the Mississippi yet cared for farms. There were swifter ways to wealth than farming, and the wild men of the West of that day had only scorn and distrust for the whole theory of agriculture. "As soon as you thrust the plow into the earth," said one adventurer who had left the East for the wilder lands of the West, "it teems with worms and useless weeds. Agriculture increases population to an unnatural extent." For such men there was still a vast world without weeds, where the soil was virgin, where one might be uncrowded by the touch of home-building man. Let the farmers have Ohio and Kentucky: there was still a West.

THE WEST OF THE FUR TRADE.

THERE was, in the first place, then, the West of the fur trade, that trade which had come down through so many vicissitudes, legacy of Louis the Grand Monarch and his covetous intriguers. For generations the *coureurs des bois*, wild peddlers of the woods, had traced the ultimate waterways of the far Northwest, sometimes absent for one, two, or more years from the place they loosely called home, sometimes never returning at all from that savagery which offered so great a fascination, often too strong even for men reared in the lap of luxury and refinement.

TRANSPORTATION OF THE FUR TRADE.

STEAM was but an infant, after all, in spite of the little steamboat triumphs of the day. The waters offered roadway for the steamboats, and water transportation by steam was much less expensive than transportation by railway; but the head of navigation by steamboats was only the point of departure of a wilder and cruder transportation. One of the native ships of the wilderness was the great *canot du Nord* of the early voyageurs, a craft made of birch bark, thirty feet long, of four feet beam and a depth of thirty inches, which would carry a crew of ten men and a cargo of sixty-five packages of goods or furs, each package weighing ninety pounds. This vessel reached the limits of carrying capacity and of portability. Its crew could unload and repack it, after a portage of a hundred yards, in less than twenty minutes. Thousands of miles were covered annually by one of these vessels. The crew which paddled it from Montreal to Winnipeg was then but half-way on the journey to the Great Slave and Great Bear country, which had been known from the beginning in the fur trade.

THE ULTIMATE TRAILS.

BEYOND the natural reach of the canot du Nord, the lesser craft of the natives, the smaller birch barks, took up the trail, and passed even farther up into the unknown countries; and beyond the head of the ultimate thread of the waters the pack-horse, or the travois and the dog, took up the burden of the day, until the trails were lost in the forest, and the traveler carried his pack on his own back.[1] It is a curious fact, and one perhaps not commonly known, that the Indian sign of the "cutthroat" (the forefinger drawn across the throat), which is the universal name for "Sioux" among all other American tribes, is, in all likelihood, a misnomer. The Sioux were dog Indians of old, before they got horses from the West, and they worked the dog as a draft-animal, with a collar about the neck, just as it is now worked over much of the subarctic country. The sign of the two fingers across the neck once indicated "dog," as plainly as the single finger across the neck now signifies "cutthroat." Not only did the native and early white wanderers of the wilderness use the dog as a draft-animal, but they packed him as they later packed the horse in the wagonless lands of the West. This fact is still

[1] The pack of the "timber-cruiser," or "land-looker," of the lumber trade is made of stout canvas, with shoulder-straps. When the cruiser starts out on his lonely woods voyage, his pack, with its contents of tent, blankets, flour, and bacon, weighs about eighty pounds, exclusive of the rifle and ax which he also carries. He may be absent for a month at a time, and he crosses country impenetrable to any but the footman.

quite within the memory of man. Old John Monroe, a half-breed Piegan, once described to the writer how his people used to pack the dogs, sometimes with loads so heavy that the creatures would lie down in the snow and groan. The dog was an artful dodger, it would seem, for when the party would go away and leave him lying there, presently he would "jomp hup, wag hees tail; then he all right." A dog could draw more on a travois, or pole-frame, than he could carry on his back. It was not unusual to see a great copper kettle lashed to the poles of a travois drawn by a dog, and in the kettle piled indiscriminately moccasins, babies, puppies, and other loose personal property. Hitched to the proper sledge, six dogs could draw a thousand pounds upon the snow. Thus ran the earliest stage-coach in the West.

GEOGRAPHY LEARNED FROM THE FUR TRADE.

THE great canoe, the travois, and the sledge were inventions of the early French fur trade, but we used them as we needed them when the fur country became our own. France ceded her trading-posts to England in 1763, and England transferred them to us in 1796. The great Northwest Company had by 1783 extended its posts all along our Northern border, not being too particular about crossing the line; but by 1812 we had made our authority felt, and by 1816 had passed a law excluding foreigners from our fur trade. The old Northwest Company handed over to the younger American Fur Company all the posts found to be within our marches. We heard, for the time, of the Pacific Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, the Missouri Fur Company, of the "free trappers" and "free traders" of the West. It matters not what form or name that trade assumed. The important fact is that we now, by means of this wild commerce, began to hear of such lands as Oregon, of that region now known as Montana, of a thousand remote and unmapped localities which might ultimately prove inhabitable.

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAFFIC OF THE UPPER MISSOURI REGION.

SUMMER or winter, over all these new lands the wild new travel of the West went on, and after fashions which it determined for itself. Thus, in the country of the Missouri, the left fork of our great American waterway, there was no birch bark for the making of the canot du Nord. Hence the keel-boat, the setting-pole and the sweep, the sail and the tracking-line. Yet the great craft, like the Northern birch-bark ship, must at last reach a land of waterways too small for its bulk. The Montana adventurers had not birch bark, but they had the buffalo. They made "bull-boats" out of the sun-dried hides, and these rude craft served to carry many a million dollars' worth of fur over gaps which would have seemed full long to a walking man. The outlying posts[1] at the head of the far-off streams received their supplies from the annual caravan of keel-boats, or the later great Mackinaw boats, square-sterned craft fifty feet long, of twelve feet beam, of four feet free-board, and a carrying capacity of fourteen tons.[2] Each of these boats required a crew of twelve men, and it took six months of the hardest labor towing, tracking, poling, and rowing to get

[1] Fort Union, 1829, near the mouth of the Yellowstone; Kipp's Fort (temporary), 1831, at the mouth of the Marias; Fort Brule, 1832, on the north bank of the Missouri; Campbell and Sublette's Fort, 1833 (on the site of Fort Buford); Fort Lewis, 1844, on the south bank of the Missouri; old Fort Benton, 1846, on the north bank of the Missouri, one of the most famous of the old posts, and still standing to-day, originally built of adobe, not of logs. Of the Yellowstone River posts the important ones were Fort Van Buren, 1832, at the mouth of the Bighorn; Fort Cass, 1836; Fort F. A. Chardon, 1842, at the mouth of the Judith; Fort Alexander, 1849, on the Yellowstone; Fort Sarpy, 1850, at the mouth of the Rosebud. Fort Sarpy was the last of the more important old Indian trading-posts to be established.

[2] "The principal articles of trade were alcohol, blankets, blue and scarlet cloth, sheeting (domestics), ticking, tobacco, knives, fire-steels, arrow-points, files, brass wire (different sizes), beads, brass tacks, leather belts (from four to ten inches wide), silver ornaments for hair, shells, axes, hatchets, etc.—alcohol being the principal article of trade, until after the passing of an act of Congress (June 30, 1834) prohibiting it under severe penalties. . . . There was a bitter rivalry between the Hudson Bay Company and the American Fur Company. The Hudson Bay Company often sent men to induce the confederated Blackfeet to go north and trade, and the Indians said they were offered large rewards to kill all the traders on the Missouri River and destroy the trading-posts. . . . When the Blackfeet commenced to trade on the Missouri, they did not have any robes to trade; they saved only what they wanted for their own use. The Hudson Bay Company only wanted furs of different kinds. The first season the Americans did not get any robes, but traded for a large quantity of beaver, otter, marten, etc. They told the Indians they wanted robes, and from that time the Indians made them their principal article of trade. The company did not trade provisions of any kind to the Indians, but when an Indian made a good trade he would get a spoonful of sugar, which he would put in his medicine-bag to use in sickness when all other remedies failed." ("The Rocky Mountain Magazine.")

the clumsy craft from St. Louis to such a spot as old Fort Benton. The run down-stream required only about thirty days, and it was commonly believed that the square stern of the Mackinaw caused it to run faster than the current in taking the rapids of the Missouri.

BIG ENDEAVORS MADE BIG MEN.

THE labor of this primitive transportation, this wading for hundreds of miles each spring against an icy torrent, was not work for children. It was not children that this wild trade begot, but men. The Titanic region demanded Titanic methods. It made its own laws and customs, struck out for itself new methods. Hitherto the world beyond had never asked the world behind what and how to do. This vast, rude land asked no other country how to perform the tasks that lay before it. Of the wildness and rudeness of this new world there could be no question, but its savagery was met by a savage determination more fearless and indomitable than its own. Consider something of the size of even the early West, by the reflection that it was three hundred years after De Soto's discovery before Schoolcraft first found the source of the Mississippi River. It was slow going, in this up-stream epoch of our growth.

THE TRAPPERS' MARKET.

BEFORE and beyond all this systematized and organized Missouri River trade were those light skirmishers of the fur trade, the men of the horse, the dog, the bateau, the dug-out, the canoe, and the bull-boat, men who had no home but their own tepees. The voyageur and the trapper could not take time to come to market, hence the market must go to them. Organized merchandizing established that wild mart of the mountains known as the trappers' rendezvous, now upon the Green River, now in the parks of Colorado; once, it is thought, in that pleasant, open region now known as the Hayden valley of the Yellowstone Park. Never was a market like this in all the world, and sometime it will find its story.

At the annual rendezvous the trapper had practical lessons in prices. He paid two dollars and a half to four dollars for a pint of coffee, as much for a pint of the crude alcohol which he craved, nearly as much for a pint of gunpowder, and half as much for a plug of tobacco. It mattered little to him, to be sure. There were more beaver in a thousand streams that he knew. There was still a West, abounding in richness. Why save a dollar, when one might meantime make a dozen dollars? Such was the open-handed spirit of that class and time. Fortunes were established in those days, when the rich furs came down out of the far Northwest in a ceaseless, splendid stream. Even before the day of Manuel Liza and his ruffian crews, when St. Louis still belonged to Spain, that city collected in one year over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of furs. Not a pass nor a park in the Rocky Mountains but was pressed by the foot of the American trapper, predecessor of the explorer, the army officer, the scientist, the writer, each in his turn to come, filled with his own importance. In 1805 Lewis and Clark crossed the Rockies; in 1808 the Missouri Fur Company had its trappers in Oregon. It was the trapper, of all men on earth, who could truly say that he had stood where never foot of white man had trod before. In some way he reached these last fastnesses of the wilderness, in some way he got back his baled furs to the yearly rendezvous. There was an adventurer for you, and there was commerce of a sufficiently crude and curious sort.

THE FUR TRADE SHOWED US ALSO THE SOUTHWEST.

THE fur trade taught us something of our own geography upon the North and Northwest, but it did more. It was a fur-trader who first developed the possibilities of the Spanish Southwest for the second expansion of our Western commerce. In 1823 General William H. Ashley, of the American Fur Company, made an expedition up the Platte, and is credited with first reaching from the East the South Pass of the Rockies, which was soon to become recognized as the natural gateway of the great iron trail across the continent. In the following year Ashley penetrated to the Great Salt Lake, and later reached Santa Fé, situated in territory then wholly belonging to Mexico.

EARLY TRADE TO THE SOUTHWEST.

WHILE Ashley was not actually the first American trader to visit Santa Fé, he did much to develop the Southwest trade. In 1804 one Morrison, a merchant of Kaskaskia, sent an emissary named La Lande with a cargo of goods, perhaps intended for the mountain trade, up the Platte valley and into the Rockies. La Lande turned up at Santa Fé and sold his goods there, but found the profits so great that he did not trouble

himself to return or to make an accounting to his far-distant employer, who was more remote than he would to-day be were he in Kamchatka. In 1805 James Pursley crossed the plains to Santa Fé, and returned to the East. He is credited with being the first American to visit Santa Fé and to bring back news of that region, though his story did not excite much interest, nor was the Southwest trade greatly considered until after the return of Lieutenant Pike from his imprisonment in Mexico. In 1812 the expedition of McKnight, Beard, and Chambers, a dozen Americans in all, reached the city of Santa Fé; but they were cast into prison, and later sent to Chihuahua, where they were confined until 1821. When they finally escaped and returned to their own country, they brought back great stories of the possibilities of the Southwestern trade. Glenn, an Indian trader, who had a post at the mouth of the Verdigris, and a Missourian by name of Becknell, later took small parties through to Santa Fé, the latter going by the route up the Arkansas, nearly upon the line later to be occupied by the great Santa Fé trail and ultimately by the railway of the same name.

NATURE OF SOUTHWESTERN TRANSPORTATION.

THE Santa Fé trade may be said to have been first established in the year 1822, the opening of the Northwest and the Southwest—vast sections of the land then vaguely known as the "Great West"—occurring virtually at the same time, though upon slightly different lines.[1] The canoe, the bateau, and the bull-boat of the upper country must in the dry Southwest be replaced by the pack-train; for this was before the time of wagons on the plains. The commerce of the plains was in the nature of great merchandizing risks, and the company sending on the goods customarily owned its own trains, or at least assumed the risks of the transportation, the day of the common carrier not yet having arrived in that part of the world. It was not until 1824 that the first wagons were used on the Santa Fé trail, "a party of eighty Missourians" in that year taking through the first wagon-train. Witness now, long before the genesis of the Western stage-coach, the birth of the prairie-schooner, first patterned after the old Conestoga wagon of the East, and later to become one of the institutions of the West. It was this wheeled vessel of the plains which made famous cities, whose names we have since well-nigh forgotten—Independence, Franklin, Van Buren, and other towns, the location of some of which it might puzzle us to tell to-day.

DETAILS REGARDING SOUTHWESTERN WAGON-TRAINS.

THE story of the Santa Fé trail has been told by many writers, and its chief interest here is simply as showing the eagerness with which the men of that day seized upon every means of transport in their power, and the skill and ingenuity with which they brought each to perfection. The wagon-freighting of the Southwest was highly systematized, and was indeed carried on with an almost military regularity. The route was by way of the Council Grove, then the northern limit of the Comanches' range, and it was at this point that the organization of the wagon-train was commonly completed. A train-master or captain was chosen, and the whole party put under his command, each man having his position, and each being expected to take his turn on the night-watch which was necessary in that land of bold and hostile savages. During the day the train moved in two columns, some thirty feet or so apart, each team following close upon the one immediately preceding it in the line. In case of any alarm of Indians, the head and rear teams of the two parallel columns turned in toward each other, and thus there was formed upon the moment a long parallelogram of wagons, open in the middle, and inclosing the loose riding-animals, and closed at the front and rear. The wagons were loaded, to a great extent, with cotton stuffs in bales, and these made a fair fortification. The Indians had difficulty in breaking the barricade of one of these hardy caravans, defended as it was by numbers of the best riflemen the world ever knew. Small parties were frequently destroyed, but in the later days a train was commonly made up of at least one hundred wagons, with perhaps two hundred men in the party, and with eight hundred mules or oxen. The goods in convoy in such a train might be worth half a million dollars. The time in transit was about ten weeks, the

[1] Yet it was all accomplished up-stream. The Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Platte, the Arkansas, the Red, the Brazos, the Rio Grande—these were the ordained pathways into the unknown West of that day, and woe befell the traveler who forsook them. How different their directions, thus reversed, from the down-stream courses of the rivers of New England and the Carolinas!

out trip being made in the spring and the return in the fall.

The Santa Fé trade lasted, roughly speaking, only about twenty years, being practically terminated in 1843 by the edict of Santa Anna. These difficulties in our Western commerce all came to an end with the Mexican War, and with the second and third great additions to our Western territory, which gave us the region on the South as well as the North, from ocean to ocean.

"'I TOOK YE FOR AN INJIN.'"

THE GOLD-BEARING WEST.

THIS time was one of great activity in all the West, and the restless population which had gained a taste of the adventurous life of that region was soon to have yet greater opportunities. The discovery of gold in California unsettled not only all the West, but all America, and hastened immeasurably the development of the West, not merely as to the Pacific coast, but also in regard to the mountain regions between the Great Plains and the Coast. The turbulent population of the mines spread from California into every accessible portion of the Rockies. The trapper and hunter of the remotest range found that he had a companion in the wilderness, the prospector, as hardy as himself, and animated by a feverish energy which rendered him even more determined and unconquerable than himself. Love of excitement and change invited the trapper to the mountains.

It was love of gain which drove the prospector thither. Commercial man was to do in a short time what the adventurer would never have done. California, Oregon, Idaho, Montana—how swiftly, when we come to counting decades, these names followed upon those of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio!

THE NEW WEST BRINGS NEW PROBLEMS.

IN the new demands for locomotion and transportation which now arose from these new armies of moving men, the best thinkers of the country could for a long time suggest nothing better than the sea and the rivers as the great highways. Steamboats ran regularly on every Western river where such navigation was possible. Yet at the head of the waters there still existed, and in greater degree than ever before, long gaps between the abodes of the mountain population and their bases of supplies. The demand, moreover, was for transportation of heavy goods. The trapper who started out into the mountains might take only two or three extra horses. He did not use more than half a dozen traps in those days, and counted always on living upon wild game. The new population of the mining-camps, which spread all through the mountains with incredible rapidity, was made up of an entirely different class of men, and was surrounded by an environment less bountiful. They did not come to hunt, but to dig or to riot; and they must be fed. At this time the necessity brought forth the man. It was the American packer who now saved the day.

OUT OF NECESSITY COMES THE PACK-HORSE.

THE pack-horse idea was as old as America, but in its perfection it was the product of the Spanish Southwest. We read in history of the progresses of royal personages in ancient times in the Old World, and frequent mention is made of the number of sumpter-mules which attended the caravans in those roadless days. The sumpter-mule was the forerunner of the pack-mule, though it is to be doubted if any servant of an old-time king ever learned to do such impossible things with the sumpter-mule as the American packer did as a matter of course with his beasts of burden. No one can tell just how or when the horse came up over the plains and mountains of the West, though, in a general way, it is accepted as a fact that it came from Mexico. With the horse, and in the same mysterious fashion of things that happened quite beyond trace of modern investigation, there came from the same region the "diamond hitch" of the old *cargadores*—the lash-rope which was so great an institution in the civilization of the West, less known, but perhaps even more important, than the stage-coach.

THE DIAMOND HITCH AND THE PACK-HORSE.

THE diamond hitch, once its intricacies were mastered well and fitly, made possible the use of the horse in apparently impassable mountain paths, over which he might strain and stumble as he best could, but might never lose his pack, no matter what befell himself. Some writers have ascribed the discovery of the diamond hitch to the Indians, but nothing could be more erroneous. The hitch was adopted by the latter from the whites, or partially so, for its proper use implies brains. The Crow Indians use pack-animals, for instance, but they pack a horse upside down according to a white packer's notion, their cinches being apparently intended to keep the horse from getting away from the pack, not the pack from the horse; and they do not scorn to descend to the use of a tourniquet for tightening their ropes, which expedient would be anathema to a genuine packer.

THE LOCAL MERCHANT AND THE COMMON CARRIER.

GRADUAL changes were taking place, about midway of the present century, in the characteristics of Western commerce. The trapper and the hunter had trafficked as individuals. The Santa Fé trade was in control of men who remained at home and sent their goods into other country, just as did the early Phenician merchants. In the trade of the mining-towns, the merchant had come to be a resident and not a non-resident, and the transportation of his supplies was in the hands of companies or individuals who had not any ownership in the goods they handled. The greatest drama of the common carrier had its scene in the Rocky Mountains.

HARD TRANSPORTATION MAKES GREAT PRICES.

THE price of staples in any mountain town was something which not even the merchant himself could predict in advance, dependent

as it was upon the thousand contingencies of freighting in rude regions and among hostile tribes. Prices which would stagger the consumer of to-day were frequently paid for the simplest necessaries. As in the days of the trappers' rendezvous everything was sold by the pint, so now the standard of measure became the pound. A very usual price for sugar in a mining-camp was thirty-five to fifty cents a pound. In the San Juan mining-camps, as late as 1875, potatoes sold for twenty-five cents a pound. A mule or burro would earn its own cost in a single trip, for there were occasions under certain conditions, such as the packing from Florence into the more remote placer districts, when the pack-master charged as much as eighty cents a pound from the railroad or supply-point to the camps.

PACK-TRAINS MAKE NEW CITIES.

NEW cities began to be heard of in this mountain trade, just as there had been in the wagon days of the overland trail to Santa Fé. Pueblo, Cañon City, Denver, all were outfitting- and freighting-points in turn, while from the other side of the range there were as many towns,—Florence, Walla Walla, Portland,—which sent out the long trains of laden mules and horses. The pack-train was as common and as useful as the stage line in developing the Black Hills region, and many another still less accessible.

CAPACITIES AND PRICES OF PACK-TRAINS.

COMMONLY a horse or a mule would carry two hundred to three hundred pounds of freight, a burro one hundred to two hundred, and the price for packing averaged somewhere about five to ten cents per pound per hundred miles of distance, often very much more. It was astonishing what flexibility this old system of carriage had. A good pack-master would undertake to transport any article that might be demanded at the end of his route. It is well known that much heavy mining machinery was packed into the mountains; but this was not really very wonderful, for such machinery was made purposely in suitable sections for such transport. Somewhat more difficult were other articles, such as cook-stoves and the like, shipped not "knocked down." A piano was one of the odd articles that went into the earliest of the Cœur d'Alene mining-camps more than a score of years ago. It was packed on four mules, the piano resting on a sling of poles, which virtually bound the mules together as well as gave support to their burden, two mules going in front and two behind. When the animals became too tired to climb farther, the weight was temporarily lightened by resting the piano on forked sticks thrust up beneath the load. The strange package was taken through in safety, though at a cost of about a thousand dollars. All sorts of articles were shipped in the same fashion, and packages of glassware, cases of eggs, etc., customarily made the long and rough journeys in safety. The charges were made upon the weight of the package, including the case or cover in which it was shipped, and it was poor policy upon the part of the shipper to pack his goods too flimsily, for the grip of the diamond hitch was never a sparer of things beneath it.

MOST DIFFICULT ARTICLE TO PACK.

AN old-time packer of experience once told the writer that the hardest article to pack in the mountains was quicksilver. This commodity was shipped in iron flasks, and the first thing the packer did was to unscrew the tops of these flasks and fill the remaining interior space completely with water, in order to prevent the heavy blow of the shifting liquid contents, which was distressing to the pack-horse. A flask of quicksilver weighed about ninety pounds, and it was customary to pack two flasks on each side of a horse or mule, each pair of flasks being fastened in a board frame, which gave facility for lashing all fast, and prevented the wear of the condensed weight against the back of the animal. Were these precautions not taken, the back of the pack-horse might be much injured, for the weight of the quicksilver-bottle would wear through the *aparejos* and not stop at the hide of the horse.

STRANGE ARTICLES PACKED IN TRAINS.

WOOD, hay, boxes, trunks, and, indeed, almost anything that could be imagined, were common articles of transport in the mountains, and it was at times a bit odd to see a little burro almost hidden under a couple of Saratoga trunks which were so big that he could neither lie down nor roll over under them. The pack-train might comprise a score or a hundred horses, and the conduct of such a train was no small matter of skill and generalship. The pack-trains of the United States army came to be models of their kind. The largest pack-train ever seen

in the Rocky Mountains was a government train, that which accompanied the party of President Chester A. Arthur at the time he visited the Yellowstone country. There were over four hundred animals in this train, and a cook-stove of considerable size was one of the articles which were taken along from day to day by the sumpter-mules of this modern progress. Hunting-parties of to-day who go into the mountains commonly use pack-horses to carry their outfits. One very good modern packer states that he has packed babies, dogs, young elk, young antelope, and he once packed a broken-legged puppy from the San Juan country to Denver, where he had a doctor attend to the dog.

UNUSUAL WAYS OF PACKING AND TRANSPORTING.

OXEN were often used as pack-animals, the burden frequently being lashed to the horns. An ox could carry a fifty-pound sack of flour on top of its head, though special saddles were sometimes used for ox-packing. On the overland trail to California, cows were sometimes employed as pack-animals, and were often used in harness as draft-animals. Every one knows the story of the carts and hand-barrows of the great Mormon emigration. Under the old Western conditions of transportation, is it any wonder that horse-stealing was regarded as the worst crime of the calendar?

EARLY WHEELED TRANSPORTATION—THE STAGE-COACH.

THE transportation of paddle and portage, of sawbuck saddle and panniers, however, could not forever serve except in the roughest of the mountain-chains. The demand for wheeled vehicles was urgent, and the supply for that demand was forthcoming in so far as human ingenuity and resourcefulness could meet it. There arose masters in transportation, common carriers of world-wide fame. The pony-express was a wonderful thing in its way, and some of the old-time stage lines which first began to run out into the West were hardly less wonderful. For instance, there was an overland stage line that ran from Atchison, on the Missouri River, across the plains, and up into Montana by way of Denver and Salt Lake City. It made the trip from Atchison to Helena, nearly two thousand miles, in twenty-two days.[1] Down the old waterways from the placers of Alder Gulch to the same town of Atchison was a distance of about three thousand miles. The stage line began to shorten distances and lay out straight lines, so that now the West was visited by vast numbers of sight-seers, tourists, investigators, and the like, in addition to the regular population of the land, the men who called the West their home.

We should find it difficult now to return to stage-coach travel, yet in its time it was thought luxurious. One of the United States Bank examiners[2] of that time, whose duties took him into the Western regions, in the course of fourteen years traveled over seventy-four thousand miles by stage-coach alone.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF EARLY FREIGHTER.

IT is the strange part of this vivid history of the West that many men who were prominent and active in its wildest and crudest days are living to-day, fully adapted to the present conditions, and apparently almost forgetful that there ever was a different time. Thus one of the more prominent early wagon-train freighters of Montana is now a prosperous banker of his State,[3] who gives a brief description of the old-time industry,

[1] In the "Montana Post" for February 11, 1865, there appeared the following advertisement:

OVERLAND

STAGE LINE.

Ben. Holladay, Proprietor.

Carrying the Great Through Mail between the Atlantic and Pacific States.

This line is now running in connection with the daily coaches between
Atchison, Kansas & Placerville, Cal.
Tri-weekly Coaches between Salt Lake City and Walla Walla, via Boise City, West Bannack, and
Tri-weekly Coaches between
Great Salt Lake City and Virginia City, Montana, via Bannack City.

Carrying the U. S. Mail,
Passengers, and Express Matter.

Also tri-weekly coaches between Virginia City and Bannack City.

Coaches for Great Salt Lake City and Bannack City leave Virginia City every
Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday Morning,
connecting at Fort Hall; and coaches to Boise and Walla Walla, and at Great Salt Lake City, with the daily lines to the
Atlantic States, Nevada, and California.

Express matter carried in charge of competent and trustworthy messengers.

For further particulars apply at office.
Nat Stein, Agent,
Virginia City, Montana Territory.

[2] Hon. N. P. Langford of St. Paul, Minnesota.

[3] W. G. Conrad, Esq., of Great Falls, Montana.

which is interesting because it comes at first-hand. The freighter-banker goes on to say:

The wagons were large prairie-schooners, usually three or four trailed together, pulled by sixteen to twenty head of the largest oxen you ever saw. It cost one cent per pound per one hundred miles to transport freight. Sometimes, of course, we would get five times this. The danger was from Indians (Sioux and Blackfeet) attacking the trains and the drivers. The herders and wagon-boss went armed. The earliest freighting-point was from Fort Benton, Montana, to the mines in the Rockies.[1] When boats failed to reach Benton, owing to low water, then the teams went below, three to four hundred miles, to haul the freight up. In later times (after the junction of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railways) we transported freight from Corinne, Utah. There was probably one million dollars invested by individuals and companies in Montana. The largest companies were the "Diamond R" Transportation Company (established by Colonel Charles A. Broadwater and three others) and I. G. Baker & Company. The latter company was owned and managed by the writer, and in the summer of 1879 transported over twenty million pounds of freight on wagons for the United States government, Canadian government, and the merchants of Montana.

FURTHER PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN EARLY WESTERNER.

THE records of those early days rapidly pass out of sight and too often out of preservation. Mr. Langford has in his possession files of the old "Montana Post," covering the term of its publication,—1864 to 1868,—and a study of the market reports of that journal affords much insight into the life and conditions of that time. Commenting upon these facts, he remarks:

The high prices of merchandise in Montana were the natural outcome of great cost of transportation, combined with large profits, owing to the great risks incurred in taking goods through a hostile Indian country. As population increased, the necessity of procuring from the States a sure supply of the necessities of life was uppermost in the minds of the people. With the fortune of Midas, they feared soon to share his fate, and have nothing but gold to eat. But there was no lack of adventurous traders in the States, who were ready to incur the risks incident to a long overland journey, whose successful termination was certain greatly to enrich them.[2]

THE THREE ROUTES OF EARLY MOUNTAIN TRAFFIC.

THE supplies were brought into the mining-camps of Montana by three different routes, viz.: the overland route from Omaha or St. Joseph, Missouri, by way of Denver and Salt Lake, a distance of nineteen hundred miles; from St. Louis by way of the Missouri River to Fort Benton; and by pack-train from the Pacific slope, starting from Portland or Walla Walla, Oregon, crossing the Cœur d'Alenes and the main ranges of the Rockies, and coming over the Bitter Root valley.

The larger part of the merchandise brought to Montana came by the first-named route. The vehicles used in transportation were, for the most part, what were known as "Murphy wagons"—vehicles with large wheels and strong bodies, capable of holding eight thousand pounds of general merchandise, and drawn by five or six yokes of oxen, or by as many spans of mules. During the rainy season, and for many weeks after a storm, it was frequently the case that not more than five miles a day of progress could be made with such a wagon-train over the alkali plains or along the valley of such a stream as Bitter Creek. An average journey was about one hundred miles per week, and thus an entire season, commencing at the time when the grass of the plains was sufficiently grown to furnish food for oxen and mules, and lasting from eighteen to twenty weeks, was consumed in making the journey. These trains or caravans each numbered from ten to forty wagons, all covered with heavy canvas to protect their contents from sun and storm.

[1] A large advance over the capabilities of the old Mackinaw boats may be seen recorded in the log of a Missouri River steamboat:

"FORT BENTON, July 14, 1866.

"First trip of steamer *Deer Lodge*, Captain Lawrence Ohlman, Clerk H. A. Dohrman, Engineer S. G. Hill.

"Left St. Louis March 20, at 6½ o'clock P.M., for Fort Benton, lost 12 days by ice, and arrived at Fort Union May 1, where we laid 4 hours and then started on our way up the river. Reached Fort Benton May 18, at 4½ P.M. Discharged 200 tons of freight, and started on return to St. Louis May 21, and arrived there June 3, having made the trip down in 13 days and 15 hours.

"Trip No. 2. Left St. Louis for Fort Benton Wednesday, June 6, at 6½ P.M., with 210 tons of freight, 60 tons for Randall, Rice, and Sully, 150 tons for Benton. Running time from St. Louis to Fort Sully 16 days; to Fort Rice 21 days; to Fort Union 27 days and 6 hours; to Milk River 29½ days; to the mouth of Judith, r Camp Cook, 35 days 10 hours. Discharged 147 tons of freight and laid there 12 hours, and started again for Benton. Passed Drowned Man's Rapids in 2½ minutes without laying a line or working a full head of steam. Laid up at Eagle Creek 3 hours, and arrived at Fort Benton July 13, at 4 P.M. Time from St. Louis 36 days and 21 hours.

"The round trip from Benton to St. Louis in 53 days and 12 hours, without setting a spar or rubbing the bottom." (The "Montana Post.")

[2] In the early sixties the price of wheat was so low in Iowa that farmers could not pay their taxes. Many men engaged in freighting flour and bacon from Iowa to Denver, Colorado, via Council Bluffs and the route up the Platte valley, then a part of the buffalo range and a favorite hunting-ground of the Sioux and Pawnees. The father of the writer made such a trading-trip in 1860.

DIFFICULTIES OF WAGON-TRAINS.

ONE who has never seen the plains, rivers, rocks, cañons, and mountains of the portion of the country traversed by these caravans can form but a faint idea from any description given of them of the innumerable and formidable difficulties with which every mile of this weary march was encumbered. History has assigned a foremost place among its glorified deeds to the passage of the Alps by Napoleon, and to the long and discouraging march of the French army under the same great conqueror to Russia. If it be not invidious to compare small things with great, we may assuredly claim for these early pioneers greater conquests over nature than were made by either of the great military expeditions of Napoleon. A successful completion of the journey was simply an escape from death.

The pack-train was always a lively feature in the gigantic mountain scenery of Oregon and Idaho. A train of fifty or one hundred animals, about equally composed of mules and burros, each heavily laden, the experienced animal in the lead, picking the way for those in the rear, amid the rocks, escarpments, and precipices of a lofty mountain-side, was a spectacle of thrilling interest. The arrival of one of those large trains in a mining-camp produced greater excitement among the inhabitants than any other event, and the calculation upon their departure from the Columbia River and their appearance in the interior towns was made and anticipated with nearly as much certainty as if they were governed by a published time-table.

DANGERS OF STAGE TRAVEL.

THE nature of the transportation of passengers over the overland route may be inferred from a trip once made by stage from Atchison, on the Missouri River, to Helena, Montana, which is thus described:

The journey required thirty-one days of continuous staging, and was prolonged by delays occasioned by the incursions of the hostile Sioux, who had killed several stock-tenders at different stations, burned the buildings, and stolen the horses. From their frequent attacks upon the coaches it was necessary for us to be on the constant outlook. On the second day after leaving Atchison, the Eastern-bound coach met us, having on board one wounded passenger, the next day with one dead, and the next with another wounded. At Sand Hill station the body of the station-keeper was lying by the side of the smoking ruins of the log cabin. As there was no stock to be found for a change of horses, we drove on with our worn-out team, at a slow pace, to the next station. The reports of passengers Eastern bound were also very discouraging. Yet this risk of life did not lessen travel. The coaches were generally full. The fare from Atchison to Helena was four hundred and fifty dollars, and our meals cost each of us upward of one hundred and fifty dollars more.

PRICES AS GOVERNED BY TRANSPORTATION.

THESE preliminary statements as to the difficulties and dangers of the early transportation will make plainer the somewhat extraordinary prices of merchandise which often ruled. Thus, on December 31, 1864, one will see coal-oil quoted in the market reports of Virginia City, Montana, at nine to ten dollars per gallon. On January 28, 1865, we read: "*Candles:* less active in consequence of the decline in coal-oil." Then comes "coal-oil, nine dollars; linseed-oil, ten dollars." At the head we read that these market quotations are wholesale prices for gold, and that ten per cent. should be added for retail prices. At the bottom we have greenback quotations for gold-dust and gold coin, showing that greenbacks were worth not quite forty-five cents on the dollar for gold coin. Even this was more than they were worth in the States, with gold at 225. Coal-oil at nine dollars per gallon in gold, with greenbacks at forty-five cents, would cost twenty dollars per gallon in greenbacks, at wholesale. Add ten per cent., and we have twenty-two dollars as the retail price. Linseed-oil at ten dollars per gallon in gold would be twenty-four dollars and twenty cents per gallon in greenbacks, at retail.

In the issue of the "Post" of April 22, 1865, flour is quoted at eighty-five dollars per sack of one hundred pounds on April 17, and it is stated that on April 19, within a few hundred miles, it has sold for five dollars per pound. This was just after the surrender of Lee's army, when greenbacks were selling for ninety cents for gold-dust, and at eighty-two (eight per cent. less) for coin. This was over six dollars per pound for flour, or twelve hundred for a barrel!

On April 29, 1865, potatoes were worth forty to fifty cents per pound gold. At an average price of forty-five cents per pound, a bushel (seventy pounds) cost thirty-eight dollars in greenbacks. On May 6 we read: "*Potatoes.* Several large loads have arrived, . . . causing a decline of five cents per pound." So potatoes dropped off in price, in one day, four dollars in greenbacks per bushel.

LIVING EXPENSES GOVERNED BY TRANSPORTATION.

"ON May 13," comments Mr. Langford further regarding this interesting commercial situation, "we note that the principal res-

taurant, 'in consequence of the recent fall in flour,' reduced day board to twenty dollars per week for gold. The food of this restaurant was very plain, and dried-apple pies were considered a luxury. At that time I was collector of internal revenue, and received my salary in greenbacks. I paid thirty-six dollars per week for day board at the Gibson House, at Helena. During the period of the greatest scarcity of flour, the more common boarding-houses posted the following signs: 'Board with bread at meals, $32; board without bread, $22; board with bread *at dinner*, $25.' Those who took bread at each meal paid about ten dollars per week more than those who took none."

INFREQUENCY OF MAILS.

UNDER these conditions of transportation, it is small wonder that the little frontier journal above mentioned ran out of white paper, and was at times obliged to use brown wrapping-paper, or anything else which would carry the ink. Yet, crude as was the vehicle of this voice crying in the wilderness, its columns, viewed to-day, sometimes contain matter of greater import than the éditions de luxe of the modern magazines. We may read further from its editorial and advertising pages:

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA,
October 22, 1864.

We learn from our P. M. that thirty-six sacks of mail matter, forwarded by the Ocean Steamship Company, are lying at Placerville (Calif.), awaiting overland transportation. Undoubtedly we will get our share of it.

Eastern Mail. We were blessed on Tuesday last with the sight of a few Eastern "X's" and a pile of letters from our friends East. For over two months we were without any communion with the outer world, and the arrival of our Eastern mail at last was hailed by all as the greatest blessing.

November 12, 1864.

Mails are coming in very regularly now, and a good deal of it. We were blessed on Tuesday by the sight of some Eastern "X's" bearing date of August 15. By the latter part of January we hope to have received all our back mail, and look forward to that time with pleasure.

A private letter from a gentleman who lived in one of the early mining communities of Montana contains the following:

We were cut off from all mail facilities with the States from July, 1862, until the spring of 1863. The great Civil War raged, bloody battles were fought, the fate of a mighty nation was impending, our national existence was in danger, and yet we were as ignorant of the progress of this life-struggle for freedom as the negroes of Central Africa. Our hearts yearned to communicate with the loved ones, who, we knew, were full of anxiety concerning our condition; but all the avenues were closed, and we could only await the force of events, which might or might not provide the opportunity for communication.

EARLY WESTERN BREAD RIOT CAUSED BY BAD TRANSPORTATION.

HERE is the story of an incipient bread riot in the ancient West of thirty-five years ago, taken from the columns of the same journal above mentioned:

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, April 22, 1865.

April 16. The flour market opened at an advance of ten dollars per sack, and by eleven o'clock A.M. had reached the nominal price of sixty-five dollars per ninety-eight-pound sack. The day closing, holders asked a further advance of five dollars per sack.

April 17. The demand for flour is increasing. The market opened firm at yesterday's prices. Before ten o'clock it had advanced to seventy-five dollars per sack. Eleven o'clock rolls round and finds dealers in this staple asking eighty dollars per ninety-eight-pound sack. A few transactions were made at these figures. Before twelve o'clock transfers were made at eighty-five dollars per sack, and some few dealers were asking a further advance of five dollars per sack. Consumers, having no other resource, were compelled to concede to the nominal price of holders, and paid ninety dollars per sack in gold.

April 18. Flour is truly on the rampage, no concession from dealers' prices on the part of the very few holders of considerable quantities, with a still further advance of five dollars per sack, which brings the price of an average lot of flour to the unprecedented figures, in this market, of one dollar per pound.

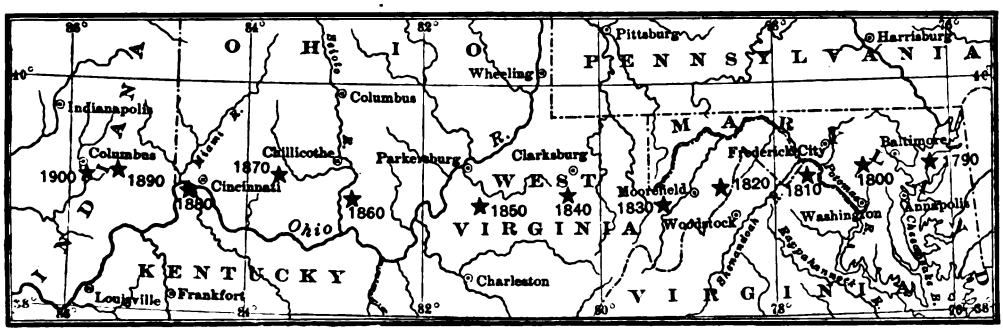
April 19. The flour market weakened under the excitement of "current reports" from some new speculators in the market, transfers of small lots being made at eighty dollars per sack.

Eleven o'clock. Our city is thrown into a state of excitement. Rumors of a bread riot are heard from all quarters.

Twelve o'clock. Our principal streets are well lined and coated with men, avowedly on the raid for flour.

Later. Flour is seized wherever found, in large or small quantities, and taken to a common depot. On the pretext under which several lots of flour were confiscated, we do not think that any one would consider it wrong or objectionable to store flour, under the present circumstances, in fire-proof cellars or warehouses.

We, however, do not indorse the concealing of flour under floors or haystacks when the article



WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CENTER OF POPULATION FROM 1790 TO 1900, INDICATED BY STARS.

is up to the present price. We know of no parties that were holders of flour that could not have realized a handsome profit of seventy-five dollars per sack; but in favor of merchants that have invested in this staple at high figures, we should state that we have known flour to be sold within a circumference of a few hundred miles at the rate of five dollars per pound and no raiders in the market.

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T., May 6, 1865.

The business of the week is a slight improvement over many weeks past, owing to the fine weather sending miners all to work.

Flour. Still continues very scarce, three small lots, one hundred and twenty-one sacks in all, only having arrived from over the range, and were rapidly sold at seventy-five dollars per sack. The want of this staple is very much felt, as all substitutes for this article are about exhausted.

Potatoes. Several large loads have arrived in the market this week, causing a decline of five cents per pound.

That the pack-train and the diamond hitch had much to do with the welfare of the average man may be gathered from the following advertisement:

Best Board in the City
Down Again!!!

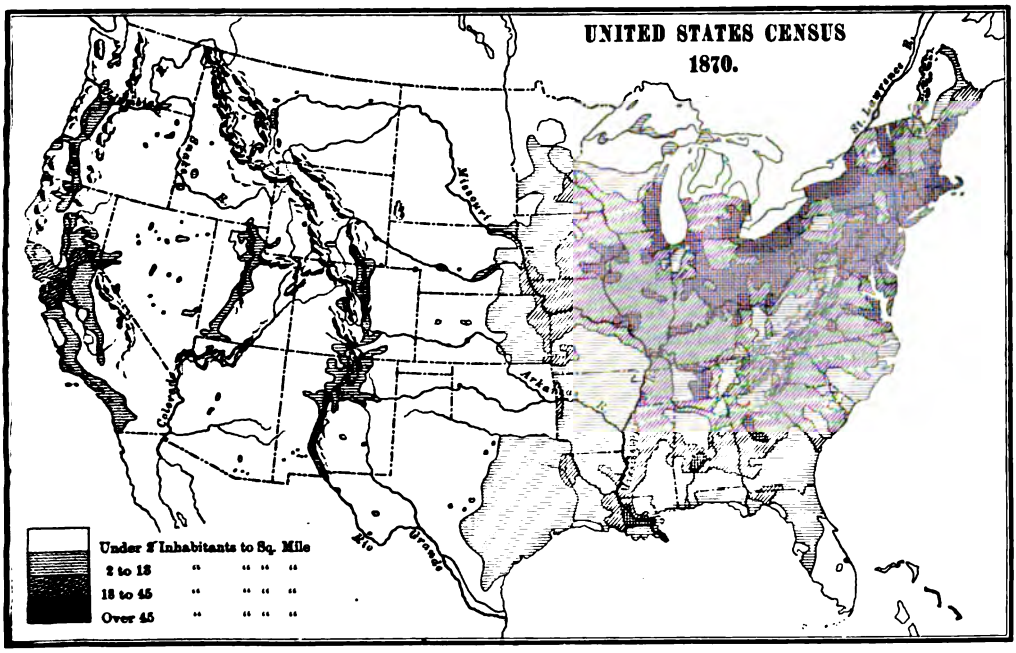
From and after Monday next, May 15 [1865], in consequence of the recent fall in flour, Board will be reduced to

$20.00 per week at the
Mohegan Restaurant
On Jackson Street.

The only house in town for early Breakfasts and late Suppers.

THESE EARLY WESTERN CONDITIONS RAPIDLY FORGOTTEN.

THE records of the old days of the West are vanishing with inconceivable rapidity, written as though literally upon the waters. Now



and then some chronicle like these of a forgotten journal may appear, or at times the old ways may be graven upon the history or the geography of the land, in spite of the fact that the freighters have now become bankers. Thus there is a town in Montana known to-day as Beef Straight; for what reasons we may easily guess in view of the above quotations from the mountain markets. Yet so utterly have the memories of the older West passed away in the whirl of the later activity of that region that we shall need to be insistent if we are to gather the full lesson which we are seeking under all these facts and figures.

THE WEST A DIFFERENT AND INDEPENDENT LAND.

SURELY we may see clearly that, even as late as the Civil War, there was a vast land beyond the Missouri whose people and whose customs were different from those of the East; which had earned its own right to be different; which was as strong and self-reliant and resourceful as though it were part of another sphere, and which might claim that it had solved its own problems for itself and asked no aid. Yet it was this very aloofness and independence which had always threatened, in one way or another, the secession of the West in fact or in sympathy from the East. Therefore we count that a great day—a day fatal for the West, but glorious for America—when the heads of the streams were reached and the mountains overrun. It was a great day, an important date,—though unrecorded in any history of this land,—when the West had gone as far away as it could, and at last had turned and begun to come back home!

NECESSITY FOR BETTER TRANSPORTATION.

AT the end of the Civil War the West had exhausted all the possibilities of down-stream and up-stream transportation. It had developed its resources to an Aladdin-like degree. But now the time was come for newer, more rapid, and more revolutionary methods. The West was at the beginning of another and not less interesting era, a time of swift and startling change.

CENSUS MAP CITED TO PROVE THEORY OF TRANSPORTATION EPOCHS.

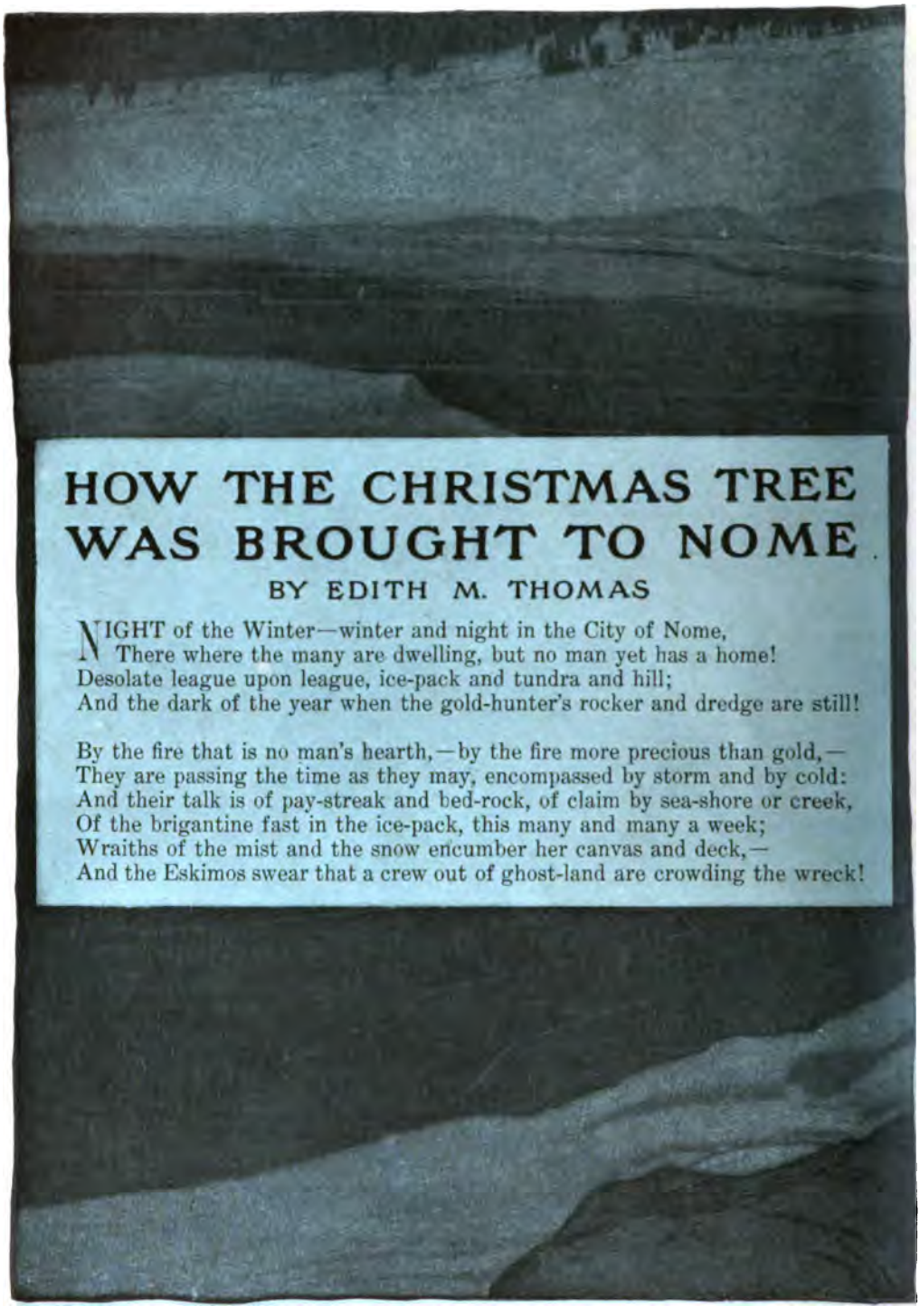
IF our theory regarding Western transportation has been correct, we should now be able to check back upon the census map, and expect to find a certain verification of our conclusions. It is curious to observe that the path of the star, which marks upon the census charts the center of population, in reality has followed much the same line as the early West-bound movement with which we have been principally concerned. The star moves slowly westward, across the Alleghanies, as did the first pioneers. Then it follows down the valley of the Ohio, as did the early down-stream population under our theory of the transportation of that day. In 1860 the center of population is situated upon the Ohio River, perhaps a hundred miles east of the city of Cincinnati. In 1860 the colors thicken deeply along the river valleys; and far up the streams, even toward the heads of the Mississippi and the Missouri, the map tells us that the population is denser than it is in regions remote from any waterways. In 1870 the face of the map remains, for the most part, bare west of the Missouri, except where the Indian reservations lie. On the Pacific coast, in California and Oregon, there is a population in some districts of forty-five to ninety persons to the square mile. Around Helena, Deer Lodge, and other mining-towns of Montana there is a faint dash of color showing a population of two to six souls to the square mile, which is beyond the average of all but a few localities west of the Missouri River. At Salt Lake, at Denver, at Santa Fé, termini of transportation in their day, as we have seen, there are bands of a similar color. The total population of America, which in 1810 was 7,239,881, and in 1820, the beginning of our up-stream days, was 9,633,822, is in 1860 31,443,321 and in 1870 38,558,371.[1] Nearly all of this population shows upon the census map as east of the Missouri River. Out in the unsettled and unknown region west of the Missouri there still lay that land which to the present generation means the West, appealing, fascinating, mysterious, inscrutable; and for that West there was to come another day.

[1] The average density of settlement of the United States was in 1810 17.7 persons to the square mile; in 1820, 18.9 persons; in 1860, 26.3; in 1870, 30.3.

(To be continued.)

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE PACK-HORSE MEN REPELLING AN ATTACK BY INDIANS.

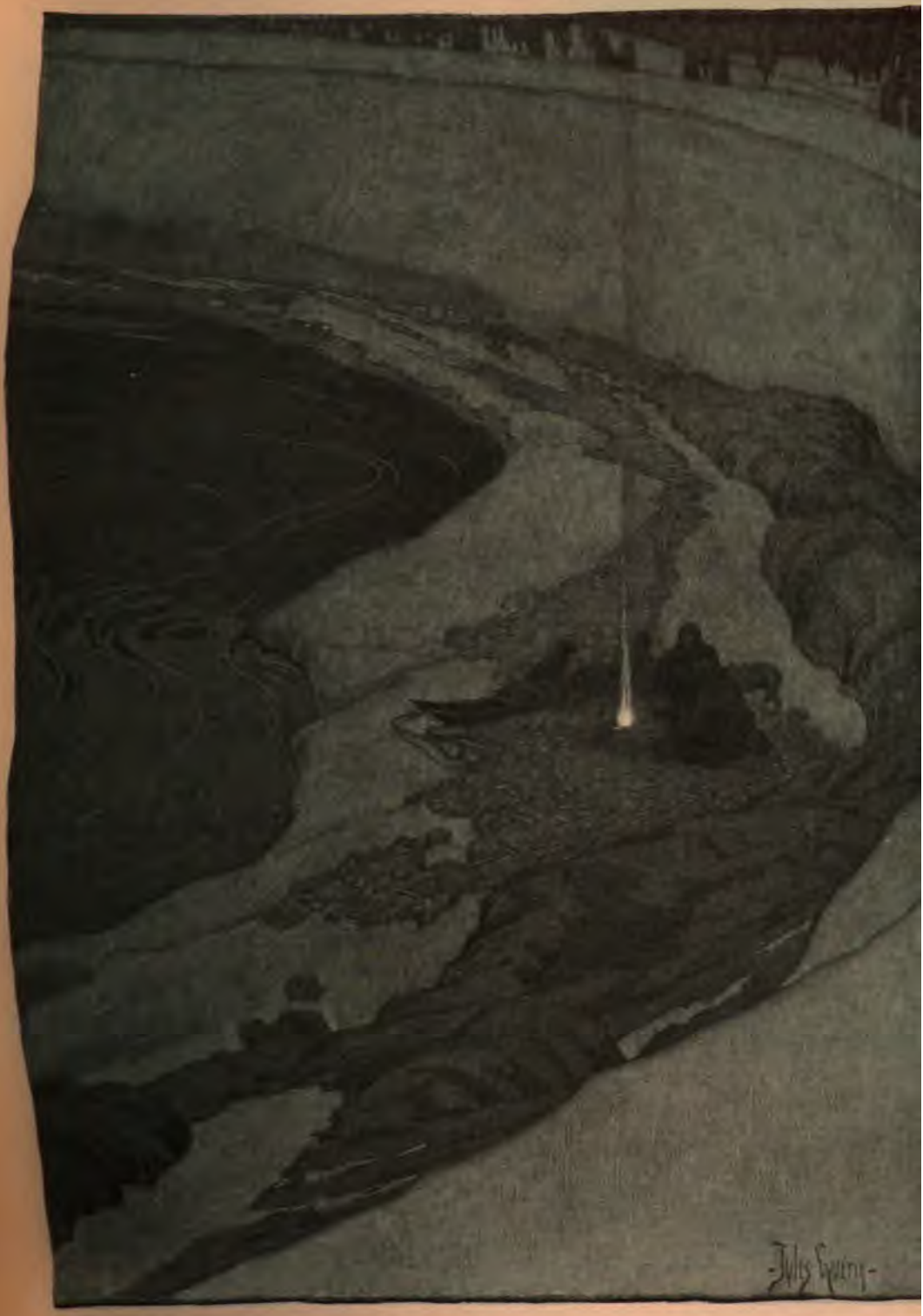


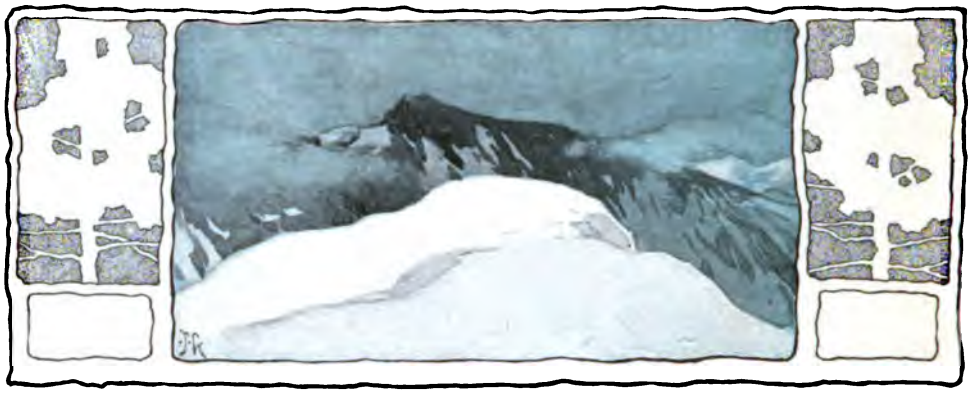
HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE WAS BROUGHT TO NOME

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

NIGHT of the Winter—winter and night in the City of Nome,
There where the many are dwelling, but no man yet has a home!
Desolate league upon league, ice-pack and tundra and hill;
And the dark of the year when the gold-hunter's rocker and dredge are still!

By the fire that is no man's hearth,—by the fire more precious than gold,—
They are passing the time as they may, encompassed by storm and by cold:
And their talk is of pay-streak and bed-rock, of claim by sea-shore or creek,
Of the brigantine fast in the ice-pack, this many and many a week;
Wraiths of the mist and the snow encumber her canvas and deck,—
And the Eskimos swear that a crew out of ghost-land are crowding the wreck!


Jules Guerin



Thus, in the indolent dark of the year, in the City of Nome,
They were passing the time as they might, but ever their thoughts turned home.
Said the Man from the East, "In God's country now (where we 'd all like to be),
You may bet your life there 's a big boom on for the Christmas Tree;
And we 'd have one here, but there is n't a shrub as high as my hand,
Nor the smell of spruce, for a hundred miles, in all this land!"

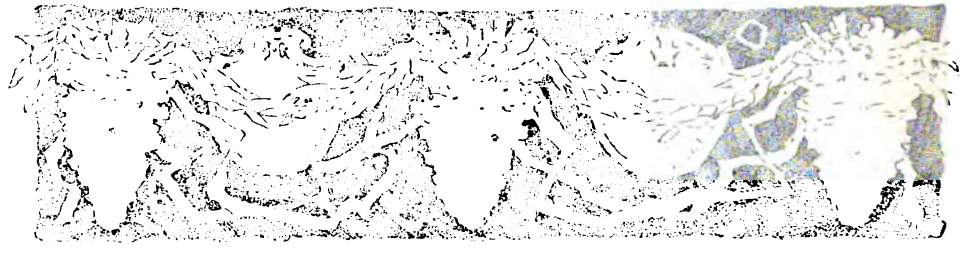
Then the Man from the South arose: "I allow, if the Tree could be found,
I 'd 'tend to the fruit myself, and stand ye a treat all round!"
"Done!" said the Man from the West (the youngest of all was he).
"I 'll lose my claim in the ruby sand—or I 'll find the Tree!"

The restless Aurora is waving her banners wide through the dome,
And the Man from the West is off, while yet they are sleeping in Nome!
Off ere the low-browed dawn, with Eskimo, sledge, and team:
He is leaving the tundra behind, he is climbing the source of the stream!
On, beyond Sinrock—on, while the miles and the dim hours glide—
On, toward the evergreen belt that darkens the mountain-side!
'T is a hundred miles or more; but his team is strong, is swift,
And brief are his slumbers, at night, in the lee of the feathery drift!

. . . . . .

There were watchful eyes, there were anxious hearts, in the City of Nome;
And they cheered with a will when the Man from the West with his prize came home!
And they cheered again, for the Christmas Tree that was brought from far,
Chained to his sledge, like a king of old to the conqueror's car!

Said the Man from the South, "I 'll 'tend to the fruit that grows on the Tree!"
Said the Man from the East, "Leave the Christmas dinner and trimmings to me!"



THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

FIRST PAPER: THE FIRST VISIT (NOVEMBER, 1852–APRIL, 1853).

WE all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. . . . We want to see this man—Thomas Hood—who has amused and charmed us: who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought.

THACKERAY, in an American lady's album.

IN the spring of 1852 Thackeray decided to visit the United States, with a view to delivering the course of lectures on the "English Humorists" first given in London and frequently heard in other cities of Great Britain during the previous twelve months. "I must and will go," he wrote to his eldest daughter, "not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your mother and you two girls. And I think, if I have luck, I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six months' tour in the States."

Among the many Thackeray manuscripts in the collection of Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia is the following amusing invitation to attend his first lecture on the "English Humorists" in Willis's Rooms, London, May 22, 1851. It is without date, and hitherto unpublished. The characteristic note was sent by Thackeray to an artist friend, described in writing to Mrs. Procter as "my dear old Dicky Doyle," who attended the lecture, as did a host of the author's admirers, including Carlyle, Hallam, Lord Houghton, Mrs. Kemble, Kinglake, Macaulay, and Milman. It is addressed to "Richard Doyle, Esq., 17 Cambridge Terrace," and may very properly find a place in this article, for it is obvious that the lecture to which the delightful epistle relates was, with the other five, prepared with a view to being delivered in this country.

"MY DEAR D. I hope you will come to the tight rope Exhibition tomorrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room.

"When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, 'God bless my soul, how beautiful!'

"When I touch my neck-cloth, clap with all your might.

"When I use my pocket handkerchief, burst into tears.

"When I pause, say Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo, through the pause.

"You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella: to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard.

"And now, everything having been done to ensure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods.

"God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted.

"By yours ever, W. M. T."

Accompanied by his secretary, Eyre Crowe, a young English artist, Thackeray sailed for Boston, October 30, in the steamer *Canada*. Just as she was casting off her lines a package was placed aboard the Cunarder containing letters from his London publishers and the first copies of "Henry Esmond." Among his fellow-passengers were James Russell Lowell, fresh from Italy, and Arthur Hugh Clough, who as a youth had spent several years in this country. The voyage was a rough one, and in one of his letters the Oxford scholar mentions that the great writer was a poor sailor, also that he had been chatting with "Titmarsh" when confined to his berth. On the occasion of the usual en-

[1] The letters and drawings by Thackeray in this article and in the one which is to follow it are printed by special arrangement with the authorized publishers of Thackeray's work, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. of London.—EDITOR.

FROM AN ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY THACKERAY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE JUDGE CHARLES P. DALY. LENT BY MRS. HENRY R. HOYT.

A COLORED DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

tertainment during the last evening aboard the *Canada*, after leaving Halifax, Thackeray's health was proposed, to which he responded in an amusing and appropriate manner; then Lowell's, who concluded by proposing the health of Clough, the English poet. The steamer arrived at her Boston dock at sunset, and an hour later Thackeray, with Clough and his artist secretary, was enjoying his first American dinner at the Tremont House. Among the earliest to welcome him the next morning was William H. Prescott, with whom he dined on the following day, and to whom he became greatly attached. In one of his first letters from Boston Thackeray writes: "Mr. Prescott the historian is delightful. . . . It 's like the society of a rich cathedral-town in England—grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well read." A friend met Thackeray in Beacon street with the three volumes of "Henry Esmond" tucked under his arm. "Here is the very best I can do," he said, "and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go as my card."

Thackeray arrived in New York from Boston on the 16th of November, reading on the way the "Shabby Genteel Story" of a dozen years before, which he purchased on the train from "a rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book-merchant," who accosted him with "Thackeray's Works!" quite unaware that he was standing before the great author himself. His first visitor at the Clarendon Hotel, on the evening of his arrival, was George Bancroft, who surprised Thackeray with the statement that in May, 1822, he had carried complimentary messages from Goethe at Weimar to Lord Byron, who was then living in Pisa. As a memorial of the young American's visit a copy of "Don Juan," which he received from its author at that time, may be seen in the Lenox Library, with the inscription, "Mr. George Bancroft, from Noel Byron." Two subsequent even-

ings were spent by Thackeray in witnessing Home's spirit-rapping manifestations at Bancroft's house, and in listening to an address delivered by the historian before the New York Historical Society.

Among the audience of about twelve hundred that filled every seat in Dr. Chapin's Universalist church on the east side of Broadway, a little below Prince street, on Friday evening, November 19, 1852, were an unusual number of literary, artistic, and professional celebrities. Besides an imposing array of society leaders, the writer recalls Bancroft and Bryant, Halleck and Irving, O'Conor and Verplanck, President King and Professor Morse, with the editors Greeley, Morris, Webb, and Willis. Thackeray appeared in the pulpit promptly at eight o'clock, and was cordially welcomed by the sympathetic audience. He seemed "a very castle of a man," as Irving said of Fenimore Cooper. His breadth of shoulders was quite in keeping with his six feet three inches. He was in his forty-second year, but his silvered hair and gold spectacles gave him the appearance of a person past fifty. His subject was Swift. His exceedingly fine presence, combined with his charm of manner and the melody of his rich tenor voice, created a most favorable impression. Never rising into the declamatory, the lecturer read with a quiet, graceful ease and a few notes above the conversational level. He occupied about an hour, but there was no sense of the lapse of time with at least one youthful listener. It was "a happy hour too swiftly sped." Many years later, in comparing the readings of Thackeray and Dickens, George William Curtis remarked: "The style of 'Boz' was that of the perfectly trained actor; of 'Titmarsh,' that of the accomplished gentleman amateur."

On Monday evening, December 6, at the conclusion of his sixth lecture, on Goldsmith and Sterne, Thackeray made a brief address, which was received with great applause, and the Rev. Samuel Osgood, who presided, remarked: "It is not usually deemed proper to tell tales out of school, but a friend of mine informed me this morning that Mr. Thackeray said he only found Englishmen here. I beg leave to say that in Mr. Thackeray we have discovered a genuine Yankee!" The course was repeated during December, as the Church of the Messiah was not sufficiently large to contain much more than half the persons who desired to subscribe for the first course. Thackeray also lectured in Brooklyn, and before his return to Boston, as the fruit of the "English Humorists," he deposited five thousand dollars with his New York bankers.

Soon after Thackeray's arrival in New York about twoscore friends and admirers among the leading literary and social celebrities of the city gave him a delightful dinner at Delmonico's. Washington Irving was invited to preside, but remembering his unfortunate fiasco at the Dickens entertainment,—when, as chairman, he began well enough in welcoming the distinguished guest of the evening, uttered a few sentences, and then broke down completely, dropping back in his chair after announcing the toast,—he declined the invitation of the committee, consisting of Bryant, Davis, Halleck, Jay, King, and Verplanck, unless speeches and reporters were absolutely forbidden. According to the recollection of George William Curtis, the last survivor of the dinner-party, "the conditions were faithfully observed, but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record. Irving's cheery anecdote and gaiety, the songs and banter of the company, the happy chat and sparkling wit, took the place of eloquence, and I recall no dinner more delightful."

Thomas Hicks, the artist, remembered an evening at his studio when Thackeray read to a small circle, including Kensett, Curtis, and Daly, Hood's familiar lines "One More Unfortunate," and on the same occasion, after speaking of Fielding, repeated Gibbon's grand panegyric on the author of "Tom Jones": "Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria." Before the company dispersed, at a late hour, Thackeray sang several songs. Curtis followed with "The Erl King," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Good Night to Julia." A little incident of his Southern tour, as told that evening by Thackeray, still lives in the memory of one who was present. He said: "I was introduced to a tall Kentuckian who, after a short conversation, remarked: 'I 've been in your country, Mr. Thackeray. It was very well in the daytime, but I never went out at night.' 'And pray, why not?' I inquired. 'Well, it was so small I was afraid I would

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN NEW YORK BY ALMAN. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE JUDGE CHARLES P. DALY. LENT BY MRS. HENRY R. HOYT.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

Mr. Thackeray.
hopes you'll come and dine with him at Delmonico's
on Sunday at 6. Judge Daly.

PORTRAIT AND VISITING-CARD OF THACKERAY.

fall off.'" Two other remembered trifling incidents of that evening, as told by Thackeray, may be worth mentioning. At his first American breakfast in Boston he ordered boiled eggs. Among the array of things placed before him he saw a goblet filled with something that he failed to recognize, and he also missed the eggs. In answer to his inquiry for them, the servant said, "That 's them in the glass." "Well, but where are the shells?" asked Thackeray. Promptly came the reply from Pat: "You did n't ask for shells, sir." Thackeray's other short story is more familiar. Wishing to see a specimen of the red-shirted Bowery boy and volunteer fireman of that period, of whom he had heard much both before and after his arrival in this country, he wended his way to that broad thoroughfare, and soon saw one of the species seated on a hydrant. Approaching him, he politely said, "Please, sir, I want to go to Brooklyn." "Well," answered the Bowery boy, "why the h—— don't you go?" These anecdotes, and others that appear in these pages, may possibly, in a measure, have lost their Thackerayan flavor, having been jotted down from memory after more than four decades.

Charles Augustus Davis, the accomplished New York merchant, was among Thackeray's intimate friends. In a note now before the writer, addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, Mr. Davis, in inviting the poet to dinner, says: "Thackeray had an engagement for Monday, but canceled it for the pleasure of meeting you, and requested that he might have a seat next to you or directly opposite."[1] President Felton of Harvard, who met the English author on that evening, said of the brilliant literary society which then made New York so attractive a city: "Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Charles A. Davis, and others scarce less attractive by their genius, wit, and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world." Alfred Pell was another of Thackeray's New York friends who frequently entertained him on his two visits. At one of Pell's delightful dinners he heard Whipple's story of Emerson and the New-Englanders, with which Thackeray was so much amused that he repeated it in London to Carlyle. "The train, as usual," says Whipple, "stopped at Concord. Then one of the two silent Yankees in the seat ahead turned to the other and lazily remarked, 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.' 'Ye-as,' was the drawling rejoinder, 'and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he 's a man of con-sid-er-a-ble propity.'"

While in New York, to oblige "the good Baxters" and other friends, Thackeray delivered, in the Church of the Messiah, for the benefit of a ladies' society for the employment of the poor, a delightful afternoon discourse on "Charity and Humor," by which he added above a thousand dollars to the society exchequer. The address was subsequently repeated in London on behalf of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. For the latter fund it was delivered on July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the result in the Oxford election where Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The "Times," in its report of the address, says: "The opening words of the discourse, uttered with a comic solemnity of which Mr. Thackeray alone is capable, ran thus: 'Walking yesterday in the High street of a certain ancient city,'—so began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some moments the completion of the sentence." This address, written in the Clarendon Hotel, was, in a measure, a supplement to the "English Humorists," for he compared the eighteenth-century literature with the writings of his contemporaries. He availed himself of the opportunity to speak of Dickens in terms of generous praise.

During his month's sojourn in New York Thackeray renewed his pleasant acquaintance with William H. Appleton. They had spent many happy hours together as young men in Paris in the thirties, when the latter was making his first visit as a publisher to the French capital, and the former was following a Trilbyesque artistic career in the gay city. They often dined together at Terré's in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where the course included a bowl of bouillabaisse, celebrated by Thackeray in his beautiful and familiar ballad. At the time of his visit, the Appletons were issuing the skilfully edited series of popular reprints of

[1] Charles Dickens was also an admirer of Halleck. To the author of this article he wrote in January, 1868: "I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note [from Halleck to Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia, describing the Dickens dinner at the City Hotel, New York, in 1842]. I have read it with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer. I too had hoped to see *him!* My dear Irving being dead, there was scarcely any one in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our old friend often thought of."

Thackeray's writings, in twelve red-covered half-dollar volumes, for which he wrote, at their request, an admirable preface, which appeared signed, and with the date, "New York, December, 1852," in "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town: with the Proser and Other Papers." The original sheets of this characteristic composition, in the author's dainty manuscript, may be seen in the Lenox Library.

Charles P. Daly, who sat longer on the New York bench than any other jurist of his generation, was among Thackeray's intimate American friends, and, with Mr. Appleton, among the last survivors, both dying in 1899. The judge had a sweet, low tenor voice, and sang Irish melodies in a manner that greatly pleased Thackeray when they frequently met on convivial occasions at the Century Club and elsewhere. The novelist was much amused with two Daly incidents, and repeated them at a London dinner on at least one occasion, as the writer learned from a person who was present. A couple of Irishmen were waiting for the opening of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Daly later became chief justice. On the occasion in question the judge was not punctual, as not infrequently happened, when at length one of the men exclaimed: "Och, sure, there comes his Honor at last! Be jabers, Judge De-lay, yer rightly named!" The other incident occurred in London when the judge was first there in 1851. He was presented to the Duke of Wellington, who said, "You are too young to have reached a high place on the bench."

"I owe my position," replied Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little."

"I recall my criticism," said the Iron Duke, grimly. "You are doubtless where you belong."

An original drawing by Thackeray, a fine photograph of him, made in New York, and a droll little note, all reproduced in this article, were among Judge Daly's treasured memorials of the novelist. They are now in the possession of Mrs. Henry R. Hoyt, a member of Judge Daly's family.

Perhaps there was no place in New York so popular with Thackeray as the Century Club, in Clinton Place, where he was first taken by Mr. Appleton. There he sat with an admiring circle, including Curtis and Cozzens and Daly, and smoked and sipped, and sang his "Little Billee" and "Larry O'Toole" and "Dr. Luther," or listened to a sentimental song from Curtis, or a lively Irish air from Judge Daly. The artist Cranch also contributed charming songs, and "Tom" Hicks convulsed Thackeray with his droll imitations of Webster's oratory. He would draw forth a huge red bandana handkerchief, and unfolding it with Dutch deliberation, would, after many nose-pullings and trumpet-blasts, proceed with his ponderous sentences.

Dr. Kane, the Arctic hero, told the fresh story of his wanderings, and, as Curtis charmingly relates, "We listened like boys to Sindbad the Sailor, until, rising from the table, and straightening his huge figure, Thackeray towered over the neat, small person of Kane, and said to the host who provided the feast: 'Do you think the doctor would permit me to kneel down and lick his boots?'"

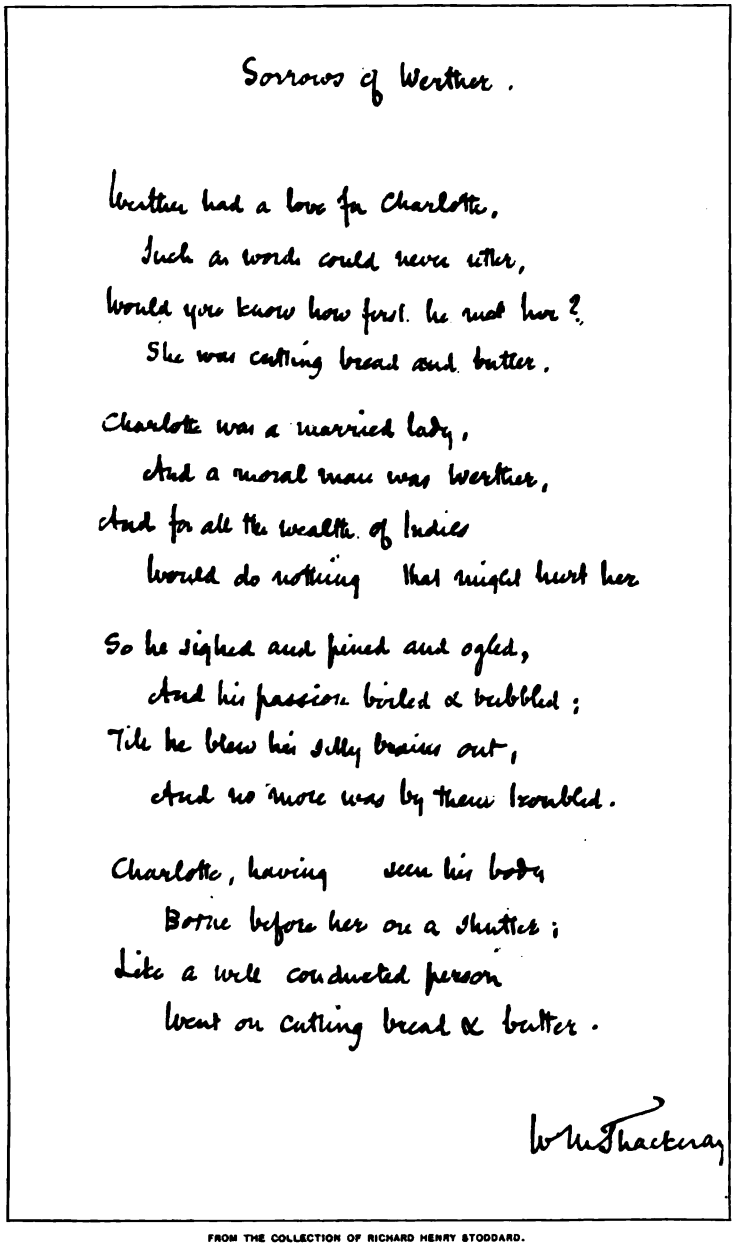
Among the many literary treasures of Richard Henry Stoddard's library is a manuscript copy of the "Sorrows of Werther," written for John R. Thompson, then editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," when Thackeray made his first visit to Richmond almost half a century ago. It is framed with an engraving of Laurence's fine portrait of the novelist, which Mrs. Ritchie calls "a noble drawing of our father's head by Samuel Laurence to look at while he was away" in the United States in 1852–53. Dr. "Rab" Brown, a most competent critic, expressed to the writer the opinion that Lawrence's later picture of 1864, in which the novelist is represented reading with his book held very near his face, is the best of all the numerous portraits of Thackeray. The original is in the National Gallery.

When the popular painter came to this country he brought with him a letter of introduction from Thackeray to John Jay, and before his return to England he successfully delineated Washington Irving and many other prominent Americans.

A most interesting autograph of the author of "A Novel without a Hero" was the following tribute to the Pater Patriae, written in the album of a lady of South Carolina: "Washington was the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men," a quotation from Thackeray's letter to the London "Times," or, at least, words used in that communication.

To Halleck, at one of their many meetings in New York, Thackeray expressed admiration for the writings of Fenimore Cooper, and a wish that he might have an opportunity of meeting him before returning to Eng-

land. Some of my readers may remember that in Thackeray's pleasant "Roundabout Paper" entitled "On a Peal of Bells,"[1] after men, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin, are quite the


Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled & bubbled;
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter;
Like a well conducted person
Went on cutting bread & butter.

W. M. Thackeray

FROM THE COLLECTION OF RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

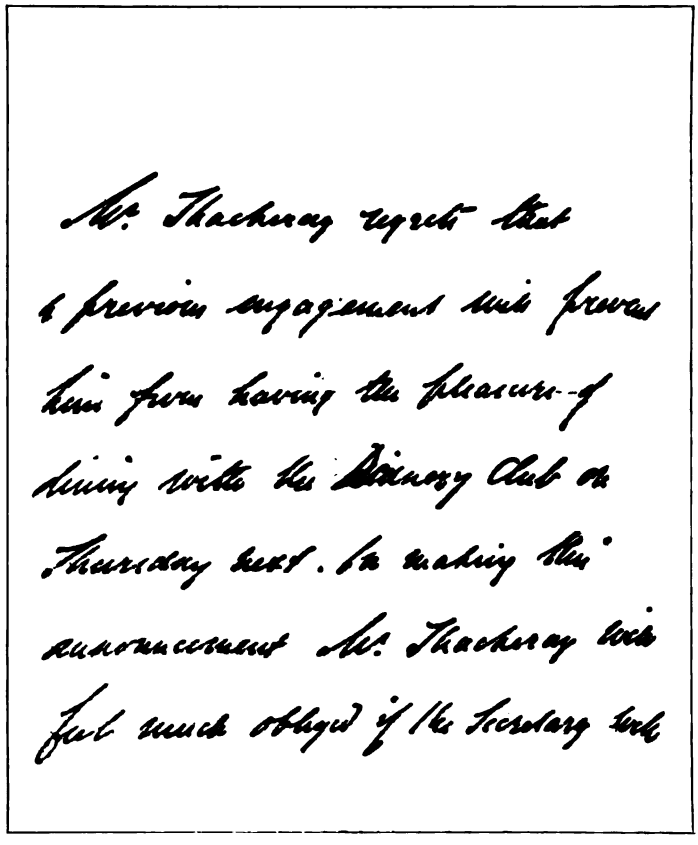
A THACKERAY AUTOGRAPH.

praising a number of Sir Walter's immortal characters, he thus writes of several of Cooper's creations: "Much as I like those unassuming, manly, unpretending gentle- equals of Scott's men. Perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any in 'Scott's lot.' La Longue Carabine is one of the great prize men of fiction. He ranks with your

[1] For this and others of his "Roundabout Papers," Thackeray was paid by the "Cornhill Magazine" at the rate of about sixty-three dollars per printed page, probably the highest price up to that time for short articles.

Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff, —heroic figures all,—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

Another of Thackeray's friends was "Sam" Ward of New York and Washington, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an artistic *bon vivant*, who could not only give a charming dinner, but could also cook it. They together enjoyed many hemian dinner in Paris, asserting that it was unsurpassed in English literature. "Before Charon paddles me across the Stygian stream," said Thackeray to "Uncle Sam," "I should like to write a story that would live for several centuries." To which Ward promptly and truthfully replied: "Why, Thackeray, you did that when you presented us with 'Henry Esmond.' It will live as long as 'Don Quixote' or 'Tom Jones' or


Mr. Thackeray regrets that a previous engagement will prevent him from having the pleasure of dining with the Literary Club on Thursday next. On making this announcement Mr. Thackeray feels much obliged if the Secretary will

FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTER BY THACKERAY IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. HENRY R. HOYT.

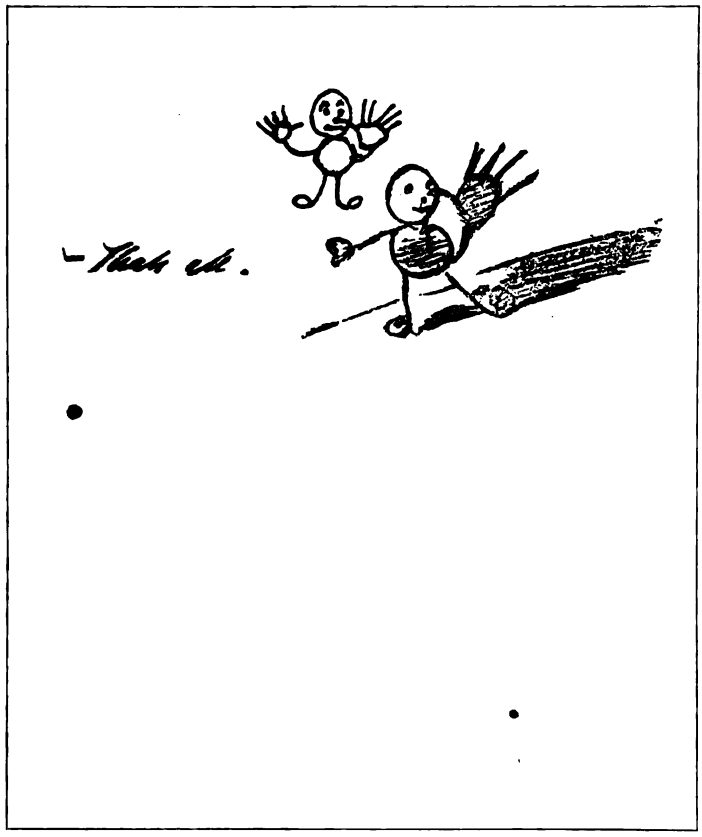
"MR. THACKERAY REGRETS." FIRST PAGE.

noctes ambrosianae in New York. Ward frequently quoted the great author's words: "Sir, respect your dinner; idolize it; enjoy it properly. You will be, by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do." He was particularly fond of repeating the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," and the writer recalls at least one occasion when Ward supplemented the poem by reading to Halleck and several other friends who were dining with him at the Brevoort, in Fifth Avenue, the delightful description by Thackeray of an ideal Bo-

'Ivanhoe.' Can you wish for more?" This little incident is suggestive of a passage in "De Juventute," where Thackeray writes: "If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should like to be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen centuries. The boy critic loves the story; grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life."

To a young New York friend Thackeray, who was usually free and lavish in his ex-

penditures and tips, exhibited a whimsical instance of economy by saying, as he returned the visitor's card, which had been sent to his rooms on the third floor of the Clarendon, fronting on Fourth Avenue, "Better put this in your pocket again; it will serve your purpose for another call." By a curious coincidence, almost the identical words were used a decade later by William Cullen Bryant as he lifted a card from his editorial table in the office of the "Evening Post," and handed it back to the same person who had called, when a youth, on Thackeray at his New York hotel.



"MR. THACKERAY REGRETS." SECOND PAGE.

While in London, Bayard Taylor was taken, on more than one occasion, by Thackeray to the celebrated Covent Garden chop-house and concert-room of which Evans was long the proprietor. It was a popular resort of many famous litterateurs and men of fashion. Serjeant Ballantyne pays high tribute to the old place in his pleasant book of reminiscences, and Thackeray often mentioned it to intimate American friends as a place where he had spent many agreeable hours. Evans's successor was one John Green of Galway. And this brings me to a little incident.

Seated in the Green Park, near the residence of the poet Rogers, I once saw a stout gentleman with a jovial, rubicund countenance, and an unusual display of color and gold chain in his attire. The following conversation occurred:

SCRIBE. Will you permit me, sir, to ask in which of those houses Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, resided?

STRANGER. Certainly. The one directly opposite. I knew him well, and many of his literary friends. Poor old Sam Rogers! He 's been dead nearly twenty years.

SCRIBE. Then perhaps you were acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray?

STRANGER. God bless my soul! I was intimate with both of them for a score of years. Charlie Dickens and "Old Thack," a couple of fine, jolly fellows. But they are gone, too.

SCRIBE. Possibly you knew Thomas Moore and Douglas Jerrold and Samuel Warren and Thomas Hood?

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

THE HARLEQUIN. A DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

STRANGER. Certainly; every mother's son of them, and the little poet was so pleased with my singing of one of his Irish songs that he wrote it out for me. I used to chant "Little Billee," and I have a copy of it which Bill Thackeray gave me. But my singing days are over now.

Recounting the above conversation that evening at a dinner-table where the author of "Tom Brown at Oxford" and other London notabilities were present, I remarked that I was entirely at a loss to imagine who the extraordinary person could be

that, according to his own account, had been on such friendly and intimate terms with the authors mentioned. A roar of laughter followed, and the dozen guests shouted as one man, "Paddy Green, Paddy Green!" The red-faced gentleman with the enormous gold chain and rings was John Green, an Irishman, and the successor of Evans as proprietor of the celebrated Covent Garden resort.

Anything new from the pen or pencil of Thackeray is of present interest to the English-speaking world. Among the letters, not before published, which are here given, the earliest is dated "The Clarendon, December 3 [1852]," and is as follows:

"Thank you, my dear Cozzens, for the cheque for one hundred dollars, and Mr. MacAdam for his kindness in speaking about me—and Mrs. Cozzens for her hospitality—and those dear little children for wanting to trot up and see the Gentleman take the Quinine—and this is brought by my messenger who is ordered not to quit your premises until he pays for a box of capital little cigars—for which unless the account be produced instantly I vow I will never smoke any more tobacco of the Sparrowgrass brand. And when you go back to kind jolly little Yonkers, will you—will you (here my feelings overpower me) see if I did n't leave a razor-strop there? I fancy I can't sharpen my razors on any other! and my man will call to-morrow morning in hopes of being put in possession of this treasure. It was the jolliest day I have had for a long, long time—may many more be in store for you and yours always."

The following letter was addressed during the same month to a Brooklyn boy,—Edward Livingstone Welles,—who wrote to Thackeray requesting his autograph:

"N. York. Sunday Dec. 19 [1852].

"My dear Sir, I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better; and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper. . . . And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand, & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all: pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

"I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning: but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell and am

"Your faithful Servant
"W. M. Thackeray."

From New York Thackeray returned before Christmas to give his lectures in the Melodeon, the great music-hall of Boston, where, as in New York, he had a crowded house and a hearty welcome. His audience included Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Prescott, Ticknor, the Danas, father and son, and other lights of literature. Of the first lecture, on Swift, his friend Fields says: "I remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of lectures were all sold; and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture-hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders."

During the delivery of the "English Humorists" in Boston a friend asked the "gentle censor of our age," as Lord Houghton called him, to attend one of George Ticknor's Wednesday evenings, and he accepted with the expectation of meeting Theodore Parker. As they walked together to the Tremont House, the Bostonian said, in response to an inquiry, "Oh, no; you would never meet Parker there." "Indeed," retorted Titmarsh, "I thought Ticknor saw the best society!" All who know anything of the Boston Brahmans of half a century ago will appreciate the jest which was then current, and which is still remembered by the few survivors of those days, one of whom has recently retold the story. This same lady rather surprised the "gentle giant," as Longfellow described him, by saying: "Mr. Thackeray, I feel extremely sorry for you, for it seems that you never knew a good woman who was not a fool, nor a bright one that was not a knave."

During his several visits to Boston Thackeray was a familiar and welcome guest in the family of Mr. Ticknor, and exhibited his

responsive feeling in many kindly ways. On one occasion, at the close of the year, he invited himself to dine with the Ticknors, and on New Year's eve came to watch the New Year in by their fireside. On the stroke of twelve o'clock he rose and drank the health of his daughters, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "God bless my girls and all who are kind to them!"

Thackeray was a frequent visitor in the family of Mr. Lothrop of Boston. "On one occasion," writes Mr. Thornton K. Lothrop, at that time in the Harvard Law School, "there was some talk about marriage, and my sister, then a girl of fifteen, announced that she should never be married. Thackeray said, 'Oh, you wait, Miss Mary, until Tompkins comes along, and then you will be married fast enough,' and then taking up a sheet of paper, he made a drawing of a cottage with some trees and a hedge, and in the yard a pretty girl standing, who is evidently stage-struck by what she considers an awful London swell, who is walking down the road in front of the house. Not many years afterward, when my sister was very ill, this drawing disappeared, and we always supposed it was stolen." It may be added that, in accordance with Thackeray's prediction, Tompkins appeared in due course of time.

The memory of one of the many pleasant evenings that Thackeray spent in Boston and Cambridge is preserved by the following invitation from the master of Elmwood:

"CAMBRIDGE 30th December [1852].

"MY DEAR SIR,—Have you any engagement for Wednesday or Thursday evening of next week? If not, will you give me one of them? Timmins, revolving many things, has decided on a supper, because he can have it under his own roof, and because he can have more people at it. He will ask only *clubable* men, and such as can't make speeches. You shall either be carried back to Boston, or spend the night with us. Crowe survived it.

"Very sincerely yours,
"J. R. LOWELL."

Of this symposium Richard Henry Dana[1] said in his diary: "Supped at Lowell's with Thackeray. Present: Longfellow, Felton, Clough, an Englishman, James T. Fields and Edmund Quincy. We sat down a little after ten, had an excellent supper, and left a little before two o'clock. Walked home with Longfellow. Thackeray is not a great talker. He was interested in all that was said, and put in a pleasant word occasionally. Felton, Lowell, and I did nearly all the talking." One of the guests, not included in Dana's list, said to the writer: "It was a famous evening, and Thackeray gave us 'Dr. Martin Luther' in fine style."

Thackeray's lectures were next given in the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, in January, and he was delighted with the success which attended them. The course was commended by the Quaker City press, although some surprise was expressed at certain peculiarities of pronunciation unfamiliar to American ears. Among the half-dozen letters of introduction which he brought with him was one from Lord Mahon, the historian, later Earl Stanhope, addressed to William B. Reed of Philadelphia, who became one of the novelist's greatest American admirers. At his home Thackeray was a frequent guest; later they became correspondents, and when he passed away, it was Mr. Reed who in 1864 printed, for private distribution, a touching tribute to Thackeray's memory entitled "Haud Immemor. Thackeray in America." It was published a few years later in "Blackwood's Magazine." Another intimate friend was Morton McMichael, editor of the "North American," to whom the following letter is addressed:

"CLARENDON, NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1853.

"DEAR MCMICHAEL The portmonnaie is mine, sure enough—the New York tailor made me a breeches pocket incapable of retention of portmonnaie—when shall I learn to keep that receptacle buttoned? Thank you for the paper, but I did n't use the concluding words in Philadelphia which appear in the 'North American.' I only used them once in New York, and just alluded to the children at home as being thankful for the good done them. One must n't be always bringing the kids forward. Reed's article is very pleasant reading, and I must make him and Messrs. the Editors my very best bow of acknowledgment. Surely I shall get a chance of seeing you all in Philadelphia ere long. I hope so, and am yours always, dear McMichael.

"W. M. THACKERAY."

During the novelist's second visit to Philadelphia, nearly three years later, his rooms were at the La Pierre House, and his lectures on the Georges were delivered at Con-

[1] Author of "Two Years before the Mast," and a son of the American poet of the same name.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SENT TO SIR HENRY COLE IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A THACKERAY VALENTINE.

cert Hall. Both places being convenient to Mr. McMichael's residence, it was understood that after the lectures Thackeray should appear there for supper and his favorite punch.

During February the "English Humorists" were heard in Baltimore, and Thackeray was received by John P. Kennedy, Reverdy Johnson, and other prominent citizens with the usual round of receptions and dinners. In the same month the lectures were given in Washington, followed by "an interminable succession of balls, parties, banquets at the British embassy and elsewhere." Sir John F. T. Crampton, Bart.,[1] was then the English minister, the courtly

[1] Later Crampton (1805–88) caused serious trouble between his country and the United States by attempting to enlist recruits for the Crimean War, and Secretary Marcy demanded his recall. This was promptly done, but Lord Palmerston characteristically rewarded the erring minister by conferring a K.C.B. and appointing him to another good position. Thackeray, who entertained a strong personal regard for

Fillmore was chief magistrate, and Thackeray was sumptuously entertained by the New York senators, Hamilton Fish and William H. Seward. These, with General Scott and Presidents Fillmore and Pierce, heard one of his course in Carusi's Hall. Irving compared the latter officials, much to their own amusement, to "the two kings of Brentford smelling at one rose."

From Washington, Thackeray writes to William B. Reed, early in February, 1853: "The Baltimoreans flock to the stale old lectures as numerously as you of Philadelphia. Here the audiences are more polite than numerous, but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had many dinners. Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish—our minister ever so often—the most hospital of envoys. I have seen no one at all at Baltimore, for it is impossible to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charleston, not to New Orleans which is too far: and I hope you will make out your visit to Washington and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New York, which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness of Philadelphia sing? She is the best ballad-singer I ever heard. And will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed and your brother, and Wharton[1] and Lewis,[2] and his pretty young daughter?" Of all those mentioned by Thackeray in this note Mrs. Caspar Wistar, née Furness, is the only survivor. Mrs. Wistar writes: "My acquaintance with him in America dated from a winter in Washington where I saw him very intimately. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to sing to him. To hear him sing 'Little Billee' was a treat indeed. I then 'laid up wood for my winter fire,' which is now in full blast." Many years ago Mrs. Wistar was the possessor of the original manuscript of Thackeray's ballad of Catherine Hayes, a gift from her friend Mr. Follett Synge, which she later presented to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. He sent a copy of the verses to Mrs. Ritchie, and they appeared in print for the first time in Volume XIII of her biographical edition of her father's writings.

Early in March the speaker and his secretary took the Richmond steamer. Crowe says: "I sketched the distant outline of Washington's home, Mount Vernon. We tried to spot the new Castlewood which was raised on the beautiful banks of the Potomac." In Richmond Thackeray saw Houdon's statue of Washington, which he greatly admired, and became acquainted with John R. Thompson, the accomplished young editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," the acquaintance ripening into an enduring friendship. Many letters were afterward exchanged between them, and after the novelist's death cordial relations were continued between his daughters and Mr. Thompson, who was editing the Confederate journal issued in London.

On Saturday, March 5, Thackeray and his secretary left Richmond, proceeding via steamer *Governor Dudley* from Wilmington to Charleston, where he gave three lectures in Hibernian Hall on the following Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. They were well attended by the élite, and the lecturer was hospitably entertained. In Charleston Thackeray had a pleasant meeting with Professor Agassiz, who, like himself, was lecturing in that city. Leaving South Carolina and its convivial friendships, the travelers sailed in a small steamer for Savannah, the most distant point of the Southern tour, where they were the guests of Mr. Andrew Low, the British consul. The three lectures in this place were the least successful of all delivered in this country, his audience numbering not above five hundred.

Early in April Thackeray returned to New York, and again occupied his comfortable quarters in the Clarendon Hotel. On the 11th he went by train to Albany, delivering two of his lectures there, and returning by a Hudson River steamer. He had expected to go to Canada, and the papers announced that Montreal would next be visited; but he changed his mind, having grown weary of the "confounded old lectures." In an interesting letter, written at this time from the Clarendon, Thackeray says that Bulwer's "My Novel" and Miss Brontë's "Villette" had rapidly surpassed "Henry Esmond" in popular favor; that though he had not made a fortune in four months, he had "a snug little sum of money." He was not shocked with slavery as he saw it in several of the Southern States, but thought the negroes in the good families "the comfortablest race of menials." With American

Crampton, according to George Ticknor, was "outrageous over the matter, and cursed the ministry by all his gods for making him, as he said, their scapegoat." Crampton so much resembled his father, Sir Philip, that they were generally called "the twins."

[1] Thomas J. Wharton.

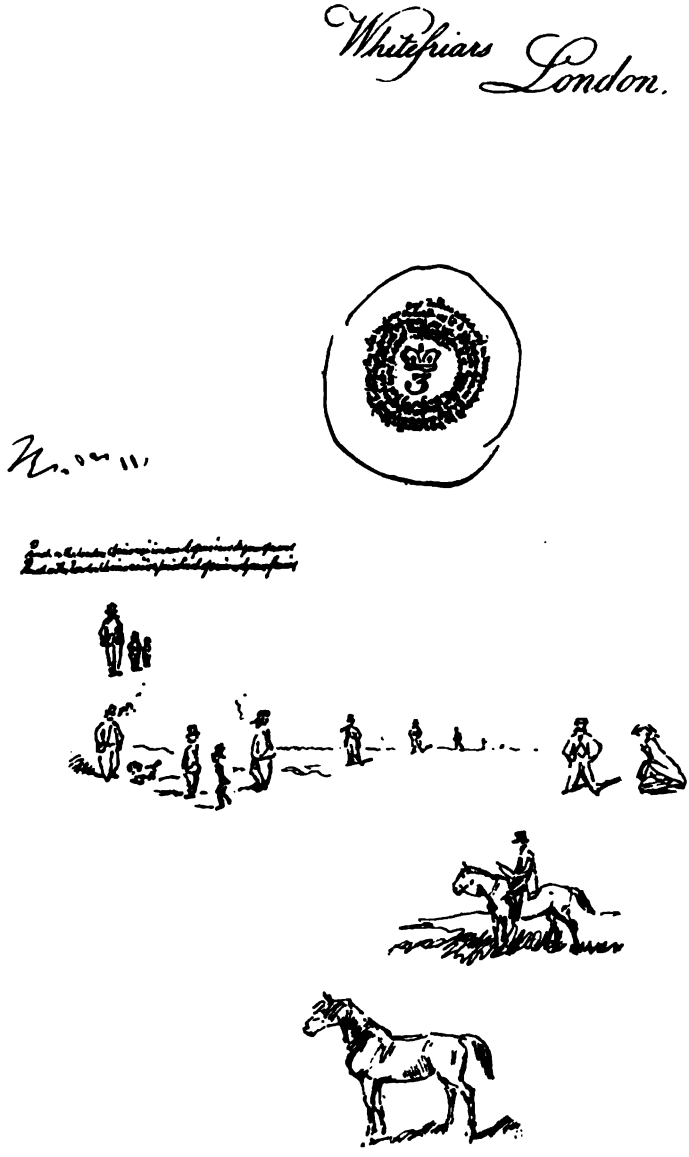
[2] William D. Lewis, president of the Girard Bank.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

CRAYON SKETCH BY SAMUEL LAWRENCE FOR HIS PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY.

scenery he was not favorably impressed, saying: "It is a dreary, unpicturesque country for the most part. I have not seen a dozen picturesque views in all my wanderings, nor even cared to use my pencil except to sketch a negro or two." On the 15th he composed, in the Clarendon, the lines entitled "Lucy's Birthday," for a member of his favorite New York family, frequently alluded to as "the good Baxters." The pretty poem first appeared in the "Keepsake" of 1854; it is included in the latest edition of Thackeray's "Ballads and Songs," and is the only one written in this country, with the single exception of his final leave-taking with American friends in the charming verses, "To all good friends in Boston, Mass."

The fortunate young lady who inspired the attractive lines, in a recent note to the writer, says: "The form of the little poem was altered before being printed. Mr. Thackeray changed the rhythm, shortening the lines, etc. He preferred it in that way, but I always thought the original poem much prettier, which was perhaps not unnatural. He used to call my mother Lady Castlewood and my sister Miss Beatrix. It is not true, as has been often said, that the character of Ethel Newcome was drawn from my sister, although some of the scenes in 'The Newcomes' were no doubt suggested by seeing my sister holding her court in New York ball-rooms." On this point Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her "Reminiscences," speaking of Mrs. Hampton, the sister-in-law of General Wade Hampton, says: "She told me that she recognized bits of her own conversation in



FROM THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A CONTEST IN MICROSCOPIC PENMANSHIP.

Thackeray wrote the Lord's Prayer in a circle made with a threepenny piece; Mark Lemon wrote two lines from "Punch"; and John Leech drew the figures and horses.

some of the sayings of Ethel Newcome, and I have little doubt that in depicting the beautiful and noble, though wayward girl, Thackeray had in mind something of the aspect and character of the lovely Sally Baxter."

The lecturer's departure was so sudden that he had no time to say farewell to any except the friendly family of Baxters, who resided in Second Avenue, opposite the mansion of Hamilton Fish, and near the Clarendon. His secretary says: "I visited Thackeray in his room in the early morning. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he said: 'I see there 's a Cunarder going this morning. I 'll go down to Wall street, and see whether I can secure berths in her.'" He was successful, and sailed with Mr. Crowe on April 20, in the *Europa*, and so terminated Thackeray's six months' lecture tour in the United States. Early on Sunday morning, May 1, he was again in his beloved England.

(To be concluded.)

ON A JUDEAN HOUSE-TOP.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"THE eyes of the child wax dim, my lord; is there none, is there none to save?"
"The doves are slain and the lamb is burned; such as I had I gave."
"Lift up thy face and behold, my lord, how chill and white is his brow!"
"I would blinded be that I may not see the death of my first-born now."

"Nay, beat thy breast, cry aloud, my lord! Perchance thy God may hear!
Hath Judah another grief-torn mother so maddened by pain and fear?
I would that the maiden might return, who fared from our door this day!
Most sweet she smiled on my little child, most weary had been her way.

"Methinks she yearned with a mother's heart and plead with a mother's eyes;
It would ease my woe this night to know that sheltered somewhere she lies.
Behold yon light over Bethlehem's plain,—but the dark, the dark it is mine!
Now raise the child to the east, my lord, and pray thy God for a sign!

"If life shall come to the rose of my heart, ere the eyes with death wax dim,
By yonder star, I shall know there are no gods for our prayers save Him!
If life shall come to the blossom-like hands that cling, that cling to my breast,
By the star, will I go to the city below and summon that maid to rest!

. . . . . .

"Behold, the babe is swathed in its light! 'T is a sign, 't is a sign of grace!
His limbs are bathed in the beams of white, and he smiles, he smiles in my face!
There is wonder abroad in the night, my lord, and strange is the sky afar!
Now God be praised, be praised for my child! He sleeps in the light of the star!"

THE APPEAL OF THE BOOK-PLATE, ANTIQUARIAN AND ARTISTIC.

BY CHARLES DEXTER ALLEN.

THOUGH the term book-plate is admittedly misleading and clumsy, it is everywhere recognized and understood as descriptive of the decorative label pasted within the cover of a book to denote its ownership.

Naturally the question comes to the book-collector: "How shall I identify these books as mine?" In school-days it is sufficient to write on the fly-leaf:

Steal not this book, for
fear of strife;
For the owner carries a
huge jack-knife!

ornamented with a picture of the knife, and the sinister suggestion of the couplet yet further emphasized with the skull and crossbones. But the bibliophile hesitates even to write his name in a choice book. It has come about, in the process of time, that the finely engraved book-plate, showing the name or chosen device of the owner, is the accepted means of indicating book-possession.

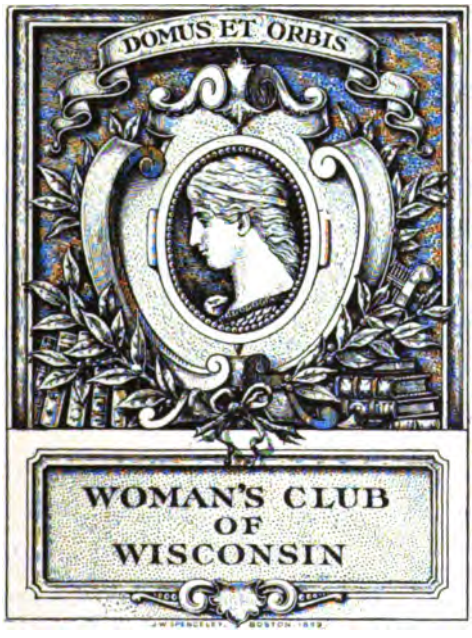
BY W. F. HOPSON.

The first book-plates were used in Germany toward the close of the fifteenth century. The fashion spread to France, to England, to America; so that continually, from an early period of the Renaissance, there has existed a large body of book-collectors using book-plates. They are certainly no new thing. Some years ago (probably from thirty to forty) there were bibliophiles, chiefly in England, who, while continuing the traditions by using book-plates of their own, began to observe and consider the old book-plates in the volumes on their shelves or offered in the shops. All the associations connected with old books make a strong appeal. If the book-lover finds the autograph of some long-dead famous man in the old book he has purchased, he has an added reason for regarding it highly. The satisfaction is as genuine if he finds a similarly interesting book-plate. The exchange of ideas among the few interested spread a knowledge of the subject through a larger and increasingly larger circle. The history of the book-plate began to be investigated: inquiries were made as to when they were first used, what engravers made them, what persons of reputation or fame in letters, art, science, statecraft, or society placed them in their books.

Did Rabelais have a book-plate? Did Velasquez? Kepler? Pitt? Beau Nash? It was most interesting to discover what the men of fame in an earlier age used in their books—whether simple typographical labels, with the name only, a heraldic design showing the family coat of arms, a portrait, or a literary or pictorial emblem. Further, what mottos they chose, if any—whether didactic or humorous, selfish or generous, invented, or quoted from the classics or from a favorite author. A further interest developed

from the fact that famous engravers had made and signed book-plates. With the increase of interest and the spread of information, there came to be a considerable number of bookmen who were quietly, without making any fuss about it, gathering book-plates because of what they found interesting in them.

The lines of appeal were several and somewhat varied. Some would gather plates of famous men—the old writers, musicians, painters, divines, poets. Such would treasure the plates of Cardinal Wolsey, Horace Walpole, Dibdin, David Garrick, Laurence Sterne, Lord Byron, Lady Blessington, Trollope, Dickens, Carlyle, Disraeli, Tennyson, Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Count d'Orsay, Lavoisier, Charlotte Corday, a Bonaparte, George Washington, Samuel Chase, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Byrd of Westover, Randolph of Roanoke, William Hickling Prescott, Oliver Wendell Holmes.



BY J. W. SPENCELEY.

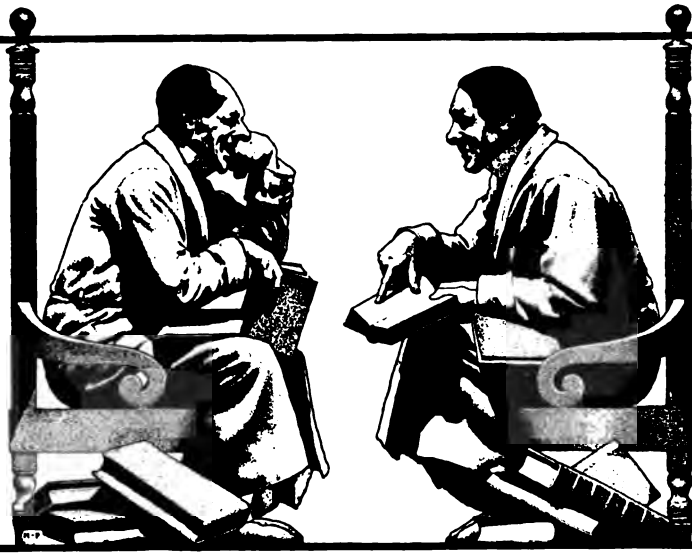
Others would cherish the works of the engravers, without caring for whom the plate was made, and would search for those signed by Albrecht Dürer, Virgil Solis, Lucas Cranach, Jost Amman, François Boucher, Choffard, Collin, Eisen, Leclerc, William Marshall, George Vertue, Hogarth, Faithorne, Bartolozzi, Bewick, Nathaniel Hurd, Peter Maverick, Alexander Anderson, Paul Revere.

Others, again, sought book-plates as an aid to their study of family history, of genealogy and heraldry. This interest in the archæology of the subject spread from England to America and the Continent. What may be termed the present renaissance of the book-plate dates from about 1890, when the number of persons interested was so large and so widely separated that some form of organization suggested itself. In that year the Ex Libris Society was founded in London. To-day there are societies in France and Germany, but the attempt to sustain one in the United States has failed.

The Hon. J. B. Leicester Warren (the late Lord de Tabley), an English poet and scholar, wrote the first book on book-plates. This was published in 1880, and has had many successors, dealing with the plates of England, America, France, Germany, and Sweden, but it remains absolutely the best book on the subject. The first known collector of book-plates was a lady, Miss Jenkins of Bath, England. It was eighty years ago that she began her collection, which some time afterward passed into the possession of Dr. Joseph Jackson Howard, who has gathered in the last sixty years over one hundred thousand plates. The book-plate collection of the British Museum is reputed to number two hundred thousand.

One of the most interesting branches of the study of old book-plates opens before us in the work of the early American engravers, several of whom were self-taught in the art of engraving on copper. Foremost among these was Nathaniel Hurd, born in Boston in 1730. From thirty to fifty plates by Hurd are known, most of them being for New-Englanders. Hurd was a very fair engraver, but did not display great ability as a designer. A more notable man in the history of the country, Paul Revere, also engraved book-plates. He, too, was a Boston lad, born five years later than Hurd. Brought up to the trade of the goldsmith, he had no instructor in engraving on copper. Not over half a dozen plates by his hand are known. Joseph

JOHN COX



HIS BOOK

BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

Callender, another Bostonian by birth, made something over a score of book-plates, distinguished from the work of Hurd and Revere by having other than armorial features. In Connecticut worked Amos Doolittle, whose plates have a decidedly literary flavor. Many of his plates were for libraries and college societies. Alexander Anderson, the first American wood-engraver (sometimes called the "American Bewick"), was born in New York. At the age of twelve he tried, with the blade of a pocket-knife, to engrave on copper pennies rolled thin. In this way he made his first plate,—a head of Paul Jones,—the first impression being made with red paint, in a rude press of Anderson's own contrivance. In 1793 his first wood-block was cut. Only a few book-plates by Anderson are known. The Apprentices' Library of New York and the library of Columbia College have plates by him. These were engraved on copper, and are signed. He apparently made very few book-plates on wood. John Pintard, the founder of the New York Historical Society, had such a plate, and it bears Anderson's name.

BY C. W. SHERBORN.

The most prolific producer of book-plates in our early days was Peter Rushton Maverick, who came to New York from England about the year 1774, when nearly twenty years old. In the New York Historical Society one may see an exceedingly interesting collection of some sixty-odd proofs of book-plates that Maverick engraved in the year 1789. Some of these are signed and some are not. There are also a few examples of the work of other engravers of book-plates, pointing to a system of exchange between the engravers. The number of book-plates engraved by Maverick approaches close to one hundred. The large allegorical plates for the New York Society Library are rare and valuable, and it may be said that all plates by early American engravers have considerable value. Maverick made book-plates for many of the best families in New York, among them being the Clinton, Cutting, De Peyster, Fraunces, Judah, Keese, King, Kip, Livingston, McLean, Moore, Smith, and Van Rensselaer families. The younger Maverick engraved plates for the Duer, Goelet, Lewis, Provoost, and Ten Broeck families.

Another young Englishman who came to New York was William Rollinson. He was brought up to the trade of ornamenting buttons, and he fashioned the gilt buttons that were on the coat worn by President Washington at his inauguration. Rollinson engraved on copper and painted portraits. He was also the inventor of a machine for wavy ruling that was of importance to the makers of bank-notes. Rollinson made book-plates for a number of New York families, the names of Harison, Hicks, Ludlow, McCoun, Wilkes, and Williams being among them. Up to some five or six years ago the gravestones of Rollinson and his wife were standing in the old churchyard in the heart of "Greenwich Village," but they have now been removed by considerate descendants to a family inclosure at Englewood.

Book-plates for the Bancker, Kissam, Roome, and Tomlinson families were made by Henry Dawkins, of whom not very much is known. He went to Philadelphia from New York, and made several plates while there. His plates are usually very ornate, perhaps always armorial, and in the flamboyant rococo style called Chippendale. He was fond of making places, in the decorative features of his designs, for dandy shepherds in big-brimmed hats, with flowing curls and knee-breeches; entrancing maidens with low-cut bodices, Gainsborough hats, and shepherd-crooks; Cupids piping; flowers, brooks, and birds. Dawkins, it must be admitted, was something of a copyist, and

many of his plates are reminiscent of English originals. In truth, in the latter part of his life he got into trouble as a counterfeiter of money, and from his prison-house addressed a curious letter to the Committee of Safety asking to be put to death.

In Philadelphia were Boyd, Kearney, Smithers, Thackara, and Vallance. In Maryland was T. Sparrow, who cut a few book-plates and other interesting designs on wood. For the most part, Southern book-plates were of English make. Orders were sent over from the colonies, or the plate was ordered during the residence of the son in England while completing his education at the university or in one of the inns of court. The Francis Page, William Penn, and Edward Shippen plates were the work of English engravers, and in all probability the plate of Washington was made by Bickham, a London engraver.

BY E. D. FRENCH.

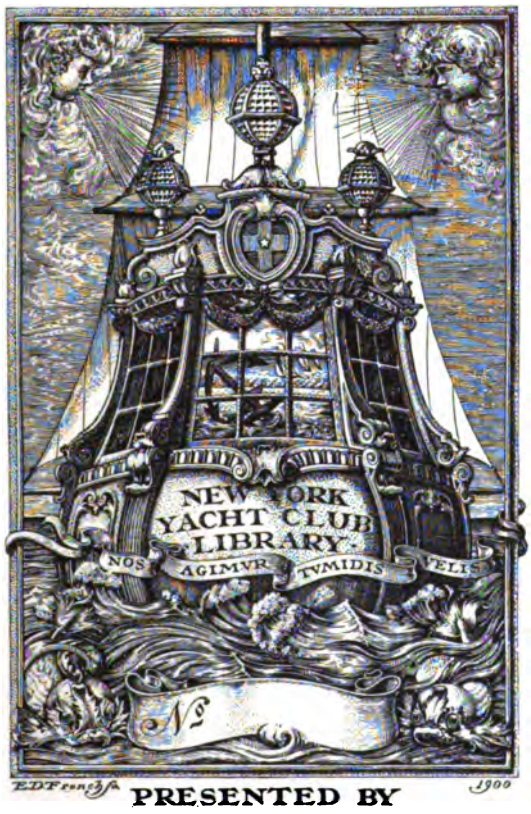
But the antiquarian appeal of the book-plate is not the only one to be considered. It must be confessed that he who looks with discerning eye finds in most collections of book-plates scores of uninteresting, inartistic, utterly worthless things. If one wishes to collect book-plates, let him, by all means, not aim at numbers. Let them be gathered as an intelligent man buys books—with a reason for each one. Have a few old examples by famous engravers, and some that were once, or, better yet, are still, in the books of persons of note. As opportunity offers, gather the plates of contemporary great men and women; but, in the main, make the collection one of artistic worth.

The protest against the wholly antiquarian appeal of the book-plate has recently found expression in England in the starting of a new society, called the Book-plate Society, which asks of its members that they be interested in the art of the book-plate as distinguished from its archæology; that they encourage the engravers and designers of to-day in their effort to produce plates worthy of a place in a good book; and that among users of plates and all interested in them they foster a desire for designs of real merit.

The late Mr. Gleeson White, discussing this phase of the book-plate subject, wrote:

> Book-plates appeal, broadly speaking, to two, and only two, classes of people. First, to the collector pure and simple, who does not permit his greed for quantity to be hampered by any regard for quality, that is to say, for artistic quality. He has his own standards of value, among which it is to be feared the beauty of the design plays a very minor part, even if it be not totally ignored. The book-plate lovers who form the other class regard it exactly as they regard any other printed device. If its design is pleasing, they are pleased with it; should it chance to be by a well-known artist, they value it as a specimen of his work. If it shows ingenuity, good technique, and well-managed decoration, they are glad to possess an impression, and even to mount it formally in a collection; but if it be a mere commercial product, or a feeble scrawl by an amateur devoid of taste and skill, the fact that it is a book-plate does not prevent its consignment to the rubbish-heap. A

certain class of folk would have you believe that an "etching" or a "lithograph" becomes interesting because of the process used, as another class look upon anything serving the purpose of a book-plate as a covetable specimen. Wiser folk know that many "etchings" are as valueless as the average engraving in a patent-medicine pamphlet; and these care no more for a bad book-plate than they do for the "chromo prints" inclosed in packets of cheap cigarettes. There are those who collect all these things, but the "chiffonnier," useful as he may be in the scheme of practical existence, has (or should have) no place in the field of art. Rubbish, be it in the form of book-plates or cigar-ends, is merely rubbish, and charms you no more after it has been sorted, classified, collected, and indexed, than when it reposed in a waste-paper basket or lay unheeded in the gutter.



BY E. D. FRENCH.

This suggests the question, "What should the book-plate be?" Very often one meets a person who is puzzled, who desires a book-plate, but does not know how to go about it, or what to choose for a design. One ventures on somewhat dangerous ground in offering assistance in such a case; but this much may surely be said: the book-plate should have on it the name or the monogram of the owner. It is often well to put an address on. Further than this one hardly dares advise. It is appropriate, but not essential, that the design for a book-plate should have a bookish flavor. Everything after the indispensable, the owner's name, depends upon that owner's individual taste. One thing the book-plate should surely *not* be—an epitome of its owner's life. One sometimes sees a plate that has so much of the life-history of the owner within its small compass that at a glance it is evident to all that he glories in golf, has a regard for roses, rides a wheel, esteems "Omar Khayyam" very highly, reads Scott and Lowell, can quote from Shakspere, has been to Switzerland, collects butterflies, and lives in New Jersey. Such an indication of one's pursuits and interests does not readily lend itself to artistic expression, and, moreover, has no more reason to be shown in books than upon table-silver or visiting-cards. It is perhaps easier to decide what should not enter into the composition of the book-plate than what should.

The question of the use of the family coat of arms vexes the American very seriously. Originally all book-plates were heraldic. That was in an age when people generally could not read, and when the blazon of each family, as shown on wearing-apparel or small belongings, was as well known and quickly distinguished as an autograph or photograph to-day. In the main, it is safe to advise Americans not to use coat-armor on their book-plates. The uncertainty of the actual right to arms, and the extreme difficulty of getting a drawing that one knows is undeniably correct in every detail, are strong reasons against its use. Heraldry is too exact a science to admit of liberties, and it is no small achievement to draw the coat of arms with absolute correctness, and yet with artistic feeling. Mr. George W. Eve of London stands *facile*

princeps in making heraldry appear decorative.

Though it is not very generally practised, it is legal to copyright the book-plate design. At least two plates are so protected in this country. This would seem to leave a door open for those who wish to secure for themselves a personal, distinguishing mark, a *quasi*-heraldry,—for the drawing may be in heraldic form as well as in any other. More and more, probably, the book-plate will show less and less of intricate meaning and complicated design, and, under the guidance of a widely spread improved taste, is likely to become a really decorative label, embodying an idea artistically expressed, and carrying the owner's name with an appropriate motto or selected quotation.

Most book-plates of to-day are reproduced from the drawing by some of the numerous photographic processes. A large number of well-known illustrators of books have designed plates, such as, in England, R. Anning Bell, Walter Crane, Charles Robinson, Laurence Housman, Phil May, William Nicholson, Henry Ospovat, Byam Shaw, and Aubrey Beardsley. Gordon Craig and Joseph W. Simpson are recent additions to the list. Among the German designers, Joseph Sattler, Otto Greiner, Paul Voigt, Max

BY E. D. FRENCH.

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE. (BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH.) HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

MR. E. D. FRENCH AT WORK.

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

Klinger, Georg Barlosius, Bernard Wenig, and Fritz Erler are best known.

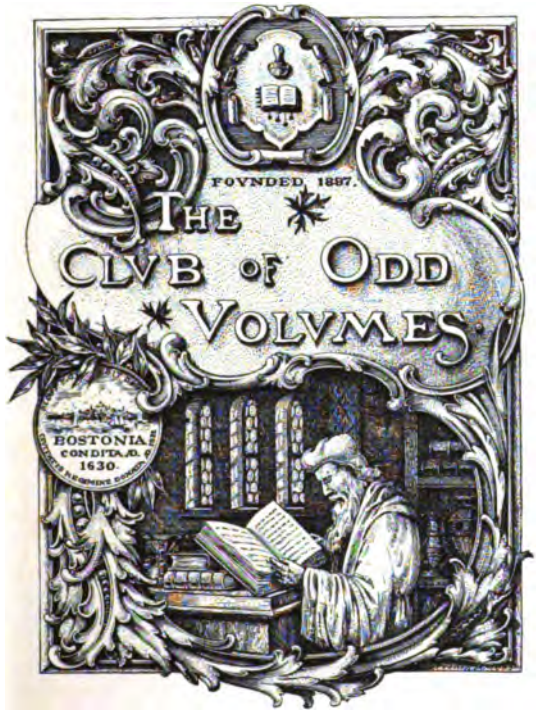
Among the prominent American artists who have designed book-plates are Edwin A. Abbey, Will H. Low, Maxfield Parrish, whose work is unapproached in certain charming qualities, A. Kay Womrath, Louis Rhead, E. B. Bird, T. B. Hapgood, Jr., Edward Penfield, Will Denslow, and William Edgar Fisher.

The field of book-plate art seems well suited to the inventive genius of women artists. Agnes Berry, protégée and friend of Horace Walpole, designed for Mrs. Anna Damer, another member of the Strawberry Hill household, one of the most charming plates used by a lady. Although book-plates have been generally used by ladies, very few have been designed by them. The plates of Lady Bessborough (by Bartolozzi), the simple plate used by Lady Blessington, Mme. de Staël's plate, the plate of Mme. Victoire, the plates of Lady Pomfret (lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline) and of Princess Sophia (daughter of George III) are extremely interesting to the collector, but none of them were designed by ladies. Miss Kate Greenaway has drawn several clever plates, and Mrs. Agnes Castle, joint author with her husband, Mr. Egerton Castle, of "The Pride of Jennico" and other romantic stories, signs two or three. Other women designers in England are Miss Edith Greene, Mrs. Gaskin, Mrs. Percy Adams, Mrs. Synnerton Hughes, Mary Byfield (who engraved the plate used in her late Majesty's library at Windsor), Mrs. Dearmer (who designed a plate for Richard Le Gallienne), Violet M. Holden, Alice B. Woodward, Marion Reed, Margaret Orde, and Celia Levetus. One or two in France and several in Germany keep up the reputation of the sex in those countries. The plate of the late Prince Bismarck was designed by Fräulein Lina Burger. In this country the book-plate designs of S. Marguerite Scribner, Grace Fuller, Florence Estelle Little, Mary Prinderville, Mrs. Florence P. E. Nosworthy, Mabel C. Gage, Mary Frances Hackley, Bessie C. Pease, Mrs. Stiles Judson, Mrs. Arthur R. Marsh, and Mrs. S. B. Mitchell Clute have a recognized place.

The engraved or etched book-plate best befits one's finest and most cherished volumes. Few plates are now cut on wood, but among book-plate people Mr. W. F. Hopson of New Haven is known as the leader in

BY SIDNEY L. SMITH.

that art. Among the engravers on copper Mr. Edwin Davis French of New York, who has an international reputation, is foremost. His plates number nearly two hundred, and include many charming designs for prominent people, clubs, and organizations. Mr. French's plates are highly prized, and few are fortunate enough to possess any considerable number. The Adirondack home of Mr. French provides security from interruption, and natural surroundings of great beauty, interest, and grandeur. The studio windows look out on mountain, forest, and lake, and in the distance the sometime home of Robert Louis Stevenson is visible; within are books, prints, sketches, paintings, and an open fire. Here, for the larger part of the year, Mr. French is busily engaged on work that ultimately adorns many books and delights many lovers of books. Mr. Sidney L. Smith of Boston is not surpassed in the art of etching. He has great talent as a designer, and his plates are full of artistic feeling. In the same city Mr. J. W. Spenceley has his studio, in which many dainty designs have been drawn and etched. For the volumes elegantly bound by Mercier or Cuzin, by the Doves' Bindery, the Club Bindery, or Miss Prideaux, the most suitable book-plate is one printed from the copper on Japanese vellum, in an ink that harmonizes with the leather of the book. This should be bound in just before the half-title. Small designs delicately stamped in gold on bits of thin leather of a color that harmonizes with the various shades of calf and levant are used somewhat.



BY E. D. FRENCH.

An examination of a well-chosen collection or exhibition of book-plates may prove an unexpected pleasure to those unacquainted with the subject, and to those who are hesitating about adopting a plate for their own use may be helpful, either in suggesting an idea to be embodied or by calling attention to the work of an artist which seems particularly pleasing.

DRAWN BY GEORGE B. WALDO. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY B. DAVIS.

"'ABNER, DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE EGGS OF THE GREAT AUK?'"

BLACKGUM AG'IN' THUNDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ABNER BATTERFIELD, forty-five years of age and tired, having finished hoeing his last row of corn, sat down on a bench at his front door, took off his wide and dilapidated straw hat, and wiped his brow. Presently his wife came out. She was rather more than forty-five years old and of phenomenal physical and mental endurance. She had lived seventeen years with Abner, and her natural vigor was not impaired.

"Supper 's ready," said she.

Her husband heaved a long sigh and stretched out his weary legs in unison.

"Supper," he repeated; "it 's allus eat or work or sleep!"

"Perhaps you 'd like to leave out the eatin'," said Mrs. Batterfield; "that would save lots."

Her husband ignored this remark. He was a small farmer, but his farm was too big for him. He had no family but himself and wife, but the support of that family taxed his energies. There was a certain monotony connected with coming out short at the end of the year which was wearisome to his soul.

"Mrs. B.," said he, "I 've made up my mind to start over ag'in."

"Goin' back to the corn-field?" she asked. "You 'd better have your supper first."

"No," said he; "it 's different. I 've been thinkin' about it all day, an' I 'm goin' to begin life over ag'in."

"At your age it would be more fit fer you to consider the proper endin' of it," said she.

"I knew you 'd say that, Mrs. B.; I knew you 'd say that! You never do agree with me in any of my plans an' undertakin's."

"Which accounts fer our still havin' a roof over our heads," said she.

"But I kin tell you, this time I 'm goin' ahead. I don't care what people say—I don't care what they do or what they don't do—I 'm goin' ahead. It 'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder this time, an' I 'm blackgum. You 've heard about the thunder an' lightnin' tacklin' a blackgum-tree?"

"Ever since I was born," said she.

"Well, there 's a awful scatterin' of dust an' chips when that sort of a fight is on, but nobody ever yet heard of thunder gettin' the better of a blackgum-tree. An' I 'm goin' to be blackgum!"

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply to this remark, but in her heart she said, "An' I 'm goin' to be thunder."

The next morning Abner Batterfield put on his best clothes and walked to the little town about two miles distant. He did not enter the business part of the place, but turned into a shady side street where stood a small, one-story building almost by itself. This was the village library, and the librarian was sitting in the doorway, reading a book. He was an elderly man of comfortable contour, and wore no glasses, even for the finest print.

"'Mornin', Abner," said the librarian. "Have you brought back that book?"

Abner seated himself on the door-step. "No, I have n't, Mr. Brownsill," said he; "I forgot it. But I remember some things that 's in it, an' I 've come to talk about 'em."

"Very good," said the librarian, closing the volume of Salmon's "Geographical Grammar" with his finger at page 33, treating of paradoxes, and remarked: "Well, Abner, what is it?"

Then Abner Batterfield told his tale. He was going to make a fresh start; he was going to spend the rest of his life in some manner worthy of him. He had not read much of the book he had taken out of the library, for, in his present way of spending his time, there did not seem to be any very good chance for reading; but it was about success in life, and he had read enough of it to make him feel that it was time for him to make a fresh start, and he was going to do it.

"An' I may have a tough time," said Abner; "but it 'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder, an' I 'm blackgum!"

The librarian smiled. "What are you going to do?" said he.

"That 's a thing," said Abner, "I 'm not

so certain about. I 've been thinkin' of enterin' the ministry; but the bother about that is, I can't make up my mind which particular denomination to enter, there 's such a difference in 'em."

"That 's true," said Mr. Brownsill; "that 's very true! But have n't you a leaning for some one of them in particular?"

"In thinkin' it over," said Abner, "I 've been drawn to the Quakers. So far as I kin find out, there 's nothin' a Quaker preacher has to do if he don't want to."

"But then, on the other hand," said the librarian, "there 's no pay."

"Which won't work at all," said Abner, "so that 's got to be dropped. As to the Methodists, there 's too much work. A man might as well stick to hoein' corn."

"What do you think of the Catholics?" asked the librarian, meditatively. "I should think a monk in a cell might suit you. I don't believe you 'd be expected to do much work in a cell."

Abner cogitated: "But there ain't no pay to that, no more 'n if I was a Quaker; an' there 's Mrs. B. to be considered. I tell you, Mr. Brownsill, it 's awful hard makin' a ch'ice."

The librarian opened his book and took a good look at the number of the page on which paradoxes were treated of, so that he might remember it, then he rose and put the old volume upon the table, and turning to Abner, looked at him steadfastly.

"Abner Batterfield," said he, "I understand the state of your mind, and it is plain enough that it 's pretty hard for you to make a choice of a new path in life. But perhaps I can help you. How would you like to be a librarian?"

"Me!" exclaimed Abner, amazed.

"I don't mean," said Mr. Brownsill, "that you should take up this business for life without knowing whether you like it or not; but I can offer you what might be called a sample situation. I want to go away for a couple of weeks to visit my relations, and if you will come and attend to the library while I am gone, it might be a good thing for both of us. Then, if you don't like the business of a librarian, you might sample some other calling or profession."

Abner rose from the door-step, and entering the room, stood before Mr. Brownsill. "That 's the most sensible thing," said he, "that I ever heard said in all my life. Sample your business first and go into it afterward; that 's sound reason. Mr. Brownsill, I will do it."

"Good!" said the librarian. "And the duties are not difficult."

"An' the pay?" asked Abner.

"Just what I get," said Mr. Brownsill.

The bargain was made, and Abner immediately began taking lessons in the duties of a librarian.

When he went home he told his tale to Mrs. Batterfield. "I have hoed my last row of corn," said he; "an' when it 's fit to cut an' shock we 'll hire a man. There 's librarians, Mrs. B., so Mr. Brownsill told me, that gets thousands a year. Think of that, Mrs. B.—thousands a year!"

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply to this remark, but in her heart she said, "An' I am thunder."

Early the next morning, long before the ordinary time for opening the library, Abner was at his post. He took the key from the concealed nail where Mr. Brownsill was wont to hang it. He opened the door and windows, as the librarian had told him he must do; he swept the floor; he dusted the books; and then he took the water-pail and proceeded to the pump hard by. He filled it, then he sat down and wiped his brow. He had done so much sitting down and brow-wiping in his life that it had become a habit with him even when he was neither hot nor tired.

This little library was certainly a very pleasant place in which to earn one's living—ten thousand times more to his taste than the richest corn-field. Around the walls were book-shelves, some of them nearly filled with books, most of which, judging from their bindings, were of a sober, if not a somber, turn of mind.

"Some of these days," said Abner, "I am goin' to read those books. I never did have time to read books."

From the ceiling there hung, too high to be conveniently dusted, a few stuffed birds and one small alligator. "Some of these days," said Abner to himself, "I am goin' to get on a step-ladder an' look at them birds an' things. I never did properly know what they was."

Now footsteps were heard on the sidewalk, and Abner jumped up quickly and redusted a book upon the table. There entered two little girls, the elder one with her hair plaited down her back. They looked in surprise at Abner, who smiled.

"I guess you want to see Mr. Brownsill," he said. "Well, I 'm in his place now, an' all you got to do is to tell me what book you want."

"Please, sir," said the one with plaits,

"mother wants to know if you can change a quarter of a dollar."

This proposed transaction seemed to Abner to be a little outside of a librarian's business, but he put his hand in his pocket and said he would see. When he had extracted all the change that pocket contained, he found that he was the owner of three nickels and five copper cents. He tried some other pockets, but there was no money in any of them. He was disappointed; he did not want to begin his intercourse with the townspeople by failing to do the first favor asked of him. He looked around the room; he rubbed his nose. In a moment an idea struck him.

"How much do you want to get out of this quarter?" said he.

"Ten cents, sir," said the girl with the plaits. "The woman 's waitin' fer it now."

"I 'll tell you," said Abner, "what I kin do. All I have got is twenty cents. Two of these nickels will do fer the woman, an' then fer the other five cents you kin take out a book fer a week. A duodecimo volume fer a week is five cents. Is there any duodecimo volume you would like?"

The girl with the plaits said she did not know, and that all she wanted was change for a quarter.

"Which this will be," said Abner.

Asking the little girls to follow him, he approached the book-shelves. "Now here 's something," said he, presently, taking down a book. "It 's Buck's 'Theological Dictionary,' an' it 's got a lot of different things in it. Some of them your mother might like to read to you. I once read one piece in that book myself. It is about the Inquisition, an' when I began it I could n't stop until I got to the end of it. I guess your mother might like to read that, even if she don't read it to you."

The little girl said she did not know whether her mother would like it or not, but what she had been sent for was change for a quarter.

"This will be the same thing," said Abner; "twenty cents in money, and five cents fer a duodecimo fer one week. So take the money an' the book, my dear, an' tell your mother that if she keeps it out longer than one week there 'll be a fine."

The child and the duodecimo departed, and Abner sat down again and wiped his brow. "There 's one customer," said he; "an' that 's the way to do business. They come to get you to do something fer them, an' before they know it, they 're doin' business with you, payin' cash in advance. But there 's one thing I forgot. I oughter asked them young ones what their mother's name was. But I 'll remember 'em, specially the one with the plaited hair, so it 's all the same."

The little girls went home. "It 's a new man at the library," said the one with the plaits; "an' he had n't got no more 'n twenty cents in money, but he sent you a book fer the other five cents."

The mother, with her baby in her lap, gave the ten cents to the woman who was waiting, and then took the book, which opened quite naturally at the article on the Inquisition, and began to read. And although the baby grew restless and cried, she did not stop reading until she had finished that article. "The book 's fully worth five cents," she said to herself, as she put it on the shelf for future perusal.

It was not long before the thought struck Abner that he was losing opportunities which spread themselves around him, so he jumped up and took down a book. The volume proved to be one of "Elegant Extracts"; but after reading certain reflections "Upon Seeing Mr. Pope's House at Binfield," he thought he would like something more in the nature of a story, and took up a thinner volume entitled "Dick's Future State." He turned over the leaves, hoping to meet with some of the adventures of Dick, but his attention was arrested by a passage which asserted that arithmetic would be one of the occupations to be followed in heaven. He was about to put away the book in disgust,—for to him there was no need of a man's being good in this world if he were to be condemned to arithmetic in the next,—when the light from the open door was darkened by a large body that approached in carpet slippers, making no noise. This proved to be a round and doleful negro woman, the greater part of her face wrapped up in a red-and-green handkerchief. Her attire was somewhat nondescript, and entirely unsuggestive of literary inclinations. She groaned as she entered the room.

"Whar Mr. Bro'nsill?" she asked, with one hand to her face.

Abner was amazed. Was it possible that this woman could read, and that she cared for books? He explained the situation, and assured her that he could attend to her just as well as the regular librarian.

"I 'se mighty glad to hear dat," said the woman—"I 'se mighty glad to hear dat, fer I has n't slep' one wink de whole night fer

dis tooth. Mr. Bro'nsill he allus pulls my teeth, an' dey nebber has been one what ached as bad as dis."

With this she began to unwrap her swollen face.

"You need n't do that," cried Abner; "I can't pull teeth. You must go to the dentist."

"That 'll be fifty cents," said the woman; "an' Mr. Bro'nsill he don't charge nothin'. I know whar he keeps his pinchers; dey 's in dat drawer in de table, an' you kin pull hit out jes as well as anudder pusson. I 'd pull hit out ef I wuz anudder pusson."

Abner shook his head. "I never pulled a tooth," he said; "I don't know nothin' about it."

"Don' dey tell somethin' about pullin' teeth in dese here books?" said the woman.

Abner shook his head. "There may be," he said, "but I don't know where to find it."

"An' you 's de librarian," said she, in a tone of supreme contempt, "an' don' know how to fin' what 's in de books!" And with this she rewrapped her face and wabbled away.

"I hope the next one will want a book," said Abner to himself, "an' won't want nothin' else. If I 'm to be librarian, I want to fork out books."

The morning passed, and no one else appeared. The forenoon was not the time when people generally came for books in that town.

After he had eaten the dinner he had brought, Abner sat down to meditate a little. He was not sure that the life of a librarian would suit him. It was almost as lonesome as hoeing corn.

Sometime after these reflections, — it might have been a minute, it might have been an hour, — he was awakened by a man's voice, and suddenly started upright in his chair.

"Hello!" said the voice; "you keepin' library fer old Brownsill?"

"That 's what I 'm doin'," said Abner; "he 's away fer his holiday."

The newcomer, Joe Pearson, who had been assistant to the town clerk, but was now out of a position, was a stout man with little eyes, wearing a shiny black coat and no collar.

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "Mr. Brownsill 's a little too sharp fer my fancy. I 'd rather do business with you. Have you got any books on eggs?"

"I don't know," said Abner; "but I kin look. What kind of eggs?"

"I don't suppose there 's a different book fer every kind of egg," said Joe; "I guess they 're lumped."

"All right," said Abner; "step up to the shelves an' we 'll take a look. Now here 's one that I 've just been glancin' over myself. It seems to have a lot of different things in it. It 's called 'Elegant Extracts.'"

"'Elegant Extracts' won't do," said Joe; "they ain't eggs."

"E—E—E—" said Abner, anxious to make a good show in the eyes of his acquaintance, who had the reputation of being a man of considerable learning—"'Experimental Christianity'—but that won't do."

After fifteen or twenty minutes occupied in scrutiny of backs of books, Joe Pearson gave up the search. "I don't believe there 's a book on eggs in the whole darned place," said he. "That 's just like Brownsill; he has n't got no fancy fer nothin' practical."

"What do you want to know about eggs?" said Abner.

Mr. Pearson did not immediately answer, but after a few moments of silent consideration he walked to the door and closed it. Then he sat down and invited Abner to sit near him. "Look here, Abner Batterfield," said he; "I 've got a idee that 's goin' to make my fortune. I want somebody to help me, an' I don't see why you could n't do it as well as anybody else. Fer one thing, you 've got a farm."

Abner started back. "Confound the farm!" he said. "I 've given up farmin', an' I don't want nothin' more to do with it."

"Yes, you will want," said Pearson, "when I 've told you what I 'm goin' to do; but it won't be common farmin'—it 'll be mighty different. There 's money in this kind of farmin', an' no work to mention, nuther."

Abner now became interested.

"It concerns eggs," said Pearson. "Abner, did you ever hear about the eggs of the great auk?"

"Great hawk!" said Abner.

"Not *hawk!* auk—a-u-k."

"Never seen the bird," said Abner.

"I reckon not," said the other; "they say they extincted sometime before the war, but I don't believe that. I 've been readin' a piece about 'em, Abner; an' I tell you it just roused me up, an' that 's the reason I 've come here, s'posin' I might find a book that might give me some new p'ints. But I reckon I know enough to work on."

"Is there anything uncommon about 'em?" asked Abner.

"Uncommon!" exclaimed the other. "Do

you know what a great auk's egg is wuth? It 's wuth one thousand eight hundred dollars!"

"A car-load?" asked Abner.

"Stuff!" ejaculated Mr. Pearson; "it 's that much fer *one*—an' that one blowed, nothin' but a shell, not a thing inside—eighteen hundred dollars!"

"By George!" exclaimed Abner; "eighteen hundred dollars!"

"An' that 's the lowest figure. Great auk eggs is wuth twenty-one thousand an' six hundred dollars a dozen!"

Abner rose from his chair. "Joe Pearson," he said, "what are you talkin' about?"

"I 'm talkin' about makin' the biggest kind of money; an' if you choose to go in with me, you kin make big money too. I 'm all correct, an' I kin show you the figures."

Abner now sat down and leaned over toward Pearson. "Whar 's it likely to find nests?" said he.

"Nests!" exclaimed Pearson, in disdain. "If I could find two eggs,—fresh ones,—I 'd call my fortune made."

"I should say so," said Abner, "sellin' 'em fer thirty-six hundred dollars. But what is there so all-fired good about 'em to make 'em sell like that?"

"Sceerceness," said Joe; "apart from sceerceness, they ain't no better 'n any other egg. But there 's mighty few of 'em in market now, an' all of them 's blowed."

"An' no good?" said Abner.

"They say not," said the other. "Fer simple sceerceness they 're better blowed than not."

"But what 's your idee about 'em?" said Abner.

"That 's what I 'm goin' to tell you," replied Pearson. "There 's a general notion that there ain't no more great auks, specially hen great auks, an' that 's why their eggs are so sceerce. But I don't see the p'int of that; it don't stand to reason. Fer now an' then somebody finds a great auk egg, an' if you find 'em they 've got to be laid, an' if they 're laid there 's got to be hen great auks somewhar. Now the p'int is to find out whar them hen great auks lay. It may be a awful job to do it, but if I kin do it, an' get just two eggs, my fortune 's made, an' yourn too."

"Would you divide the thirty-six hundred dollars even?" Abner was now interested.

"Divide!" sneered Pearson; "do you suppose I 'd sell 'em? No, sir; *I 'd set 'em.* Then, sir, I 'd go into the great auk business. I 'd sell auk eggs an' make my fortune—an' yourn too."

"An' young ones, if we get a lot?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Pearson; "nobody 'd own no auks but me. You can't catch 'em alive, an' I would n't sell no eggs at all till they 'd first been blowed. I 'd keep the business all in my own hands. Abner, I 've been thinkin' a great deal about this thing. You've heard about the lively sixpence an' the slow dollar? Well, sir, I 'm goin' to sell them auk eggs fer sixteen hundred dollars apiece, an' two fer three thousand."

Abner sat and looked at his companion. "That would be better than 'most any other kind of business," said he. "Whar do you go to get them eggs?"

"'Way up north," said Pearson; "an' the furder north you go, the more likely you are to find 'em."

"I don't know about goin' north," said Abner, reflectively; "there 's Mrs. B. to consider."

"But I don't want you to go," said Pearson; "I 'm goin' north myself, an' when I 've found a couple o' auk eggs I 'll pack 'em up nice an' warm in cotton an' send 'em down to you an' have 'em hatched. That 's whar your farm 'll come in. You 've got to have a farm an' turkeys or big hens if you want to raise auks. Then I 'll go on lookin', an' most likely I 'll get a couple more."

"That 'll be a good thing," said Abner; "the more the merrier. I 'll go in with you, Joe Pearson; that 's the sort of business that 'll just suit me. But I 'll tell you one thing, Joe—I would n't put the price of them eggs down at first; I 'd wait until a couple of dozen had been laid an' blowed, an' then, perhaps, I 'd put the price down."

"No, sir," said Joe; "I 'll put the price down at the very beginning. Sixteen hundred dollars apiece, or three thousand fer two, is enough fer any eggs, an' we oughter be satisfied with it."

"An' when are you goin' to start north?" asked Abner.

"That 's the p'int," said Pearson—"that 's the p'int. You see, Abner, I ain't got no family; an' I can start north whenever I please, as far as that 's concerned. But there 's obstacles. For one thing, I ain't got the right kind of clothes; and then there 's other things. It 's awful hard lines, startin' out on a business like this; an' the more money there is in it, the harder the lines."

"But you kin do it, Joe," said Abner; "I feel in my bones you kin do it. It 'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder, but you 'll be blackgum an' you 'll come out all right."

"I can't be blackgum nor nothin' else,"

said Pearson, "if I don't get no help; specially if I don't get no help from the party what 's goin' to get a lot of the money."

Abner reflected. "There 's some sense in that," he said.

Joe Pearson was a man of resourceful discretion. He rose. "Now, Abner," said he, "I 've got to go; I 've got a lot of things on my hands. But I want you to remember that what I 've said to you, I said to *you*, an' I would n't have no other man know nothin' about it. If anybody else should hear of this thing an' go north an' get ahead of me, it would be— Well, I don't know what to say it would be, I 've such feelin's about it. I 've offered to take you in because you 've got a farm, an' because I think you 're a good man an' would know how to take care of auks when they was hatched. But there 's a lot fer me to do; there 's maps to look over, an' time-tables; an' I must be off. But I 'll stop in to-morrer, Abner, an' we 'll talk this over ag'in."

When Pearson had gone, Abner sat and stared steadily at a knot-hole in the floor. "Mrs. B.," he said to himself, "has allus been a great one on eggs; she 's the greatest one on eggs I ever knowed. If she 'd go in now, the thing 'u'd be just as good as done. When she knows what 's ahead of us she oughter go in. That 's all I 've got to say about it."

The significance of these reflections depended upon the fact that Mrs. Batterfield had a small income. It was upon this fact also that there depended the other fact that there were three meals a day in the Batterfield home. It was this fact, also, which was the cause of Mr. Joe Pearson's proposition. He was very well acquainted with Abner, although he knew Mrs. Batterfield but slightly. But he was aware of her income.

After reflecting for about twenty minutes upon the exciting proposition which had been made to him, Abner grew very impatient. "No use of my stayin' here," he said; "there 's nobody goin' to get out books in this hot weather, so I 'll just shut up shop an' go home. I never did want to see Mrs. B. as much as I want to see her now."

"Libraries seem to shut up early," said Mrs. Batterfield as her husband walked into the front yard.

"Yes, they do," said Abner, "in summertime."

All the way from town he had been rehearsing to himself the story he was going to tell, but he had not finished it yet, and he wanted to get it all straight before he began, so he walked over to the barn and sat down on an inverted horse-bucket. When he got it all straight he concluded not to tell it until after supper, and when that meal was finished and everything had been cleared away, and Mrs. Batterfield had gone to sit on the front porch, as was her evening custom, he sat down by her and told his story.

He made the tale as attractive as he possibly could make it; he even omitted the fact that Joe Pearson intended to sell his first eggs for sixteen hundred dollars instead of eighteen hundred, and he diminished by very many hundred miles the length of his friend's probable journey to the north.

Mrs. Batterfield listened with great attention. She was engaged with some sewing, upon which her eyes were fixed, but her ears drank in every word that Abner said. When he had finished, she laid down her work, for it was beginning to get a little dark for even her sharp eyes, and remarked: "An' he wants some warm clothes? Furs, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Abner; "I expect they 'd be furs."

"An' travelin' expenses?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose he 'd want help in that way. Of course since he 's makin' me such a big offer, he 'll expect me to put in somethin'."

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply, but folded up her sewing and went indoors. He waited until she had time to retire, then he closed the house and went up himself.

"She 'll want to sleep on that," said he; "it 'll be a good thing fer her to sleep on it. She may n't like it at first, but I 'll go at her ag'in to-morrer, an' I 'm goin' to stick to it. I reckon it 'll be the worst rassle we ever had, but it 's blackgum ag'in' thunder, an' I 'm blackgum."

When Abner reached his chamber he found his wife sitting quietly by the table, on which burned a lamp.

"Hello!" said he; "I thought you 'd be abed an' asleep."

"I did n't want to do my talkin' out front," said she; "fer there might be people passin' along the road. I think you said this was to be a case of blackgum ag'in' thunder?"

"Yes," said Abner, in a somewhat uncertain tone.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Batterfield, "I 'm thunder."

It was very late when that couple went to bed, but it was very early the next morning when Abner rose. He split a great deal of fire-wood before breakfast, and very soon

after that meal he put his hoe on his shoulder and went to his corn-field. He remembered that there were three rows of corn which he had hoed only upon one side.

The library was not opened that day, and it remained closed until Mr. Brownsill returned. The failure in the supply of books did not occasion very much comment in the town, for everybody agreed that the librarian was a good man and ought to have a holiday.

When his vacation had expired, Mr. Brownsill came home, and on the second morning after his arrival Abner Batterfield appeared before him. "I had to come in town," said Abner, "an' so I thought I 'd step in here an' see about my pay."

The librarian looked at him. "How long were you here?" he asked. "I 've been told that the library was shut up for two weeks."

"I was here fer three quarters of a day," said Abner. "That 's about as near as I kin calculate."

The librarian took up a pencil and made a calculation.

"By the way," said he, "you must have done some business. I miss our copy of Buck's 'Theological Dictionary,' but I find no entry about it."

"That was took out as change," said Abner; "five cents fer a duodecimo fer a week, an' the rest in cash. If the woman has n't brought it back, she owes a week's fine."

"Who was the woman?" asked the librarian.

"I don't know," said Abner; "but she has a daughter with plaited hair an' a small sister. While I 'm in town I 'll try to look 'em up."

"In the meantime," said Mr. Brownsill, "I 'll have to charge you for that book; and deducting your pay for three quarters of a day, you now owe me seventy-five cents. I don't suppose there 's any use talking about the fines I have got down against you?"

"I don't believe there is," said Abner.

The librarian could not help smiling, so dejected was the tone in which these last words were spoken.

"By the way," said he, "how about your great fight you were talking about—blackgum ag'in' thunder—how did that turn out?"

Abner in his turn smiled.

"Blackgum was split as fine as matches," said he.

THE ARGONAUTS.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

TO Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
The Magi move, and we with them,
Along the selfsame road;
Still following the Star of Peace,
To find at last the Golden Fleece—
The spotless Lamb of God.

BARBAROSSA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

THE KNIGHT TAKES THE KING.

ID your Majesty call?" exclaimed a manly voice at the king's elbow, as the count, sword in hand and shield on arm, entered the room.

"Hohenzollern!" cried the king, starting back in surprise, at the same time laying a hand upon his sword. "Sheathe your sword, and down, sirrah, upon your knees, and beg the mercy of the king!"

"To-night, sire, Zollern's hill o'ertops Staufen's mountain. I kneel not."

"Thy knightly duty, presumptuous noble!"

"Forgive me in that I seem to fail in knightly duty to my liege; but it appears, your Majesty, that, from this, the ties are broken between us."

"And what may that be, sir?" asked the king, disdaining to examine the parchment which Conrad held out to him.

"Hast not seen it? 'T is the ban of thy empire, your Majesty," replied the count, "and I treat it thus," tearing it across the middle and throwing it at the king's feet.

Frederick's sword was out in a moment. Snatching up his shield, "You shall rue this insult, Sir Count!" he cried. "We did design to pardon you if by chance you were brought to us alive; but now our mercy is strained to the breaking-point. Nay, 't is broken. We dismiss clemency—"

"And forget service?"

"By the mass! dare you remind us—"

"'T was I who did so a moment since," interjected the countess; "and I beg your Majesty to sheathe your sword. Your Majesty knows not the danger you are in."

"What, ho, without, there! To me, Eckhardt—the emperor is attacked!" cried the king again, in his fury stamping his foot upon the floor.

"Your Majesty may save your breath," remarked the count, smiling insouciantly. "Baron Eckhardt is prisoner in the refectory."

"Who holds him?"

"Two of my men. He lingered long over the wine-cup, sire."

"This is too much; I will deal with thee alone," cried the king, boldly stepping forward; not without reason did he wear the regal lions upon his breast. "Stand aside, woman, lest I harm thee!" he shouted, as Matilda intervened, barring his way.

"Your Majesty," exclaimed Conrad, firmly, quick as the king's movement, "lay but a hand upon the person of the countess, and by all my knightly honors I swear that I will cut you down beneath the crown you wear! Within, here!" he cried.

In an instant the room was filled with men, who burst through the hangings in every direction.

"Treason—treason! We are betrayed!" cried the king.

"No, your Majesty; no traitor I! Since that paper yonder I am no longer servant of thine. Thou hast absolved me of my duty—there can be no treachery where there is no allegiance."

"What would you do?"

"We play a game, my lord,—call it chess an you will,—in which the knight takes the king. So much for our present purpose. Of the future, we shall discourse upon it when the present heat of blood has cooled."

"And you, knaves!" cried the emperor, "know ye what ye do? This man is under our royal ban. He is an outlaw. Every man's hand is against him."

"Not mine, my lord," interrupted old Degerberg, promptly.

"Nor mine," cried old Hans.

"Nor mine," echoed the different men.

"We are his men, sire," added Degerberg. "We were his men before we were thine, and we will be his men to the end. If he wills to devote us to death or hell, he hath only to point us the way."

Frederick glanced round the room. He was not minded to submit tamely. The fighting blood ran free in his veins. Overturning a heavy table in front of him, with quick decision he leaped to one side and stood with his back against the wall, his shield up, his sword out.

"Who will be the first to strike the Barbarossa?" he shouted proudly and defiantly, as he faced the men with splendid defiance.

If bold courage were a requisite, well had his compeers judged him worthy of the imperial purple.

"I, a woman!" instantly cried the countess, who stood nearest him, flinging herself upon the arm that held the sword. He had disregarded her proximity, as a woman, in the prospect of the fight, and was taken at a disadvantage. She clung to him with lioness-like strength; but as he strove to throw her off, Conrad and Degerberg were on him in a second. The latter pinioned him with his mighty arms, while Hohenzollern wrested the sword from his hand. Matilda drew back as the rest of the soldiers, with lifted axes and swords, crowded about them.

"Doth your Majesty yield?" cried the count.

"My faith," said the king, smiling carelessly, as wise as he was valiant, "'t were folly to do otherwise in the face of this. 'T was a woman who betrayed Samson, and I count it no disgrace in this instance to cry for quarter. Many of ye had bit the dust, were the circumstances other than they are, ere that sword had been wrested from my hand. Now that you have me, what seek you? What ransom?"

"Of that, anon, sir," answered Conrad. "Meanwhile, as I fear your Majesty's absence from the camp will be noticed, and troops in greater number than these brave soldiers of mine be despatched hither, we will seek a safer haven than this castle. Will your Majesty go bound, or may I have your parole not to escape?"

"Thou hast my word, Sir Count; and when I give my word I do not break it, as thou knowest—even when it is written beneath a ban," he added meaningly.

"Aye, that I do know, your Majesty, and for that reason do I take the king. Thou shalt go with us and be treated with all respect. Let a man but lay a hand upon thee, and I myself will strike him down. Degerberg, see that the horses are prepared. Bring forth the king's charger as well, and see that a palfrey in the stable be made ready for the countess. We ride to the Black Forest to-night. Hasten! Go thou with the captain, my liege; we follow presently."

Upon the word the little party, led by old Degerberg, the king in the center, weaponless and closely guarded, marched through the hall and into the courtyard, where the horses were speedily brought forth. Conrad and Matilda were left alone once more.

"We have cast the die this time, surely," said the count.

"Yes," assented Matilda. "Our heads are forfeit now."

"My situation is not altered greatly thereby, for my head was forfeit before; but thine, lady? I was wrong to have involved thee in this trouble!" he murmured reproachfully.

"I did involve myself, sir," answered Matilda, promptly. "Bethink you, 't was I who caught the sword of the king."

She crept closer to him as she spoke.

"Yes, and without you we had fared ill, taking him. He was a soldier of proved courage before he was a king, and he would not have submitted tamely. Blood had been spilt had it not been for your prompt action; yet I could scarcely call thee a peacemaker, fair Matilda."

"Call me what thou wilt," she returned, passionately taking him in her arms, "so that I am thine. I am glad I raised a hand against the king. We are both together now—in life or death, together."

"It bids fair for death, sweet love," he answered, gazing at her fondly. "But howe'er it be, 't is together. But go you to your chamber now and make you ready for the journey. We ride hard and we ride far. By morning we must be well within the forest. Perchance we may not see this place again. Canst stand the journey of the night? Aye, it may be for many nights."

"I am a soldier's daughter," she answered bravely. "I laugh at hardships—with you."

"We must hasten, too; the army of the king lies but two leagues from here. They may be even now upon the march hither Great men are missed. Should he not return or send word by morning, he would be sought for, and all would be discovered. And another danger lurks: the Lion of Saxony is encamped on the confines of the

forest, a few miles in the other direction, with a considerable force."

"You would not deliver the king to him, Conrad?"

"Never! He is my king; I may take him myself, but no other shall lay hand upon him when I am by."

"What mean you, then?"

"This: The presence of Duke Henry of Saxony constitutes a second peril. He hath not acknowledged the emperor; in fact, he is the head of the nobles who refused to ratify and confirm the election, who would fain subvert the empire. Did he hear of our adventure he would pounce upon the king instantly. Welf hath no love for Waiblingen, and the silver circlet, the iron crown, and the imperial purple would thus become the appanage of the Saxon. That were a misfortune for our land, indeed. I prefer the royal Barbarossa."

"E'en under his ban?"

"Aye, though I be under his ban, lady," replied this young Warwick. "He cannot by any parchment proclamation deprive me of my German birthright or my love of country. But delay no longer. Make haste for the journey. I shall meet thee in the courtyard."

PART III. NIGHT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

A TRAITOR MARS THE PLAN.

TORCHES borne by a few frightened lackeys, who had been called from their hiding-places by Degerberg's men, threw an uncertain light over the wet walls and stones of the bailey. The horses had been saddled, and, held by their masters, were eagerly clinking and pawing on the pavement. The rain had ceased, and the moonlight was shining fitfully through the rifted clouds driven fiercely across the sky by the rising wind. Old Degerberg, ax in hand, stood by the king. The emperor, looking every inch a monarch, realizing the futility of resistance, had remained quietly watching the busy preparations of the men.

As Hohenzollern appeared, a soldier led forward the king's charger and the war-horse of the count. From the saddle-bow on each animal hung the heavy cross-barred, square-topped helmet of the day, designed to be worn over the hooded hauberk. As both the king and the count had drawn the metal cap and hood of their hauberks over their heads, neither gentleman thought it necessary to assume his helmet. Bidding the majordomo, who had not left with the rest of the servants, to look after the castle, and directing him to keep Baron Eckhardt in close ward as long as he could, the count turned to greet the countess, who made her appearance in the doorway.

She was wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak of blue cloth, fur-trimmed, with the hood, which she had not drawn over her head, falling back upon her shoulders. She wore a low, flat cap of blue laced with silver, with the red wolf fastening a heron plume floating from it; her hands were covered by gloves of delicately tanned leather.

Having first removed the king's battle-ax from the saddle-bow, and having assisted him to mount by holding the stirrup, Hohenzollern turned to the countess. Though she was a woman of splendid proportions, he lifted her from the ground with ease and placed her upon the saddle of the palfrey which had been prepared for her, taking opportunity at the same time to press a kiss upon the soft leather boot which covered the shapely foot she thrust into the stirrup. Then he turned to his own horse, and albeit he was clad in full armor, leaped from the ground into the saddle without difficulty. A few hasty arrangements were made, the ranks ordered, directions were given, and then the cavalcade started forth through the gateway in the castle wall.

Conrad and Matilda led the way. After them came six men-at-arms, then the king, attended by old Degerberg, who seemed like his watchful shadow. On each side of these two were three more men-at-arms, while the remainder of the band, including several spare animals laden with supplies, brought up the rear. As they filed out of the gate, Degerberg took in the little army in swift survey. One was missing. Which one? He looked again, rapidly scanning each figure illumined by the light cast from two huge blazing cressets suspended over the gateway of the castle. Then he called out loudly to the count riding a few paces ahead:

"Your Lordship, we are not all here!"

The count reined in his steed instantly.

"Who is missing?" he cried.

"The Italian, sir."

"I suspected him, you remember," said Matilda, promptly, woman-like.

"Know ye aught of him, any of ye,

men?" Hohenzollern asked, facing his little army.

"Your Lordship, he did say," answered one of the men, hesitatingly, "while we were waiting in the hall, that we could drive a good bargain with Duke Henry of Saxony for the emperor."

"The foul dog!" exclaimed the count, hotly.

"'T would be a noble ending to an act of treachery, Sir Count," said the king, softly, "and would remove thee from our ban, which never hung heavier over thy head than at this moment."

"Will your Majesty give me leave?" answered Hohenzollern, disdaining a reply to the innuendo. "What answer made you?" he asked, turning toward the man.

"That we were your Lordship's men and the emperor was your prisoner."

"Good! And what became of him after that?"

"I can tell, may it please your Lordship," answered the majordomo, who had stood in the gateway to watch the party go forth. "He came down perhaps half an hour before the rest of ye, and took horse and rode away, saying, when I questioned him, that you had despatched him upon an important errand."

"Ha!" remarked the count, sternly. "Which way did he turn when he crossed the drawbridge?"

"To the west, sir."

"And what sought he in that direction?"

"Henry the Lion's power lies yonder," answered old Degerberg, pointing west. "So I learned this morning."

"Is 't so. Rode he rapidly, Sir Steward? Did he appear pressed for time?"

"He went at the full speed of his horse, my lord."

"This looks ill, countess, for our plans; but the greater need to press on, then," cried the count. "Forward, the array."

An instant after, the trampling hoofs of the foremost horseman struck the drawbridge over the moat. During this colloquy the Hohenzollern and the Countess Matilda had turned back to the gate from the head of the line, and now rode last. The road separated as it left the drawbridge. One road led east, another west, a third plunged straight to the south through the blackness of the gloomy forest which stretched leagues away in every direction.

"Turn we to the east or to the west, my lord?" called out old Hans, the leading soldier.

There seemed to be a momentary hesitation before the reply came. The heart of the king stood still for a second. Henry the Lion, he knew, would give anything to get possession of his person, and then good-by to empire and all his dreams.

"To the south," said the count, briefly; and in that decision he laid up in the king's mind treasure for himself against future need. But the emperor said nothing; nay, as Hohenzollern rode along the line to regain his place, he even stopped him.

"You lose a chance, my lord count," he said. "Know you not that the Lion of Saxony would pay well for my head? Why not carry thy treachery to its natural end, sir, and have done?"

"My liege, I am no traitor. I do not take thee prisoner to do thee harm. Perish that thought! I fight only for two things men have ever cherished—life and love. Grant but these, and I am your Majesty's loyal servant as before."

"And you have jeoparded your knightly honor by striking against your king."

"One word, sire, and you are free."

"While the king 's a prisoner, he speaks no word."

"And doth the king speak of honor?" interrupted the countess, bitterly and with meaning. "Doth the king forget the charge my father the count laid upon his honor when he gave me into his wardship?"

"A heavy charge indeed, lady, and a dangerous one for any man, be he king or commoner. I fail to see in what way I am faulted. I did indeed say—but I conceive that I have atoned in knightly fashion in offering you my hand."

"You put the man I love under your ban, and for no reason but that I loved him, and he me," replied the countess, quickly. "Was that knightly done, my sire?"

"And your Majesty assails my honor," broke in Hohenzollern, fiercely. "I am a masterless man by the writing and seal on yonder torn parchment in the hall, and I owe allegiance nowhere—unless it be here," turning to the countess. "If your Majesty but—"

"Peace, Sir Count!" said the emperor, overwhelmed by these verbal attacks. "Do you intend to punish as well as prison me, by forcing me to listen to your arguments? Ride to the head of your column and leave me alone with the silent, faithful Degerberg."

He smiled bitterly at his own sarcastic words.

"Your Majesty speaks like an emperor and not a prisoner."

"Sir, I am an emperor! While the king lives he wears the crown. Rash men may hold the hand that sways the scepter, but —it is the king's hand still."

They were deep in the forest by this time, and as they moved along the dark road, illumined here and there by little patches of moonlight shining down through the black arches of the giant trees, at the suggestion of Degerberg the count sent old Hans and another man far ahead along the road, and extended two more on each side, lest he should be taken by surprise. The little party drew close together, and each man bared his weapon. To the right of them lay the army of the Duke of Saxony, Henry the Lion; to the left and farther away, that of the emperor: their only course was to plunge boldly between the two camps, and endeavor to get so far into the forest by the morning that the possibility of catching them, when their adventure was discovered, would be faint indeed.

They could, of course, wander off the road into the trackless depths of the forest at any time, but as they were yet so near to its border, they would thereupon inevitably be found and captured without difficulty by any pursuers. They could make faster progress by keeping to the main road, and when they gained sufficient distance they could then seek concealment in the very heart of the ancient wood. They trotted forward rapidly, therefore, and each moment, as they supposed, drew farther from the place of peril.

For the most part they rode in silence. The men said nothing; the emperor was equally reticent, and, save for a whispered word or two between the count and Matilda from time to time, the only sound that broke the silence was the patter of the horses' feet upon the ground and the perpetual clinking of the armor. They had been riding for a mile or so when the rapid gallop of another horse, coming down the road toward them at such a speed that he made a greater noise than their own group, apprised them of the advent of a man. Hohenzollern rode to the front, sword in hand, bidding the others to halt in the shadow and remain on guard. The man approaching proved to be one of his own band.

"My lord," he said softly, "we have taken a foot-soldier who burst upon us through the trees yonder. He says he bears tidings for your Lordship."

"Where is he?"

"The sergeant Hans brings him along. I galloped back to warn your Lordship."

"'T is well. Let us turn to meet him."

A few rods farther they came upon old Hans on horseback, with another soldier walking nonchalantly by his side. They were in a little open glade, and the moonlight made the place like day.

THE AMBITION OF THE DUKE.

IN a pleasant meadow hard by the Black Forest, and only a few miles from Voburg, the soldiers of the Duke of Saxony lay encamped about the gorgeous pavilion of their master. They had reached their resting-places after a long, hard, all-day march, and they were correspondingly weary.

Although it was yet somewhat early in the evening, the nobles and knights had retired to their tents to get as much sleep as possible before they were called to arms, for it was rumored that the duke had set the march for an unusually early hour in the morning. Their esquires and pages had performed those body services which the custom of the time made necessary, and were themselves reposing in such positions as their stations required, where experience had taught them that they could best keep guard over their masters and be at hand in any sudden emergency.

The hardy men-at-arms, and especially the foot-soldiery and the followers of the camp, equally worn out, disposed themselves to rest where they could, unsheltered by any tent from the chill of the night air; those who possessed them covered themselves with their horse-blankets, using their saddles for pillows, while others found a partial protection under their superimposed shields; but most of the common men, without protection or other covering than the clothing they wore, lay crowded around the smoldering fires of the camp.

Off to one side, the high-mettled chargers of the knights were tethered, next to them the stout horses of the men-at-arms, and farther away the pack-animals of the army were picketed. The whole encampment was surrounded by watchful guards, pacing to and fro, with weapons ready at hand. They were in the enemy's country, and it behooved them to keep faithful and vigilant ward.

In the tent of the duke, easily distinguished by its size and the drooping banner above it, which, if the light had permitted, could have been seen to bear an emblazonry of the roses of Saxony, a light was still burning. Before the entrance a stout man-

at-arms in full war-gear stood leaning upon a huge unsheathed sword the blade of which sparkled in the light cast by the flames of the fire in front of the tent.

Within the canvas walls the most powerful prince in Germany paced uneasily up and down its narrow confines. The rather feeble and flickering light from a metal lamp,—spoil of some far-Eastern foray, or purchased from some Hebrew trader,—which hung from the ridge-pole of the tent, fell upon a young man about twenty-three years of age. He was very blond of hair and blue of eye, ruddy-cheeked, proud, royal in his bearing, a man of splendid physique, whose perfect proportions were revealed by the undress he wore, for he had laid aside his heavy armor in preparation for the night. His robe of gray was breasted with the same roses which were embroidered on his flag and which were painted on the polished surface of the shield leaning against his armor piled upon a chair off to one side. Upon a table lay his war-helmet and sword. A rude cot covered with skins and blankets completed the furniture of his pavilion.

The prince was alone in the tent. He had dismissed his gentlemen from the curtained apartments communicating with his own, for he did not desire either the eye or the ear of friend or servitor upon him in these meditations in which he would endeavor to determine upon a course of action suited to that crisis in his fortunes which rose before him. As he walked to and fro he thought deeply, and sometimes he spoke softly to himself, suiting action to word—a dangerous habit which years and experience would teach him to avoid. Disjointed thought and broken speech, commingled, are here set down, connected in the telling.

"Curses on him," he murmured, "that he should have all and I nothing! German King that is, and, unless it be speedily prevented, Emperor and Roman Cæsar that shall be. And why? Is he better born than I? Hath he a stronger arm than this?" he continued, lifting his clenched hand and shaking it in the air. "Is he younger, handsomer, braver, better bred? Hath he more wit, higher courage, stouter heart? Is Swabia entitled by any right divine to take precedence of Saxony? Can his head plan more wisely than mine? Are his hands stronger to guide the empire than these?"

He stopped and struck his hand upon the table impatiently and angrily. After a little silence he continued:

"Shall I submit to the cowardice of a fool, to the trickery of a knave which gave him the deciding vote over me when the free and sovereign electors were met in Diet at Frankfort to find a lodgment for the crown of empire? Doth the word of one man,—wretched weakling, traitor, crafty, scheming churchman,—repairing to that election pledged a thousand times to me, make this very man a god, put him on a pinnacle to dazzle the world, whilst I remain his 'dear cousin of Saxony,' his 'most loyal vassal,' his 'young and trusted'—pah!

"Yet—yet—the law we have struggled to make, and hold for our own, the privilege, nay, the right, as free princes of the empire, of electing here in our beloved Germany who shall rule over us. My father fought for it, died for it; and shall I, his son, be the first to break it? The law! Ah, but the empire! 'T is a dazzling stake. Shall I lose the crown, and not even gain mine ancient duchy of Bavaria? Shall he win all and I nothing?

"It hath been borne to me these past months that there is whisper of divorce in the air of the court at Waiblingen. Whither tendeth that? I trow toward the fair Matilda, without doubt. Shall he enjoy the wife, too, that I fain would have? When I bade her to my duchy to wear the coronet by my side, she looked me full in the eyes from under her level brows and, with a blunt word of thanks, said, 'No!' By the mass! I turned as red as mine own roses to be so flouted—and by a woman!"

He laughed bitterly at the thought, and then his quick mind took up the train again:

"'T is true this Swabian duke fared scarce better than I, but then, he offered her the dubious position of a mistress. She spurned it royally. Aye, but what will her answer be if he is free and approaches her with an imperial crown in his hand instead of the paltry bauble of a duchess? They say she loves that soldier of fortune Hohenzollern, and, by the mass! I think 't is true. I did mark the heave of her bosom, the color that came and went in her cheek, the light in her eyes, when she looked on him, seeing naught of my observance; another rival—but he 's easily disposed of. There be a dozen men-at-arms who can cut him down. But will she keep to him in the face of the crown? Nay; the king only is to be feared.

"A proved soldier, too, and I, they say, a boy! Well, 't is but another cause whereby I hate him. First in war—and love! Beshrew me! Love is for the peasant; ambition is the god that sits beneath my helm. Yet the Lady Matilda is passing fair. She is alone

in the world, her dower great. There is no such maiden in all Germany. I would she were mine. A wife were something sweet, they say. Shall he have her as well? There 's the count—aye; but can she resist the imperial diadem? How if I should proffer it?

"Lion of Saxony, thou art a fool, a craven, if thou dost permit him to go unchallenged. But what to do? Aye, that 's the question. Curses on my dull brain! I can think of naught but to move against him with my power and put the issue to the hazard of the field; and any fool might contrive a better plan, meseems. But what else to do I know not. So I 'll strike. 'T is not the first time the sword has won the world.

"Beyond Voburg the emperor's party lies, in numbers equal to my own. We march at daybreak; and if, as I do believe, he doth the same, we 'll meet at the castle, and there will be merry jousting and bloody play 'neath the fair Matilda's windows. Stop; I would better send a party to secure the tower. 'T is but lightly held. Her men are with the Swabian. Holding it, I have a refuge; 't is a point gained if—I fear no man, but—perchance I should fail! Fail! Then vanish riches, vanish dreams of empire, vanish power, vanish love! Yet, before that hap, I swear my roses will be reddened with another hue, and the lion-leopards shall not come off scatheless!

"I would that there were some other way, though, that I could catch this emperor on the wing! Holding him, the rest were easy. If I wring not an abdication from him, force him to do my will, when I have him in my hand—why, there are daggers in Saxony, and all of them are mine."

He paused long at this moment, and thought deeply, a flush of shame rising in his cheek in spite of himself at his unknightly proposition.

"Shame on thee, Henry, shame!" he murmured. "Strike thy foe openly in the field an thou wilt. Nay, I 'll do no murder. Yet I would that I might seize him. He should not 'scape me. And that traitorous bishop whose vote lost me the election! He shall have business elsewhere when we meet again—in hell, for aught I care. I 'll see to it. Oh, ambition, thou art my god! And one man stands in my way. The Redbeard I find where'er I turn. 'T is dangerous to bar the path of the Saxon Lion. Well, now to seize the tower! Without, there, the guard!" he called sharply.

The hangings parted instantly—so quickly, in fact, that a man less preoccupied than young Henry would have suspected too near an ear, too close a watch, over his person.

"Ha, Sergeant Dietrick, is it thou?" exclaimed the duke, as the soldier stopped before him and saluted. "Send us hither the captain of our guards."

The soldier saluted again, and turned on his heel and stepped out of the tent. Before he had gone two steps the under officer in charge of the sentries approached him. He was followed by two archers, who held between them another man indistinguishable in the darkness.

"Whom have ye here?" cried the sergeant, promptly barring the way with his sword. "Stand fast where ye be."

"The officer of the guard," responded the other, "bringing a man who would fain see the duke—a prisoner. He approached the lines a moment since, halted when challenged, and declared that he came upon an errand vital to the happiness of our lord."

"The duke sees no wandering stranger now; no vagabond soldiers get access to him at this hour of the night. Keep him in ward until the morning."

"Nay, brave sir," interrupted the prisoner, eagerly, the harsh German softened by accents which told of nurture under the sunny skies of Italy. "Say you not so, I beg of you! My business is most pressing; 't will not wait till morning. Bar me at your peril, gentlemen; I must see his Highness. 'T is life and death—and more."

"I care not," answered Dietrick. "I have strict orders to permit no one to enter, on pain of death, and even now you let me from my pressing errand. Take him away. The duke may see him in the morning an it be his pleasure."

The officer nodded to his man and turned away. The Italian, however, lifted up his voice until it rang through the camp.

"I must see the duke," he called out. "I come from Voburg."

"What is the meaning of this unseemly brawling at dead of night in our camp?" cried Henry, coming out of his tent, attracted by that last word.

"Your Royal Highness," cried the Italian, "an audience, I beseech! I have news of importance! I crave speech with thee!"

"This is no time for an audience. You heard our orders. We will hear thee in the morning. Take him away."

"But Voburg, my lord—I come from Voburg!"

There might be something in this, flashed into the mind of the young noble. He would hear this man further. It were best to neglect no point in the game.

"Ha, say you so?" he asked at last.

"Aye, my good lord; and what I have to tell thee cannot wait."

The duke hesitated and looked keenly at the man.

"What cognizance is this on thy breast?"

"'T is the stag of Hohenzollern, sir."

"The servant of Barbarossa?"

"And the lover of the Lady Matilda, sir."

"Came you from him, sirrah? Hath he the rare effrontery to send an embassy to us?"

"In despite of him, sir, I come. I beseech you to hear me! There is more in this than you dream. An empire—" he whispered, stepping nearer the duke.

"Disarm him, sergeant," said the duke, after reflecting a moment, as his curiosity got the better of him, "and send him within the tent. You, Dietrick, say naught to the captain of our guards for the present. Stay here and keep close watch. Who 's this approaching?" he added, as another soldier came up and saluted.

"I relieve the guard, your Highness. 'T is the hour," answered the approaching soldier.

"'T is well. Do you stand ten paces in front of the tent, and permit no one to approach it nearer, under pain of death. You, Dietrick, will serve us yet a little longer before you go to rest. Take post in the rear of the tent the same distance away. We would have speech with this man alone. Alone, I say. Therefore, mark ye that none o'erhears us. Follow me, sirrah," he said to the Italian, whose weapons meanwhile had been taken from him by the guards. "The rest of you back to your posts, and keep good watch."

TEMPTER AND TEMPTED.

As the two men-at-arms assumed their designated positions Henry and the prisoner entered the tent.

"Thou art an Italian, I take it from thy accent," said the duke, sitting on a stool by the table upon which his sword lay, while the other, in obedience to a gesture, remained standing respectfully before him.

"Yes, your Highness."

"And thy name?"

"Ser Giovanni di Fierenze, messire."

"And you serve the Hohenzollern by that cognizance on your breast?"

"Not now, your Highness."

"Who, then?"

"I am masterless to-night; to-morrow I trust to wear the roses of Saxony—and follow an emperor."

The duke started violently.

"Saxony hath no need to enlist under his banner every seeking wanderer that comes across his path, sirrah," he said disdainfully.

"Still I venture to hope that an exception may be made for me, my lord."

"And that other word—here is no place to follow an emperor. I care not who knoweth it, but service with me will not bring thee into the train of Frederick of Hohenstaufen."

"Had I sought that, my lord, I should have turned to the east when I 'scaped over the drawbridge at Voburg."

"What mean you?"

"I—my lord, 't is a strange tale, and I—"

"Be brief, man! We have but little time to waste."

"My lord, at Voburg dwells the Countess Matilda alone."

"Thy news is old."

"Aye, my lord, but not this. To-night came there Count Hohenzollern and his band, I in his following."

"Well, what of it?"

"His Majesty the emperor hath put him under the ban of the empire, sir."

"And one good deed for the Barbarossa, too."

"And the young count, being desperate in fortune and crossed in love, hath conceived a cunning plan. The emperor comes to Voburg to-night."

"Comes he with force to seize the castle?"

"Nay, sir; alone, to play at making love, and perchance to seize the fair Matilda as well."

"A fool, a double fool, to hazard so much—all, and for a woman! What woman that the sun shines on—or the rain rains on, for that matter—is worthy of the risk?"

"True, my lord. None, as I think it, but—"

"I divine thy thought, knave," interrupted the duke; "thou wouldst have me march thither."

"If you did that, Sir Duke, you would find the cage empty and the birds flown."

"How is that, Sir Plotter?"

"Count Hohenzollern takes the emperor by force—"

"'T is treason!"

"Dost thou find that a harsh word, my lord?"

"Proceed with thy story and question me no further," replied the duke, flushing with anger at this shrewd interruption.

"With the Countess Matilda by his side they ride far to-night, seeking an asylum in—"

The Italian stopped suddenly.

"And thou wouldst have me march against the emperor's force, which, leaderless, I may the more easily master; and then?"

"Saving your grace," answered the Italian, smiling disdainfully in the dim light, "canst think of no better plan than that? The emperor—"

"Ha!" cried the duke, as the idea came to him, "we will intercept them! Whither go they? What force hath the count with him? Quick, thy answer!"

"First, lord, my reward."

"True. Why hast thou done this?"

"I would fain follow a man who is neither a fool nor an outlaw, messire. Though a soldier of Italy, I am a philosopher, too. The fortune of the Hohenzollern is unmade forever, being under the ban of the empire, and having struck against his king; and I think, if what men say of thee be true, that the crown to-night slips from Barbarossa's head. It hurts my pride to serve one of inferior worth, sir. On the horizon of Germany I see but one man who hath the wit and power to be its master. And the Countess Matilda is too fair and noble to wed with any but the best. I would fain wear the roses of the Saxon, my lord," replied the Italian, bowing gracefully before the young prince while thus adroitly playing upon his weaknesses.

"Is that all?"

"Nay, messire."

"What more?"

"The poor followers of Count Hohenzollern are but ill provided, although he hath a lavish hand. I would fain have the wardship of some snug little castle which I may hold for your Highness."

"Hast done?"

"And the belt of a knight, so it please your princely grace."

"Ha! Art nobly born?"

"I think so, sir, if I may believe the tales of my lady mother, although my father's name be held from me," replied the man, unabashed at the confession, and indeed laughing mockingly in a way which irritated the duke extremely.

"By the mass, thou traitorous dog!" cried Henry, turning to the man in sudden fury, the culmination of much repression, "there is base blood in thee somewhere, else thou wouldst neither abandon thy master in his adversity nor betray thy lawful monarch in his peril. Seekest thou reward, thou impudent dog? I spare thy life—"

"And does the Lion of Saxony so lightly renounce his ambition? Hath he, too, not sworn allegiance, nay, was he not one of the very body to elect the Duke of Swabia to the throne, and all under the law? I swear our cases differ little, sir, and your Lordship hath mistaken the note of baseness," replied Giovanni, boldly; and then, changing his tactics, he continued: "There is not a soldier in the land doth not say thou shouldst have been the emperor. Raise the standard when thou hast possession of Frederick, and—"

"'T is treason, slave!"

"What 's treason, sir? A word, a trifle—unless it spell a failure."

"I—I will seize him for the good of the state—if I do it," said the duke, weakly.

"Precisely, messire; and I give you opportunity—for the good of the state."

"A truce to this wordy babbling! Where have they ta'en him? Where is he now to be found?"

"Your Lordship will know—when I have your Lordship's promise of my reward."

"Darest thou beard me, base-born?" cried the duke, seizing his sword from the table and rising suddenly.

"My secret perisheth with me," answered Ser Giovanni, quailing inwardly from the menacing point at his throat, but preserving, nevertheless, a bold front. "And if thy blade take my life, sir, then my tidings be gone, and I believe there is no cunning in Saxony that can entice the story once it 'scapes that way."

The duke hesitated, but he was plainly helpless. Gnashing his teeth in rage at his futile position, he threw down the sword.

"Have thy way!" he cried furiously. "The manor of Wiltenstein shall be thine: six thousand pieces of gold shall be paid thee by my treasurer; and I will cause thee to be made a knight when we have captured Barbarossa. Now where is he? See that you serve me well, or you shall find that I can punish as heavily as I can reward generously."

"I realize your generosity, indeed, from your kindly deed and gracious speech, sir; and your Highness pledges these gifts upon your princely word."

"Upon my word, by my ducal coronet. Art satisfied?"

"I am, and—I salute thee, king and emperor—aye, Cæsar that is to be!" cried the Italian, falling on his knee and kissing the Saxon's hand.

Henry frowned darkly and almost immediately withdrew his hand; it was evident that his association with this subtle scoundrel was not pleasant, though the gross flattery of his fellow-traitor greatly soothed his soul, in which the really good instincts of the man had been fighting against the proposed treachery. However, having settled the question of his action, he endeavored to dismiss his scruples from his mind as he asked:

"Now, thy tidings. Whither do they ride?"

"Into the Black Forest, my lord."

"In what direction?"

"THE RAPID GALLOP OF ANOTHER HORSE . . . APPRISED THEM OF THE ADVENT OF A MAN." (SEE PAGE 260.)

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,' CRIED THE ITALIAN, 'AN AUDIENCE, I BESEECH!'" (SEE PAGE 262.)

"To the southward, by the old road."

"What force?"

"The Count Hohenzollern, Degerberg, his esquire and captain, some twenty stout men-at-arms, the king, and the Countess Matilda."

"Where may they best be intercepted?"

"Sir, if you move at once, at the Witches' Dale; but there 's no time to be lost."

"Without, there!" called Henry, promptly realizing the need of haste. "Send Count Eginhard to me! Bid our esquires and gentlemen attend us immediately! Call thither the captain of our guards! Gentlemen," he said, as the various officials, scarcely stopping to dress in the urgency of their summons, burst into the tent, "arm yourselves for battle. Count Eginhard, I turn the

camp over to you. At four o'clock in the morning put the men in array and start the vaward for Voburg. We 'll meet thee there. Let all be armed and ready for battle. Captain von Gluymer, summon one hundred and fifty of the very boldest riders and hardest fighters among your company to attend our person immediately! See they be full armed, too. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to his squires, "arm me with haste. We ride into the Black Forest to-night for an empire and perchance for a wife. Thou comest, too, Ser Giovanni; therefore arm thyself. Soldiers, see that he escape not, on thy life!"

In obedience to the duke's commands, the officers hastened to fulfil the various directions that had been laid upon them. In the confusion attendant upon the sudden call to arms, no one noticed Dietrick crawling away in the darkness. While he had been supposed to be on guard at the rear of the tent, he had passed his watch, lying on the earth with his face close to the canvas, listening with all his ears.

He was able to secure a horse, taking care that it was a good one, and slipping by the sentries unnoticed, galloped down the road that led through the forest at the top of his speed. He had a good long start over the duke's party, having no preparations to make, and he raced madly along in the darkness like one possessed, sparing neither self nor steed.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF ENGLAND.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

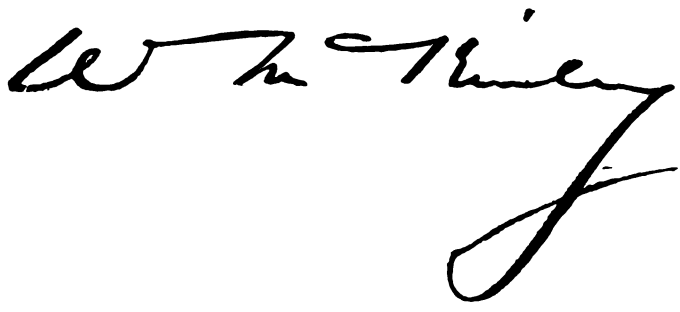
NOW that the jealous mists have cleared away,
Out of the sweetness of her mighty heart
She finds a thousand modes in which to say:
"Think me not cold! Long leagues are we apart,
But, by the common blood within our veins,
I hold as mine your pleasure or your pains.

"Behold, I sorrow for your leader dead
Even as though he were in truth mine own.
My streets are dark with mourning. I have wed
Trust to affection for thee. We have grown
To perfect amity. No hate can breed
Where mutual loves a mutual faith concede.

"I read within thy young and splendid eyes
All the immortal heights which thou shalt reach.
And art thou not of me? A drear surprise
It were to Nature if thy very speech
Thrilled me not deeply, or if all that Fate
Brings unto thee did not to me relate."

So, in this evil hour, be hers the song
Of tender friendship which shall rouse our soul
From bitter brooding over woe and wrong,
Rouse us to face the day and make us whole.
For, howe'er great our loss in him now gone,
Deathless the bright Republic still lives on!

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, MADE FOR "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" AT CANTON IN DECEMBER, 1896.



IMPRESSIONS OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS OPINIONS ON RECIPROCITY.

BY JOHN A. KASSON.

THE future historian will celebrate the statesmanship of President McKinley. Our immediate, all-engrossing memory is of the man and the friend we have lost. We are still mourners.

The popular appreciation of President McKinley's character was at first of slow growth. He was born among the farmers of Ohio in 1843, and was trained in a public school, a country academy, and a Western college. At the still boyish age of eighteen he displayed one of the great qualities which characterized all his later life. He proved his love of country by enlistment as a private in the first year of the great war, and stood firmly by the colors until the war closed with the triumph of the Union. He then returned to a peaceful and studious life with the brevet rank of major, conferred on him for gallantry by President Lincoln. His chosen profession was the law, and his first public position was that of prosecuting attorney for the county in which he lived. This was followed, in 1876, by an election to Congress.

Here for the first time he was subjected to the scrutiny of the national eye. Without passion, without prejudice, without eagerness,—qualities which usually characterize the youthful politician,—he bore himself steadily and with a uniform courtesy alike toward friends and political opponents until he was advanced to the leadership of the House, as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. As one of his colleagues in the House of Representatives I well remember his courteous manner, his flow of candid speech, his patience under interruption by more excitable members. He always answered by truthful statement or conscientious argument, not by sharp and impatient repartee, as was our more common custom in that numerous assembly. Candor and kindness appeared to be instincts of his nature. His breast gave no shelter to malice or anger. In return, neither wrath nor antipathy ever found expression against that patient and courteous gentleman; for gentle man he was in manner and in every impulse of mind and heart. When the tariff bill which bore his name was carried against strong opposition, and brought to him an enlarged personal fame throughout the country, there was no demand on his part for the plaudits of the people, no boasting of his achievement. It was for him simply an incident in the daily performance of duty. When an adverse political majority in the legislature of his State so changed the boundaries of his congressional district as to leave his political friends in a minority, he patiently and persistently fought the electoral fight, and nearly won it; but still no anger, no wrathful denunciation of the enemy came from his lips. It was simply another incident in the day's work. The State speedily changed its political policy, and twice elected him its governor, but no expressions of personal triumph fell from his lips. This, too, was in the day's work. It was his duty to administer well the government of the State, and he did his duty. He was sent to a national convention to aid in the nomination for the Presidency of a particular candidate. In the development of the struggle it was found that this candidate to whom he was pledged (Senator Sherman) could not succeed, and he was urged himself to accept the nomination. He stubbornly refused, and asserted his unconditional loyalty to the candidate for whose support the constituency had sent him. A financial misfortune befell him, and he became liable for a friend's debts. There was no evasion or attempted resistance. All his modest resources were voluntarily surrendered to the creditors of another. He was once more in the ranks of the poor, from whom he was never far removed; but he still lifted himself up before the world, an honest, upright citizen with an untarnished name, and with a moral character approaching the ideal of human aspiration.

By this time the country had taken into its consciousness a distinct impression of the high moral qualities of William McKinley, and an incipient impression of his intellectual strength. In 1896 the conditions were favorable for his nomination by the Republican party to the Presidency, and he received it. Thenceforward he moved continually under the all-penetrating glance of the eyes of the people.

Now, too, under the illuminating search-

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, MADE BY G. C. COX FOR "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" AT CANTON IN DECEMBER, 1896.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

light carried in the hands alike of friends and foes, the people began to talk of an exceptionally admirable trait of his domestic character, one which appealed to the tenderest sentiments of every man, matron, and

maid at every hearthstone of the nation. It was known that he had married in her youth a beautiful girl, who had worthily sustained and encouraged him in his earlier life and labors for advancement in the world, and that, after two children had been born and lost, she had become an invalid and had withdrawn from society. His intimate congressional colleagues knew that he never was a guest at dinners or other social entertainments, and that he was at home at all hours save those devoted to legislative duties. So unostentatious, however, was his devotion to the invalid that his best friends did not know the constancy of that devotion. But an electoral canvass in the United States leaves no corner of a candidate's life unilluminated. The purity and tenderness of that manly nature, his renunciation of all pleasures which she could not share, his unceasing and gentle ministrations for her welfare and pleasure, his devoted companionship in her affliction, and her reciprocal admiration for and devotion to him—all this, somehow, became known at the firesides of the people, and tinged all their thoughts of the candidate with the warmth of affectionate sentiment.

The American family is the primary unit of the State. The virtue of the family is security for the virtue of the State. This virtue, so beautifully illustrated in the household of the candidate, went very far in winning the confidence of the honest people. Nor was the nation called upon to modify its admiration during all the years and all the temptations of the White House. It does not yet know the full extent and delicacy and self-sacrifice of that unobtrusive devotion. There is material in it for a whole volume of poems. Did the request for his attention come to him in the midst of the composition of the most important documents, or even when presiding in a Cabinet meeting, he would rise and go to the invalid with unvarying patience and infinite gentleness. It was an example which even sin respects and the criminal can admire. It is not surprising that from the conspicuous elevation of the Executive Mansion knowledge of this exceptional domestic relationship should have passed unobserved beyond our geographical boundaries and reached even the people and courts of Europe. It has undoubtedly given a touch of unprecedented warmth to their expressions of sympathy in our bereavement. As we recall many incidents of this phase of the President's life, and the inevitable limitations it imposed on him, all of which he accepted without a murmur, again well up irrepressibly the fountains of our tears.

There was another distinguishing feature of that Presidential campaign which indicates his high sense of duty, and which should be remembered to the honor of our late President. His opponent had a special gift of popular oratory. He traversed the country for the solicitation of support, and made a record in this respect without a precedent. The issues were among the most vital and important ever submitted to the country. His political friends were alarmed at the apparent enthusiasm aroused, and many desired that Mr. McKinley, himself an engaging and impressive speaker, should also "take the stump." This he would not do. None of our earlier and great Presidents had set such an example. The responsibilities of the great office were too high to be the object of a personal solicitation by the candidate.

Nearly all the modern aspirants who had made even a partial experiment in that way had failed of approval by the people. Whatever politicians may think, the great American electorate has so just an opinion of the exalted duties and responsibilities of the Chief Executive office that it cannot tolerate the idea of the selfish seeking of it. The candidate they admire is the one so fit for the office that the people demand him, not he the office. McKinley stood firmly with the plain people in this opinion. On such questions as the people presented to him he would be heard; but it must be from his own door-steps.

And the unique spectacle was presented in this campaign for the first time of great delegations calling on the candidate, and hearing his opinions on public policy upon the grounds of his own home. The traveling candidate and solicitor of votes failed largely of the popular approval of his course, while the more modest home-staying candidate received the honor of that great office.

In 1900 the same candidates were again presented, and they respectively pursued the same contrasted lines of action, except that President McKinley now submitted himself to the judgment of the people on the record of his public administration, without speeches at home or abroad. Again the popular verdict was for him, and even more triumphantly than before. The responsible majority of the American people thinks, while the excitable minority shouts.

I wish to add emphasis to his conduct in these two campaigns, because it should be

reckoned among the great services rendered by him to his country that he has set so high an example for the people in respect to their candidates for the Presidency. For, surely, when the personal character and fitness of a candidate for the chief office under the Constitution are so little known to the people that they must depend for proof on his personal advocacy of himself, then, indeed, will our government lose its nobility in our own eyes, and also forfeit that respect and confidence of foreign governments which have been so conspicuously won by the golden administration of the dear President we have lost.

Softly brilliant among the qualities which illustrated the personal character of the President—it is the luster of the perfect pearl rather than that of the diamond—was notably his unselfishness. It was apparent, of course, in his intimate family relationship. But it extended far beyond this. He could not be persuaded to recommend to Congress any appropriation which might be interpreted as inspired by self-interest. Congress and the country know how the Executive Mansion, originally intended only as the Presidential family residence, has gradually been absorbed for official and public uses, until there is not a single guest-room left when the mansion is occupied by a family of ordinary numbers. The privacy of a home within it has become impossible. When a foreign sovereign or his princely representative has visited the capital of our republic the national hospitality could find no expression except in the corridors of a public hotel.

On one occasion, when personal friends of a President were invited to stay at the White House during the scenes of an inauguration, some of them were obliged to take the hospitality of a night's repose on the floor of the mansion. Nevertheless, our late President, though strongly urged, could not be persuaded to ask Congress to undertake the work of its enlargement at a time when it might be construed to involve the question of his own comfort and convenience. When he entered the White House he was a poor man, without the smallest reserve of fortune for his family or old age. The country would not have censured reasonable economies in the hospitality of the mansion with a view to save from the salary of the office a modest competence for the demands of after years; for our people do not like to see their ex-Presidents descend into the scramble of business life, with its chances of tarnish upon their fame.

But the President whose virtues we commemorate, entertained no such selfish thoughts. Never in my half-century's acquaintance with the White House have I known such generous and unselfish hospitality as that which distinguished the official term of the man for whom we are mourning.

In close companionship with that virtue of unselfishness was another, the very twin brother of it. If you ask the hundreds of notable men who were frequent and solicitous visitors at the official mansion what quality of his character was the most remarkable in a man of his many cares and anxieties, the large majority will answer, patience, an indomitable, unvarying patience.

In all the various demands for the exercise of his many constitutional powers, in the presence of conflicting interests and urgent representations, he preserved his serenity of manner and gave a patient audience. Outside his own official household only members of the Cabinet had the right of immediate admission to the audience-chamber. Waiting representatives, senators, and others in official and private life must await their turn. The waiting numbers were often so large that impatience and nervous irritation seized them in the long delay, and when they were summoned they entered in a mood far from amiable. But when the President turned to them with his kindly face and tranquil manner, as if he had no burdens on his mind, and no other duty than to listen to his visitor, there was such a quieting charm in his courteous bearing that all this irritability disappeared as by magic. On one occasion, when a certain line of executive action was supposed to affect injuriously the interests of some constituents of a certain senator, the latter entered the room of audience with denunciatory remonstrances on his lips, and swelling with inward excitement. The President listened to his extravagant words, and advancing a step, put a hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone that a gentle nurse might use to a fretful invalid, "Oh, no, no; not so bad as that, senator; not so bad as that!" And soon reason resumed its throne.

Far beyond any precedent, this last administration has furnished a volume of proof that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." None but a viperous nature could come into angry collision with this man. His unselfishness, his patience, his courtesy forbade it. There are those who say that senators are persistently absorbing the functions which

the Constitution assigns to the President, particularly in appointments to office. Not long ago an important appointment was made by the President from a State whose two influential senators had not concurred, and they called to demand its recision. We do not know what was then said, but we do know that they came away changed by the moral magic of the President to his cordial supporters. Such is the power of a nature richly endowed with the spirit of concord.

This uniform charm of demeanor was not confined to the personal intercourse of the audience-chamber. It characterized his public reception of crowds, whether composed of "society" or of the plain people. Every person, old or young, coming into his presence, the high and the low alike, received the impression of his sincerity and his truthfulness.

As would be anticipated by observant analysts of historic characters, in affairs of government his mind was not quick and confident in its conclusions. Deliberation must precede all important action on new lines of policy. There are two classes of statesmen, those of reflection and those of action. The latter are usually impatient of opposition, have strong wills and an impatient nervous organization. They demand obedience rather than considerate coöperation from their counselors. By nature they belong to monarchies. The former class naturally belongs to a republic, where personal will must be subordinate to the popular will. President McKinley was a Republican of the republic. When policies had been fully discussed and popularly developed he took his position, and after taking it maintained it firmly. He appreciated the significance of his representative character, and the necessity of a close alliance with the best public sentiment of his country. As he respected this sentiment, and the country became aware of it, the people in return began all the more to respect his opinion, and made this a large factor in coming to their own final judgment. His influence over the people's mind grew steadily from the day of his first inauguration to the day he received his crown of martyrdom. He died in full possession of the unlimited confidence of the people.

Often have they who were intimate with him observed a rumor circulated through the press organizations in respect to some important appointment, or some proposed policy, which they alone knew to be a tentative question addressed by him to public opinion. When important new questions arose he desired to take the people into his confidence and have the benefit of their suggestions. It was a voluntary referendum, at a time when the popular mind was in a condition of tranquillity, and usually when Congress was not in session.

While he would sacrifice none of the rights of the minority, he felt that government in the republic must be maintained by the aid of parties, and that the Executive must keep in touch with the party with which he was allied. As he expected their support in Congress, so he must support them in return. When he declared in his message "our plain duty" to Porto Rico, the country was with him, but his party in Congress was divided under the influence of local and special interests. His policy could have been carried by Democratic votes added to the minority of Republicans, and he was censured for weakness in agreeing to a compromise.

Without weighing the conditions, I said to him, "Mr. President, I regret that you did not insist upon the adoption of your Porto Rican declaration." He turned his eyes upon me with a serious expression, and said: "I could not allow the Republican party in the House to be defeated by the votes of the Democratic minority." My eyes were opened. Instead of an act of weakness, his compromise was an act of foreseeing statesmanship which preserved his party in Congress from humiliation, and kept it strong for the future support of his government. And the cost of it was only a brief delay in the performance of "our plain duty."

That on great occasions President McKinley could be firmly resolute, against even an excited Congress and an excited people, was finely illustrated in his refusal to establish a reckless precedent in international relations by recognizing a wandering band of patriotic rebels in Cuba as the lawful government of the island. Every hour since the Spanish War all our people of all parties have rejoiced over the determined will which the President exhibited in that question of international duty and honor. It also won for him the high esteem of foreign governments, who then began to observe with new respect the chief of our republic.

Nor will the country soon forget its obligations to him for the unobtrusive, generous way in which he quietly pursued his purpose of a real reconciliation of sentiment with the people of the Southern States. There was no proclamation of his intention,

no bargaining for equivalents, no boasting of success. It was the expression of his sympathetic nature far more than any art of statesmanship which won hearts all the way from Maryland to Texas.

In all questions not involving points of national right and honor, all questions involving inquiries into fact and law, he was inclined to follow the advice of his responsible councilors who were charged with the respective departments of administration rather than to make his own personal decisions. In all that directly affected the interests of his great constituency he was peculiarly cautious and conservative. Perhaps his action in respect to the policy of treaties of reciprocity best illustrates his conservative methods of procedure, what I may call his Fabian statesmanship.

When he appointed his special plenipotentiary in charge of this work, in the autumn of 1897, he did it, apparently, only in the performance of a duty required by the Dingley Tariff Act, which had just been adopted. The attention of foreign governments was attracted to it very slowly. They were more occupied with their resentments over the great increase of the American tariff duties effected by the act than with the plan of relief also provided by the law. Many months were occupied with the preliminary studies and correspondence.

Later the Spanish War and its sequences intervened, and engaged all the attention of the President. His message of December, 1897, announced his appointment of a plenipotentiary to execute the reciprocity provisions of the law. He added only these sentences: "The negotiations are now proceeding with several governments, both European and American. It is believed that by a careful exercise of the powers conferred by that act some grievances of our own and of other countries may be either removed or largely alleviated, and that the volume of our commercial exchanges may be enlarged, with advantage to both contracting parties. Most desirable from any standpoint of national interest and patriotism is the effort to extend our foreign commerce."

In his message of 1898 he announced the reciprocal arrangement made with France under the third section of the Act, and added: "It has relieved a portion of our export trade from serious embarrassment. Further negotiations are now pending under Section 4 of the same act, with a view to the increase of trade between the two countries to their mutual advantage. Negotiations with other governments, in part interrupted by the war with Spain, are in progress under both sections of the Tariff Act. I hope to be able to announce some of the results of these negotiations during the present session of Congress."

In his message of 1899 he informed Congress of the signature of commercial conventions with France, Argentina, British Guiana, Barbados, Bermuda, Jamaica, Nicaragua, and Turks and Caicos islands; and in view of the expiration of the two years provided by the act for the performance of the work under the fourth section, he showed his increasing confidence in the utility of reciprocity treaties by announcing the future policy of the government in the following words: "Acting under the constitutional power of the Executive in respect to treaties, I have deemed it my duty, while observing the limitations of concession provided by the fourth section, to bring to a conclusion all pending negotiations, and submit them to the Senate for its advice and consent."

His conviction of the advantages to our commerce of the reciprocity inaugurated by Congress had so far advanced that he was now prepared, accepting the limited rate of reduction specified by Congress, to make the tentative policy of that body the continuing policy of the Executive administration in respect to commercial treaties.

In his message of 1900 he advanced his views with more positiveness, and we find in the following quotation even a tone of reproach toward the Senate for its inaction: "The failure of action by the Senate at its last session upon the commercial conventions then submitted for its consideration and approval has caused much disappointment to the agricultural and industrial interests of the country, which hoped to profit by their provisions." After advising Congress of the additional conventions which had been signed, he added: "The policy of reciprocity so manifestly rests upon the principles of international equity, and has been so repeatedly approved by the people of the United States, that there ought to be no hesitation in either branch of the Congress in giving to it full effect."

He had been elected by increased majorities for a second term in the fall of 1900. Upon his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1901, in his formal address upon taking anew the oath of office, he once more declared his conviction in these words: "Our diversified

productions are increasing in such unprecedented volume as to admonish us of the necessity of still further enlarging our foreign markets by broader commercial relations. For this purpose reciprocal trade arrangements with other nations should in a liberal spirit be carefully cultivated and promoted."

Just before the Presidential journey to the Pacific coast which followed after the inauguration he told me of his purpose to call public attention to reciprocity in his speeches; and he did so.

After all this consultation of the people of the United States his last intimation to me was of an intention to make a stronger demand than ever before in his annual message of next December.

But he did not wait for that official occasion. The international assemblage of industrial and commercial interests at Buffalo in September gave him an earlier opportunity for the most emphatic expressions on the subject ever yet uttered by him. After a striking description of the magnitude of our production, and of our capacity to increase it, he said:

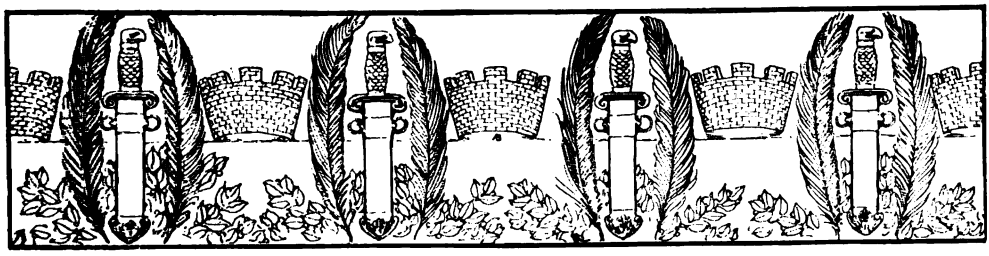
> The problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more.
>
> A mutual exchange is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal.
>
> Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.
>
> The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a demand for home labor.
>
> The period of exclusiveness is past.
>
> Commercial wars are unprofitable.
>
> Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times.
>
> Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

And this, alas! was the final message of a great and patriotic President to the people whom he loved and who loved him. He saw clearly that the prosperity of our country, standing alone, could not endure. If other countries are impoverished they cannot buy. If increasingly prosperous they increase their purchases. It is the self-interest of every country of vast and varied production that the buying countries should grow in wealth. A nation in poverty is no purchaser, or buys little. A seller must treat his buyer fairly, or he goes elsewhere. It is of Holy Writ that the "liberal soul shall be made fat." It is equally true of the life of nations and of individuals. Witness the present condition of Spain and of Portugal, after many years of an exclusive tariff, in comparison with France and Belgium.

This lesson of international fair-dealing, combined with national industry and energy, is the dead President's last legacy to the United States. Patiently, thoughtfully, he approached his conclusions. After that, no more hesitation, no more doubt. He assumes his proper leadership. Until then he is patient, considerate, receptive. After it he becomes clear, positive, and urgent. Never since its colonial settlement has the country presented a more admirable type of American and Christian citizenship—

> Rich in saving common-sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.

So it has come to pass that we profoundly respect the opinions of him whom we profoundly love. Both his heart and his intellect have conquered us. We trusted him in life; we trust him in his grave. Nay, not in the grave art thou, O beloved President, but warmly nested in the heart of the great republic!



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Theodore Roosevelt

THE PERSONALITY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

AVING been requested to give impressions of President Roosevelt, based on a long and intimate acquaintance, I will not dwell on a personality so attractive that it compels those who know him best to love him most, but upon certain characteristics and training calculated to fit him for the successful performance of the high trust imposed upon him.

Born of Northern father and Southern mother; commingling in his veins the blood of the English, Dutch, Scotch, and Huguenot; reared in New York, and educated in New England; living a part of his life in the far West, and a part in Washington, where all sections meet on a common plane, Theodore Roosevelt is the most catholic, cosmopolitan, and non-sectional American in public life since Henry Clay.

The youngest of our Presidents, he yet has had the advantage of more varied and peculiarly valuable preparatory training than any man who has occupied the position.

Graduating with distinction from Harvard, where the training and association are as broad and non-sectional as in any college in the land, he began early in life to study the history of his country as a preparation for his subsequent historical writings. His earlier works, "The Navy in the War of 1812," and his lives of Benton and Gouverneur Morris, demonstrated that he had mastered his country's history on the broad national lines so characteristic of his later writings.

When at a receptive age, he had useful training in practical legislation in the legislature of his native State.

His ranch life in the far West gave him an insight into Western life and thought, and his greatest historical work, "The Winning of the West," was evidence to the South and the West that no historian of those sections could have written with a more thorough appreciation of all that was best in the lives and history of the men who carried our civilization over the mountains and across the plains to the Pacific than had this New-Yorker educated in New England.

In his conspicuously valuable services of over six years as a civil-service commissioner, he availed himself of the exceptional opportunities to learn the practical workings of the executive departments at Washington, and by personal investigations throughout the country he gained a knowledge of the working of our postal and revenue service.

As president of the Police Board of New York he acquired a practical knowledge of the municipal government of our largest city.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, at a time when it was necessary to prepare the navy for threatened war, he mastered the problems of that great department, investigating personally the work and methods at the navy-yards, the armament and equipment of our war-ships in comparison with those of foreign navies, and the measures necessary to make the navy an efficient fighting-machine. When urged that he was going too fast with his preparations, he retorted: "There is no excuse for the existence of a navy if it is not made an efficient fighting-machine ready for an emergency."

The efficiency of the navy had been endangered by the hitherto irreconcilable differences between the line and the staff, and by the slow promotions, preventing officers from reaching positions of responsibility until they were advanced in years. A board of naval experts was appointed, with the Assistant Secretary as chairman, for the purpose of devising means of righting the evils. I was informed by a distinguished naval officer who served on that board that it was due to the admirable tact, patience, and diplomacy of the chairman that an agreement was reached, and that a bill was drawn which the chairman personally explained before the naval committees of the House and the Senate, and for which he secured favorable reports and enactment into law. It is too soon to write of the masterly work he performed in the prepa-

ration of the navy for the approaching war, or of his potential influence in the direction of the quick and decisive blows which brought the war to a speedy termination and perhaps averted threatened foreign interference.

In addition to a wide, personal acquaintance with army officers, he has acquired a knowledge of our army by active participation with it in actual war.

While serving in Washington, he was in close touch with much of the work of the scientific bureaus, and some of the men in charge of this work are among his valued personal friends. I have heard him, at some of the meetings of the scientific societies, discuss most intelligently the problems connected with the scientific investigations carried on under government supervision.

Thus we see that our youngest President has had a practical training in the civil service, in the army, and in the navy. As a working member of the board of governors of Harvard University he is in close touch with the educational methods and thought of the country. Added to this he has, as governor of the largest and richest State, had experience as an executive. This executive experience as governor of a State with a larger population than had the United States during the administrations of Washington and some of his successors was a most fitting completion of his course in practical administrative work.

Coupled with this training, he is by nature well fitted for the tasks before him. First, he has a tremendous capacity for work, and a joy in his work. Whatever he has to do is the thing he most likes to do, and it is done with enthusiasm. Recently, writing of Governor Taft's assumption of the difficult work in the Philippines, he said: "But he gladly undertook it, and he is to be considered thrice fortunate; for in this world the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a piece of work the doing of which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind."

He disposes well and quickly of any work he may have to do, because his quick perception enables him to see almost at a glance the essential and important points, and to eliminate less important details. Then he never allows his time to be occupied or wasted when work is to be done. A judge of men, he soon gages the capacity and limitations of his subordinates, and is thus enabled to utilize their services to the greatest advantage.

Just before the outbreak of the Spanish War, when the Navy Department was purchasing yachts and ships as auxiliaries to the navy, a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's called at the department to try to influence him to reopen a case where a certain ship had been rejected. Without hesitation Mr. Roosevelt said: "It is useless to waste your time or my time in discussing this matter, which has been intrusted to a board of naval officers, and I will positively make no recommendation contrary to the recommendation of that board. Now come and lunch with me, and we will discuss something else."

While an intensely earnest and serious man, his keen sense of humor and all-pervading cheerfulness make it a positive pleasure to work with him.

A somewhat exuberant enthusiasm, which may sometime in the past have caused the most conservative and timid element some apprehension, arises from quickness of intellect and perfect health, with excessive vital force. Men frequently get a reputation for caution and conservatism, when, in fact, their seeming deliberation may arise from low vitality, or slowness of perception. President Roosevelt, while positive and aggressive in advocating and carrying forward what he believes to be right, has little mere pride of opinion, and is as amenable to reason and argument as any man of positive convictions I have ever known.

I have never known a man who always has his faculties under such complete mastery. This enables him to read rapidly and absorb and retain from the printed page or manuscript the essential points. I have heard him dictate to his stenographer reviews of such books as Pearson's "National Life and Character" and Kidd's "Social Evolution," his comments demonstrating a complete grasp of the subjects treated. He dictates with rapidity, and when interested in his subject, walks the floor and hurls sentences at his stenographer like bolts from a catapult, each sentence so accurate in thought and construction as seldom to require correction.

He is a kind-hearted man, yet a rigid disciplinarian, and will demand a faithful and efficient discharge of public duties by public officials. I happened to be present when graduates of Harvard and other universities, and Western mining engineers, to the number of thirty or forty, collected in the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to be enlisted in the "Rough Riders" regiment. Mr. Roosevelt stood in front of his desk, while

these earnest, manly young fellows stood ranged around three sides of his office. Addressing them in his peculiarly quick, earnest manner, to the effect that they must not underestimate the dangers or difficulties they would encounter, he told them that it would probably be the roughest experience that they ever had, and he wished them to understand that after once being sworn in they must take whatever came without grumbling. "Positively, gentlemen," said he, "I will have no squealing," and he urged them, if any of them thought they could not endure the greatest hardships, to withdraw before it was too late. Then, turning to a pile of volumes of mounted infantry tactics, he said: "I will remain behind a few days and hurry forward the equipments. You, gentlemen, hurry to San Antonio, and if you do your part toward getting the men in order and licking them into shape, I promise to get you into the fight. There are not enough tactics to go round, but I will distribute these, and you must read and study them on the cars." Calling out their names, he hurled the books at the men so fast that several would be in the air at once, the men catching them on the fly. I could see in their faces that every one of them was ready to follow him to the death.

He has always favored those policies at home and abroad which he believes will best advance the well-being of America and the best interests of civilization and humanity throughout the world. He is an expansionist because, as he said in a speech, "expansion does not necessarily bring war; it ultimately brings peace"; or, as Fiske puts it, "Obviously the permanent peace of the world can be secured only through the gradual concentration of the preponderant military strength into the hands of the most pacific communities." Having an unbounded confidence in his country, he has for it "no craven fear of being great."

The lamented President, so foully murdered and so universally mourned, was probably the last of our Presidents who had participated in the Civil War. Standing at the threshold of a new century, President Roosevelt seems to mark the dawn of a new era in our public life. His military record belongs to the whole country, even more so than the military records of our Presidents who had served in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War; for those wars had both sectional and political opposition. The country during the Spanish War was united as never before in its history, and it is among the greatest of President McKinley's achievements that during that war he contributed so materially to the obliteration of sectional and political differences.

Most of our Presidents have been well fitted for the work they had to do, but no President has had the forcefulness and ability, combined with the education and varied training and experience, of the young man who is now the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Out of the clouds of misconception and the false impressions thrown about this picturesque figure by the cartoonists and the paragraphers, more interested in sensationalism than in reality, there suddenly emerges this intensely earnest, forceful, brave, patriotic, humanity-loving, broad-minded, nonsectional American, this practical idealist, to become the youngest ruler of the greatest country in the world.

"'SAY, HENRIETTA,' SHE CALLED TO A LITTLE GIRL IN PIGTAIL BRAIDS."

THE TESTIMONIAL.

A RURAL COMEDY.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

TRIPHAMMER was the least important village in the town of Kingston, and Mrs. Noles was the least important woman in Triphammer. The villagers knew her as a little, beady-black-eyed, white-haired, silent body, who was continually sitting at her front window sewing upon piece-work, or doing odd jobs of mending for her neighbors. She had one familiar in Mrs. Liscum, who lived next door, and she was nominally a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but, coming as a stranger to the village, without friends or relatives, for ten years she had been the nobody of Triphammer. The young man at Hubbel's store knew her, perhaps, as well as any one, and the two held periodical conversations upon her favorite subject—patent medicines. These were her hobby, and she knew them as a mother knows her children. To-day she had invested in a new remedy. As she walked down the village street she saw chairs being moved into the vestry of the church from Mrs. Huxter's large white house near by.

"I wish 't I felt well enough to go to the sociable to-night," she said to herself. "Perhaps this 'Thaumaturgic Compound' might perk me up some, after all. Not that it matters much whether I go or I stay," she thought bitterly. "I ain't got nothin' but that black shalli to wear, an' I 'll only sit on a side seat with Mrs. Liscum, an' watch the young folks make sheep's eyes at each other. I ain't a-goin' to take that green bombazine out o' the chest just to be snubbed in!"

The little red cottage in which she lived was high above the street, and the climb up the front steps tired her back so that she had to sit down and rest when she reached

her sitting-room. She unwrapped the blue paper and smoothed it out flat, then placed it carefully between the leaves of her huge Bible. The green cord she wound round an empty spool in her work-basket. Then she read the directions upon the label of the bottle of Thaumaturgic Compound, and turned to the circular that had come wrapped about the medicine. Here were printed many testimonials from suffering women, in far-away towns, couched in the hackneyed verbiage of the trade, sprinkled with small portraits of the writers.

"I declare, if here ain't somebody who was cured of lame back, after all!" she said. She scrutinized minutely the picture accompanying it. "Strange folks will have their pictures taken in a cap," she mused, "when switches are so cheap, an' nobody can ever tell the difference in a photygraph. She looks like a good, truthful body, though, an' I believe the Compound 's goin' to benefit me, after all. I guess I 'll go to work an' take a teaspoonful right away an' see what it tastes like."

"Hmm!" she murmured, sipping it slowly. "They 's alum in it, I 'm positive o' that. Most likely camphire, too—they generally is. But it 's got a new taste to me, somehow. I can't quite make it out. It does seem a little like 'Quack's Cureall,' but there 's a smack to it that I ain't never noticed in any of 'em. It 's just about the color of 'Sawyer's Specific.' Seems like all o' these sciatiky medicines have got to be a sort of a saffron color. It must have lot o' something thick in it, for it riles up good when you shake it." She took another taste, and rolled her tongue gingerly. "They 's a drop o' pennyroyal in it, or I 'll be jiggered! I should n't be surprised if they was the least mite o' bloodroot, too. Brrrh! it 's strong as the bull o' Bashan, though. It 's good an' puckery. I guess it 'll work down into my back an' likely help me."

As she sat all that afternoon at her front window, it seemed to her that she already felt better for the generous dose she had taken of the new medicine, and the temptation to attend the church sociable in the evening grew steadily stronger. No one had thought to ask Mrs. Noles's advice, or had come to her for a contribution for the supper. Of all the congregation she was the last to be considered. So, when she appeared that evening in her black shalli gown sprinkled with purple sprigs, and slid into a seat beside Mrs. Liscum, she received no more than a scant nod or two from the members of the church, as she sat with her hands folded, discussing with her crony the merits of the Thaumaturgic Compound.

"I see a new brand o' medicine advertised in a Boston paper the other day," she began, "an' I did n't give Mr. Hubbel's young man no rest till he sent for some. I been about through the whole list of 'em now, an' I know pretty well what they can do, an' what they can't. Most of 'em 's just made up of calomile or paregoric, with some sort o' yarbs to give 'em a new flavorin'. But they don't none of 'em seem to touch the small o' my back, somehow. I thought that 'Ramsay's Reagent' eased up my dizzy spells some, but they come right back again as soon as I stopped takin' of it. Land! I got a row o' bottles on the shelf in the wood-house that would hold all the raspberry-shrub you could put up in a week. This new one, now, I believe is goin' to prove a godsend. That little snack I took before I left home seemed to kinder set me up real good, an' I believe I 'll go an' have a try at that donkey-game they 're playin' over there in the lib'ry."

"Pshaw! you 're gettin' too old for such tomfoolery," said Mrs. Liscum, "though I can't say but what you *do* seem to be a little spryer than you generally look to be, this evenin'. You got more color, an' your eyes are brighter. Perhaps it might do you good to move round some."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Noles made several attempts to take part in the games that were being played. She was, however, disappointed in every case. Just as her turn came to pin the tail to the donkey painted upon a white cloth, a new game was suggested and begun; when they played "spin the cover," her number was not called once; and when the procession was formed for "going to Jerusalem," it was found that there were not chairs enough for all, and she was dropped out without consideration to make room for more active members.

She came back to Mrs. Liscum much depressed at her failures.

"Seems like they wa'n't no room for me nowheres, nowadays," she said. "I 'm a square peg in a round hole wherever I go. I could 'a' done as well as Mis' Huxter, I 'll be bound, if I *do* say it as should n't. She pinned that tail right on to the donkey's nose! But the young folks mostly run everything, nowadays. I s'pose I had n't ought to complain. I had my fling, even if it did turn out a good deal of a mess."

"Where 's that son-in-law of yourn now?"

reckoned among the great services rendered by him to his country that he has set so high an example for the people in respect to their candidates for the Presidency. For, surely, when the personal character and fitness of a candidate for the chief office under the Constitution are so little known to the people that they must depend for proof on his personal advocacy of himself, then, indeed, will our government lose its nobility in our own eyes, and also forfeit that respect and confidence of foreign governments which have been so conspicuously won by the golden administration of the dear President we have lost.

Softly brilliant among the qualities which illustrated the personal character of the President—it is the luster of the perfect pearl rather than that of the diamond—was notably his unselfishness. It was apparent, of course, in his intimate family relationship. But it extended far beyond this. He could not be persuaded to recommend to Congress any appropriation which might be interpreted as inspired by self-interest. Congress and the country know how the Executive Mansion, originally intended only as the Presidential family residence, has gradually been absorbed for official and public uses, until there is not a single guest-room left when the mansion is occupied by a family of ordinary numbers. The privacy of a home within it has become impossible. When a foreign sovereign or his princely representative has visited the capital of our republic the national hospitality could find no expression except in the corridors of a public hotel.

On one occasion, when personal friends of a President were invited to stay at the White House during the scenes of an inauguration, some of them were obliged to take the hospitality of a night's repose on the floor of the mansion. Nevertheless, our late President, though strongly urged, could not be persuaded to ask Congress to undertake the work of its enlargement at a time when it might be construed to involve the question of his own comfort and convenience. When he entered the White House he was a poor man, without the smallest reserve of fortune for his family or old age. The country would not have censured reasonable economies in the hospitality of the mansion with a view to save from the salary of the office a modest competence for the demands of after years; for our people do not like to see their ex-Presidents descend into the scramble of business life, with its chances of tarnish upon their fame.

But the President whose virtues we commemorate, entertained no such selfish thoughts. Never in my half-century's acquaintance with the White House have I known such generous and unselfish hospitality as that which distinguished the official term of the man for whom we are mourning.

In close companionship with that virtue of unselfishness was another, the very twin brother of it. If you ask the hundreds of notable men who were frequent and solicitous visitors at the official mansion what quality of his character was the most remarkable in a man of his many cares and anxieties, the large majority will answer, patience, an indomitable, unvarying patience.

In all the various demands for the exercise of his many constitutional powers, in the presence of conflicting interests and urgent representations, he preserved his serenity of manner and gave a patient audience. Outside his own official household only members of the Cabinet had the right of immediate admission to the audience-chamber. Waiting representatives, senators, and others in official and private life must await their turn. The waiting numbers were often so large that impatience and nervous irritation seized them in the long delay, and when they were summoned they entered in a mood far from amiable. But when the President turned to them with his kindly face and tranquil manner, as if he had no burdens on his mind, and no other duty than to listen to his visitor, there was such a quieting charm in his courteous bearing that all this irritability disappeared as by magic. On one occasion, when a certain line of executive action was supposed to affect injuriously the interests of some constituents of a certain senator, the latter entered the room of audience with denunciatory remonstrances on his lips, and swelling with inward excitement. The President listened to his extravagant words, and advancing a step, put a hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone that a gentle nurse might use to a fretful invalid, "Oh, no, no; not so bad as that, senator; not so bad as that!" And soon reason resumed its throne.

Far beyond any precedent, this last administration has furnished a volume of proof that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." None but a viperous nature could come into angry collision with this man. His unselfishness, his patience, his courtesy forbade it. There are those who say that senators are persistently absorbing the functions which

lease of life to Mrs. Noles. In four days the first bottle of the Compound had been emptied, and she visited Mr. Hubbel's store for another. The pain in her back had disappeared, and none of her dizzy spells had troubled her for some time, so she told the young man who waited upon her, and she was loud in her praises of the remedy.

Mrs. Noles went home, and, opening her parcel, comforted herself by reading the testimonials. To her surprise, there was this time an entirely different set of letters and pictures. The old lady in the lace cap had disappeared, and she gazed with great interest at the new company of believers in the Thaumaturgic Compound. She read every letter over carefully, and compared the symptoms and ailments with her own.

Lonely and friendless, she began to take a more than curious interest in these ladies, who, like her, had found out for themselves the efficacy of the Thaumaturgic Compound. She read their letters over and over. She soon knew the writers by name and address, and by every particular of their maladies. She could pick out their faces at sight. There was one in particular she grew fonder of than the rest. This was a Mrs. Beamish of Willow Center, Ohio, and her case so nearly resembled Mrs. Noles's that the little old lady felt sure that the two had much in common besides. There were some twenty women represented by testimonial upon the circular, and to Mrs. Noles they became like members of a sisterhood, unknown to one another, perhaps, but all familiar to her. The thought came to her, after a time, that she, too, might join them and become one of the same cult. The aspiration dizzied her with its audacity, but by degrees she accustomed herself to the idea.

"I don't see," she said to herself, finally, "why I ain't as good an example as they are. I been helped a lot, an' I think it 's only fair I should testify the same as them women have. It might give some poor soul a lot of encouragement to try the Compound if they knew I was helped as much as Mrs. Beamish was. I don't know but I was worse, on the whole, even than Mrs. Beamish."

She took down the folding silica slate that hung on a nail in the kitchen, and began to compose a tribute. Turning to the printed letters, and copying an introductory phrase from one and a concluding sentence from another, paraphrasing the narratives to fit her own circumstances, she at last achieved a communication that was at once elegant and sincere. It was formally worded in the manner of the orthodox diction of the testimonial-writer,—a masterly composite,—and her remarkable restoration to health did not lose in the writing.

She set herself, with a pleased pride, to copy the effusion in violet ink upon a half-sheet of commercial note-paper. It was not enough, however, to send this communication alone. She, too, must have a picture to send to the proprietors of the Thaumaturgic Compound, though she had not sat for her photograph in twenty years, and the project loomed an ordeal. She emptied the silver in the cracked cup upon the dining-table. Her experiments in nostrums had kept her pin-money down to the smallest possible surplus, but by close economy she calculated that she might spare three dollars for the purpose.

Two days later found her sitting in a wonderfully upholstered chair at a photographic studio in Plymouth, intent, bolt upright, without any visible expression, her eyes staring into vacancy, her lips pursed, and her hands folded in her lap. She wore her false front, her coral ear-rings, and her green bombazine, impossibly erect, uncompromisingly rigid. When the proofs arrived she selected one that might well have portrayed an ideal martyr at the stake, and in due time half a dozen stiff, convex, burnished prints came to her through the post-office. She was absorbed in a contemplation of these wonderful works of art, endeavoring to select the blackest and shiniest one for her important use, when Mrs. Liscum, entering unannounced by way of the kitchen, in the quest of the loan of a teacupful of saleratus, discovered her.

"For the land sake!" she exclaimed. "If you ain't gone to work an' had your picture took! Why did n't you tell me? You ain't got a chick nor a child to call your own: I don't see what you want so many pictures of yourself for. What you goin' to do with 'em, now you got 'em?"

"You 'll know soon enough," said Mrs. Noles, with a good portion of her pleasure spoiled. It struck her with a pang that not even Mrs. Liscum expressed a wish to possess one of her pictures. She swept them into the table-drawer, and went for the saleratus without explaining further.

"How 's Mis' Huxter feelin' nowadays?" she inquired.

"Oh, I 'm afraid she 's enjoyin' pretty poor health. She seems to be worse off than she was last week. I see the doctor's gig standin' by her door when I come by."

"If she 'd come down off her high horse

an' be willin' to try some o' the Compound, she 'd come out all right without throwin' away a dollar 'n' a half a visit on Dr. Holmes," said Mrs. Noles, severely. "But some folks would ruther starve in the parlor than feast in the barn."

"I told her you said so, an' she said—well, never mind what."

"What *did* she say?" inquired the champion of the Compound.

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you," was the answer, "but it wa'n't none too complimentary to you, Mis' Noles, though far be it from me to fetch an' carry gossip from one to t' other. But I guess you got just about the same sort o' liver an' lights as most women, if you *do* take in sewin', an' I told her so in jest so many words. If she wants to pay for a doctor, I guess she can afford it. After all, he 's got to live, like the rest of us, I expect."

Mrs. Noles shook a thin finger at her friend. "Dr. Holmes would n't be able to make a livin' long if the Thaumaturgic Compound got to be well known, an' you can tell him from me that I say so. I wonder he don't buy some of it up an' give it to his patients. It would build up his practice wonderful, for he 's a prime favorite as fur as manners in the sick-room goes, they tell me."

After Mrs. Liscum's departure the old lady wrapped up one of the photographs with her letter, and disposed of the remaining five prints about the house where she could see one wherever she happened to be at work. The sixth bottle of the Compound had now been emptied, and, in spite of her improvement, she began enthusiastically upon the seventh. The testimonials still remained the same, however, when two more bottles had been bought, and she became a bit discouraged at not finding her own letter printed with the others.

II.

SHE was, one morning, about to set out for a visit to Mr. Hubbel's store for her ninth bottle of the Compound, when a rap at the front door startled her. Mrs. Liscum usually came in the back way without ceremony, and, save for an occasional peddler, she was seldom visited. She gave a hasty look in the mirror, drew off her apron, and went to the door. What was her astonishment, upon opening it, to find no less a personage than Mrs. Huxter, the leading member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the first lady of Triphammer, upon her front porch! Mrs. Noles was, for a moment, too dazed even to ask her in.

"Good mornin', Mis' Noles. I was passin' by, an' I thought I 'd just run in for a minute an' say howdy do. I did n't see you at prayer-meetin' last Friday night, an' I did n't know but you was ailin'. How do you feel to-day?"

"Well, I 'm just about as usual, Mis' Huxter, thank you." Then her senses returned, and she threw open the little dark front parlor, and, going in, raised the shade. "Come right along in," she said.

"Never mind openin' the curtains," Mrs. Huxter insisted affably. "You no need to fade out that red carpet just for me, Mis' Noles. I 'll come right into your settin'-room an' sit down for a minute."

Mrs. Noles, however, insisted that that room was n't fit to receive company in, and the two entered the tiny "parlor" solemnly, and sat down upon haircloth chairs.

"I 'm sorry to hear you 're poorly, Mis' Huxter," said Mrs. Noles. "Ain't your back no better yet?"

"No, I can't say as it is," replied Mrs. Huxter. "An' that 's one reason I thought I 'd drop in on you. I hear you find the Thaumaturgic Compound is a great help, an' I thought I 'd inquire more about it, you havin' tried it, an' get some, if you thought 't would do me good."

Mrs. Noles swallowed down her emotion at being thus appealed to as an authority, and, forgetting her embarrassment, she launched into a discussion of her favorite remedy. As she talked, she unconsciously dropped into the stilted phraseology of the panacea advertisements, and quoted from the testimonials she knew by heart.

"Yes, it *is* a marvelous remedy," she said, with a look of intent interest in her little beady black eyes. "You know I suffered for years with sciatiky an' rheumatism, an' none of the doctors in Higginsport seemed to be able to relieve me. I accidentally saw an advertisement of the Compound, an' I begun to take it regular, an' after three bottles I found myself able to do more work than I had been good for in four years. It has made a new woman of me."

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Huxter, impressed by the glib phrases of this little black-eyed woman. "It must be wonderful. Now, Mis' Noles, d' you think it would do *me* any good, really? I 've had Dr. Holmes for six weeks, an' I declare my back 's as bad as ever it was, an' I don't know how many of his prescriptions I 've swallowed

down." She spoke as to a certified physician, under the spell of the old lady's loquacity.

Mrs. Noles sat up straighter. "What be your symptoms?" she inquired severely.

Mrs. Huxter narrated the features of her case, and the champion of the Compound checked them off on her fingers. Her eyes fixed themselves with a glitter upon her aristocratic caller, and her voice came dry and thin, reeling off the professional expressions of the trade.

"There was Mis' Evans of East Clifton, Missouri; she was cured of just such a cramp as you complain of, only worse, perhaps. An' Mis' Harriman in Butte, Montana, had that tired feeling just like yours, an' she said she felt as if she had been pounded all over with a mallet; she was cured in four bottles. I don't just know about your kidneys, though; seems like you was a special case; but they was a woman in Belle Rapids, Michigan, who had a trouble something similar, now I think of it, an' she said the Compound cured her after the doctors had give her up. I expect it 's just what you need, an' I 'd advise you to get six bottles to once, if you can afford it, for they come cheaper by the half-dozen, an' they ain't no use givin' it a half-way trial. If it 's worth doin' at all, it 's worth doin' well."

"Well, I 'm much obliged to you, I 'm sure," said Mrs. Huxter. "I believe I 'll go down to Mr. Hubbel's store an' order some. I hope we 'll see you to the next sociable, Mis' Noles. We 're expectin' to have a royal good time."

When Mrs. Huxter left, Mrs. Noles sat down and watched her through the window till she disappeared at the curve of the road.

"To think of her callin' on me, an' she ain't darkened my doors before since I come to Triphammer!" she said to herself. "She wa'n't so toplofty, either. Well, what next? I wonder what she was up to, anyway. Lord! butter would n't melt in her mouth to-day. I expect I better go down to Hubbel's store an' get another bottle o' the Compound before she buys it all up."

She threw a shawl over her plaid gingham gown and walked down the village street toward the post-office. It was a warm, sunny day, but to Mrs. Noles there was more ozone than usual in the air. The graciousness shown by Mrs. Huxter had inspired her, and she walked like a young girl. As she got farther down the street two ladies of her congregation stopped her with polite inquiries as to her health. Mrs. Noles opened her little black eyes very wide at them, but discoursed with animation upon her few remaining aches and pains, interlarding her remarks, as usual, with quotations from the well-known testimonials. It was strange, however, for her to be thus noticed and collogued, and when the minister's wife actually crossed the street to invite her most cordially to attend the coming church sociable, her astonishment knew no bounds. When she reached the store, the young man behind the counter made haste to come forward, and greeted her with a grin.

"Good mornin', Mis' Noles," he said. "You 've got to be quite famous since you was here last, ain't you?"

"Bless my heart! what d' you mean?" she asked.

"Why, havin' your picture in the paper. Everybody in town 's talkin' about it."

"For the land sakes alive! My picture ain't in the paper, is it?"

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you ain't seen it, do you? Ain't you read your 'Sentinel' yet?"

"No; I ain't been to the post-office for my mail for two days. I can't believe it 's in the paper. You ain't a-foolin' me, be you? Have you got a copy of it here? I 'd like to see it."

The young man went to his desk and brought back a copy of the Kingston "Sentinel," and unfolded it upon the top of the show-case, while Mrs. Noles leaned over it with trembling expectancy.

"There!" said the clerk, in triumph, pointing to the last page of the "Sentinel."

There, indeed, was the face of Mrs. Noles, executed in the wavy, shaded lines of a coarse woodcut some four inches square, a picture that stared from the page, compelling the gaze of the reader, literal to the mole on her chin; false front and coral ear-rings portrayed with exactitude; rigid, frigid, expressionless, the face of a martyr at the stake. Beneath it, in the cramped handwriting of the old lady, appeared the name "Miranda Noles," while beside the conspicuous illustration, under the bold caption of "Chase's Thaumaturgic Compound," was the printed letter over which she had toiled so assiduously on her folding-slate.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" Mrs. Noles exclaimed. She reached for her glasses suspended from a black cord, without removing her eyes from the sheet, and with the lenses on her nose she read through the letter with the suppressed excitement of an author who sees his first poem in print. "I

did n't put that in about 'housemaid's knee'!" she cried indignantly. "An' I never knew before that 'sciatiky' was spelled with a *c*. But I declare if they ain't copied my writing just like it was done with a pen!"

This unexpected prominence far exceeded Mrs. Noles's wildest hopes. No wonder Mrs. Huxter had deigned to call upon her. Mrs. Huxter, indeed! Now she could hold up her head with the best of them! They had never had *their* pictures in the paper, and never would. She was, indeed, become famous; the town was talking of her already. Never in the history of Triphammer village had any one leaped so suddenly into celebrity.

As she minced back home she thought with a pang of the old shoes she had on, and the plaid gingham gown in which she must meet the gaze of any one who chanced to meet her on the way. She must not be caught in this attire again. She held her head erect, but kept a sharp lookout from a corner of her eye for observers. Now she was a woman of position, the black shalli would be none too good for every-day wear, and a new bonnet was imperatively necessary.

As soon as she arrived home she made the changes necessary in her costume in case company should appear, and then she sat down to cut the picture and testimonial from her "Sentinel." That done, she took her place at her front window and began her work as if nothing had happened. She tried to be calm and to subdue her spirits to a decent humility, but a bounding pride sung in her withered breast. At last she could stand it no longer, and removed the woodcut to a little fret-sawed bracket between the windows, where she could glance at it as she sewed.

Many persons passed the cottage, and Mrs. Noles's sharp scrutiny detected several meaningful looks pointed in her direction. She was indubitably being discussed. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Liscum, in a conscious state of starched calico, called, for the first time in their acquaintance, by way of the front door. She said nothing about Mrs. Noles's black shalli gown with the purple sprigs. It was tacitly understood between them that it was proper for a person of such importance to dress befittingly. Mrs. Liscum herself had called to pay tribute, but in a little while she adopted the easy familiarity of a friend who had known a celebrity while yet unknown to fame, and retailed the gossip of the village.

"I knew they was a nigger in the woodpile when I see them photygraph pictures," she said knowingly. "I suspicioned what they was for, but of course I did n't let on to you, bein' as 't was none o' my business. I never see it in the paper till this afternoon, though, but it did n't surprise me the least little bit. I says to Cousin Thomas I thought as much, an' I knew Mis' Noles would have her turn some fine day. I hear Mis' Huxter says you must have had the picture took ten years ago, but that 's only her spite. You ought to wear that false front all the time, Mis' Noles; it looks real smart an' chipper. It was a strikin' likeness, wa'n't it? Large as life, almost, an' twice as natural. They even got that mole on your chin in, did n't they? Now, I wonder if you think the Compound would help my chilblains any? I thought some o' buyin' a bottle if you considered it would likely do me good, or perhaps you got a little left you could spare me?"

Mrs. Noles ignored the last hint and went into the subject of chilblains. "There 's that Mr. Roy Pike in Hoogly, Alabamma; he had the barber's itch, an' I expect it 's pretty near the same thing. He experienced a complete restoration to health after takin' five bottles. Yes, I think you ought to try it, Mis' Liscum. Don't forget to shake the bottle. I 'd take about two tablespoonfuls after each meal, an' it would set you up, I 'm sure."

"I 'll go down to Mr. Hubbel's an' get some right away," Mrs. Liscum decided, seeing the impossibility of borrowing from her friend. "I hear Mis' Huxter called on you this mornin'. She ain't never deigned to call on *me*. I s'pose she was as smooth as buttermilk now you 're in the paper! She 's too high an' mighty for common folks, an' she 's run things long enough in Triphammer, to my way o' thinkin'. I heard she 's goin' over to Plymouth to have *her* picture took, too!"

Mrs. Noles sniffed. "Hmm! I s'pose anybody can get into the paper now they know how! But they can't testify to havin' took nine bottles of the Compound, not for a while yet, an' I guess I can keep ahead of 'em with nine bottles' start of 'em."

Soon afterward the minister's wife appeared, all smiles and confidences, with insinuating references to Mrs. Noles's celebrated lemon cookies, which, she informed Mrs. Noles, the ladies on the refreshment committee insisted, positively *insisted*, upon having for the next church sociable.

"You 've made quite a stir in the village,"

she continued, glancing at the framed woodcut by the window. "D' you think the Thaumaturgic Compound would really do my headaches any good? I was thinkin' I 'd consult Dr. Holmes, but then I thought I 'd ask you first, an' perhaps you could give me some advice, havin' had so much experience with it."

"Well, I did hear of a case in Galveston, Texas, that was cured by the Compound," replied Mrs. Noles, oracularly. "Mis' Adam Wolfert it was, an' she had nervous sick-headaches for two years, an' consulted the best physicians in Galveston to no avail. A single application brought relief, an' two bottles effected a permanent cure. Be your headaches nervous, d' you think?"

"I was rather inclined to consider they was rheumatic," said the minister's wife, as if apologizing for her disorder.

"Well, then, I 'm sure the Compound is jest the thing," Mrs. Noles affirmed. "I 'd give it a trial right away."

"My husband complains a good deal of neuralgia, an' I guess I 'd better get two bottles, then, while I 'm about it. Perhaps we could club together an' get a half-dozen bottles to once, an' divide 'em. Mis' Huxter says it comes cheaper that way. But I s'pose, from what you say in your testimonial, you 're entirely cured, an' so you don't need no more."

"Oh, *no!*" cried Mrs. Noles, in eager remonstrance. "That is, of course, I said I was cured in my letter, but I only referred to the pain in my back. But I always have a touch of sciatiky in the spring, an' I can't afford not to have a bottle o' the Compound handy in the house."

"Well, an' you 'll be willin' to bake us some o' your lemon cookies, won't you?" was the final question.

"Well," said Mrs. Noles, "I dunno as I *shall* be able to find time, but if I can I will. I don't want to interfere with Mis' Huxter's plans none, though. I know she prides herself on her pink-frosted cakes, an' she might not like to have me set myself up to be as good a cook as she is."

III.

On the night of the sociable Mrs. Noles, attired in her green bombazine gown, appeared with a paper bag filled with lemon cookies. Her reception this time was very different from that she had met with before, but the events of the week had wrought in her such an increase of pride that she took her greeting as an undeniable right. The minister's wife invited her into her husband's study to lay off her wraps, and Mrs. Huxter herself found her a chair beside her own, and engaged her in an animated discussion of cooking-recipes. When the game of spin the cover was introduced, Mrs. Noles was complimented with the designation Number One, and, all smiles and elderly graces, she replied to that frequent call with an agility that left her scant of breath at the unaccustomed exercise. She refused to take part in the procession that was going to Jerusalem, but was accorded the important privilege of standing beside the pianist and stopping the music at the critical moments. The little girls who passed the cake and ice-cream came to her among the first waited on, and a majority of the women present found time to come to her and praise her lemon cookies with eloquent eulogy. This night, instead of slipping out unobserved, Mrs. Noles stayed until the last intimate group left.

For four weeks Mrs. Noles was bathed in a fierce white light of prominence. Every week when the "Sentinel" arrived, she took it from the wrapper and turned to the last page, where her calm, frigid, impassive countenance asserted itself from the center of the sheet. The regularity of the picture's appearance gave a spur to her growing fame. It was a perpetual indorsement of her importance, and her place was thoroughly established in the community. To seat her more firmly upon the throne, came many letters from all parts of the country, inquiring of her experience with the widely advertised Thaumaturgic Compound. The postmaster sometimes handed her out three or four such missives at a time, and in such a village as Triphammer nothing else could have made so much gossip.

The renaissance in Mrs. Noles's fortunes was evidenced in her demeanor and attire. She wore the black shalli with the purple sprigs constantly, under an apron which could be whipped off at the first approach of callers, and upon the slightest excuse for formality she swathed her form in the green bombazine. She sat at her window constantly, ready to receive company and to give advice to those who came to consult her upon their diseases. By degrees her word obtained an undeniable authority, and her attitude in the treatment of cases was marked by a boldness that she would not have dreamed of a month before.

She was seated in such state at her window one morning, when she perceived a man

"GOING TO JERUSALEM."

coming inquiringly down the village street. She saw at a glance that he was a stranger, but she was pleased to observe that, as he approached her cottage, he examined the place curiously, as if he knew it to be the abode of a notable. He paused before the gate in the picket-fence, and then came up her steps. Then, just before he disappeared in the shadow of the porch, she recognized him. It was her son-in-law Will, whom she had not seen for ten years!

She froze into a stiffer dignity than ever, but with a whisk her apron was off, her false front straightened at the mirror, the turquoise turned outside upon her finger, and she was at the front door in time to answer his rap at the knocker. She opened to find a man of some forty years, with a smooth-shaven chin and a drooping brown mustache. His eyes were a clear dark blue, his skin fresh with health, and there were none of the signs of dissipation upon his face that she had expected to see. He took off his hat and smiled frankly.

"Howdy do, mother?" he said cordially.

Mrs. Noles could not resist him. She had always said "he had a way with him," and she immediately succumbed to his fascination, for he was now what he had been when Fanny had first met him—bright, clean, and filled with good fellowship.

"For the land sakes, Will, where did *you* drop from?" she exclaimed. "Do come in"; and she led the way into the sitting-room. "Well, I must say you 're quite a stranger."

"Yes, I s'pose I am," he answered. "And I 'd have been more of a one if I had n't seen your picture in the paper." He pointed to the woodcut on the wall and grinned. "It did strike me all of a heap when I saw your face printed there, for I ain't had no idea where you been all these years, nor even whether you was in the land o' the livin' or not. So I just made up my mind, bein' as I was so near by, I 'd look you up an' see how you was. I did n't know whether you 'd be willin' to see me or not, but think-says-I, 'I 'll try anyways.'"

"What be you doin' now?" asked Mrs. Noles, non-committally. She dreaded to ask the question for fear of hearing the same old story of shiftlessness and intemperance. She could not believe he had changed much, despite his appearance.

"Oh, I 'm travelin' for a harness house now. I been with 'em five years, an' I 'm doin' fairly well. I expect you 'll be surprised to hear it, an' mebbe won't believe it,

but I ain't touched liquor for eight years come Christmas."

Mrs. Noles beamed encouragement. Will was her nearest approach to a relative, and she was glad to be able to be proud of him.

"Where be you livin'?" she asked.

"Oh, I 'm settled out in Ohio now. I got a little place o' my own in the country fixed up pretty nice an' comfortable."

"You have, have you? Be you married, Will?"

"Yes," he replied somewhat apologetically, as if he felt she might resent his disloyalty to Fanny.

But Mrs. Noles seemed pleased. "I s'pose that 's what steadied you up, then," she said.

"Yes; Abby 's a fine woman, an' she 's just made a man out o' me. She ain't so pretty-lookin' as your Fanny was, but she 's true blue. She 's a Ohio girl, an' she 's capable an' willin', an'—well, I 'm awful fond of her. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind? No, indeed; I 'm real glad for you. If she could reform you she must be a good girl. Got any children?"

"I got a little girl four years old."

"What d' you call her?"

Will looked down at a patch in the green carpet. "I named her Fanny, mother. It seemed to me it was all I could do to make up for how I 'd treated your Fanny. She 's a fine little woman, the girl is. You 'd like her."

Mrs. Noles was much affected. It was as if she had found a real grandchild. Her heart warmed, and the tears came to her eyes at the evidence of Will's feeling for his first wife. "I 'm sorry I ain't never heard of it before," she confessed.

"The fact is, I had n't no idea where to find you after you moved away from Higginsport, an' I been tryin' for a long time to look you up. I travel this way about twice a year sellin' harnesses, an' it was only yesterday at the hotel I picked up a paper an' saw your picture. I inquired at the office where you lived, and come right out."

"I 'm real glad you did, too," said Mrs. Noles. "But now you 're here, it don't seem like more 'n a week since I saw you last. O' course you 've aged some, but still you 're more like you used to be when I saw you first, Will. You just stay here while I get something to eat, an' we 'll have a little snack o' lunch, an' you can tell me all about your wife."

As she busied herself in the kitchen she cast more than one glance at her good-looking visitor, and each new view strengthened her liking for him. In the first days of Fanny's married life he had been all that a mother-in-law could wish, and he seemed, under the influence of this other woman, to have got back to that state again. To have him here seemed to give her an added sense of importance, as of one with a family. Their talk was long and circumstantial as they grew back into their former regard, and by the time he had to leave, Mrs. Noles felt quite keenly the prospect of losing him again—her one tie of relationship. It seemed he had his own regrets also, and as he stood on the porch with his hat in his hand, he said:

"I got a proposition to make to you, mother, an' I don't want you to answer it till you 've had time to think it over. I want you to come out to Hebron an' stay a spell with us an' see how you like it. We live a good ways out of the village at Hebron, an' she gets awful lonesome when I 'm away. She says sometimes she feels like screamin' for the want of some one to talk dressmakin' an' cookin' to, an' we 've talked about you many 's the time, an' wished we could hunt you up. I 'm sure we 'd get on together famously now, for I 'm a different man than I was while I was drinkin', an' I know I did n't do right by your Fanny an' you. We got lots o' room, an' we could make you real comfortable. I 'll be comin' back this way after I 've gone to New York, an' I 'll expect you to be all ready to go along with me."

Mrs. Noles grasped at the opportunity of delay in which to think it over, for the prospect of moving dazed her.

"Well, I can't say how I 'll feel then," she said, "but I 'll think it over an' sleep on it. It 's real good of you an' your wife to want me, I 'm sure, after all that 's happened, but I 'm gettin' to be an old woman now, an' I don't know about leavin' here. I sort o' got my place here, an' I 'm afraid I would n't fit in anywheres else."

She shut the door and went in to sit down in her front room. The prospect was alluring to the old lady, who had never been out of New England, and the trip to Ohio seemed a long journey. But it was long since she had changed her habits, and a kind of terror smote her at the idea of leaving her familiar scenes and duties.

More potent even than these considerations, however, was the fact that she was now a celebrity, with a place and a station recognized in the village of Triphammer. The prospect of giving all this up while it was still so new and so enjoyable worried her. The first taste

of popularity was sweet as honey to Mrs. Noles, and to be pointed out, talked of, to represent the village, in a way, to the outer world, was a pleasure that she could not think of giving up without a pang. She gazed earnestly at the woodcut between the windows, and decided that she could not relinquish the spoils of victory and abandon her laurels to go and live in seclusion with Will's wife.

But Mrs. Liscum, when she heard of the proposal, was, to Mrs. Noles's surprise, entirely for emigration. It seemed, however, that she had an iron in the fire.

"You could dispose of your furniture and things easy enough without half tryin'," she argued, after she had painted the joys of travel. "Cousin Thomas an' his wife have been talkin' of movin' for some time, an' I ain't sure but what this house would just about suit 'em. I should n't be surprised but what you could drive a bargain with him for your whole outfit at a reasonable figure. I declare, I 'd be glad if he would move, for his children do act like all possessed. It would be real handy for me to run in, if Cousin Thomas did take the place, though, of course, we 'll all be mortally sorry to have you go, though it might benefit you, an' you 'll be a heap better fixed livin' with your own folks than here all alone by yourself."

A month after the first publication of her picture, and while her fame was at full high tide, flooding the neighborhood, Mrs. Noles had another call from Will, on his way back to Ohio. He came in the kitchen door with an air that betokened confidence that his offer would be accepted.

"Well, mother," he said, "have you made up your mind yet to come along with me? Don't you dare to say no!"

"I 'm afraid I can't go, Will," Mrs. Noles said sadly, for the journey had many attractions. "I guess I 'm too old to fit in anywheres now. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, an' I 'm afraid I might be a source o' worry to you sometimes. I 'm kinder set in my ways. I got my friends here now, an' I sort o' depend on 'em, an' they on me. I feel as if I ought to stay by the Compound, too, an' work for it here, for they 's no knowin' how soon folks might be imposed upon by some o' them there quack medicines."

"You could do all that in Hebron," Will insisted.

"I dunno as I could, an' I dunno *as* I could," she answered enigmatically. "Is Hebron anywhere near to Willow Center?"

"Yes," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, I know a Mrs. Beamish there, that 's all."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Liscum, who entered, and then drew back, apologizing for her intrusion when company was present.

"I thought I 'd bring along your 'Sentinel,'" she said. "I see it in your box, an' I thought I 'd save you the trouble o' goin' for it. No, I won't stay now."

Mrs. Noles returned to her son-in-law and began to unwrap the paper. "You 'll excuse me if I just take a look at the paper, won't you, Will? I 'm expectin' to see some news, an' I just want to peek into it a minute."

She turned to the last page with the pleasant anticipation of the delight the appearance of her portrait always caused her. Then she turned suddenly pale, and her little black eyes shone with a glitter from her white cheeks. There, where for a month her picture had appeared, impassive, dignified, expressionless, there was, instead, the face of a young woman, a chit of twenty, a brazen-faced hussy with her hair dressed Pompadour style, and a scandalously low-necked gown. What right had she to this place so well earned by one who had already drunk twelve bottles of the Thaumaturgic Compound, who had been universally acknowledged as the champion of the remedy? The shock unnerved her—she felt faint and dizzy; she could hardly believe that this act of injustice was possible.

"What ails you, mother?" Will cried, seeing her put her hands to her head. "Did you find bad news? There ain't none o' your friends dead, be they?"

Mrs. Noles's mind was whirling with the catastrophe, but she summoned her will bravely to adjust herself to a new order of things. She looked at her son-in-law, and said in a trembling voice, "I dunno but what I 'll decide to go along with you, after all, Will. There 's Mrs. Beamish in Willow Center, an' perhaps I would n't be so lonesome. I think I might pack up in time to leave in the mornin' if I tried." Then she tapped on the window-pane with her thimble to Mrs. Liscum, who was still lingering in the geranium-bed.

The next day, before more than half the village had had time to look over their weekly "Sentinel"—without a farewell, without a proclamation of abdication, the dethroned queen of Triphammer disappeared from the village, never to return.

THE DECEPTION OF MARTHA TUCKER.

AN AUTOMOBILE EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,
Author of "The Four-masted Cat-boat," "Some Americans Abroad," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY.

IT was not that Martha Tucker was particularly fond of horses so much as that she was afraid of automobiles of every sort, kind, or description. That was why she said that she would never consent to her husband's purchasing a motor-carriage.

"Horses were good enough for my father, and I guess that horses will do for me as long as I live and John is able to keep them," said she to various friends on numerous occasions.

But if she was ridiculously old-fashioned in her notions, John was not, and he cast about in his mind for some way to circumvent Martha without her knowing it. The thing would have been easy to do if it had not been for the fact that they were a very loving couple. John seldom went anywhere without taking his wife along, and as his business was of such a nature that he carried it on under his roof-tree, he was unable to speed along in happy loneliness on a locomobile or electric motor. Besides all this, John Tucker's conscience was such a peculiar affair that if he hoodwinked Martha it must be in her sight.

The Tuckers always spent their summers at Arlinburg, the roads around which were famous for driving; and almost their only outdoor recreation, aside from wandering afoot in the fields, was found in riding behind some one or two of his half-dozen horses. The fact that he was abundantly able to maintain the most expensive automobile extant made it doubly hard for John to abstain from the use of one.

"I gave up smoking to please Martha when we were married, but I do not intend to give up the idea of running an automobile of my own, just because she has the old-fogy notions of the Hiltons in her blood. Her father never rode in a steam-car, although the road passed by his back door, and all the Hiltons are old-fogyish—which sums up their faults."

John said this to an old schoolmate who was spending a Sunday at his house.

"Would n't she try one of your neighbors' automobiles, and see how she likes it?"

"No, sir; her no is a no. But I mean to ride in one with her sometime, if I have to blindfold her and tell her it 's a baby-carriage."

It may have been a week after this conversation that John and Martha wandered in the woods picking wild flowers, and Mrs. Tucker was inoculated with ivy-poisoning that settled in her eyes, so that for several days she was confined to her room, and when she came out she was told by her doctor to wear smoked glasses for a week or two, her eyes still being inflamed and very painful. "Keep outdoors; go riding as much as you can; but don't take off the glasses until the inflammation has entirely subsided," said he.

John was sincerely sorry for his wife's misfortune, but when he heard that she would see through a glass darkly for the matter of a week or two, he made up his mind to act, and to act quickly.

That he might test her vision, he took her out for a ride. The horse he was driving was a gray, Roanoke by name.

"My dear," said Mr. Tucker, "don't you think that the gait of this black horse is very like that of Roanoke?"

"I 'm sure I can't tell," said Martha. "With these dismal glasses on I 'm not quite sure whether it 's a horse or a cow in the harness. I get a hazy outline of some animal, but no color and little form. Don't ever touch poison-ivy if you value your sight."

"Well, the doctor says you 'll be all right in a week or two. By the way, Martha, I 'm going to run down to New York to-morrow on business. I 'll be back in the evening. If your eyes were all right you might come along, but as it is, I guess you 'd better not go down."

"No; driving around with James will do me more good than a stuffy train. Come home as soon as you can, dear, and —" She hesitated. "I hate the old things, but if you are so set on trying one of those automobiles, why don't you do it to-morrow when you are in New York?"

"'OH, JOHN, HE 'S RUNNING AWAY!'"

"Why, I believe I will, my dear. I wish I could overcome your prejudice against them."

"But you can't, dear, so don't try."

When Mr. Tucker reached New York, the first thing that he did was to visit an automobile repository.

"Would it be possible for you to let me have an automobile that could be operated from behind, so that my wife and I could sit in front and simply enjoy the ride?"

"Why, certainly," said the man. "We have every style known to the most advanced makers."

"And could I have shafts attached to it so that if it broke down I could call in the services of some horse?"

"But, sir, our machines never break down. That is why we are selling one every minute in the working-day. Our agents are located in every known city of the earth, and our factories are running day and night, and in spite of it we are falling behind in our orders in a rapidly increasing ratio."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Tucker, turning to leave the store. "Then I 'm afraid I 'll have to go elsewhere, as I wanted one sent up to me to-morrow or next day. A birthday present for my wife, you understand."

"Oh, I suppose," said the wily salesman, "that I *could* let you in ahead of your turn if the payment were cash."

"Of course the payment will be cash. That 's the only way I ever pay."

A half-hour from that time John Tucker was being propelled through New York's busy streets in a smoothly running, almost noiseless automobile worked from behind, and its way led down to a harness-store in Chambers street. As yet there were no shafts, but he had provided for a pair.

Mr. Tucker went into the harness-store. "Good day," said he. "I want to buy a wooden horse like the one out in front, only covered with horse-skin."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "we don't manufacture them ourselves, but we can order one for you. Going into the harness business?"

"No, but I want to try an experiment. Would it be possible for me to have a mechanical horse built that would move its legs in a passable imitation of trotting?"

"Nowadays everything is possible," said the salesman, "but it would be very expensive."

"Well, I 'll just tell you what I want it

for," said Mr. Tucker, and he entered into details concerning Mrs. Tucker's aversion to automobiles, her ivy-poisoning, and his scheme. The clerk seemed interested.

"If the lady's eyes are as inflamed as all that," said he, "she would not notice the lack of natural motion, and it would be easy to place a contrivance inside of the figure that would imitate the sound of trotting, and your wife's imagination would do the rest. But I think that your idea of having the horse on a platform like the one out front is not a good one. If the platform struck a rock in the road it would knock the whole thing to smithereens. Better place smallish wheels on the inner side of the ankles, fix the hind legs so they will be jointed at the thighs, and then you can run up hill and down dale with no trouble."

Mr. Tucker clapped his hands like a boy. "That 's fine! My wife will get thoroughly used to an automobile without knowing she is riding in one, and then when she recovers the use of her eyes I 'll give the wooden horse a well-earned rest. Call up that factory on the phone, and I 'll order my hobby-horse at once. You think that I can get it *in* a day or two?"

"It 's only a question of expense, sir, and you say that is nothing."

"Of course it 's nothing. Nothing is anything if I can take my wife out automobiling without her knowing it."

Three days later Mr. Tucker said to his wife at luncheon:

"My dear, as this is your birthday, I have given myself the pleasure of buying you a new horse and wagon, and it will be ready for us to go out in half an hour."

"Oh, you dear, thoughtful man!" said Mrs. Tucker, beaming as well as she was able to through her smoked glasses. Then she rose and gave him a kiss that made him feel that he was a guilty wretch to be meditating the deception of such a lovable wife. But he had gone too far to retrace his steps now, and he eased his feelings with the thought that the end would justify the means.

"You are always doing things to please me," said she.

"No such thing," he replied. "You may not like this horse as well as you like Roanoke or Charley, but it is quite a swagger turnout, and I 've decided to have James go with us and sit behind on the rumble."

"Oh, but, my dear, we will not be driving alone if he is with us."

"Nonsense! We 've been married twenty years, and anyhow James is a graven image. He will not know we are there." ("He will be too busy running the thing," added Mr. Tucker, mentally.)

A half-hour later Mr. Tucker announced to his wife that he was ready, and she put a few last touches to her toilet, bathed her eyes with witch-hazel, adjusted her smoked glasses, and went out to the porte-cochère.

She dimly discerned the horse, the wagon, the groom at the horse's head, and her husband. There was an indescribably swagger look about the equipage, and she wished that she could take off her glasses and gloat over her new possession, but the doctor's orders had been imperative. She did, however, approach the horse's head to pet him; but her husband said: "Don't, dear. He may not like women. Wait until he is used to us before you try to coddle him."

They stepped to their seats; the groom left the horse's head and handed the reins to Mr. Tucker, mounted the rumble, and off they started.

"Why, it 's like sailing," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Pneumatic tires, my dear," answered her husband, glibly.

"And how rhythmical the horse's hoof-beats are!"

"An evidence of blood, my darling. I know this horse's pedigree: by Carpenter out of Chestnut—"

"Oh, don't. I never cared for those long genealogies. Blood or not, he is certainly the smoothest traveler I ever saw."

They had been skilfully guided along the winding path that led to the highway by the *chauffeur*, who, although he was a James, was not the James who generally worked in the stable, but a James hired at the office of the company in order that he might break in the local James.

After they reached the road the way for a mile or more was clear and straight, and they met no teams. The horse was wonderfully lifelike, except in his action, or rather lack of action, for his fore feet were eternally in an attitude of rest. The hind legs rose and fell with the inequalities of the road, and his mane and tail waved in the breeze like the real horsehair that they were.

"This is the poetry of motion," said Mrs. Tucker. "I don't believe you 'll ever find an automobile that can run like this."

"I 'll admit that I would n't wish one to go better. All right back there, James?"

"All right, sir."

"Why, how queer James's voice sounds! I never noticed that squeak in it before."

"It 's the exhilarating effect of our fast

driving. Do you think that you could stand a faster pace?"

"Why, if you 're not afraid of tiring the horse. He 's going like the wind now."

"Oh, he won't mind. Faster, James."

"Why do you say that to James? Did you think he was driving, you absent-minded dear, you?"

"I did, for the moment."

James was *sure* he was driving, and at this command from his employer he put on al-

"HE YELLED DIRECTIONS TO MR. TUCKER."

most the full force of the electricity. The wagon gave a leap forward, and turning into a macadamized road at this point, they went along at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Mrs. Tucker clutched her husband's arm. "John, his speed is uncanny. We seem to be going like an express-train."

"It 's the smoothness of the road and his perfect breeding, my dear. Do you notice that this furious gait does not seem to affect his wind at all?"

"No, I had n't noticed it; but is n't it queer how regular his hoof-beats are? and they do not seem to quicken their rate at all."

John had noticed this, too, and he had regretted not having told the manufacturer to arrange the mechanism so that the hoof-beats would become more or less rapid according to the gait; but he answered quickly:

"That, my dear, is because he reaches farther and farther. You know some breeds of horses gain speed by quickening their gait. This horse gains it by a lengthened reach. He is a remarkable animal. Actually, my dear, we are overtaking a locomobile."

"Oh, John, is he used to these horrid steam-wagons?"

"Nothing will frighten this horse, Martha. You can rest assured of that."

A minute later they passed the locomobile. If Mrs. Tucker could have seen the codfish eyes of the occupant of the vehicle when he saw a hobby-horse going by at the rate of twenty miles an hour, she would have questioned his sanity. If she could have seen the scared looks and the scared horse of the people in the approaching buggy, she would have begun to wonder what possessed her new possession. But her goggles saved her from present worry, and the buggy was passed in a flash.

"Oh, I do wish I could take off my glasses for a minute so that I could enjoy this rapid motion to the full! How the trees must be spinning by!"

"Don't touch your glasses," said Mr. Tucker, hurriedly. "If a speck of dust or a pebble were to get into your eye, you might become permanently blind. Positively, you are like a child with a new rocking-horse. This turnout will keep until your eyes are fully recovered, and I hope we may enjoy many a spin in this easy carriage, with or without this horse."

"Never without him, dear. After the delight of this swift motion I never would go back to lazy Roanoke or skittish Charley. I have never ridden in any carriage that pleased me like this one."

"She 's a convert already without knowing it," said her husband to himself, but her next remark dispelled his illusion.

"How can any one like a noisy automobile better than this? You can't improve on nature."

"Meaning that a wagon is natural, but an automobile is artificial?"

"You know what I mean. By the way, I forgot to ask you if you rode in one the other day in New York."

"To be sure. I *did n't* tell you, did I? It was almost as nice as this, though the traffic impeded us some. Oh, James, look out!"

This interruption was involuntary on the part of Mr. Tucker, and his words were not noticed by his wife in the confusion of that which followed. They were going down a hill at a fearful rate, when the off fore leg of the wooden horse became a veritable off fore leg, for it hit a log of wood that had dropped from a teamster's cart not five minutes before, and broke off at the knee. The jar almost threw Mrs. Tucker out; she grasped the dash-board to save herself, and caught a momentary glimpse of the oddly working haunches of the imitation beast.

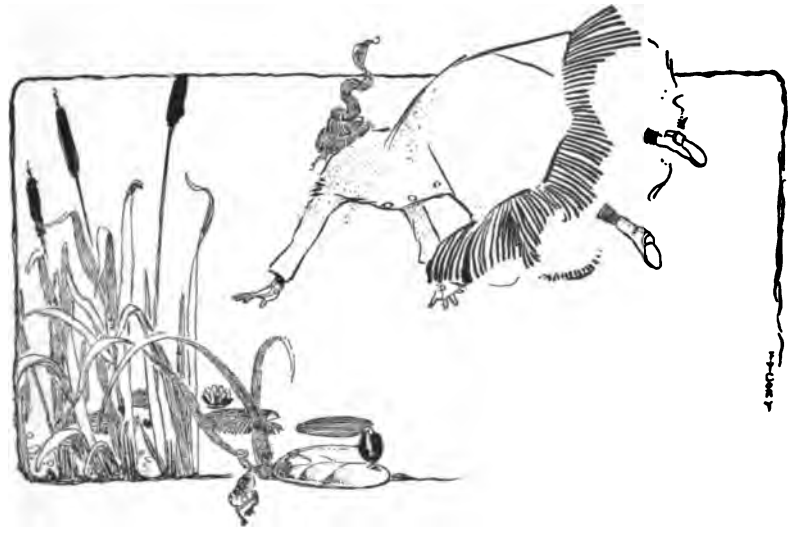
"Oh, John, he 's running away!"

Now this was not quite accurate, for he

was being pushed away by a runaway automobile. Mr. Tucker noticed the increased speed, and turned to admonish James.

James had left.

The departure of James was coincident with the collision, and he was at that moment extricating himself from a sapling into which he had been pitched. He yelled directions to Mr. Tucker, which lacked carrying power.



"MRS. TUCKER SAILED LIKE A SPRITE THROUGH THE AIR."

The vehicle had now come to a turn in the road, and not receiving any impulse to the contrary, it made for a stone wall that lay before it. Mr. Tucker knew nothing about the working of the machine, but with admirable presence of mind he seized a projecting rod, and the wagon turned to the left with prompt obedience, but so suddenly that it ran upon two wheels and nearly upset.

So far so good; but now what should he do? To get over to the back seat was either to disclose his secret or else make Mrs. Tucker question his courage. He was too obstinate to do the first until he should be forced to, so he sat still and awaited developments. Developments do not keep you waiting long when you are in a runaway automobile, and in just one minute by his watch, although he did not time it, the end came.

Too late to do any good, John Tucker jumped over the back of the seat, because he saw the wooden horse again approaching a stone wall, beyond which lay a frog-pond.

He pulled the lever as before, but he could not have pulled it hard enough, for the next moment there was a shock, and then Mrs. Tucker sailed like a sprite through the air and landed in the water like a nymph, while some kindling-wood in a horsehair skin was all that was left of Mr. Tucker's thoroughbred.

Mr. Tucker was not hurt by the impact, for he had grasped an overhanging bough and saved himself. He dropped to earth, vaulted the stone wall, and rescued the fainting figure of his wife. The kindly services of a farmer procured shelter of a neighboring house.

Mr. Tucker knew from experience that his wife was an easy fainter, and after assuring himself that no bones were broken he left her for a few minutes that he might look for James, who might be at death's door.

He found him gazing upon the ruins of the wooden horse.

Upon learning that the man was uninjured he drew a bill from his pocket and said: "My boy, here 's money for your expenses and your wages, and if there is any go in this machine, run her to New York and tell your people that they can have her as a gift. I am through with automobiles."

But a half-hour later Mrs. Tucker, fully conscious but somewhat weak, sat up on the bed in the farmer's best chamber and said:

"John, I think if it had been a horseless automobile it would n't have been so bad."

Whereupon John overtook James just setting out for New York, and gave him an order for one horseless automobile.

And now John is convinced that his wife is a thoroughbred.

THE END.

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,
Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

I.

EUSTACE DAMIER bent his long, melancholy profile over the photograph-album. It was an old-fashioned album; its faded morocco cover, its gilt clasp loosened with age, went with the quiet, old-fashioned little room, that had no intentions, made no efforts, and yet was full of meaning, with the charm of an epoch near enough to be easily understood, yet with a grace and a pathos in its modern antiquity deeper than that possessed by a more romantic remoteness. It was the sort of little drawing-room where one's mother might have accepted one's father: one could not quite see one's present in it, but one saw a near and dear past. The gray wall-paper with its flecked gold flower, the curved lines of the sedately ornamental chairs and sofas, the crisp yet faded chintzes, the wedded vases on the marble mantelpiece, the books, well worn, on stands, the group of family silhouettes on the wall, the cheerful floral carpet—all made a picture curiously unlike the early nineties, and fully characteristic of the sixties. There were many flowers about the room, arranged with a cheerful regularity; the very roses looked old-fashioned in their closely grouped bunches; and in a corner stood a tall étagère bearing potted plants in rows that narrowed to an apex. Between curtains, carefully drawn, of white lace and green rep, one saw a strip of garden brilliantly illuminated with sunlight.

It was in just such a room and in such surroundings that Damier had imagined seeing again his old friend, and his mother's friend, Mrs. Mostyn. He always associated her with a sprightly conservatism. With a genial, yet detached, appreciation of modern taste, she would be placidly faithful to the taste of her girlhood. The house, he remembered, had been her mother's, and its contents had probably remained as they were when her mother's death put her in possession of it. He remembered Mrs. Mostyn's caps, her cameos, her rings, her bracelet with the plaited hair in it,—her jests, too, and her gaieties,—all with a perfume of potpourri, with a niceness and exactitude of simile that had not attempted to keep pace with the complexities, the allusiveness and elusiveness, of modern humor.

Mrs. Mostyn had lived for many years in this small country house; she had entered it as a childless widow after a life of some color and movement, her husband having been a promising diplomat, whose death in early middle age had cut short a career that had not yet found an opportunity of rising from promise to any large achievement. After his death Mrs. Mostyn devoted herself to books, to her garden, her poor people, and her friends. Her house was not adapted to a large hospitality, but one of these friends was usually with her. Damier, however, was only paying a call. He had never visited Mrs. Mostyn; she had visited his mother in London, and since his mother had died he had been little in England. Now he was staying with the Halbournes, eight miles away.

The atmosphere of the room, as he waited, the stillness of the warm, fragrant garden outside, combined to make a half-tender, half-melancholy mood, in which an impression, quickly felt, is long remembered. Such an impression awaited him in the old photograph-album. It had been natural to see there his mother's gentle, thoughtful face—first of a round-cheeked girl, looking like a Thackeray heroine, and, later, the face he knew so well, fatigued, sad, yet smiling under gray hair; natural to see his father, with dreaming eyes and the fine head of the thinker; to see aunts and uncles, his dead sister, and himself: but it was with the half-painful, half-joyous shock of something wholly unfamiliar, wholly arresting, strongly significant, that he came upon the photograph of an unknown lady. It was a faded carte-de-visite, and the small lettering on the

cardboard edge spoke of Paris and of some bygone photographer. The lady was portrayed in a conventional pose and without modern accessories, leaning one arm in its sleeve of flowing silk on the back of a high chair, a hand hanging, half hidden, against the folds of her silken skirt. She was dressed after the fashion of the late sixties, in that of the Second Empire; yet, though her dress spoke of France, as the photograph had done, and spoke charmingly, her face was not that of a Frenchwoman. One's first impression—not too superficial, either—was of a finished little *mondaine;* but finished, poised, serene as she was, she could not be more than twenty—indeed, as Damier reflected, youth at that time was not a lengthy epoch, as in ours. She was slender, the leaning bust and arm rounded, the hand long. Her face was heart-shaped; the dark hair, parted over the forehead and drawn up fully from the brows, emphasized the width across the eyes, the narrowness of the face below; the lips were firm and delicate. Of her eyes one saw chiefly the gaze and the darkness under a sweep of straight eyebrow. And Damier had passed at once through these surface impressions to an essential one: her head was the most enchanting he had ever seen, and her eyes, as they looked at him, had a message for him. Man of the modern world as he was, he stood looking back at this dim, enchanting face; stood trying to interpret its message over the chasm made by more than two decades; stood wondering what she meant to him. He was wrapped in this sensation—of a spell woven about him, of an outstretching from the past, of something mysterious and urgent —when Mrs. Mostyn came in.

II.

MRS. MOSTYN had changed little since he *had* last seen her five years ago in London. Her hair, under the laces of her cap, was whiter; her rosiness and plumpness—her little hands were especially fat—more accentuated: but the gaiety and kindness were the same. As much as in the past she entered into all his interests: asked questions about his three years at the English embassy in Rome, about his recent travels, what he *had* done, what he intended to do. When all reminiscences were over, all plans discussed, and when Mrs. Mostyn had sketched for him, with all her crisp, nipping definiteness, the people of the neighborhood, Damier, who during all the talk had kept the album in his hand, his forefinger between the leaves at the place where the enchanted photograph had looked at him, said, opening the book: "I have been immersing myself in the past. Is anything so full of its feeling as an old photograph-album? *Çà sent le temps,* and I have made a discovery there. Who is this?" He held out the opened page to her, and Mrs. Mostyn, adjusting her eye-glasses, looked.

"Ah, yes. Is she not charming?"

"She has charmed me. She is wonderful."

"Her story was certainly rather wonderful. And she always charmed me, too, though I knew her only slightly, and saw her for only a short time. I met her in Paris when I was there with my husband. She was a Miss Chanfrey — Clara Chanfrey, a younger branch of the Bectons, you know. Clara had come out in London the year before. Lady Chanfrey, an ambitious woman, had, I fancy, determined on a brilliant match for her, and it seemed about to be realized, for Lord Pemleigh followed them to Paris, where Clara's beauty made a furor—she was thought lovelier than the Empress. As I remember her there was really no comparison; she was far lovelier. I can see her now: one night at the Tuileries—she wore a white gauze dress and lilies-of-the-valley in her hair; and at the opera, Lord Pemleigh in the box, a hard, impassive man, but he was, report said, desperately enamoured; and, again, riding in the Bois in the flowing habit of the time. There was an air of serious blitheness about her; yet under the blitheness I felt always an eagerness, a waiting. She always seemed to be waiting, and to smile and talk *pour passer le temps*—to make the something that was coming come more quickly. Poor child! it came."

"She married Lord Pemleigh?" Damier asked, as Mrs. Mostyn paused, her eyes vague with memories.

"No; don't you remember? He married little Ethel Dunstan—but only after years had passed. No; she did an extraordinary thing—a dreadful thing. She eloped—ran away with a French artist, a man of no family, no fortune. He was introduced to the Chanfreys in Paris, and painted Clara's portrait. Very clever it was thought, rather in the style of Manet; a full-length portrait —I saw it—of Clara in a white lawn dress with a green ribbon around her waist and a green ribbon in her black hair, and at her throat an emerald locket. Perhaps his very difference charmed her, and the distance that separated his world from hers made her

unable to see him clearly; he was, too, extremely handsome. No explanations are needed of why he fell in love; the wealth and the position he hoped through her to attain were sufficient reasons, to say nothing of her beauty. At all events, Clara proudly avowed that they loved each other. One can only imagine the storm. The Chanfreys took her back to England; he followed them; and she ran away with him and married him. Her family never forgave her. Her father and mother died without ever seeing her again, and she refused the small allowance they offered her. Since those days I have heard only vaguely of her, and heard only unhappy things. The man, Jules Vicaud, was a talented brute. With her all had been glamour, charm, romance, the sense of generous trust; with him calculation and selfishness. He treated her abominably when he found that he had gained nothing with her; and he was idle, extravagant, dissipated. They became terribly poor. It was a sordid, a horrible story—a violet dragged in the mud."

Damier had listened in silence; now, as Mrs. Mostyn handed him back the album, and as, once more, the steady gaze met his, "I cannot associate her with the gutter," he said, "nor can I understand this violet stooping to it. I should have imagined her too fastidious, too intelligent, and, if you will, too conventional to be for one moment dazzled by a shoddy bohemian."

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Mostyn, "has delicacy ever been a certificate of safety? She was fastidious, she was intelligent, she was conventional; but she was also idealistic, impulsive, ignorant—far more ignorant than a modern girl would be. Her knowledge of any other world than her own was so vague that the very carefulness of her breeding made her unconscious of its lack in others; differences she would have thought significant only of his greatness and her own littleness. She dazzled herself more than he dazzled her, perhaps. And he was, then at least, more than the shoddy bohemian. He had grace, power,—I well remember him,—an apparent indifference to the more petty standards and tests of her world that no doubt seemed to her a splendid, courageous unworldliness. And then he came at a moment of rebellion, pain, and perplexity, as a contrast to the formality, the charmlessness of her English suitor. She did not love Lord Pemleigh; her resistance to the match had already embittered her relations with her mother—Lady Chanfrey was a high-spirited, clever, cynical woman. And then—and then—she fell in love with Jules Vicaud; that is, after all, the only final explanation of these stories."

"And she ceased to love him?" He seemed now to interpret the gaze more fully. Did it not foresee? Did it not entreat—though so proudly?

"Ah, I don't know. All I know is that she stuck to him, and that she was miserable. Poor, poor child!" Mrs. Mostyn repeated.

"And is she dead?" he asked after a little pause in which it seemed to him that they had thrown flowers on a long-forgotten grave.

Mrs. Mostyn looked out of the window, at the summer sky and sunny garden, the effort of difficult recollection on her face.

"I really don't know—I really can't remember. So soon afterward my husband died; Lady Chanfrey died; I came here to live. I heard from time to time of her misfortunes—of her death I don't think I heard; but for years now I have heard nothing. How many years ago is it? This is '95, and that was—oh, it must have been nearly twenty-eight years ago."

"So that she would be now?"

"She would be forty-seven now. If she is alive the story of her life is over."

"I wonder if it is. I wonder if she is alive."

The gaze of the photograph, with all its calm, grew more profound, more significant.

"Could you find out?" he asked presently.

Mrs. Mostyn broke into a laugh that, with its cheery common sense, like a gay cock-crow announcing dawn, seemed to dispel the hallucinations of night, recall the reality of the present, and set them both firmly in their own epoch.

"My dear Eustace! What a dabbler in impressions you are! I won't say dabbler—seeker-after."

"Not after impressions," said Damier, smiling a little sadly.

"And have you not found anything?" she asked.

"No; I don't think I have."

"Neither a religion, nor a work, nor a woman!" smiled Mrs. Mostyn. "You have always reminded me, Eustace, of that introspective Swiss gentleman of the journal. You are always seeking something to which you can give yourself unreservedly. But my sad little Clara, even if she would have meant something to you, came too early. She missed you by—how many years?—fif-

teen at least, Eustace; you were hardly more than a baby when that photograph was taken. But she may have had a daughter,—the daughter of the bohemian and the mondaine,—and you might find there an adventure of the heart."

"Ah, I don't care about a daughter—or about an adventure."

Mrs. Mostyn glanced at his absorbed, delicate face with a smile baffled and quizzical. She controlled, however, any humorous queries, and said presently:

"Yes, I might try to find out. I might write to Mrs. Gaston; she knows Sir Molyneux Chanfrey, Clara's brother,—a man I never liked,—and she could ask him."

"Pray do."

"But I don't fancy Sir Molyneux is very easy to approach on the subject. He and his sister were never sympathetic."

"I wish you would find out," Damier repeated.

"I will, Eustace, and give you a letter of introduction to her if I ever find her," smiled Mrs. Mostyn.

III.

EUSTACE DAMIER was susceptible and fastidious, idealistic and skeptical. He was not weak, for he rarely yielded to his impressions; but his strength, since nothing had come into his life that called for decisive action, was mainly negative. Perfection haunted him, and seen beside that inner standard, most experience was tawdry. He was quite incapable of loving what he had if he could not have what he loved. The vacancy had once been filled, but since his mother's, his sister's death, it had yawned, oppressive, unresponsive, about him. He was no cynic, but he was melancholy. He had gone through life alternating between ardor and despondency.

He was amused now, amused and yet amazed, by the extraordinary impression that the old photograph had made upon him. More than once he had drawn back on the verge of a great passion,—drawn back he could hardly have said why,—feeling that the woman, or he himself, lacked something of the qualities that could make them lastingly need each other. And now it really seemed to him that he needed, and would need lastingly, this woman of thirty years ago; and surely she needed him. She called to him, and he answered. He understood her; he loved her.

It was whimsical, absurd, pathetic. He could smile over it, yet under the smile some deeper self seemed to smile another smile—the smile of a mystery speaking at last in words that he could not understand, but in a voice that he could hear.

Mrs. Mostyn had yielded the photograph to his determined claim,—laughing at his impudence,—and he kept it always beside him in the weeks that followed his departure from ——shire. During those weeks, that lengthened into months, no news came, and the eagerness of his feeling died away. The feeling was still there, but it was like an awakened and living memory of an old, dead love. He thought of her as dead; it was best so, for he could imagine with repulsion the degradation that a harried life in the slimier walks of bohemia might have wrought in her had she lived. The sense of half-humorous, half-tragic pathos remained with him. He smiled at the photograph every day. It represented just what a memory, deep and still, would have represented. It said to him, "We have found each other. Now we will never part." And absurdly, deliciously, he felt—with an instinct that fluttered wings high above any net of reason, singing, almost invisible—that what he had missed was waiting for him somewhere.

ONE day in late autumn, when he had returned to London, something happened which changed the character of this unsubstantial romance. He met at his club another old friend, a contemporary of Mrs. Mostyn's. Sir Henry Quarle was a writer of pleasant reminiscences, a garrulous and companionable man about town, who had kept careful pace with the times, who, indeed, flattered himself that he usually kept a step or two ahead of them: he was prophetic as well as reminiscent; had firm opinions and facile appreciations.

He and Damier spoke of Mrs. Mostyn,—Sir Henry, too, had seen her recently,—of Paris, and of her connection with it. "And by the way," said Sir Henry, "she told me that you were tremendously interested in what she told you about Mme. Vicaud—Clara Chanfrey that was. Now I know a good deal about that unhappy history, and can, indeed, carry it on to a further chapter; the first did interest you?"

"Tremendously," Damier assented, feeling, with a beating heart, that daylight was about to flood his mystic temple. "Is she alive?" he added.

"That I don't know. But I saw the second chapter at close quarters. I went to

Vicaud's studio one day. They had been married only a few years; she was a mere girl even then. I never saw such wretchedness."

"In what way?" Damier's heart now beat with a strange self-reproach.

"Oh—not describable. It was the evident hiding of misery that one felt most, the controlled fear in her face. She was lovelier than ever, but white, wasted, her delicate hands worn with work. The place was already poverty-stricken, but clean—grimly clean; I have no doubt she scrubbed the floor herself. Four or five artists were there—clever, well-known men, but not of the best type: the kind of men who wrote brutally realistic feuilletons for papers of the baser order, who painted pictures *pour épater le bourgeois;* grossly materialistic, cynically skeptical of all that was not so. One felt that, though utterly alien to it by taste, she could have adapted herself, in a sense, to the best bohemianism. She was broadly intelligent; she would have recognized all that was fine, vital, inspiring in it, all that it implies of antagonism to the conformist, the bourgeois attitude. But the bohemianism of her husband and his comrades could only turn her to ice. It was strange to see her fear, and yet her strength, in these surroundings. They saw it, too; her chill gentleness, her inflexible face, cowed them, made them silly rather than vicious. Only, at that time, she had not cowed her husband; at all events, he seemed to take a pleasure in showing his mastery over her, his indifference to her attitude. He was a genius, with the face of a poet and the soul of a satyr. She had charmed him by her unusualness; he had determined to have her, to snatch her, the fine, delicate creature, from another world, as it were, and to make her part of his experience of life in very much the same sense as he would have tried a new kind of sin for the sake of its novelty. Then, too, he hoped, of course, for advancement, pecuniary and social; the disappointment of that hope must have roused the fiend in him. Of course he loved her—if one can turn the word to such base uses. What man would not have loved her? He loved her as he might have loved one of his mistresses; and I remember that on that day he dared—as perhaps he would not have dared had they been alone—to go to her before us all, fondle her cheek, and, putting his arm around her, kiss her. We all, I think, felt the ugly bravado of it, and I know that I never detested a man as I detested him at that moment. She sat motionless, expressionless. Only her eyes showed the terror of her helplessness, her despair."

"Just heavens!" Damier exclaimed, after a silence filled for him with a bewildering aching and despair. "Why did she not leave him?"

"Well," said Sir Henry, looking at the tip of his cigar, and crossing his knees for the greater comfort of impersonal reflection, "there was the child—they had a child, a girl; I never saw it; and there was her pride—she had been cast off by all her people; and there was his need of her. A few years after their marriage Vicaud took to absinthe, and drank himself half mad from time to time. Her conceptions of the duties of marriage, the sacredness of its bond, were, I am sure, very high; duty, pity, a hopeless loyalty, kept her to him, no doubt. What she went through no one, I suppose, can imagine.

"I saw her once again; I was in Paris for a few days—it must have been more than ten years after that first meeting. I met her leading her husband in an *allée* in the Bois. He was a wreck then, his talent gone, his noble face a pallid, bloated mask. He leaned on her arm, draped in his defiant black cloak. I sha'n't forget them as they walked under the October trees. She was changed, immensely changed. Her stately head was still beautiful, but with a beauty stony, frozen, as it were. There was no longer any touch of fear or softness. When she saw me she smiled with all her own gracious courtesy—but graciousness a little exaggerated; she had become, I saw, by long opposition to the life about her, almost too ineffably the lady. She had to keep, consciously, the perfume of life.

"I walked on with them, and, perhaps as a result of my evident wish to see more of her, she asked me to go back to dinner with them. I did, realizing when I got to their apartment what it must have cost her to ask me, and what the pride must be that could do it and seem indifferent in the midst of that tawdry, poverty-stricken, vicious existence. Up flights of soiled and shabby stairs, in a mean house, to a miserable room—its bareness the best thing that could be said of it—at the top of the house, overlooking a squalid quarter of Paris. There was a harp in one corner, and Mme. Vicaud, in answer to my inquiry about her music, said that she gave lessons. The young daughter was at school in England, and Vicaud's old mother lived with them, a spiteful, suspicious-look-

ing bourgeoise with a handsome, flinty eye. Clara Vicaud gave her all the quiet deference that she would have given her had she been her equal. She had evidently forced from the old woman—forced by no effort, but by the mere compulsion of her own unflinching courtesy—a sullen respect. Her husband looked at her, spoke to her, with an odd mingling of resentment and dependence. He would say constantly, 'Que dis-tu, Claire?' But he talked, too, with the evident intention of putting her to shame before her English guest,—seeing how she bore it,—talked of gallant adventures, of the charms of various females of his acquaintance. She sat pale, mild, and cold. It was like seeing mud thrown at a statue of the Madonna.

"When she and I talked together after the supper—one could hardly call the meal a dinner—she did not make an apologetic reference to the ribaldry we had listened to. She did not refer, either, to any of the friends she no longer knew. We spoke chiefly of her daughter, and of books. The daughter was evidently the one ray of light in her existence; she told me about her progress at school, her cleverness, her beauty. And next to her daughter, reading and music had been her great resources. I was surprised at her scholarship, at her familiarity with German philosophy, English poetry, Russian fiction, French and English literary and social criticism; indeed, on the subjects of social problems, of human suffering and the various remedies, economic and ethical, suggested for it, her knowledge was far deeper than my own. But in all our talk there was not a note of the personal, the confidential, the regretful; she might have been sitting in an environment absolutely her own. I never saw her again after that evening. When I was in Paris some years later I went to the house, and heard that M. Vicaud and his mother had both died there, and that Mme. Vicaud, after nursing them through their last illnesses, had gone. I have often wondered what became of her."

Damier asked no further questions, and the talk drifted away from the subject of Mme. Vicaud and her misfortunes. But that evening he wrote to Mrs. Mostyn, and asked her if she had not yet obtained for him some news of his lady of the photograph. The photograph had for him that night a new look; it still said, "I need you," but "I need you now. Help me." He was convinced that she lived.

Mrs. Mostyn's reply came in a day, and inclosed a letter of introduction to Mme. Vicaud, Rue B——, Paris. "Sir Molyneux knew nothing of his sister's whereabouts," Mrs. Mostyn wrote, "and it was from another source that I found out that Clara still lives, and at the inclosed address. Do find her, my Don Quixote, and I must make her come and visit me."

The inclosed letter asked Mme. Vicaud to recall an old friend, and to welcome Mr. Damier for her sake and his own. She had only recently had news of Mme. Vicaud, and so was able, happily, to aid Mr. Damier in his great wish to make her acquaintance. She hoped, also, that she might see Mme. Vicaud in England soon; would she not pay her a visit—a long one? It was a long letter, graceful, cordial, affectionate, a rope of flowers thrown to Damier for his guidance into the labyrinth.

IV.

DAMIER, three days afterward, stood in his sitting-room in a Paris hotel, looking with a certain astonishment at the small sheet of note-paper he held, upon which was written in a firm, flowing hand—a hand that seemed, though so gracefully, to contradict any impression of a cry for help:

> DEAR MR. DAMIER: I shall be very glad to see you to-morrow afternoon at four. I well remember Mrs. Mostyn; to hear of her from a friend of hers will be a double pleasure.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> CLARA VICAUD.

It was like the evocation of a ghost to see this reality emerged suddenly out of the dream-world where, for so long, he had thought of her, the young girl leaning on the chair-back in her flowing dress of silk. She was alive, and he was to see her that afternoon. Damier felt a chill overtake his eagerness. Was he not about to shatter a charming experience—one of the sweetest, most tender, most dearly absurd of his life? Would he not find in the real, middle-aged Clara Vicaud a hard, uninteresting woman? He had a vision of stoutly corseted robustness in jetted black cashmere; of a curve of heavy throat under the chin; of cold eyes looking with wonder, with suspicion even, upon his romantic quest. He could almost have felt it in him to draw back at the eleventh hour were he not ashamed to face in himself such cowardice. He took out the photograph and looked at it, and the eyes of Clara Chanfrey seemed to smile at him with something of tender irony. "Do not be afraid of me; I will never disappoint you,"

they said. After all, what could the mere passage of years mean to such a face as that? What could the bitter experiences of a sorrowful life hold in them to tarnish ever the spirit that looked from it? The reluctance was only superficial, a ripple of reaction upon the deep tide of his impulse.

At four that afternoon he drove to a long, narrow street near the Boulevard St. Germain—a street of large, bleak houses showing a sort of dismantled stateliness. At one of the largest, stateliest, bleakest of these the fiacre stopped, and Damier, after asking the way of a grimly respectable concierge with a small knitted shawl of black wool folded tightly about her shoulders, mounted a wide, uncarpeted stone staircase to the highest floor, feeling, as he stood outside the door, that, despite the long ascent, the thick beating of his heart was due more to emotional than to physical causes.

He rang, and as he stood waiting he heard suddenly within a woman's voice singing. The voice was beautiful, and the song was Schumann's "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai." Its pathos, its simplicity, its tenderness, mingled with Damier's almost tremulous mood, and pierced his very soul. It was like an awakening in Paradise; there was the remembered sadness of a long, long past; the strange, melancholy rapture of something dawning, something unknown and wonderful. Could any music more fitly usher in the coming meeting?

A middle-aged servant came to the door, conventual in the demure quiet of her dress and demeanor, and ushered Damier into a bare and spacious room where the light from scantily curtained windows shone broadly across the polished floor. A woman rose and came forward from the piano. Damier's first impression, after the breathless moment in which he saw that it was not *she*, was one of dazzling beauty.

"I am Mlle. Vicaud—Claire Vicaud," this young woman said, "and you are Mr. Damier. My mother is expecting you; she will be here directly."

Perhaps he felt, as she smiled gravely upon him, it was the power in her face, rather than its beauty, that had dazzled him. Already he discovered something almost repellent in its enchantment. Her eyes were dark, with a still, an impenetrable darkness; a small mole emphasized the scarlet curve of her upper lip; the lines of cheek and brow were wonderfully beautiful. It was indefinably, in the soft spreading of the nostrils, in the deeply sunk corners of the mouth, that one felt a plebeian touch. There was nothing, however, of this quality in the carriage of her head, with its heavy tiara of dark-red hair, nor in the dignity and grace of her figure; and nothing in her, except some vague suggestion in this grace and dignity, reminded him of the photograph; and he was at once deeply glad of this—glad that Mlle. Vicaud resembled her father (he felt sure she did) and not her mother.

She seated herself, indicating to him a chair near her, and observed him with the same grave smile, and in an unembarrassed silence, while he spoke of his pleasure at being in Paris, at finding them there. Damier himself was not unembarrassed; he found it difficult to talk trivialities to this Hebe while thrilling with expectation; and Mlle. Vicaud, unable otherwise to interpret it, may well have seen in her own radiant apparition the cause of his slight disturbance.

"But you are not old," she said to him.

"Did you expect that?" he inquired.

"Then you are not a friend of mama's—a friend of her youth, I mean? I don't think that she was quite sure who you were."

"It is only through an old friend of hers that—I hope to become another," Damier finished, smiling.

"Well, *pour commencer*, you may be our young friend—we have time, you and I, before we need think of being old ones. I get tired of old things, myself."

"Even of old friends?" Damier asked, amused at her air of placid familiarity.

"Ah, that depends."

He observed that Mlle. Vicaud, though speaking English with fluent ease, had in her voice and manner some most un-English qualities. Her voice was soft, deep, and a little guttural. She had a way, he noticed later on, of saying "Ah" when one talked to her, a placid little ejaculation that was curiously characteristic and curiously foreign. But at the moment further observations were arrested. The door opened, and rising, as a swift footfall entered the room, Damier found himself face to face with his lady of the photograph.

He blushed. His emotion showed itself very evidently on his handsome, sensitive face, so evidently that the strangeness of the meeting made itself felt as a palpable atmosphere, and made conventional greetings an effort and something of an absurdity. Mme. Vicaud, however, dared the absurdity, and so successfully that the formal sweetness of her smile, the vague geniality of her voice, as she said right things to him, seemed effort-

less. Damier, through all the tumult of his hurrying impressions, comparisons, wonders, yet found time to feel that she was a woman who could make many efforts and seem to make none. Her manner slid past the stress of the moment; her wonder, if she felt any, was not visible. All that she showed to her sudden visitor, introducing himself through a past that must have been long dead to her, was the smile, the geniality, vague and formal, of the woman of the world.

By contrast to this atmosphere of rule and reticence, the few words he had exchanged with the daughter seemed suddenly intimate—seemed to make a bond where the mother's made a barrier. But above all barriers, all reticences, was the one fact—the wonderful fact—that she was she, changed so much, yet so much the same that the change was only a deepening, a subtilizing of her charm.

"Yes, I remember Mrs. Mostyn so well," said Mme. Vicaud, "and it is many years ago now. She must be old. Does she look old? Is she well? Will she come to Paris one day, do you think? Ah, as for my going to England to see her, that is a great temptation, a sufficient one were the possibility only as great. My daughter has been much in England; she really, now, knows it better than I do."

Mlle. Vicaud did not meet her mother's glance as it rested upon her; her eyes were fixed, with their dark placidity, upon Damier, as she sat sidewise in her chair, her hands—they were large, white, beautifully formed—loosely interlaced on the chair-back.

"Yes; I know England well," she said—"educational England. I went to school there. I associate England with all that is formative and improving; I have been run through the mold so many times."

"Run through?" Damier asked, smiling. "Have you never taken the form, then?" He was not interested in Mlle. Vicaud, although he felt intimate with her; but her mother's glance brought her between them, placed her there; one was forced to look at her and to talk to her.

"Do you think I have?" Mlle. Vicaud asked, with her smile, that was not gay, a slumberous, indulgent smile. "I hope not," she added, "physically at least. I don't like your English outline, as far as that is concerned."

Damier could but observe that hers was not English. She was supple, curved—slender, yet robust; one saw her soft breathing; her waist bent with a lovely flexibility. But the contemplation of these facts, to which she seemed, with the indifference of perfect assurance, to draw his attention, emphasized that sense of intimacy in a way that rather irritated him; Mlle. Vicaud, her outline and her exquisite gowning of it, slightly jarred upon him. He hardly knew how to word his appreciation of her difference, and after saying that he was glad she had escaped the more unbecoming influences of his country, added: "I hope that there were some things you cared to adopt."

"They adopted me. I was quite passive, quite fluid," said Mlle. Vicaud.

Her mother, while they interchanged these slight pleasantries, continued to look at her daughter.

"You rather exaggerate, do you not, Claire, the coercive nature of your English experience?" she said. "It was not all school; there was play, too."

"Play like the kindergarten kind, with a meaning in it. My mother has always been anxious for me to take the right impressions," said Mlle. Vicaud, her eyes still on Damier; "she has always chosen them for me."

There was a momentary silence after this—a silence that might, Damier fancied, have held something of irritation for the mother, though none showed itself in the calm intelligence of her glance as it rested on her daughter.

Looking from her before the pause could become significant of anything like argument or antagonism, she asked Damier for how long he expected to remain in Paris, and the talk floated easily into cheerful and familiar channels—concerts, the play, books, and pictures.

She was so much more like the photograph than he had expected, and yet so different! The figure was the same, almost girlish, more girlish, really, than Mlle. Claire's, though the fall in the line of her shoulders, the erect poise with which she sat, recalled a girlishness of another epoch, another tradition.

There was that in the folds of her long silk skirt,—a worn, shining silk, yet in its antiquity replete with elegance,—in the position of her narrow foot pointing from beneath its folds, in the way she lightly folded her arms while she talked to him, that suggested deportment, a manner trained, and as much a part of her as putting on her shoes was. She was very mannered and very unaffected; the manner was like the graceful garment of her perfect ease and naturalness—their protection, perhaps, and their

ornament. As for her face, Damier, looking at it while they talked, felt its enchantment growing on him, like the gradual tuning of exquisite instruments preparing him for perfect music. Still, the face of the photograph, so unchanged that it was startling to feel how much older it was. The abundant hair was dressed in the same fashion, but its black was now of an odd grayness that made one just aware that it was no longer black. The heart-shaped oval was emphasized; the cheeks were thin, the chin sharply delicate, the lips compressed when she did not smile —but she frequently smiled—into a line of endurance, of a patience almost bitter. There were tones of pale mauve in the faint roses of her lips and cheeks, but Damier felt that this charming tint must always have been theirs—went with the snow and ebony of her type. Although her face was little lined,—emotion with her had been repressed, not demonstrated,—it had a look more aging than lines—a look of bleakness, of a cold impassivity. The texture of her skin was like a white rose-petal just fading. And in this faded whiteness her dark eyes gazed, more stern, more tragic than in youth. There was in them, and in the straight line of her black brows above them, a somberness and almost a menace. Damier wondered over the strange contrast to her frequent smile. He saw that where Mlle. Vicaud was still and grave her mother was light and gay, but the gaiety and lightness—he traced the impression further—were part of the manner, the protecting, ornamental manner; were something that had once been real, and were now put on, like her shoes, again. The daughter showed herself, or seemed to show herself, imperturbably: the mother was hidden, masked; her eyes, with their contrasting smile, made him think of Tragedy glancing among garlands of roses.

Before he went, that day, Damier told Mme. Vicaud that his stay in Paris was to be indefinite; had even let her see, if she wished to, that she counted among his reasons for staying. He was sure that he was to go far, but he knew that he must go with discretion. One thing discretion evidently required of him—to include Mlle. Claire with her mother; her mother constantly included her. It was necessary to invite them both to drive in the Bois next day. It was then that he learned that Mme. Vicaud and her daughter both gave lessons, mademoiselle in singing,—she had studied with the best masters,—madame in the harp and piano. Damier cast a glance upon the harp; the same, no doubt. Hours of engagements had to be consulted. They could both, however, be free next day at four.

V.

DAMIER was able, while waiting for them in the salon on the following day, to see more clearly Mme. Vicaud's environment, now that it was empty of her. It was one of work, poverty, and refinement. Books lined one side of the walls; the furniture was of the scantiest, simplest description; a row of old prints—after Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, some of them very good—were hung straightly above the simple writing-table; on this table stood a small pot of pink flowers, and on a large table near the center of the room were books, reviews, and a workbox; the harp and the grand piano dominated the room. The high windows did not overlook the street, but the branches, flecked still with gold and russet autumn leaves, of an old garden. Turning from this outlook, Damier found his attention fixed by a large photograph that occupied a prominent place in a black frame upon a sedate cabinet near the window. It was the photograph of a man—of M. Vicaud, Damier knew at once. He gazed long at the face, still young, yet showing already touches of decay and degradation in the poetry and beauty of its youth. Without these touches—of presage more than actuality—it might have been the face of a Paolo, with tossed-back hair and superb, unfettered throat. M. Vicaud had evidently been one of the few men whom a Byronic disarray becomes. Damier saw in the face the enchantment that had deluded Clara Chanfrey, and hints of the horror that had wrecked all enchantment. The longer one looked at the ardent, dreamy eyes, the perfect lips,—helpless, as it were, before one, and unable in charm of change to divert one's attention from their essential meaning,—the more one felt cruel selfishness, hard indifference, and lurking evil. Instinctively he turned and walked away from M. Vicaud as he heard footsteps outside.

When the mother and daughter came in together, he could infer, even more clearly than from the bareness of the salon, from Mme. Vicaud's shabby furs and unfashionable wrap, that life, to be kept up at all with niceness and finish, must be something of a struggle for them; yet, with her small black bonnet, which she was tying with black gauze ribbons beneath her chin, her neat gloves, the poise of her shoulders, and her swift, light

step, she was still unmistakably *une élégante*. It was natural, he supposed,—though feeling some resentment at such naturalness,—that the struggle should be the mother's mainly; the law of maternal self-sacrifice perhaps demanded it. Claire was charmingly dressed, simply, and with a Parisienne's unerring sense of harmony and fitness. She was neither shabby nor unfashionable; the fashion, too, expressed her, not itself.

After all, she still, though she was no longer *une toute jeune fille*,—she must be twenty-seven,—had her life before her, and her achievement of pretty clothes could hardly be imputed as blame to her.

The early November afternoon in the Bois was misty, with sunlight in the mist; the air was mild. Mme. Vicaud's dark eyes looked down the long vistas, seeing, perhaps, other figures in them, other pictures. Damier and Mlle. Vicaud talked of Italy. She had never been there, but she questioned him about Florence and Rome, and Mme. Vicaud asked him if he had heard much of the old church music; and the music had been his greatest enjoyment. Mme. Vicaud was fond of Palestrina, she said; but she said little of the fondness, and only listened with a half-detached, half-assenting smile while Claire and the young man went on from Gluck to Wagner. Mlle. Vicaud was full of admiration—though her admirations were always unemphatic—for the latter; but Mme. Vicaud, though retaining, evidently, no lurking survivals of taste for the operatic music of her youth, would own only to a tempered liking for the great opera-master. She mused lightly over Damier's demand for her preferences, and inclined to think that opera never meant much to her; it was a form of art that offended her taste almost inevitably; its appeal to the eye could so rarely justify itself, and the music, of course, was restricted by its being pinned down to definite descriptive themes.

Claire hummed out, in a melancholy, emotional contralto, a phrase from "Tristan." "I can't sing him—none of our French throats can; but he fills me, sweeps me up; that is all I ask of music. Mama likes music to lift her; I like it to carry me away." Among the deep, almost purple reds of her hair, the tawny luster of her coiling furs, her cheeks, in the keen, fresh air, glowed dimly. "No, I could not sing Wagner," she sighed; "but I could sing. I am an *artiste manquée;* the one, perhaps, for being my father's daughter, the other for being my mother's. She would rather have me teach—try to force a little of my own energy and feeling into dough-like souls—than have me sing in public." Mlle. Vicaud's smile had no rancor as she made these statements, and her mother's distant gaze showed no change, nor did she speak.

"It is a hard and a rather tawdry life, that of an opera-singer," said Damier; "and, I fancy, almost an impossible one in Paris."

"Ah, but I am tawdry," Claire observed. If antagonism there had ever been on this subject, it had evidently long since left behind it the stage of discussion. Claire made no appeal or protest—merely stated facts.

"You see," she went on, very much as if she and Damier were alone together, "if it were not for that artist nature, mama would not, perhaps, mind so much. It is because I am not—what shall we call it?—respectable? *hein?*—well, that will serve—that she dreads such tests for me."

Damier now saw that, though Mme. Vicaud's silence kept all its calm, she very slightly flushed. He felt in her a something, proud and shrinking, that steeled itself to hear the jarring note of her daughter's jest; and was it a jest? Again the contrast in the two faces struck him, this time with something of fundamental alienation in the contrast. It occupied his mind after Mme. Vicaud, very unemphatically, not at all as if she felt that it needed turning, took the lead of the conversation, and while Claire, leaning back in her corner, listened with, when she was particularly addressed, her indolent "Ah!" It was, indeed, like going from one world to another to look from her mother's face to hers. Already he felt for her a mingling of irritation and pity that was to grow as he knew her better.

How strangely she was tainted with something really almost *canaille;* the soft depth of her voice reeked with it. And how strangely blind must the affection of the mother be that could bridge the chasm that separated her from her daughter, unconscious—her evident devotion to her proved that—of its very existence.

(To be continued.)

POLICEMAN FLYNN'S ADVENTURES.

HE CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS—TERRY TRIES DIPLOMACY—FLYNN TALKS OF POLICE METHODS.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

XIII. HE CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS.

AS Policeman Barney Flynn differs little—at least, in one respect—from the average man of limited means, the approach of Christmas found him troubled, not to say pessimistic. He heard the customary talk about Christmas: he saw the Christmas advertisements in the papers and the Christmas goods in the shop-windows; he read the accounts of Christmas plans for feeding or otherwise remembering the poor; and the only effect it had on him was to make him jingle the "lucky half-dollar" he carried in his pocket and shake his head dolefully.

FLYNN'S CHRISTMAS.

"'T is th' da-ay iv th' rich," he said to himself. "'T is th' time whin ye wa-ant twinty thousand dollars f'r to do th' r-right thing be all th' good people ye know. 'T is th' da-ay iv give an' ta-ake, an' if ye can't give ye 're ashamed f'r to ta-ake, an' there ye are. 'T was diff'rint in th' ol' days whin I was a la-ad, but now ivery wan who ha-ands ye out a two-bit sca-arf ixpects f'r to ha-ave as good or betther ba-ack from ye, an' th' ray-sult is we all go br-roke givin' things that 's iv no gr-reat use to anny wan but th' shtorekeepers that sells thim. 'T is f'r me to shtall th' good woman be a little ta-alk iv har-rd times before she spinds th' rint money buyin' r-red ties an' six-f'r-a-nickel see-gars be th' box."

With this object in view Policeman Flynn entered upon a systematic campaign to discourage Christmas shopping, and he did it with his usual diplomatic ability.

"Ye can't impriss a thing on th' mind iv a woman be sayin' it wanst an' lettin' it go at that," he told himself. "Ye must ding-dang it into her head without lettin' her know what ye 're doin'."

So he began to drop incidental remarks about poverty and hard times, with a casual suggestion from time to time to the effect that there would be no Christmas in that house. Later, whenever the moment seemed propitious, he aired his Christmas views more at length, and even illustrated them with occasional stories. All in all, he congratulated himself that he was accomplishing his purpose with exceptional cleverness and strategy.

"Think iv th' bargain days that follies Chris'mus!" he remarked one day at breakfast. "'T is th' wa-ay iv th' wur-rld. Whin

ye ha-ave no money th' la-ads in th' shtores is thryin' f'r to ha-and things out to ye at liss than ha-alf th' cost to ma-ake thim. Oho! they 're sma-art min, those fellies. All th' year ye 're sayin' to thim that they niver thruly sell annything at liss than cost, an' th' da-ay afther Chris'mus they come back at ye an' say, 'We 'll prove to ye now that we can do that very thing be offerin' th' goods at liss than cost whin ye 're not in sha-ape f'r to buy thim.' I tell ye, Mary, th' wise wan is th' felly that plans f'r to ta-ake thim up whin they ma-ake th' bluff."

The logic of this seemed unanswerable to Policeman Flynn, and a few days later he supplemented it by reminding her that the year before she was "near dead f'r thinkin' iv th' things ye c'u'd ha-ave an' comparin' thim with th' things ye did ha-ave, all because iv th' ba-ad habit iv goin' br-roke wanst a year." Next, after a reasonable interval, he told about Cullen, one of the men at the station.

"Th' only throuble with Cullen," he said, "was that his hear-rt was so big an' raysponsive that he c'u'd n't button his vist over it whiniver anny wan or annything appealed to it. He had a good head, too, but 't was nawthin' beside iv his hear-rt. His head was always givin' him th' r-right tip, but his hear-rt w'u'd n't l'ave him listen to it. That 's why th' b'ys at th' station has f'r to dodge him reg'lar afther Chris'mus. He come to me on th' twinty-sivinth da-ay iv last Day-cimber,—I ducked him on th' twinty-sixth, knowin' th' kind iv a la-ad he was, but he cornered me on th' twinty-sivinth,—an' he says to me, he says, 'Barney,' he says, 'I ha-ave up to th' house,' he says, 'a br-right-grane nicktie, an' a r-red nicktie, an' a polky-dot nicktie, an' two pipes, an' a box iv see-gars, an' a ol'-gold pair iv suspinders, an' some shlippers, an' a fut-rist,' he says; 'an' th' good woman do be havin' a sort iv a doily thing, an' a silk pitticoat, an' some shtockin's with pale-blue clocks on thim, an' a pink shir-rt-waist, an' a little statoo iv Vanus f'r to put on th' kitchen shelf, an' a wather-caraffy, an' a new tay-pot,' he says; 'an' th' childher has a r-red sca-arf, an' a shled, an' a pair iv ska-ates, an' a toy gun, an' a little pathrol-waggin, an' some blocks, an' a shteam-injine.' Thin he sighs an' says, 'Barney, I niver intinded f'r to do it, but ye know how it is ye-ersilf. Will ye lind me th' loan iv a two-dollar bill so 's we can ate till th' nex' pay-day?' That 's th' wa-ay iv th' ma-an with th' big hear-rt, Mary, an' so I 've had me hear-rt ossified."

This naturally had its effect on Mrs. Flynn. "Th' poor ma-an," she said to herself; "he do be havin' a har-rd time iv it over th' money, an' 't is f'r me to help him out." So she gladdened his heart by proposing that they ignore Christmas entirely. As that was the very idea that he had in mind all along, he readily acquiesced. And yet, even in the hour of victory, he began to modify the compact, thus deliberately disproving his previous pessimistic assertions about the expected return favors.

"A bit iv something f'r Maggie an' Terry," he said, "but nawthin' ilse."

Here, however, Maggie objected. If there was to be any such arrangement she wished to be included in it. There was no reason why she should receive any presents if she was expected to give none; indeed, as she was receiving an independent salary for her work as a teacher, she told herself that there was all the less reason why her parents should incur any Christmas expenses on her account. As for her own money, she could do with that as she saw fit. It was right that they should be relieved of a burden that was rather hard to bear in the existing circumstances, but that was no reason why she should be deprived of the pleasure of giving. Here, it will be noticed, was another blow to Policeman Flynn's views of the selfishness that marks the modern Christmas, but of course he did n't know it. Maggie kept her opinions to herself, and merely insisted that she should be included in the compact.

Now this is an agreement that many people of limited means have entered into at various times, and they will appreciate the difficulties that confronted the parties to it. The Christmas spirit is contagious, and more than once Policeman Flynn regretted that he had been so far-sighted. When he saw anything that he wanted to buy for Mrs. Flynn or Maggie, he tried to console himself with the reflection, "Niver mind! 'T will be mar-rked down afther Chris'mus." But with this came the haunting fear that the stock might be exhausted before the day of bargain sales arrived. The occasional queries at the station, "What are ye goin' to buy th' good woman?" also worried him, for he feared a truthful answer would be misconstrued, and he would be put down as a miserly wretch with little affection for his family. He had one consolation, however. By tacit agreement Terry had been left out of the arrangement, as being too young rightfully to appreciate it and so there was an opportunity to make some family purchases. Thus

it happened that Christmas eve Policeman Flynn told his wife that he must get something more for Terry.

"But ye ha-ave a plinty f'r him," argued Mrs. Flynn.

"Are you th' wan that 's doin' this, or am I?" he demanded, with some asperity.

"Oh, g'wan, if ye wa-ant to," she returned, "but ray-mimber wan thing."

"What 's that?"

"Ray-mimber Cullen, th' la-ad iv th' big hear-rt that niver meant f'r to do it."

Policeman Flynn departed with the uncomfortable feeling of a criminal who fears he has been found out, and Mrs. Flynn chuckled. Then she retired to her room and made an investigation of one of the bureau-drawers.

"'T will niver do," she commented, as she held up one of Policeman Flynn's socks and regarded it critically. "'T is a sha-ame th' min don't wear shtockin's. Now what 'll I ta-ake f'r to ma-ake it seem r-right an' proper?"

Terry noted his mother's mysterious movements that night, but he was absolutely barred from the kitchen until morning, and Mrs. Flynn kept a close watch of him. Maggie was superintending or assisting to superintend a waifs' Christmas celebration, and did not get home until late. When she did come she made a mysterious trip to the kitchen in the dark and deposited some packages on the table. With the stealthiness of a thief Policeman Flynn came still later, and his movements were the most extraordinary of all. He removed his boots before going to the room where Mrs. Flynn was peacefully dreaming of the surprise she had in store for him, and after leaving that room he crept into his daughter's. Then he went to the kitchen, and felt along the wall until he found two pan-hooks, to which he carefully fastened certain things that he was carrying.

He was awakened the next morning by an outcry from Mrs. Flynn.

"Barney!" she cried. "Wake up! They 's been a burglar here."

Policeman Flynn rolled out of bed and hastily reached for his Sunday boots, his only other pair having been left near the outer door when he took them off the night before. This feeling that he had only to put on his boots to be fully dressed was the result of sleeping at the station on reserve duty in times of great public excitement. But now he received a shock.

"Oh, th' murtherin' divil!" he cried. "He 's shtole wan iv me boots!"

"Niver mind th' boot," retorted Mrs. Flynn. "He 's shtole me only pair iv silk shtockin's that I had last Chris'mus! An' I hear him now," she added excitedly. "He 's in the kitchen, th' thafe! Hear him laughin' at what he 's done. F'r th' love iv Hiven, Barney, go down an' gr-rab him quick, an' I 'll folly ye with a broom. Bad luck to him! He 's afther r-robbin' Santy Claus!"

By this time Policeman Flynn had got part of his uniform on over his usual night attire, and was half-way down the stairs with his revolver in his hand. Mrs. Flynn, somewhat more nearly dressed than he, followed, and Maggie, who boasted of a really pretty house-robe, joined them.

"Did he get annything from you?" Mrs. Flynn found time to ask.

"I don't know," answered Maggie. "He mussed up everything in one of my bureau-drawers, anyway."

"'T is Terry!" broke in Policeman Flynn, from the foot of the stairs.

The next moment he pushed open the door of the kitchen, and the three entered. Terry was actually rolling on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter.

"What 's th' matther with ye?" roared Policeman Flynn.

For answer Terry simply pointed to a row of pan-hooks on the wall, and laughed some more. From the first hung the silk stockings that Mrs. Flynn had missed, stretched all out of shape by the statuette that protruded from one and the patent egg-beater that looked over the top of the other, with incidental lumps of large size to indicate where a little china clock, some candy, and various other things had been crowded in. Next to this was a stocking that Maggie promptly recognized, although she blushed to note the knobby shape it had assumed in its efforts to provide room for the regulation box of candy, a bottle of perfumery, a glove-box, a fantastic little pincushion, and a ready-made light-blue shirt-waist rolled up and simply jammed in. But it was the last thing in the row that tickled Terry the most. This was Policeman Flynn's missing boot, and loose cigars filled it to the top, with one pipe and two neckties held in place by the cigars, and nodding over the edge. There were also various packages on the table and on the floor.

"Oho!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, "I see ye 're not a woman iv ye-er wur-rd."

"An' ye f'rgot about Cullen," retorted Mrs. Flynn.

"Niver a bit," answered the policeman;

"but wan might as well spind th' money himsilf as lind it to thim that does spind it. An' annyhow, 't is no use thryin' f'r to f'rget whin 't is Chris'mus."

"I 'm glad," said Mrs. Flynn, "f'r to see ye ha-ave a bit iv sinse in ye-er head now an' thin."

A moment later she and Maggie were hurrying back up-stairs and Patrolman Flynn was looking about him in a bewildered sort of way.

"Terry," he remarked, "I ha-ave a sort iv an idee that some wan kissed me. Was it Maggie or ye-er mother?"

"'T was both," said Terry.

XIV. TERRY TRIES DIPLOMACY.

TERRY FLYNN is a well-meaning lad. Like other boys, he gets into trouble occasionally, but when he is good he is most aggressively good. He not only looks out for his own conduct, but he insists upon giving the most painstaking attention to the conduct of others. His supreme self-satisfaction and arbitrary methods on these occasions are most annoying to those of his companions who are disposed to go astray, but fortunately his periods of intense righteousness are of short duration and occur only at infrequent intervals. If this were not so, his popularity would suffer.

It was during an exceptionally severe attack of virtue that Terry undertook to lead a youthful friend into the strait and narrow path, and when he experienced some difficulty in leading, he got behind and pushed. The friend—Tim Delaney by name—betrayed a desire to play hooky. He never did think much of school, anyway, and on this particular day he held it in greater contempt than ever. So he decided that he would absent himself for the day. Now the joys of playing hooky were far from being unknown to Terry, but just at this time he happened to be on his good behavior. He scorned the very thought of deceiving his teacher, dodging the truant officer, and spending the day in thoughtless and unremunerative amusement. Ambition was stirring within his breast; he purposed to be a great and good man, and conscientious work at school was a first requisite. As usual, he wished to bring every one else up to his high standard, too, so he not only refused to join Tim, but suggested that Tim ought to join him.

"Naw," said Tim; "I ain't goin' to school to-day."

"Aw, come on," urged Terry.

"Naw," said Tim again.

"You better," insisted Terry.

"S'm'other day," answered Tim.

"I 'll bet you 'll come to-day," asserted Terry, as he slammed his hat down on the ground and started after the recalcitrant youth. It was all over in a very few minutes. The principal, who had been attracted by the cries of the other scholars (for the disagreement occurred almost in front of the school),

"'WHERE 'S TH' CAKES?'"

found Terry sitting astride of Tim, and earnestly demanding, "Now, will you go to school?" to which Tim surlily replied in the affirmative.

Of course the object that Terry had in view was worthy of all commendation, but the principal carefully explained to him, after hearing the whole story, that his methods were not in accordance with modern ideas.

"I am glad to see that you desired to bring the wayward boy to school," said the principal, "but you should have used diplomacy rather than force. We cannot permit fighting."

Terry thought it all over as he walked home, and he told himself that he would just as soon use diplomacy as any other missile, if he only knew what it was. His desire was to make the world better, and he really did not care how he did it so long as the results were clearly defined and immediately noticeable. Consequently he wisely went to his father to secure the desired information.

"Oho!" exclaimed Patrolman Barney Flynn, when the case was stated to him, "ye 'd like f'r to be a deeplomatic la-ad, w'u'd ye? 'T is a good thing, it is that."

"But what is a diplomat?" insisted Terry.

"M-m-m, well," replied Patrolman Flynn, thoughtfully, "ye might sa-ay 't is a Chinyman, an' thin ye might sa-ay 't is an Injun ma-an, an' thin ye might sa-ay 't is both iv thim r-rolled into wan, an' also 't is neither iv thim. They do be fine samples iv r-rough deeplomacy, which is wan wa-ay iv sayin' they 're cheerful liars; but ye sh'u'd n't folly thim, Terry: ye sh'u'd have more polish. Th' Chinyman is willin' f'r to be called a liar afther he gets what he wa-ants; 't is nothin' to him that ye find him out. Th' Injun ma-an 'll talk fair to ye till he gets ye where he can lick ye, an' thin he 'll give ye th' laugh an' sail in. In wan wa-ay this thing ye 're ta-alkin' about is th' art iv keepin' th' other felly quiet while ye 're gettin' r-ready f'r th' scra-ap, but th' la-ad that 's up to all th' thricks 'll do betther than that. He 'll get what he wa-ants an' niver even l'ave ye a cha-ance f'r to call him a liar or go to fightin' about it. That 's where th' art iv it all comes in. Th' Injun ma-an's deeplomacy is so close to strathegy 't is ha-ard to tell thim apart, th' Chinyman's is plain lyin', an' th' white ma-an's is so artistic ye can't tell whether 't is lyin' or not. Sometimes it is, an' sometimes 't is not, but ye niver find it out."

"What 's it good for?" asked Terry.

"It 's good f'r th' little ma-an that has th' job iv makin' th' big ma-an give in to him," answered Patrolman Flynn, promptly. "'T is this wa-ay, Terry: I ha-ave a big hulk iv a ma-an to take to th' station, an' I call on wan or two others to help me, an' we throw him down an' dhr-rag him to th' pathrol-box. That 's foorce an' vi'lence. But mebbe I pull me gun an' ordher him f'r to go with me or I 'll put a hole through him. That 's discretion. Or mebbe I gr-rab him be th' collar an' thry f'r to yank him to th' box, he bein' bigger an' shtronger than me. That 's foolishniss. But if I sa-ay to him, 'Th' capt'in wants ye f'r to shtep r-round to th' station f'r to ha-ave a bit iv a chat,' or something like that, an' he takes it all in, an' goes with me, that 's deeplomacy. Ye see how it is, don't ye, Terry? 'T is th' art iv havin' ye-er own wa-ay without makin' throuble f'r ye-ersilf."

"Who was the greatest diplomat you ever heard of?" inquired Terry.

"M-m-m, well, 't is ha-ard to sa-ay," returned Patrolman Flynn. "Sometimes I think 't is Li Hung-chang, even if he do be a Chinyman; but there was another felly who c'u'd have beat thim all, if he 'd iver gone in f'r to use his talints th' r-right wa-ay. He had th' idee iv it, but 't was only spoort an' not juty with him."

"Who was it?"

"A felly be th' na-ame iv Baron Moonchowsen."

Terry was duly impressed, and for a time he sat silent, watching his mother's preparations for a feast of pancakes.

"Ye-er father likes thim," she said as she noted his attention.

"He does," he replied, and then suddenly he bestirred himself and began to help her in various little ways.

"I 'll give ye an exthra wan f'r that," she said.

"I 'll get that shawl you left at Mrs. Casey's after dinner," suggested the boy, casually.

"I 'll give ye two exthra wans f'r thinkin' iv goin' f'r it," said Mrs. Flynn.

"Luk at th' deeplomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Patrolman Flynn.

"Did you see the man waitin' for you at the corner as you came in?" asked Terry.

"Who was the man?" asked Patrolman Flynn.

"Give it up," replied Terry.

"Why did n't ye tell me iv it before?" demanded Patrolman Flynn. "I hear-rd Cassidy wa-anted f'r to see me."

"Maybe it was Cassidy," returned the boy, "an' maybe he 's waitin' there yet."

Patrolman Flynn caught up his hat and bolted out of the door. He was back in about twenty minutes, sadly out of temper.

"Divil a soul was there," he exclaimed, "an' so I wint on to Kelly's pla-ace to see if he was waitin'. Whin did ye see him, Terry?"

"I did n't see him at all," answered the boy. "I only asked if you saw him."

Patrolman Flynn took a step in the boy's direction, but restrained himself from making any further demonstration.

"Ye sh'u'd n't be playin' jokes on th' ol'

ma-an, Terry," he said. "Where 's th' cakes?"

"I thought from the way you hurried out that maybe you would n't be back," Terry calmly replied, as he disposed of the last pancake.

"Luk at th' deeplomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Mrs. Flynn, proudly.

XV. FLYNN TALKS OF POLICE METHODS.

PATROLMAN BARNEY FLYNN was grievously troubled by a youth of the name of Horatio Mann. Horatio was a well-meaning young fellow, but he had erroneous ideas. He had read dime novels until he had become imbued with the idea that a detective is the greatest of created beings, and it was his ambition to be one. Hence his admiration for Flynn. He had heard stories of the patrolman's prowess, and he haunted him. He wanted to know all about his methods and his exploits, and more than all else he wanted the patrolman to get him a position on the force or with some detective agency.

"I know I 'm just made for a detective," he said frequently. "All my inclinations lie in that direction, and I revel in mystery."

It will be seen from this that Horatio spoke reasonably correct English. Indeed, he had had a fair education, the only trouble being that it had not "worked in." However, as Patrolman Flynn once remarked, "a ma-an can get book-l'arnin' anny time iv his life, but 't is not so with sinse, f'r sinse do be a nach'ral gift." Horatio had the book-learning, but he lacked the sense, and this it was that made him so annoying to the policeman. He could not be persuaded that the life of a detective was not one long romance, filled with disguises, thrilling adventures, and fabulous rewards. He would make himself up in the most wonderful and outlandish way, and then drop in on Flynn to ask if that would not fool the cleverest "crook." Later he amused himself by shadowing people in the neighborhood, and writing out reports of his "work," which he would submit to Flynn for approval or criticism.

"Ye wa-ant me f'r to help ye to be a daytictive?" said Patrolman Flynn to him one day. "M-m-m, well,"—drawing his hand over his chin in the old familiar way,—"I' ll tell ye what I 'll do f'r ye. I 'll give ye th' po-lis ixamination an' see how ye come out. 'T is not ye-er pla-an f'r to sta-art in as a pathrolman, iv coorse?"

"Oh, no," answered the youth. "I feel that my talents are above that."

"'T is what I sup-posed," said Patrolman Flynn. "Th' woods is full iv la-ads like you. Some iv thim wa-ants to be prisidint iv a r-railroad, some iv thim wa-ants to be editor iv a newspaper, some iv thim wa-ants to be gin'ral manager iv anny ol' business that 's big enough, but most iv thim wa-ants to be day-tictives. Anny way ye put it, they can do betther than th' fellies that 's doin' th' wur-rk now. But 't is a shtrange thing to me that th' min that 's makin' na-ames f'r thimsilves at th' top is niver th' wans that

FLYNN COUNSELS THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

sta-arted in up there. Did ye iver think iv that?"

"No-o, I can't say that I did," replied the youth.

"Iv coorse not," said Patrolman Flynn, "an' ye w'u'd n't think th' r-rule was f'r you if ye did. 'T is not nicissary in ye-er ca-ase. Ye 're too sma-art. Well, mebbe so. We 'll thry it on. Ivery la-ad that wants to be a day-tictive has to be ixamined, an' I 'll put a few quistions to ye. Sup-pose ye was in cha-arge iv th' day-tictive wur-rk an' a big burglary was committed, what would ye do?"

"I 'd look for a clue," answered Horatio, promptly and confidently.

"I can see ye doin' it," asserted Patrolman Flynn, with a chuckle. "I can see ye goin' through th' pla-ace, an' lookin' wise, an' gettin' down on ye-er knees f'r to ixamine a bit iv mud through a magnifyin'-glass, an' thin goin' out an' measurin' th' tra-acks in th' mud with a fut-rule. I can hear ye sayin', 'This gr-reat crime was committed be a ma-an with a large fut an' a nail shtickin' out iv wan shoe. 'T is only nicissary now f'r to find th' shoe an' arrist th' ma-an.' Oho! ye 'd ma-ake a gr-reat day-tictive, f'r sure."

"Is n't that what you 'd do?" asked Horatio.

"I 'm not ta-alkin' iv what I 'd do," returned Patrolman Flynn. "I 'm ta-alkin' iv what th' gr-reat day-tictives does. If ye was a r-real day-tictive an' had this wur-rk f'r to do, ye 'd go to th' pla-ace an' luk wise, an' thin ye 'd go back an' ordher th' dhr-rag-net put out. Ivery ma-an that c'u'd ha-ave done it an' lots that c'u'd n't w'u'd be brought in, an'—"

"Arrested?" interrupted Horatio.

"F'r sure," replied Patrolman Flynn.

"But what right would you have to arrest people against whom you had no evidence?"

"Who 's ta-alkin' iv r-rights?" retorted Patrolman Flynn. "I 'm ta-alkin' iv th' wa-ays iv po-lis day-tictives, an' I don't want ye f'r to be botherin' me with ye-er fool quistions. Ye 'd ha-ave thim all brought in, an' ye 'd ixamine thim an' ma-ake thim prove they was n't th' wans, an' sift it down till ye 'd got it bechune a few iv thim. Thin mebbe ye 'd la-and ye-er ma-an through some wan tellin' on him so 's to keep r-right with ye, or mebbe some felly on th' outside w'u'd tip it off to ye so 's ye 'd give him a little more shwing. Oho! they 's lots iv wa-ays iv gettin' at th' fac's without tra-acin' a cr-rime up. That used to be th' ol' wa-ay, but 't is out iv date. 'First find out who did it an' thin arrist him,' was th' ol' rule, but now 't is, 'First arrist ye-er ma-an, an' thin find if he 's th' wan, or if he knows th' wan, ye wa-ant.' Iv coorse they 's exciptions, but this is th' reg'lar wa-ay."

"And what would be the next thing for me to do?" asked the youth, somewhat distressed by having his ideals thus ruthlessly shattered.

"Ye sh'u'd throw out ye-er chist, puff on a big see-gar, an' say, 'T was a har-rd job, but I done it.'"

"Is that all?" asked Horatio.

"Oho! is that all!" repeated Patrolman Flynn. "If ye c'u'd see th' time some iv th' day-tictives puts in doin' it, ye 'd sa-ay 't is enough."

Patrolman Flynn, it is hardly necessary to say, looks with some contempt on the average police detective, believing that he is a man who gets most of the glory, while the patrolman does most of the work; but that perhaps is natural in a man who is a patrolman from choice.

"Still, a man may do work in his own way, I suppose," suggested Horatio, after a moment of thought.

"F'r sure," answered Patrolman Flynn; "but 't is a ha-arder wa-ay."

"And if he does a really good piece of work he gets his reward?"

"R-right ye are."

"What is it usually?"

"M-m-m, well," returned Patrolman Flynn, thoughtfully, "that all day-pinds. Sometimes 't is wan thing, an' sometimes 't is another. Sometimes 't is promotion, an' sometimes 't is not. D' ye ray-mimber th' time I wint down th' chute an' arristed a gang in th' cellar?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you get a reward for that?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"I was docked th' price iv th' coat I ru'ned goin' down th' chute."

OFFICER BRADY.

(THE MODERN RECRUIT.)

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "The Recruit," "Cardigan," etc.

I.

SEZ Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"G'wan! Ye 're no lady!
Luk here what ye 've done:
Ye 've run in Red Hogan,
Ye 've pulled Paddy Grogan,
Ye 've fanned Misther Brogan
An' called him a 'gun'!

"'Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gintleman layin' f'r you!
'An' what,' sez he, 't' 'ell,' sez he,
'Does the villyun mane to do?
Lock up the ass in his shtall!
He 'll rue the day I rue,
F'r he 's pulled the dive that kapes me alive,
An' he 'll go to the goats![1] Whurroo!'"

II.

Sez Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"Ye pinched young Mullady
F'r crackin' a safe!
An' Sinitor Moran
An' Alderman Doran
Is inside, a-roarin'
F'r justice, ye thafe!

"'Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gintleman layin' f'r you!
'What 's this,' sez he, 'I hear?' sez he—
An' the air, bedad, grew blue!
'Well, I nivver did hear av such gall!
But if phwat ye say is thrue,
He 's pulled a fri'nd av a fri'nd av me fri'nd,
An' he 'll go to the goats! Whurroo!'"

III.

Sez Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"Here 's Sullivan's lady
Cavoortin' an' riled;
She lifted a locket
From Casey's coat pocket,
An' it goes to the docket,
An' Sullivan 's wild!

[1] "Going to the goats," that is, to an undesirable post in the suburbs.

"'Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gintleman layin' f'r you!
'T is a shame,' sez he, 'f'r to blame,' sez he,
'A lady so fair an' thrue,
An' so divinely tall'—
'T is po'ms he talked, ye Jew!
An' ye 've cooked yere goose, an' now ye 're loose
F'r to folly the goats! Whurroo!"

IV.

Sez Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"Where 's Katie Macready,
The Confidence Queen?
She 's niece to O'Lafferty's
Cousins, the Caffertys—
Sinitor Rafferty's
Steady colleen!

"'Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gintleman layin' f'r you!
'He 's pinched,' sez he, 'an' cinched,' sez he,
'A lady tray comme eel foo!
Go dangle th' tillyphone call,
An' gimme La Mulberry Roo,
F'r the town is too warrm f'r this gendarme,
An' he 'll go to the goats, mon Dieu!'"

V.

Sez Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"McCabe is afraid he
Can't open to-night,
F'r throuble 's a-brewin',
An' mischief 's a-stewin',
Wid nothin' a-doin'
An' everything tight!
There 's Register Ronnell,
Commissioner Donnell,
An' Congressman Connell
Preparin' f'r flight;
The Dhistrict Attorney
Told Magistrate Kearny
That Captain McBurney
Was dyin' o' fright!

"Oh!
'Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gintleman lookin' f'r you!
'Bedad!' sez he, 'he 's mad,' sez he.
'So turrn on the screw f'r Bellevue,
An' chain 'im ag'in' the wall,
An' lather 'im wan or two,
An' tether 'im out on the Bloomin'dale route
Like a loonytick goat! Whurroo!'"

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The New Pace for Children.

ANY one in middle life who candidly compares the children about him with those of twenty to forty years ago must be struck with the sophistication which lies in wait on every hand for the young folk of to-day. It was of a winsome and lingering age of youth that Wordsworth sang, in the "Ode on Immortality"—itself immortal:

> There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight
> To me did seem
> Appareled in celestial light—
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

This trait of ideality is the crowning grace of the child's nature, and it is all the more beautiful and precious because sooner or later must come the awakening into the prose of the real and the practical. Knowing this, by what sedulous artifice and evasion does the thoughtful mother strive to postpone that day when the

> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy!

But come it does. This is the logical sequence of life, and is not to be deplored, since to a healthy nature each age brings its own harvest of natural joy. What is to be dreaded is the too sudden transition from childhood to youth, from youth to maturity—the plunge into the blinding light of knowledge. Keats well said: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." Then is needed in parents every precaution of tact, forbearance, and affection. Then is needed in the child the resource of a mind nourished on the best ideals. It is, of course, possible that the transitions of the young may be prolonged too far—that the infant may too long be fed on the soft foods, the little girl be left too much with her dolls, the boy's pretty curls be too long unclipped. But the candid observer of young people of the present day, especially in cities, is likely to draw the opposite conclusion—that in America, at least, there is an extraordinary amount of rail-roading by "flier" from the very cradle to the grave. We say "especially in cities," for the return to the country—now so much on the increase—has become the salvation of the over-wrought, nervous, and noise-ridden citizen.

But at the fashionable pace now kept up, even three or four summer months in the country are not a cure for the ills of a child's winter in town. What with the limitations of play, the exactions of study, and the distractions (ominous word!) of the theater matinée, the children's dance, and other entertainments, the days of city children are almost as devoid of repose as those of their parents. It is well for them if they escape the precocity of such attrition with the world into which, all too soon, they are to make the full leap from childhood.

A noteworthy defect in the care of children is the lack of supervision of their intellectual food. Mothers who tend as with vestal care the flame of physical life not only betray indifference to what goes into a child's mind, but actually permit to be provided for its consumption vapid, vulgar, and even vicious reading. Sensitiveness to these three qualities represents the grades of conscientiousness of many mothers. Some think their duty done if they can exclude the vicious, and think themselves masters of the situation if they have kept the hungry wolf of "yellow journalism" from the nursery door. Others from instinct draw the line on this side of vulgarity, and do not knowingly admit that handmaid of vice to the assistant tutorship of the children. But how many reflect on the vapidness of much of the reading accessible to boys and girls—empty pabulum with a honeyed taste, but without the intellectual and moral nourishment needed by the growing child. And yet it is a truism that in the long run what we read we are.

One reason why parents should provide in the household children's reading of a wholesome, joyous, and ennobling type is that the laxity of society in its attitude toward semi-criminal newspapers leaves even carefully guarded children exposed to a thoughtless neighbor's indifference. The friendship of intrinsically attractive books and magazines for children is much to be coveted as a bulwark against the disillusionments of life, so that in the mind of the awakened youth the beauty, order, and goodness which are at the heart of things may persist as active principles.

It is a deplorable fact that of late years, for lack of support, a number of excellent magazines for children have been discontinued—in the latest instance with the frank statement that the vogue of the newspaper had shortened the term of childhood so greatly as to make it impossible to sustain such a magazine, the proprietors saying, in effect, that boys and girls, in the old sense of an audience for juvenile periodical literature, exist no longer. The fault, perhaps, is not with the child, nor with the editor, but with the busy parent of these latter years; for the newspaper-reading child is the product of the last decade. The boy of ten or twelve, at the age when he ought

to be acquiring a taste for good literature, is too often left to the ephemeral contents of the illustrated newspaper. Even when the newspaper is a good one he is being startled from the repose of his proper age. He is made a man before his time. He is allowed to share the rapid pace at which modern life is set. Not for him should be

> the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world.

And if the newspaper be conducted without conscience his mind becomes the breeding-ground of false ideals—infested by the microbes of envy, social discontent, ambitious greed, scandal, desire for luxury, and disbelief in virtue. If he be a child of the tenement, with little other reading, is it any wonder that he should grow up into the criminal classes? And yet such newspapers are tolerated in the houses of decent and intelligent people!

The death of President McKinley has set people to thinking as to the insidious influences that may have operated on the mind of the wretched and pitiable assassin, little more than a perverted boy; and, as a consequence, a healthy reaction has set in against the sensational newspaper. It will be well if this shall extend to all newspapers of the class. But it will be best if the country can be aroused to substitute for them decent newspapers, magazines, and books, and particularly to study carefully the kind of reading which goes to the formation of the character of children.

> What boots it at one gate to make defense
> And at another to let in the foe?

The "Vanity of Liberty."

Mr. Cable was among the speakers at a public meeting in memory of President McKinley held in a Northampton church immediately after the President's death. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the "slanders and distempered misjudgments of a wanton public press," and of "our national vanity of liberty to say what we please of whomsoever we will."

A necessary lack of ceremony, an "over-democracy of manners," a tendency to irreverence—these are a part of the price a country pays for its freedom. There is in America very little of arrogance in "the look from above downward." We have, indeed, heard an international critic go so far as to declare that the absence of such arrogance in America made our national manners superior to those of any other country. But there is undoubtedly in America not a little of arrogance in the other direction.

There is so much training in a country like ours in the idea of equality that youth is apt to regard itself not only as equal but decidedly superior to age; and the ignorant and feeble, even the vicious, are given to the opinion that they are not merely "as good as," but actually much "better than," those whom they are called upon to respect. We have heard it hinted that one reason that there were fewer notorious rascals in high places in English politics than in American was partly because there had been one woman in England, who, for a long lifetime, set a standard of public respect—one person who could not be foully and recklessly abused. The idea was that public opinion was keyed up in England,—to some extent by this means,—given a better tone, or at least made more effective.

If it is at all true that public opinion in England is more effective in keeping out of high politics a certain class of notorious corruptionists,—such, for instance, as "boss" our cities and invade our Senate,—there must be other reasons than the one indicated—reasons having to do, doubtless, with the centralization of an acknowledged single commercial, political, and social metropolis.

The license of speech and print in America, however,—the freedom to abuse grossly and caricature outrageously all public men, including the President of the United States,—has a tendency to confuse the minds of the people, and to interfere with patriotic and disinterested public service. It is right and necessary to criticize our official servants; nothing should be allowed to interfere with this right and duty. But aside from the fear of incitement to assassination, a self-respecting country should put a stop to the treatment of its high officials, on mere difference of political opinion and policy, as if they were outcasts and criminals. Now that the country is starting in, so to speak, with a new President, it is a good time to consider this subject with all seriousness.

Mr. Cable has put his finger upon a national failing—the "vanity of liberty." Here is food for reflection, and the text for many a timely clerical and lay sermon.

The Philosophy of the "Too Much."

It would enable us to regard with a calmer and more philosophic spirit not only the idiosyncrasies of our associates and neighbors, but the shortcomings also of both the dead and the living great, if we had it firmly fixed in our minds that, as a rule, no one can have enough of a quality to do anything remarkable with it without having that quality in excess. The absolutely balanced temperaments seldom achieve conspicuous ends. Balance, so far as being under control, that is necessary; but balance as to endowment is not necessary for great success. Washington's temperament was not so evenly balanced as his earliest editors and biographers would have us believe. He had a temper which, in the case of a less well-governed mind, might easily have been classed with those which are called "ungovernable." But Washington's balance of character was exceptional. He is a marked man, in this respect, even among the handful of world-heroes; Alfred the Great, we are reminded by his millennial, being one of his extremely few competitors.

Take a figure like Napoleon. His celebrity as a man of war places him, in that respect, in the front rank, with only one or two others dressed to the same line. He was a tremendous warrior. Yes, but he was too much of a warrior for his own greatness and final success. He himself said that a king should be clever at many things, but

not too clever at any one thing, as, for instance, at the work of a cabinet-maker: he should not be an expert cabinet-maker. He himself, it will be noted, was altogether the greatest expert in his day in the art and occupation of making war. The consequence was that he turned, in every emergency, to the thing he could do most easily—and made war several times too often. He and his empire went to destruction that very way.

So it is in every direction. You hear of a great wit; his sayings go about the town. Ten chances to one, a few hours with the wit will give you an idea that he is something of a fool, whereas he is only exhibiting that excess of a trait which seems to be necessary to make it carry far. Cross-question the associates of a man whose business career has been remarkable for audacity of suggestiveness, and they will tell you that he has made for each valuable "suggestion" at least two that were worthless, or worse than worthless. The fact is that if a man is engaged in a business which requires inventiveness in means and method, it is a bad sign if he makes no "fool suggestions" at all, for it shows that his mind is not working with the required vigor. Of course the over-suggestive man must be teachable and not infatuated with his own ideas, or he will soon enough be confronted by the bitter lesson of disaster.

A man gains a wide reputation for firmness; he is tremendously, gloriously firm; yes, and ten chances to one, you will find him confessing to not a little plain, homespun obstinacy. Find a man who is widely known for a proud and imperious and fascinating carriage. Get near enough to him, and you may find him so afflicted with the petty vanities that his company is unendurable. Take the trait of amiability. One might say that no one could be too amiable. But a little experience of life teaches one that an overplus of amiability has highly dangerous—often disastrous—issues, notwithstanding all the good that may be accomplished through this engaging trait.

Let a man have an extended reputation for physical and mental energy and activity: you are likely to discover that in private life, and in public as well, if he happens to be a public man, this activity shows its overplus in all sorts of curious ways. They may seem to the cold-blooded pure extravagances; they may, indeed, be pure extravagances. But you will conclude, if you are blessed with good sense and a bit of discernment, that any criticism of such a character for the evidences of the "too much" merely amounts to a recognition of the phenomenal force of the man—a recognition, indeed, of the very temperament which is the reason for his success in life, and which accounts for the fact that you think it worth while to bestow so much attention upon his mental and physical "outfit." Ten chances to one, if he had not been endowed so heavily with his distinguishing trait he would not have had enough of this trait to accomplish anything notable in life.

This last illustration may be considered timely.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Beauty-land.

(A LULLABY.)

KIVER up yo' eye, my baby, wid yo' mammy's sleeve,
When de windy elemints is callin' out aloud,
Dat 's de way de stars dey go to sleep, I do believe:
Mammy Night she kivers up her babies wid a cloud.

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Beauty 's boun' to dance at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away,
Nuver leave 'er sleepin' baby 't all.

All about in Slumber-lan' dey's beauty layin' roun'—
Layin' loose, a-waitin' for de chillen to come in;
Yisterday my baby went, an' what you think she foun'
But dem creases in 'er wris'es an' dat dimple in 'er chin?

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Satins boun' to rustle at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, nuver gwine away—
Ain't expected nowhar else at all.

Lady mama walked in Beauty's garden as a babe;
Same ole nigger mammy settin' watchin' at de gate,
Trusted wid de treasure dough dey say she was a slabe—
Oh, chillen, quit yo' foolin', 'caze de times is gittin' late!

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Boun' to grace de 'casion at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away—
No, sir, Mister Angel, don't you call.

Baby 's gone to Beauty-lan',—de pinky gates is shet,—
So mammy gwine a-noddin', too, to gyardens in de sky,
To view de heavenly mansions whar de golden streets is set,
An' mammy an' her babies will be gethered, by an' by.

Refrain of first stanza.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

If Sandy Claws was Pa.

I 'VE often thought what fun 't would be
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He surely would be good to me,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He 'd let me see the million toys
He makes fer little girls an' boys;
An' every single winter's day
I 'd ketch on to the reindeer sleigh,
An' he 'd be good an' would n't mind,
But jes p'tend that he was blind,
An' would n't never *whip behind*,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

The reindeer 'd take us 'way up high,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
They 'd trot right through the air an' sky,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
An' pa would tell me how the deer
Could do a thing so awful queer,
An' why they stay up in the air
Without balloons to keep 'em there;
He 'd tell me how they fly all night
Up past the stars so big an' bright,
Without a single wing in sight,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

The pole explorers would be blue,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
We 'd find the pole before they do,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
Fer we 'd go there jes like a streak;
It would n't take us half a week
To make the trip, ner half a day,
Ner half a night while on the way.
It 's great ole time them reindeer make
When their slim legs gits wide awake—
Not half a nour it would n't take,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

Each night there 'd be a Chris'mas tree,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
An' one each day, besides, fer me,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He 'd tell me how he climbs right down
The red-hot chimbleys in the town,
An' how he ever, ever learnt
To never git his whiskers burnt.
But what 's the use of thinkin' so?
These dreams is nice, but they don't go,
Fer pa ain't Sandy Claws, you know,
An' Sandy Claws ain't pa.

Earle Hooker Eaton.

The Best Authority.

THEY say that worldly goods and gauds
Are all that 's "worth the while";
They say romance is out of date,
And love is out of style;
They say a bright tiara's gems
Will solace any throe:
But Philip, blue-eyed Philip,
He does not tell me so.

They say that lovers' strongest vows
Have proved but brittle things,
That Love *must* fly, since Art portrays
The little god with wings;
That youth's fond fancies quickly fade,
That men inconstant grow:
But Philip, faithful Philip,
He does not tell me so.

They say that one should only think
Of lofty birth and place;
They say it makes one thrill with pride
To set the social pace;
They say a cottage on the green
Must be forlorn and slow:
But Philip, ardent Philip,
He does not tell me so.

I let them prate of pride and pelf,
I care not what they say.
O heart of mine! to-morrow's sun
Shall light our wedding-day.
Within our cottage, Love, content,
Shall ever bide, I know:
For Philip, dearest Philip,
He says it shall be so.

Beatrice Hanscom.

When Mother has Gone Away.

It is n't often it happens—mother 's no hand to "trot";
If we did n't insist she 'd *never* leave home, as like as not:
But once in a while, come summer, we 're bound that she take a rest,
And we pack her off to visit Aunt Jen, who lives out West.
She is n't exactly *willing*, but father urges: "Go.
Jennie is counting on it; she wrote and told you so.
And you need n't think we 'll miss you," he adds, for he loves to tease.
"We can do first-rate without you. So stay as long as you please."

Then mother goes in the morning, and father at noon will sigh:
"Well, it *does* seem mighty lonesome, with mother not sitting by!"
At supper we joke and tell him he 's losing his appetite
(And to speak in sober earnest, the things *don't* taste just right).
And every night it 's funny, and kind of pitiful, too,
For father fidgets and cannot decide quite what to do,
Till he settles in desperation with the old, familiar pack
At his solitaire, and mutters, "I 'll be glad when your mother 's back."

Or else he nods and dozes, sunk in his big arm-chair,
Sudden to start and waken, with a fretful, puzzled air,
And a peevish cry, "Why, Nancy!"—only to look *so* queer,
Like a grieving child, and murmur, "I thought that she was here."
Oh, it 's collars he cannot button, and shirts that he cannot find;
It 's handkerchiefs all ragged, and watch he forgets to wind;
It 's wearing his shiny trousers when he ought to have worn his best;
And it 's, "What in the world possessed her to bundle clear out West?"

Perhaps he is tired and worried, or feeling a little "down,"
Or has caught a cold—there is n't a bluer man in town;
And he can't be cheered, but hazards, as a kind of hint: "I vum!
I 've a notion to write your mother and tell her she 'd better come."

. . . . . .

Now of course I admit these stories—or, rather, they 're simple facts—
All are concerning father, and the manner in which *he* acts;
And you talk with *him*, and doubtless *he 'd* have some things to say,
For *we* are as bad as he is when mother has gone away.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Hints on Table Etiquette

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

With Pictures by Oliver Herford.

TO A BAKED FISH.

PRESERVE a respectful demeanor when you are brought into the room;
Don't stare at the guests while they 're eating, no matter how much they consume.

TO LETTUCE.

THE humblest are counted the wisest, the modest are lauded the most;
Don't have a big head because sometimes you sit on the right of the host.

TO LAMB CHOPS.

IF there are only ladies at luncheon,—it being a feminine feast,—
You then may appear in curl-papers; no one will object in the least.

TO THE MORNING PAPER.

BY the family you 're welcomed at breakfast, your presence, indeed, they expect;
But pray do not come in your wrapper—it is n't considered correct.

"SAY, BUNNY, GIVE ME A BOOST."

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THE OLD STAGE-COACH OF THE PLAINS.

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SOME OF OUR WISE VIRGINS.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

NOTWITHSTANDING innumerable precedents which would justify me, I have never until this moment attempted a classification either of my friends or my neighbors, probably because in this present age, when the tendency to differentiate even our emotions has carried us so far, some instinct protecting the rights of individual identities has arisen and called many of us to halt. We resent the injustice of a characterization by which one or two of our acts should be separated from the sum of our virtues as a whole, forcing us or our friends to come under the heads of specialized groups. It is with a certain apologetic spirit, therefore, that I now bring into a class by themselves a number of young women of social standing in New York, who, differing widely in many particulars, are yet all alike in being engaged in some service for their fellows.

To most men they must always remain a mystery, since before all things else these young women are disinterested, and nothing else in this world, I am inclined to believe (unless, perhaps, it be cheerfulness under affliction), is so apt to be misconstrued by the average man as disinterestedness. This is especially true in large cities like ours, where social conditions are of a complex character, where neighborhoods have not grown, but are manufactured, and where even virtues bent on ministry must go uniformed or be questioned.

I knew once a man of charming manners

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"TO FIND HER HOUSE I HAD TURNED DOWN ONE OF THE SIDE STREETS LEADING FROM THE BOWERY."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"AWAY FROM THE DIN AND THE GLARE OF THE STREETS AND INSIDE HER DOOR."

who watched two timid old ladies from the country standing in the middle of a block on Broadway, signaling to the cable-cars. When he had seen half a dozen cars whisk by them, he ventured, with hat off, to suggest to them that they move to the end of the block. They answered only with startled glances, and then, after assuring themselves of the safety of their purses, walked hurriedly away. He had the curiosity to watch them, and noted with amusement that the last thing they did before disappearing inside the cable-car was to turn on the platform and look back at him in triumphant suspicion.

I am aware, even while telling this incident, that it illustrates the feminine lack of understanding, when my purpose is to prove that which characterizes most men; but I have at my command at least a dozen anecdotes which would do so and bring me back to my starting-point—that nothing subjects itself so easily to masculine misinterpretation as disinterestedness. Like a veil, it creates illusions, but the illusions are in the eyes of the beholder.

Disinterestedness, too, has another baffling quality, being, as it is, altogether without a craze for organizations, classifications, and labels. It yields to the necessity of cognomens and constitutions only when the benefit, not of itself, but of some outside object, can be the more readily attained. It has no system of registry and keeps no accounts. More than anything else that I know, its service takes on the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"EACH MEMBER OF WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GIFT OF AT LEAST TWELVE GARMENTS."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"'THE CHILDREN MUST BE AMUSED.'"

more or less casual character of a well-bred woman's hospitality, which involves no change in a daily routine, and exacts no more recognition for a dinner given than for the exercise of any of the other social amenities of life—the taking off of one's hat in the street, or the rising at the entrance of a guest. You may group every other set of women workers, then, under the one general head of "busy women" (odious term!); you may, if you will permit yourself the folly, designate a number having no professions as "society ladies"; but you can bring the wise virgins to whom I refer under no one specialized form, for their virtues are not detached from themselves, alluring them, like will-o'-the-wisps, out of beaten tracks and into the bogs and morasses of social eccentricity.

You can find these maidens, therefore, in no one given locality, you need look for them at no particular hours, for their activities involve no questions of éclat, and the chronicle of their charities forms no feature in "special columns." They are as elusive, when you seek them, as some fragrance of the forest, and they are to be found only when a particular work is to be done which they recognize as part of their general service, a part of what conscience compels them to do. They are all-round women, who regard a visit to a tenement as belonging as much to the order of their days as the giving of a cup of tea in an afternoon to a visitor with whom they may have danced a cotillion the night before.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"WHEN YOU HAD TO APOLOGIZE FOR ANY SERIOUS PURSUIT."

I remember one young girl in particular, a beautiful creature with auburn hair and violet eyes, who had been one of the belles when she came out, and who told me that when she first began to work in municipal affairs she made it a rule not to leave a ball-room until a particular hour every

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'AND REALLY SEW ON SOME ARTICLE OF CLOTHING.'"

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

"WHERE THE MODUS OPERANDI OF CITY DEPARTMENTS IS TREATED IN CONNECTION WITH STEREOPTICON VIEWS."

night, and always to leave it then, so fearful was she of getting one-sided, of sacrificing the social traditions of an old school in which she had been reared to the demands of a new and more democratic order. Now that years have been added to the sum of her youthful days, the struggle to adjust herself no longer exists, and I am wondering if I shall be blamed by some of the wiseacres for saying that I believe that those early years in the ball-room, in which she went the temperate round of a young girl's pleasures, were quite as beneficial to her, to the world, and to the work which she is now doing, as if they had been spent altogether in labor and in ignoring what the traditions of her forefathers demanded of her.

To me this young girl's effort to balance and round out both sides of life seems important, since I grew up at a time when blue-stockings were still objects of ridicule, thought to be but half women at best; when you had to apologize to those on your visiting-list for any serious pursuit; when a college education put you under a kind of ban, especially in the eyes of fashionable men, and when women of the world who meant to be gracious would try to draw you out by saying: "Tell me all about it. I do not think any the less of you for having taught"—as though by teaching you had been convicted of nefarious schemes. Your classmates at college, estimable women all, were yet not those whom you were likely to meet again, and for some reason or other, when you regarded them, you found yourself inclined to believe that mental excellence and the graces must indeed always travel separate paths.

But another order reigns to-day, brought about by books, new currents of thought, new ideals, the quickening of the general conscience, and by the victories of the few. A young girl is no longer regarded as outré because she has chosen to become a Ph.D. She can still belong to the polite world even after she is known as the author of books or as a participant in municipal and educational affairs. Moreover, she is as likely to be affected by that quickening of the conscience when occupying an exalted station as though she walked some obscurer path.

It was a quotation from Drummond about men living on the top floor of their being, instead of in the basement, which some seven years ago inspired to good deeds a group of young girls all belonging to that part of the world generally spoken of as "fashionable"—that part of the world, to be more explicit, which has its box at the opera in winter, and its home at Newport during the summer. The objects of the circle were

"to raise the tone of their conversation and to help others to live better lives." They rented a floor near one of the avenues needing two figures for designation, and there they started a boys' and girls' club and a kindergarten. There, too, they worked, but without interfering with any of the requirements entailed by their positions upon young girls just coming out in the world, and so quietly that they escaped in the performance of their philanthropies that public attention which the discharge of their purely social obligations brought upon them. As they have grown with years their work has grown, their horizon has broadened, and the scope of their labors has been enlarged. The very name of the club has been changed, and at their monthly meetings men like Jacob Riis, Booker T. Washington, and Hamilton Mabie are found to address them. The club now supports one kindergarten, but quite as interesting as any statistics to be found in their reports are the quotations they publish, proving what ideals are still accepted as guiding principles in their affairs.

> Silver threads of conversation,
> Threads that by association
> With a web of golden deeds
> Make a fabric that all creeds
> Recognize as worth the weaving,
> If thereby we are relieving
> Mental anguish, want, or pain,
> And help others to attain
> Higher planes of thought and living,
> Grief assuage and pleasure giving,
> This our work; for this we pray,
> Members of the N. C. A.

Again there is this from James Freeman Clarke: "We grow broader, not by seeing error, but by seeing more and more of truth." And this from Emerson: "Life must be lived on a higher plane. We must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole aspect of things changes." And this from G. Andrews: "What seems an obvious truth in one plane may change its guise completely when we reach the next, and yet be fundamentally the same truth in both."

I have been led to refer to this particular instance of the quickening of consciences by thought, not only because the workers who in this instance were inspired belong to a class of young girls generally pictured to the popular imagination as mere pleasure-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.
"AT McCOMB'S DAM."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"SHE BELONGED TO A BAND WHO GO ABOUT AMONG THE POOR FOR DISTRICT NURSING."

seekers, leading lives filled with one long quest for diversion, and supposedly as ignorant of the needs of the less favored as that famous Queen of France who suggested cake to a starving populace when bread was not possible, but because (and here again the masculine misinterpretation comes in) few men can understand the development of the altruistic virtues as altogether normal in young girls, and not the result of disenchantment with the world.

Not long since, I heard this subject discussed in the house of a young woman—a lady—who had chosen to live her life out in the slums. To find her house I had turned down one of the side streets leading from the Bowery; had picked a wary way among swarms of children playing on dirty pavements, and past scores of street-venders, their push-carts, at the curbstone, filled with every article necessary to life in that neighborhood—clothes, household utensils, and viands. The effect when I found myself all at once away from the din and the glare of the streets and inside her door assumed something of magic, for I had been ushered into a charming old-fashioned interior, delightful in color and in its suggestion of repose; a place filled with valuable mahogany, with brasses, books, plaster casts, and pictures. The window-boxes were abloom, the back piazza was a bower of green. It was a home that would have been beautiful anywhere, and gave you the impression of having always been there, as though some scion of New York's old nobility had chosen to remain, with traditions intact, while the stream of deterioration swept by him outside. In this the house was remarkable, for in many instances the homes of those who have gone down-town to live suggest a compromise with adverse conditions, as though their household gods had been transferred on a venture.

To the man who talked to the hostess the whole situation seemed an anomaly. He wanted to get at the root of the matter, at what he insisted must be the "blight" which in young girls had first meant the withering of hopes and then the turning of interests in new directions. It seemed incredible to him that the development of the altruistic virtues, the wanting something to do, the being ashamed of having no purposes, could be part of a general process of development, that it could be normal, could belong to the day, to the generation, to the great impulsive forces of the century; and I do not know that, having, as he did, the traditions of his particular line behind him, he was altogether to blame. For I remember a woman some twenty-five years ago whose engagement with a foreigner was broken in a tragic way, to the chagrin and consternation of an ambitious family. Some one in my hearing once asked her what she was going to do. "Oh, go to the watering-places, I suppose, until I am forty, and then take to charity"—in which purpose she differed but little, after all, from the examples bequeathed to disappointed women by a long list of famous beauties belonging to imperial courts.

In this age, however, we make another kind of history. I wish that, without violating any of the laws protecting the personalities of friends, I might describe one young girl whom I knew. I remember that on her sixteenth birthday she gave me a cup of tea; and certainly, that day as I watched her, dainty, charming, considerate, and beautiful, moving about her mother's drawing-room with exquisite grace, there was little in her manner to suggest a mind filled with those projects for relieving suffering which my older acquaintance meant to leave until she was forty. And yet, at that very time, this young girl was making daily excursions to a hospital for work in the children's ward. I asked her only the other day to tell me about it, and I shall here record what she said:

"The funds at the hospital were low, and there were only sufficient nurses to do what actual work was needed, but the doctors all said that the children must be amused. After a surgical operation many a little patient has fretted him- or herself into a fever, from crying partly with pain and partly with the irritation of the unaccustomed bandages. At meal-times, too, it was impossible for the few nurses to wait on all at once, and the wails of rage and disappointment that went up from the little cots were piteous. So our committee was composed almost entirely of girls still at school. There were about fifty of us, and we were divided into groups, so that four or five of us were supposed to be at the wards every day except Sunday, which is mothers' day. We brought picture-books and toys, and played with the children, and sang to them if we could, and tried to be there at their dinner- and supper-time to help feed the hungry little mouths. We were to help soothe and comfort children just coming out of the influence of ether, for often, as you doubtless know, they sob unconsciously, and in some cases, as an operation for a harelip,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

AN EXCURSION TO CASTLE WILLIAM.

much mischief may be done unless the patient is quiet. Then, too, our being there allowed some of the nurses time for their daily walk, or liberty to attend clinical lectures. At Christmas we brought toys and supplied the dinner for the children. Our annual dues (five dollars for each of us) supported a bed. This will give you an idea of how we tried to fill in a few cracks in the good work that was being done by the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee.

"So we went on for five years or more, and gradually things changed. We had all grown up, and many of us older members had married and consequently lost interest; others had simply resigned. In fact, there were only some twenty of the old members left and a few of their friends who had joined because they had been asked to, without a very clear idea as to what we did. Of course there are always a certain number of girls who join such an organization at the start with great enthusiasm—there is a little glamour about what is known as 'hospital work'; but these girls soon resigned, and that, too, reduced our members. In time we awoke to the fact that we virtually had no organization, that we were drifting through a routine from habit, and that very shortly we should go to pieces.

"So the faithful few—to put it slangily—took a brace. We attended a class in parliamentary law, wrote a constitution and by-laws, called a meeting, and reorganized ourselves into a league, with officers, chairmen of committees, etc. In four years our work and our list of members have both grown greatly. Members are proposed, seconded, and elected by the membership committee, as you would do in any ordinary club. We have a president, two vice-presidents, a recording secretary, a corresponding secretary, and a treasurer, and these officers, with the chairmen of committees, form our executive committee. We have two kinds of members: active, or those who do the work; and extra, those who merely help with their dues and occasionally do volunteer work. By telling you of our committees I shall explain a great deal of the work we do. There is a membership committee, the object of which I have explained. Then there is a visiting committee, some member of which is at the wards every Friday during the winter months—reception day—to help show strangers about and tell of the interesting cases. We have a house committee, the members of which supply all the plates, bowls, dishes, spoons, glasses, etc., and as many jellies, jams, and dainties as they

can obtain. Next comes our clothing committee, each member of which is responsible for the gift of at least twelve garments during the winter, and usually we turn in from about three hundred and fifty to four hundred garments. We have an entertainment committee, the duty of which is to supply the dinner for all the nurses and children on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and to fill the little stockings and give a Christmas tree. They send out an appeal for toys a month before. There is likewise a toy committee. This committee had large boxes of toys placed in each ward, and these boxes are cleaned out and replenished once a week by some member of the committee; it is their duty also to keep their reserve cupboards in order and full. Lastly, there is a ways and means committee, the duty of which is to devise ways for raising money to carry on our work, which usually results in our giving a fair every other year, with the chairman of this committee as the manager.

"We also support two beds a year and a crib, supplying all crib linings, blankets, etc. Then, to take the place of our old visiting committee, we supply all the year round, from two to three times a week for two hours, a kindergarten teacher and all the material she needs. When the new hospital was built we furnished a sun-parlor on the roof, and this we keep furnished, and also the roof-garden in summer. Once a month during the summer we supply a stage for the afternoon to carry all the children who are able to go up to the Park for the air and a roll on the grass. In Lent we meet every Thursday morning at eleven at the house of some member, and really sew on some article of clothing, which we take home to finish. At one we have a simple luncheon, and then all leave promptly. The number of dishes for luncheon is small, because we insist on keeping it simple, and do away with that dreadful vying to outdo one another.

"The years we don't have a fair, at our first fall meeting we make up a pool for the year, each girl writing on a slip of paper, unsigned, the number of cents or dollars she is willing to give; the amount is added up, and we know how we stand for the year, only the treasurer knowing the exact sum each member has sent in. This is done because we are anxious to have good workers, who are not necessarily rich girls.

"This is about all we do, though we always try to be ready to help when asked by the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee. Our wards are free, as you probably know, and consequently the burden of raising thousands of dollars for rent, nurses, doctors, food, surgical appliances, etc., rests entirely on the Ladies' Committee."

Here, it will be seen, was true consecration, supported by an enthusiasm which, having outlived a youthful ardor, became tempered into a definite, logical purpose of enlarged ways and means. Some of these women are still young and still charming, and wherever there are children to be cared for among the poor, their influence is felt.

In any discussion of the influences which have been at work in bringing about the changed conditions among the young women of to-day, it would be idle to ignore those of a purely intellectual character, which have been fostered both by a higher education and by association with progressive men. Students of history and of sociological questions, and followers of advanced reasoning in colleges and schools, as many of these girls have been, they could hardly have escaped the contagion of that enthusiasm for humanity which has increasingly made itself felt with power not only in books and treatises, but in the conduct and example of great teachers. Something more, then, than the sympathetic emotions has been stirred. They, too, with their fathers and their brothers, have awakened to the need of a greater political understanding and purity. Whichever way you turn, you cannot escape a conviction of this awakening. You see it in the work of the settlements and of the municipal and educational leagues.

In each one of these departments you come in contact with volunteer service of the most arduous and exacting kind, undertaken cheerfully by young women of the world. You see it in what is being done to instruct boys and girls in questions of social and political science, in explanations furnished them of current events, social conditions, and the workings of municipal governments both in their own and in foreign towns. You see it in the meetings of various clubs held for the benefit of boys and girls, where the modus operandi of city departments is treated in connection with stereopticon views; where questions relating to civil service and citizenship are discussed, and civil-service examinations are held by way of practice, and candidates are graded afterward; where clauses of the new charter are explained, and even the water-supply is made the subject of illustrated lectures.

You see the awakening among these young women, too, in the careful provisions made

by them for the amusements of the boys and girls. They have promoted the opening of the down-town parks as places of recreation for the poor. They have helped to put up apparatus for gymnastic exercises and to arrange rooms for dancing. They have done this, not in obedience to any blind impulse, but after a careful study of social conditions, which has led them to recognize, on the one hand, the moral value of diversion, and, on the other, the evil consequences resulting from those diversions into which temptations enter as integral factors, as in the case of a landlord who will make some arrangement by which dancing and drinking must, on his premises, always be dependent upon each other.

You see it, too, in their work as school-inspectors, and again in what is being done by them to foster civic pride in boys and girls, in the work, for instance, of those clubs which revive the traditions of the city, study into its history, and labor for the preservation of its famous sites.

"THEIR INFLUENCE IS FELT."

I have never had the good fortune to meet one of the parties of children which some young girl of the world will lead on an excursion, perhaps, to McComb's Dam, or to Washington's Headquarters or Castle William, or to some other place famous in the annals of old New York, yet these excursions are always taking place.

But I have come across young women bent on other kinds of service. One of them sold me something, not long since, at an Exchange for Women's Work. She goes there once a week and takes the place of a delicate worker who could not otherwise afford a holiday. She laughed a little with me over the change, confessing that she was not good at mathematics and that she always brought her own allowance with her to make up any deficiency at night. I confess that I liked the little touch of feminine inadequacy. It made her so much more human.

Again, the other day, in a tenement-house district, I saw a young "society woman" waiting for a car, who was dressed in nurse's uniform and carried a small bag. Every one in the neighborhood knew her mission and that she belonged to a band who go about among the poor for district nursing. Next day I might have met her up-town at dinner, for much of the volunteer service is for a limited period only—always so when it conflicts with obligations at home.

And just here I am tempted, in order to illustrate the modesty of these workers, to refer to a point upon which one of them strongly insisted with me: that volunteer service, even from women who, like herself, had left well-appointed homes up-town, should not be regarded as any more remarkable or valuable than the service of the paid laborer, since the workers who are paid have often made genuine sacrifices by giving up lucrative positions among the well favored for those involving smaller returns in the tenements—in other words, all things being equal, that the enthusiasm of the paid workers, dependent on themselves for support, is of as great value as that of the volunteer. This, since it was said by a volunteer, seems to me only one more proof of that disinterestedness in all things which, I have insisted, characterizes the attitude of wise virgins.

It does not always happen that the altruistic virtues of young women can be exercised without opposition from the family. The mothers are apt to be dubious about the proprieties. They insist upon the attendance of grooms or maids, whatever the mission. In many cases, too, they doubt the value of the results to be attained, and are apt, as wiser heads, to insist upon the thanklessness of it all, and upon their conviction, as tired householder, that charity should not only begin, but lodge, at home.

The fathers, on the other hand, being men, never quite escape a consciousness of

that specter of interrogatory form which has always lurked in the minds of men whenever women, in dress or deportment, have made a departure from established ways. There is no escape from the query, What sort of wives will they make? If the father does not ask the question himself, he knows that the young man at his table has already done so, and even while, as the head of his house, he may secretly approve his daughter's altruistic enthusiasms, he is seldom altogether without a doubt regarding the way in which the rest of the masculine world will view them. In exceptional cases only has he gone over to his daughter's point of view without reservation.

And for my part, I confess that, as a believer in the home and in the graces, I have much sympathy with both parents. It is idle to ignore the fact that neither among men nor among women are lives quite rounded which have missed the responsibilities and pleasures entailed by the care of a family. And it is for this very reason that I have, in this article, been at pains to choose my examples from among those whose standards and traditions have placed them beyond the pale of suspicion when questions involving the manners of the polite world are under discussion.

Moreover, I have seen many of these women, after marriage, entering frankly and cheerfully into the less favored conditions of husbands whom they loved, embracing poverty, if need were, and meeting the problems that had to be met—helpmates in the best sense, peers of their husbands on any plane.

Were I to criticize them at all, it would be to say that their disinterestedness takes on too often a certain personal quality. They have not yet learned, except in rare instances, to regard their work with that sense of detachment which would make a discussion of it a discussion of objects and principles, and not a discussion of their own private affairs. Yet, after all, and even as I write it, I realize that here again I may have come upon one other reason for their charm.

MIDWINTER.

BY SOPHIE JEWETT.

ALL night I dreamed of roses,
Wild tangle by the sea,
And shadowy garden-closes.
Dream-led I came to thee.

Around thee swayed the roses,
Beyond thee sang the sea;
The shadowy garden-closes
Were Paradise to me.

O Love, 'mid the dream-roses
Abide, to heal, to save!
The world that day discloses
Narrows to one white grave.

W. M. Thackeray

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

A PENCIL SKETCH OF THACKERAY BY COUNT D'ORSAY.

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.[1]

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

SECOND PAPER: THE SECOND VISIT (OCTOBER, 1855–APRIL, 1856).

If Truth were again a goddess, I would make Thackeray her High Priest.
CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

IN October, 1855, Thackeray departed on his second lecture tour in the United States, from which he returned to England in April, 1856. The subject of the uncompleted lectures on "The Four Georges"—for he finished the last one in this country—seems first to have occurred to him several years previous, while traveling on the Continent. In 1852 he wrote: "I had a notion of lectures on the Four Georges, and going to Hanover to look at the place whence that race came; but if I hope for preferment hereafter, I mean Police-magistrateship or what not, I had best keep a civil tongue in my head: and I should be sure to say something impudent if I got upon that subject: and as I have no Heaven-sent mission to do this job, why, perhaps I had best look for another. And the *malheur* is, that because it is a needless job, and because I might just as well leave it alone, it is most likely I shall be at it." In August, 1855, Thackeray wrote: "I am going to try in the next six weeks to write four lectures for the great North American Republic, and deliver them after they are tired of the stale old humourists."

Two days before sailing, some threescore friends and admirers entertained him at the London Tavern, Charles Dickens presiding at the dinner, and proposing the toast of the evening. Thackeray delivered a carefully prepared reply, which was followed by some complimentary verses by another guest, "a friend of the O'Mulligan," recited with great success.

In the course of an after-dinner address delivered in London in 1857, Thackeray said: "The last time I visited America, two years ago, I sailed on board the *Africa*, Captain Harrison. As she was steaming out of Liverpool, one fine blowy October day, and was hardly over the bar, when, animated by those peculiar sensations not uncommon to landsmen at the commencement of a sea-voyage, I was holding on amidships, up comes a quick-eyed, shrewd-looking little man, who holds on to the rope next to me, and says, 'Mr. Thackeray, I am the representative of the house of D. Appleton & Co., of Broadway, New York—a most liberal and enterprising firm, who will be most happy to do business with you.' I don't know that we then did any business in the line thus delicately hinted at, because at that particular juncture we were both of us called, by a heavy lurch of the ship, to a casting-up of accounts of a far less agreeable character."

As on his previous visit, Thackeray landed in Boston, where he was most cordially welcomed, and where his lectures on "The Four Georges" were highly commended by the critics. He renewed intimacies made there years earlier and formed many new friendships, seeing much of Ticknor, "Tom" Appleton, Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, and Prescott, whose histories, he said, afforded him more pleasure than Macaulay's, also adding: "When we make a little fortune it will be pleasant some day to write a nice little history book. But where is the memory of the astonishing Macaulay?"

Who that saw Thackeray in this country in the fifties will ever forget that giant form, crowned with a stately and massive head, covered with almost snow-white hair? Said Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was five feet seven, to a young friend as they approached the English humorist and Bayard Taylor in Broadway: "Behold those two Brobdingnags coming this way. Together they measure twelve feet and several inches in their stock-

[1] The writings and drawings by Thackeray which are given in this article and its predecessor appear with the permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., the owners of the copyright, who are also publishing this material in the "Cornhill Magazine."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THACKERAY'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH.

From the original given by his daughter Anne (Mrs. Ritchie) to Bayard Taylor after Thackeray's death. In the collection of Mrs. Bayard Taylor.

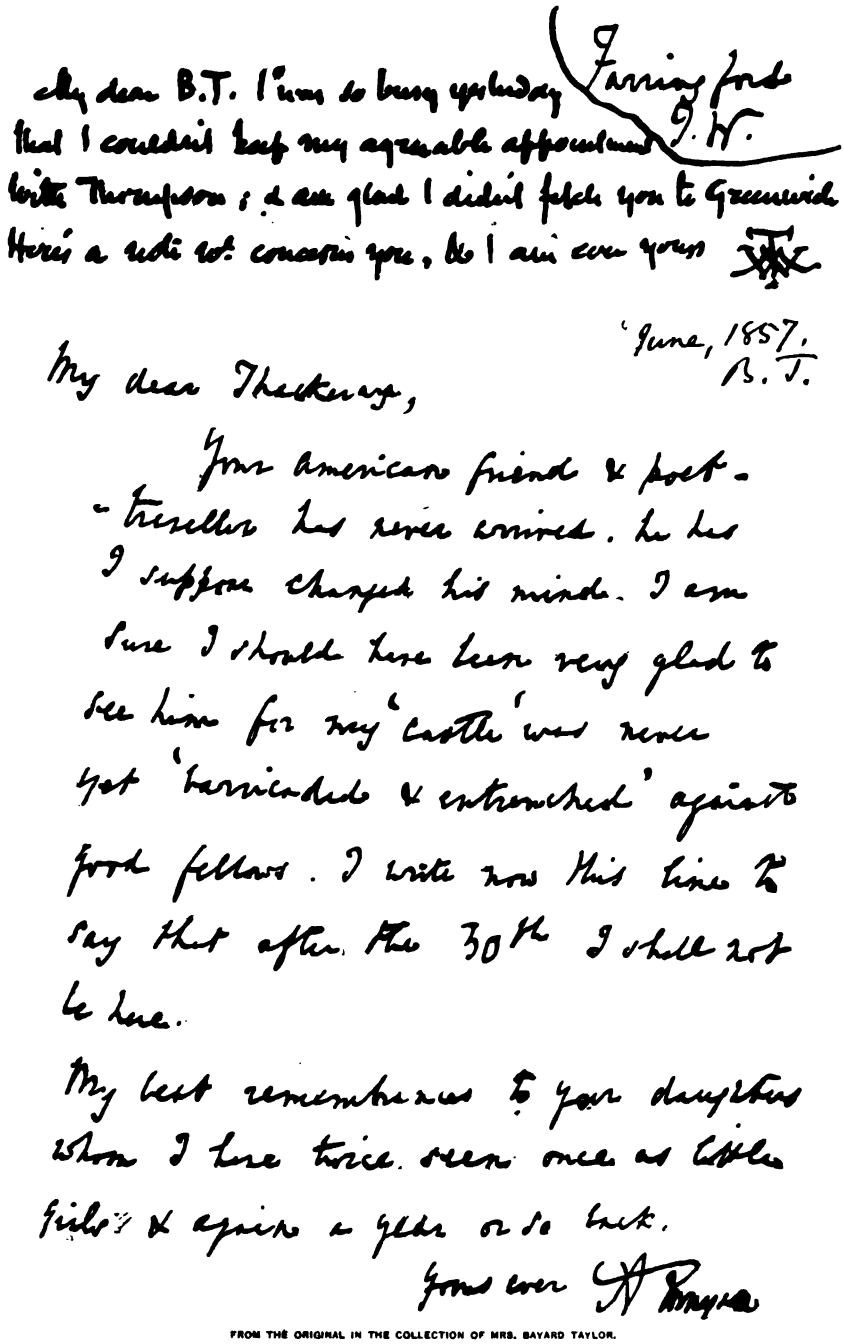
ings." The youth was presented, a few words of cordial greetings were exchanged, and the giant litterateurs passed on. Halleck called his companion's attention to the fact that Thackeray had a particularly small hand, half inherited, his friend Fitzgerald suggested, from the Hindu people among whom he was born. A few days later Bayard Taylor received the following note from Thackeray:

"Wednesday, CLARENDON [1855].

"MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR A card has just been given to me which you must have written without having received my note written and promised to be sent from the Albion to the Tribune yesterday. Young has arranged the Press Club dinner should take place on Saturday 17th instead of 24th and we shall meet there I hope.

"And don't, don't give a dinner at Delmonico's please. I did yesterday and it 's a sin to spend so much money on the belly. Let us have content and mutton chops and I shall be a great deal better pleased than with that godless disbursement of dollars. . . ."

Notwithstanding Thackeray's protest, he was bidden to a Delmonico Sunday breakfast a few days later, and of all the eighteen choice spirits who were present at the delightful entertainment, when the chief guest gave "Dr. Martin Luther," and Curtis and Wallack sang the duet "Drink to me only with thine eyes," Richard Henry Stoddard remembers that he is the only survivor. It may be mentioned here that the two "big fellows" became great friends. With three possible



My dear B.T. I'm so busy yesterday Farring ford
that I couldn't keep my agreeable appointment
with Thompson; & am glad I didn't take you to Greenwich
Here's a rubbish for concerning you, & I am ever yours

June, 1857.
B. T.

My dear Thackeray,

Your American friend & poet-traveller has never arrived. he has I suppose changed his mind. I am sure I should have been very glad to see him for my 'castle' was never yet 'barricaded & entrenched' against good fellows. I write now this line to say that after the 30th I shall not be here.

My best remembrances to your daughters whom I have twice seen once as little girls & again a year or so back.

Yours ever W M Thackeray

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. BAYARD TAYLOR.

A LETTER FROM TENNYSON, WITH A NOTE TO BAYARD TAYLOR ADDED BY THACKERAY.
(The words, "June, 1857," and initials, are Bayard Taylor's.)

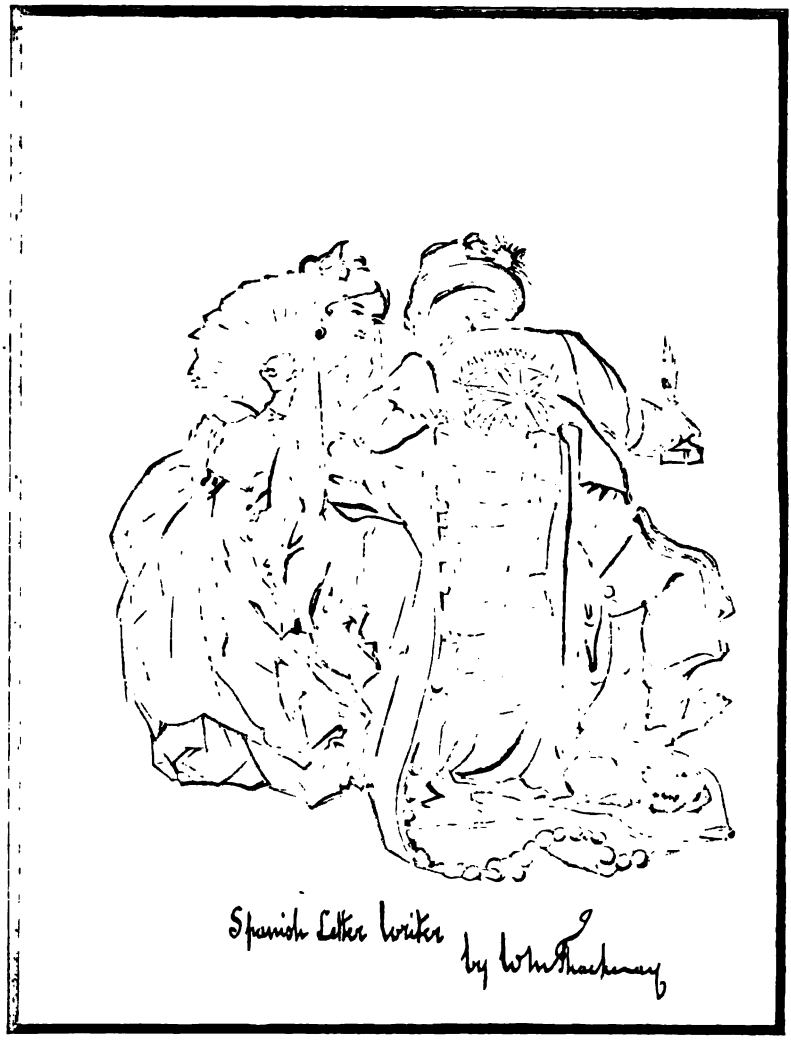
exceptions, Thackeray admired Bayard Taylor more than any other American that he had met, and a few years later presented to him Schiller's sword, perhaps his most valued possession; for Fields relates that on one occasion, when Thackeray desired a little service done for a friend, he remarked with a quizzical expression, "Please say the favor will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is that he has seen Napoleon[1] and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword." Taylor

[1] Thackeray as a youth, while on a voyage from India to England, saw at St. Helena a short, fat man in white clothes, wearing a large straw hat. It was the hero of a hundred battles whose meteor-like career was closed

bequeathed the sword to the museum of Weimar, where it may now be seen among many relics of Goethe and Schiller. Thackeray purchased it in Weimar, using it as a part of his court costume when, as a student

Bank, Thomas J. Wharton, and many others, of whom perhaps the only survivor is Mrs. Caspar Wister.

Thackeray had a particular delight in school-boys, and an excellent way with them,



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A THACKERAY SKETCH.

there, he was invited to the grand duke's ball and other entertainments.

In January, 1856, Thackeray was again in Philadelphia, where large audiences listened to his lectures on "The Four Georges," and where he renewed his agreeable intimacies with William B. Reed, Morton McMichael, William D. Lewis, president of the Girard

as several American lads of New York and Philadelphia who experienced his liberality still remember. After his death two belonging to the latter city published appreciative notices of the great author with the titles of "A Friend of my Childhood," and "A Child's Glimpse of Thackeray." The mother of one of these school-boys objected to his pocketing the sovereign, or five-dollar gold piece, presented to him by Thackeray, who vainly endeavored to convince her that this speci-

by Wellington at Waterloo and whose funeral Thackeray witnessed in Paris. He afterward described it in the paper entitled "The Second Funeral of Napoleon."

men of beneficence was a thing of course in England. The result was that the coin was returned, but three months later the lad was made happy by the receipt of copies of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," across the title-pages of which he saw written, in a curiously small and delicate hand, his name, "Henry Reed, with W. M. Thackeray's kind regards, April, 1856."[1] A passage in Dickens's brief tribute to his brother novelist will be recalled: "I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton, where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard to never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign. I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind." Another English lad to whom that "big mass of soul," as Carlyle described Thackeray, "with its beautiful vein of genius," gave a golden guinea, still treasures it among his most valued treasures. He is now known as one of the foremost heroes of the South African War—General Baden-Powell.

At Baltimore, where Thackeray was the guest of John P. Kennedy, he repeated his lectures; also in Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Macon, Mobile,—which city he greatly admired, "though we did not make a mint of money there,"—and New Orleans, where he records: "The papers here are very civil except one a Hirish paper, which I am told whips me severely: but I don't read it and don't mind it or any abuse from dear old Ireland." When, during his Southern tour, a Virginia friend inquired of Thackeray if he purposed to give his impressions of America to the public as his predecessor Charles Dickens had done, he promptly replied, "I shall record my opinions on the Americans in the book that I *do not* intend to write." In St. Louis the lectures were well received, and the lecturer met two interesting characters—Captain Bonneville, immortalized by Irving, and Pierre Choteau, the famous fur-trader, a son of one of the brothers who founded the Western city in 1764. It was at the Planters' House that Thackeray overheard his waiter say to an associate, "That 's the great Thacker." "Well, what 's to be done?" said the other. "D——d if I know," was the response. As indicated in the following letter to William Duer Robinson, Thackeray delivered his lectures on the Georges in Cincinnati, and then set out for New York, sending a few lines en route to his family, in which he says: "How sparkling Lake Erie looked, how pretty the country was, albeit still wintry. But Europe is a prettier country still for me, and I still long for it."

"ST. LOUIS. MO. 26 March [1856]

"MY DEAR ROBINSON. I think and hope and trust to be at New York next week. Is the Bower of Virtue vacant? O how glad I shall be to occupy it!—Is there a bed for Charles my man?

"Yours always

"W. M. THACKERAY.

"address care Mercantile Library Cincinnati."

The Bower of Virtue was No. 604 Houston street, near Broadway, between Green and Mercer. Its site is now occupied by a warehouse, but on the north side of the street are still to be seen several old-fashioned two-storied brick houses of the same style as the one that sheltered Thackeray for several weeks during his second visit to this country. At that time Mr. Robinson, J. C. B. Davis, and Samuel E. Lyon occupied what the humorist styles "the Bower of Virtue." Mr. Davis, one of the few survivors among Thackeray's intimate American friends, in letters to the writer, says:

"My acquaintance with Thackeray began in a very pleasant way. In the summer of 1849 I went to London, with a letter to Mr. Thomas Baring, the head of the house of Baring Bros, and commonly known as Tom Baring. This brought me the usual invitation to dinner, but as the cholera was then prevalent in London, I found only two other guests. No presentations were made, and I finished my dinner and the cigars which followed it without knowing the names of my fellow-guests. When we came to leave, one of them, finding that I was going past Hyde Park corner, said that he was going the same way, and we walked along together. When we reached the corner, as I was crossing Piccadilly, he said he was to have an early dinner the next day, and afterwards take his guests to Vauxhall: would I come? I answered that I should be glad to come, and was about to add that I had not the slightest idea what his name was, when he handed me his card, told me the hour for dinner, and we bade each other good night. When I got to a street light I saw that I had been spending the evening with Thacke-

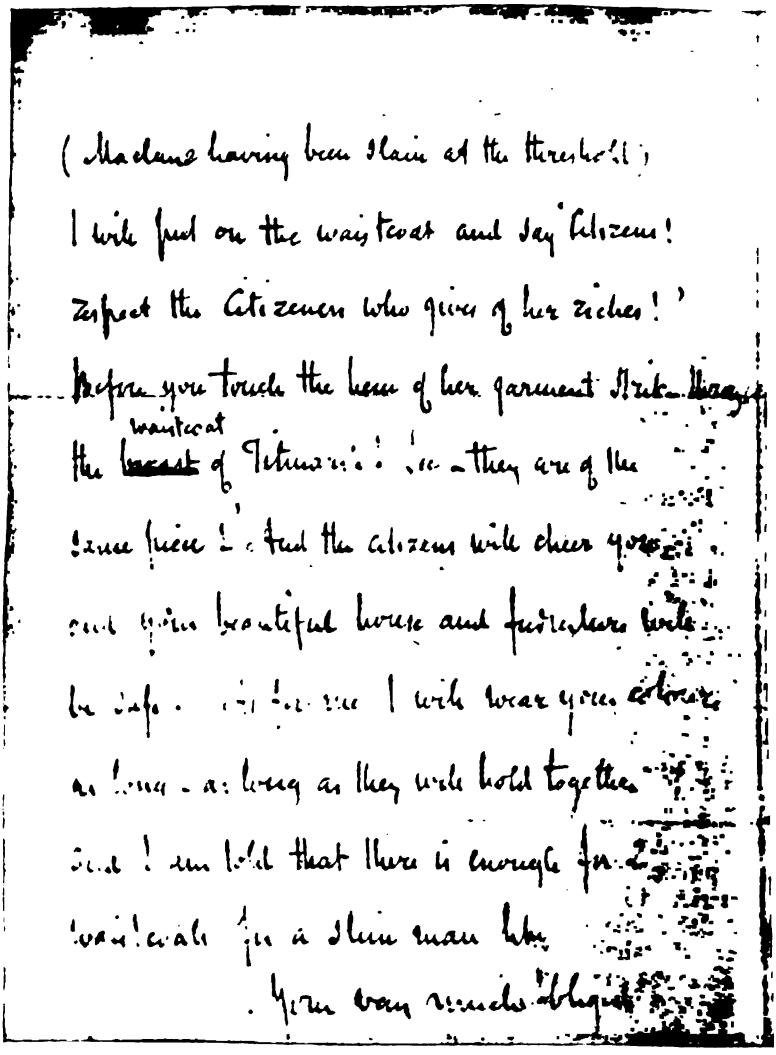
[1] The late Judge Reed of Philadelphia, son of Professor Henry Reed, lost on the steamer *Arctic*.

ray. Vanity Fair was the only novel which he had then published in full, and we were not as familiar with his appearance then as we afterwards became.

"The next day I went to the dinner, and found as companions most of the men who figure on the platform with him in the 2d number of the 12th volume of Punch: Doyle, Tom Taylor, Lemon, Leech, Douglas Jerrold, etc. We went to Vauxhall after dinner, and spent a pleasant evening there. A little later, when Pendennis went to the same place, I understood why we had been there. The acquaintances I made then I had most friendly relations with afterwards. They made my stay of three years in England a most happy one.

"In 1852 Thackeray made his first visit to the United States. I followed about a month later, reaching New York on New Year's day, 1853. I had hardly got into the hotel on Broadway, nearly opposite Grace Church, when he appeared and said he had an invitation for me to a reception party to be given that evening at a villa in the country, and would call for me. He came in a sleigh at the appointed hour, and took me to the out-of-town villa on the west side of Fifth Avenue, between 37th and 38th streets. It was indeed out of town at that time. . . .

"You ask me about our lower floor in Houston St. Like all New York houses of that day, it contained two rooms (with closets). The front was our dining room. The closets between were our pantry; and the rear room was occupied as a bedroom by Samuel E. Lyon Esq, whose family lived in Westchester County. He practised law in New York, where he was in partnership with Alexander Hamilton, grandson of the Alexander Hamilton. They had a large business, and often he had to stay over in town. When he did he made his home with us. . . ."



FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE AUGUSTIN

PORTION OF A LETTER FROM THACKERAY TO LADY MOLES-

To the Bower of Virtue Thackeray was again heartily welcomed on his arrival in New York, and a corner was found for Charles, who was an excellent specimen of the good English valet. After his departure from New York, Mr. Robinson received a note from the novelist, saying: "By the time you receive this, dear William, I

shall be almost out of the harbour. Let me ask you to accept this little gift, as a remembrance of the many, many pleasant days and nights we have passed together." The present was a beautiful silver tankard, simply inscribed, "W. D. Robinson from W. M. Thackeray, April 26th, 1856," which is still in the possession of Mr. Robinson's family. Another equally prized treasure is a copy of "The Virginians," presented to him by the author, with the following daintily written inscription:

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many people don't much relish "The Virginians."
Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it
A little to your taste, I hope you 'll bind it.

...ALY. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN TINKEY.

WORTH, AND A WATER-COLOR DRAWING OF HIMSELF.

In addition to George Bancroft, who knew Byron, Thackeray became well acquainted with Charles King, president of Columbia College, who, with his elder brother John, was at school at Harrow with Byron and Peel, their father, Rufus King, being then American minister to the court of St. James. This fine type of gentleman of the old school expressed to the English author admiration for Byron's pluck. Once, when Harrow challenged Eton to a match at cricket, Eton refused, saying, "Eton only plays with schools of royal foundation." Mr. King remembered Byron saying, "I am not good at cricket,"—alluding to his foot,—"but if you get up an eleven to fight an Eton eleven, I should like to be one of yours." James G. King, a younger brother of John and Charles, was Thackeray's New York banker.

Before sailing for Liverpool, Thackeray gave a farewell dinner at Delmonico's, then on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, opposite A. T. Stewart & Co.'s. Thirty-two guests sat down with him, including Reed and several other Philadelphia friends, who came to New York to attend the entertainment. The last survivor said, "We had a glorious night of it," and he remembered that the party included Cozzens, Cranch, Curtis, Daly, Dana, Charles A. Davis, Duer, Hackett, Halleck, Hicks, Charles King, Robinson, Taylor, the two Wallacks, Ward, and Young. Alas!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"Thackeray was in fine spirits," writes George William Curtis, "and when the cigars were lighted he said that there

From my forthcoming drama "Alf the Assassin
or the Barrier of Blood."
Flintz. Stand, villein Minion!
By this pistol wh never missed
its aim! By this sword on wh
every notch hath been dinted
on the skull of a prostrate foe
I bid thee come on!
(They engage)

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

A THACKERAY SKETCH.

should be no speech-making, but that everybody, according to the old rule of festivity, should sing a song or tell a story. James Wallack was one of the guests, and with a kind of shyness which was unexpected but very agreeable in a veteran actor, he pleaded very earnestly that he could not sing and knew no story. But with friendly persistence, which yet was not immoderate, Thackeray declared that no excuse could be allowed, because it would be a manifest injustice to every other modest man at table and put a summary end to the hilarity. 'Now, Wallack,' he continued, 'we all know you to be a truthful man. You can, since you say so, neither sing a song or tell a story. But I tell you what you can do better than any living man—you can give us the great scene from "The Rent Day."' There was a burst of enthusiastic agreement, and old Wallack, smiling and yielding, still sitting at the table in his evening dress, proceeded in a most effective and touching recitation from one of his most famous

parts. No enjoyment of it was greater and no applause sincerer than those of Thackeray, who presently sang his 'Little Billee,' with infinite gusto." As a pendant to the above, Judge Daly, the last of the party, after more than twoscore years, remembered two additional incidents of the evening: that the poet Halleck, remaining in his seat,—for, as he said, he could not speak standing,—made a remarkably bright little speech, and that Curtis and Lester Wallack sang several duets.

Two days before his departure on the American steamer *Baltic* of the Collins Company, which sailed for Liverpool April 24, Thackeray dined with Charles Augustus Davis, meeting, among others, "lovely Sally Baxter" and the poet Halleck. At that pleasant dinner-party he expressed great regret that he came to this country too late to meet Cooper, for whose writings he entertained the highest admiration, and referred to the affecting final scene in "The Prairie" when the dying Leatherstocking said, "Here!" as surpassing anything that he had met with in English literature, saying: "'La Longue Carabine' is perhaps the greatest character in fiction, and better than any in Scott's lot."

A few days after Thackeray sailed, in speaking to a young friend of the exquisite scene in "The Newcomes" when the dying colonel drew himself up, exclaiming, "Adsum!" Halleck remarked that the similarity between this and the Cooper scene, to which attention had been called at the Davis dinner, was certainly a singular literary coincidence, but undoubtedly undesigned, adding, "I know of nothing in nineteenth-century fiction likely to outlive them."

The first message received from Thackeray after his departure from this country was addressed to Mr. William Duer Robinson.

"ON BOARD LAST DAY. May 7, 1856.

"MY DEAR OLD ROBINSON I tell you that writing is just as dismal and disgusting as saying good bye. I hate it and but for a sense of duty I would n't write at all—confound me if I would. But you know after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind and that sort of thing—a fellow ought you see to write and tell a fellow that a fellow's very much obliged and—in a word you understand. Sir you made me happy when I was with you, you made me sorry to come away and you make me happy now when I think what a kind generous friendly W D R you are. You have Davis back in the Bower of Virtue—you 'll fill that jug one day and drink to my health won't you? and when you come to Europe you 'll come to me & my girls mind, and we 'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square. . . .

"HOME. (wiz 36 Onslow Square, Brompton London) May 9.

"We did pass the bar, and did n't I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and was n't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and was n't there a great dinner at the Garrick Club (the Annual Shakspeare dinner wh ought to have come off on the 23d ult. but was put off on acc. of a naval review) and did n't I make a Yankee speech, and oh lor' Robinson! have n't I got a headache this morning? I 'm ashamed to ask for a soberwater that 's the fact.—And so here 's the old house, the old room the old teapot by my bedside, the old trees nodding in at the window—it looks as if I 'd never been away —and that it is a dream I have been making. Well, in my dream I dreamt there was an uncommonly good fellow by name W D R. and I dreamed that he treated me with all sorts of kindness, and I send him and J C B D.[1] and D D[2] (and what 's L's name down-stairs?[3]) my heartiest regards; and when my young women come home I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their Papa had across the water. So good bye, my dear Robinson & believe me always gratefully yours

"W M T.

"Tell Jim Wallack that we had n't a single actor at the Shakspere dinner and that F. Fladgate and C Dance send their best remembrances to him. How did that Sunday dinner go off? Was it as bad as the dreary Friday?"

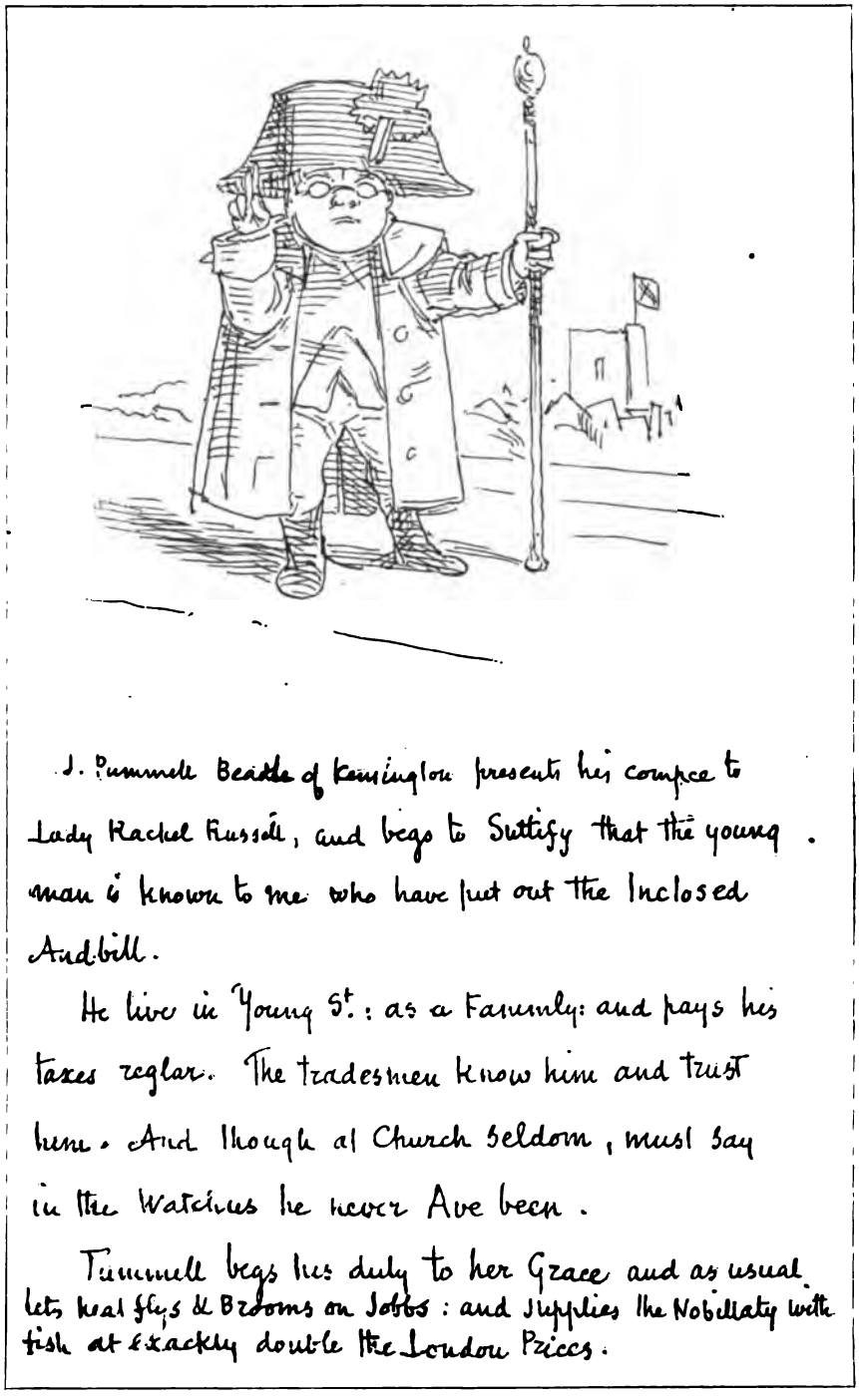
The following letter is addressed to his friend Frederick S. Cozzens, whom he had visited at his Yonkers cottage, described so humorously in the "Sparrowgrass Papers."

"36 ONSLOW SQ: LONDON.

Feb. 8 [1857]. (It 's a Sunday evening) and I 'm waiting for dinner, & that 's how you come by an answer.

"MY DEAR COZZENS: Thank you for a sight of your hand-writing, and the kindly reminiscences of those jolly Centurions whose

[1] J. C. Bancroft Davis. [2] Denning Duer. [3] Samuel E. Lyons.



J. Pummell Beadle of Kensington presents his compliments to Lady Rachel Russell, and begs to Sattisfy that the young man is known to me who have just out the Inclosed Andbill.

He live in Young St.: as a Famunly: and pays his taxes reglar. The tradesmen know him and trust him. And though at Church seldom, must say in the Watchues he never Ave been.

Pummell begs his duty to her Grace and as usual lets Neat Flys & Brooms on Jobbs: and Supplies the Nobillaty with fish at Exackly double the London Priccs.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A THACKERAY SKETCH AND AUTOGRAPH.

hospitality and affectionateness this ♡ never intends to forget. What pleased me most in your letter is to have it under your own hand & seal that you are well. I should like to see those pretty little chicks again—that snug cottage—those rosy-tinted palisades—that dining-room cupboard up w^{h} victuals came with clangor—that snug bed-room where the celebrated Thacker left the razor strap and could hear for hours

Judge Daly talking talking into midnight. My dear old Judge—I have n't forgot what I owe him. . . . Where Bayard may be now the Loramussy only knows—We liked his pretty sisters, we had brief glimpses of a jolly time together—we hope to meet in April or May when I bragged about taking him into the fashionable world. But I hear that I am in disgrace with the fashionable world for speaking disrespectfully of the

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A THACKERAY SKETCH.

Georgy porgies—and am not to be invited myself, much more to be allowed to take others into polight society. I writhe at the exclusion. The Georges are so astoundingly popular here that I go on month after month hauling in fresh bags of sovereigns, wondering that the people are not tired & that the lecturer is not found out. Tomorrow I am away for 2 months to the North—have found a Barnum who pays me an awful sum for April & May, and let us hope June—shall make £10,000 by my beloved monarchs one way or the other—and then and then then—well I don't know what is going to happen. If I had not to write 20 letters a day on business I would have written to George Curtis, and given him an old man's blessing on his marriage. But I can't write —no, only for business or for money can this pen bite this paper. As I am talking nonsense to you, all the fellows are present in my mind, I hear their laughter & talk, and taste that 44 Chateau Margaux, and that Champagne do you remember?—And I say again I would like to see those pretty little chicks. So the Athenæum assaulted you—lo you now! I never heard of the circumstance—the shot is fired, the report is over, the man not killed—the critic popgunning away at some other mark by this time—and you I hope you are writing some more of those papers. Your book & Bayard Taylor's helped me over the voyage —How curious it is writing! I feel as if I was back again in New York and shaking hands with 100 of you—the heart becomes warm—God bless all good fellows say I. Shall I ever see you all again? Providebit

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A THACKERAY SKETCH.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

Dominus—I forget whether you know Bancroft Davis—The folks here are hospitable to him. He has a pleasant time. Yesterday we elected him into the Garrick—and on the mantelpiece in my dining room is a bottle of madeira wh he gave it me and wh I am going to hand out to some worthies who are coming to dine. They have never tasted anything like it—that 's the fact. As I go on twaddling I feel I MUST come back & see you all. I praise Mr. Washington five times more here than I did in the States—our people cheer—the fine folks look a little glum but the celebrated Thacker does not —G Curtis & Young[1] & Daly I am yours always W. M. THACKERAY."

The cordial note which follows was written to Bayard Taylor, mentioned in the above letter to Mr. Cozzens, who was then in London, receiving many kindly attentions from Thackeray, including, a little later, a portrait of Tennyson, with the message accompanying it, to which were added a few lines. Taylor appended his initials and the date, June, 1857, so that, as may be seen in the facsimile, the same page contains the chirography of the three T's—Tennyson, Thackeray, and Taylor. The original is framed with the portrait, and belongs to Mrs. Bayard Taylor, as does the last photograph of Thackeray. It was presented to Mr. Taylor, after her father's death, by Mrs. Ritchie. In his "At Home and Abroad," Taylor describes a pleasant annual dinner given by Thackeray in July, 1857, to the writers for "Punch," at which he and three other Americans were present. The others he describes as "a noted sculptor, the architect in chief of the Central Park, and an ex-editor of the New York 'Times.'"

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A THACKERAY SKETCH.

care for their natural ill-temper. Only 2 newspapers here have abused me—& I have been quite on their side.

"April 5. To think this was written on Feb. 8 and left in my portfolio! I went out of town the next day only returned April 3 —have been killing & eating the Georges ever since. I do not know what this letter is about—I am not going to read so much M.S. if I can help it, but I remember, when I wrote it, how I had a great desire to commune with my old chums at New York and hereby renew the kindest greetings to them. Tell me, Judge Daly, are you married & ahappy? If so I will send you those books I owe you. Poor Kane! I grieved to think of that hero carried so soon out of our world. There—I can no more—good bye my dear Cozzens—I salute you my excellent Century

"36 ONSLOW SQUARE 29 May [1857]

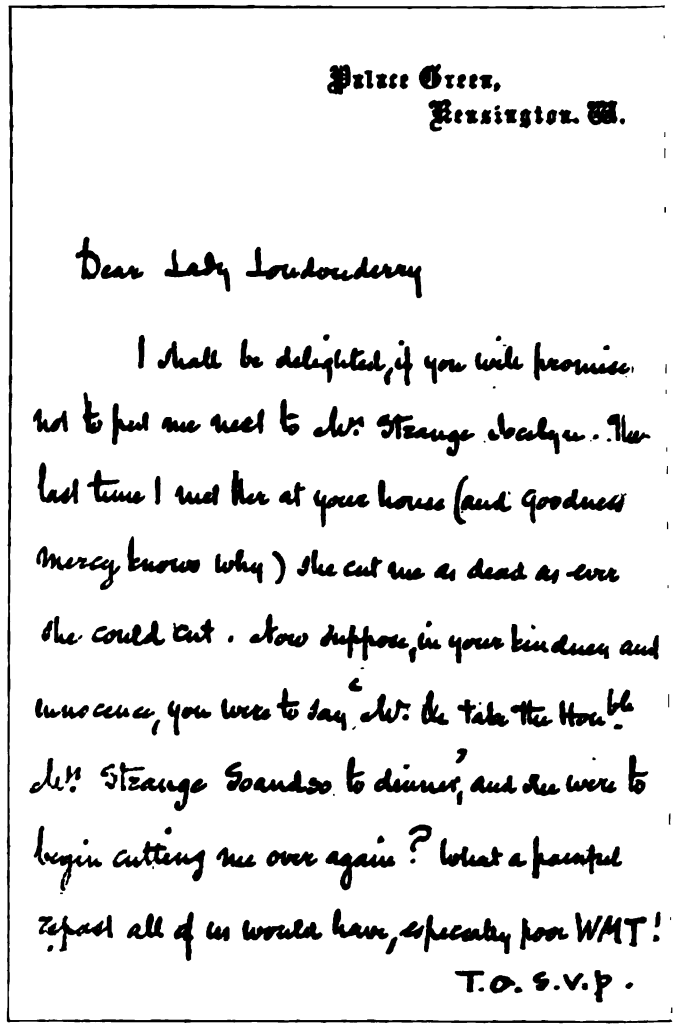
"MY DEAR BAYARD I have written a letter to Tennyson containing comments upon your character, which I could n't safely trust to your own hand—and so, you 'll go to Fresh-

[1] William Young, editor of the "Albion."

water in the Isle of Wight and he 'll be prepared to receive you. The girls are sorry not to see the sisters who must have had a famous time and we here shall be delighted to shake hands with you—A month sooner we would not have let you camp out elsewhere, but I have just pulled part of my house down and have only one bed-chamber where there were to be two. But live as close as you can to us and eat drink smoke come in and out as you please, and you 'll be sure to please

"W. M. T."

Some faint color was given to the claim made by many Marylanders that John P. Kennedy wrote a portion, if not an entire chapter, of "The Virginians" by Thackeray's frequent appeals to American friends for aid, occurring in several communications of this period, including the following one, addressed to William D. Robinson, "Cashier of the Customs, New York," which Mrs. Ritchie describes as "a delightful letter," adding as to the Intentique Ora Tenebant chapter: "I think it can be scarcely necessary to contradict the assertion that Mr. Kennedy wrote a chapter in 'The Virginians,' which is entirely in my father's handwriting. No doubt Mr. Kennedy gave him the facts about the scenery, but I am sure that my father wrote his own books, for no one could have written them for him."



Palace Green,
Kensington. W.

Dear Lady Londonderry

I shall be delighted, if you will promise not to put me next to Mrs Strange Scalywag. The last time I met her at your house (and Goodness Mercy knows why) she cut me as dead as ever she could cut. Now suppose, in your kindness and innocence, you were to say "Mr. Be take the Honble Mrs Strange Scamdero to dinner," and she were to begin cutting me over again? What a painful repast all of us would have, especially poor WMT!

T.O. S.V.P.

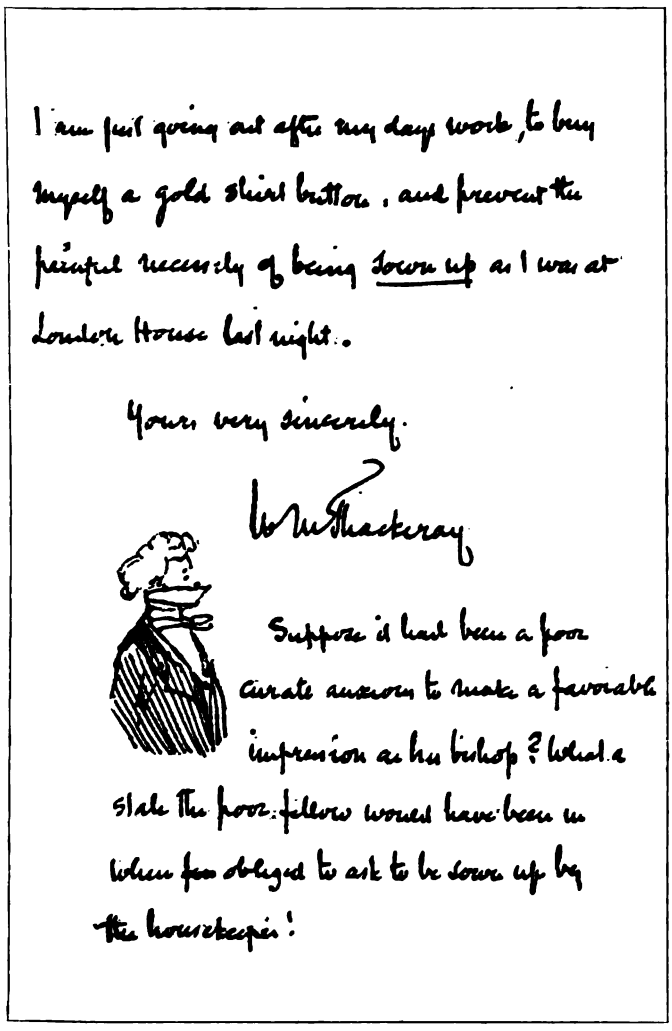
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION
LETTER FROM THACKERAY

Mr. Dandridge Kennedy writes from Warrenton, Virginia: "While in this country, Thackeray was, for a time, the guest of my uncle, John P. Kennedy, and during that period my uncle took him on a visit to his brother, Mr. Andrew Kennedy, in Virginia. I believe that many of the family have credited the chapter you speak of to my uncle, but I cannot positively assert it. Mr. Latrobe was very intimate with my uncle, and, I think, knew much of his literary and other work, and would be careful in any statement he made. I saw Mr. Thackeray while he was staying with my uncle, and knew that the latter gave him much information as to the Virginia people and country, and that he took him on the visit to Virginia that he might see it for himself. I am not sure that they visited the exact spot of Virginia that Thackeray describes, and about which my uncle had written a great deal."

"SATURDAY. Jan 23. 1858. 36 Onslow Sq.

"A sudden gust of friendship blows from this boosom in the direction of Houston Street and my Wobinson. The fact is, Sir, I was in the drawing room just now, and out of a portfolio on one of the elegant rosewood

tables, there peeped a photograph, wh represented the honest old mug of W. D. R. How is he? Can he afford to drink claret still? are there any cocktails about 604? I would give a guinea to be there—and now


I am just going out after my days work, to buy
myself a gold shirt button, and prevent the
painful necessity of being sewn up as I was at
London House last night.
Yours very sincerely.
W. M. Thackeray
Suppose it had been a poor
curate anxious to make a favorable
impression on his bishop? What a
state the poor fellow would have been in
when forced to ask to be sewn up by
the housekeeper!

OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

TO LADY LONDONDERRY.

250£ per month instead of 300£ as the agreement is. But I like every body who deal with me to make money by me so I cede those 50£ you see until better times. I have just paid the last of the Oxford Election bills, and got how much do you think out of 900£? —13£ is the modest figure returned. Then you know J. G King's Sons have somehow forgotten to send me any dividends upon Michigan Centrals & N Y Centrals. So I am not much richer in Jan 58 than I was in Jan 57. that 's the fact. But then in compensation I live very much more expensively. Charles, much injured by going to America, has been ruined by the company he keeps next door. Next door has a butler and a footman in livery. Charles found it was impossible to carry on without a footman in livery; so when the girls dine off 2 mutton chops they have the pleasure of being waited on by 2 menials who walk round & round them. We give very good dinners. our house is full of pretty little things. our cellar is not badly off. Sir I am going in a few days to pay 100£ for 18 dozen of '48 claret that is not to be drunk for 4 years. That is the price Wine has got to now. 'T is as dear as at New York. No wonder a fellow can't afford to send a marriage token to his friend when he lives in this here extravagant way. I and then get quite a bust of feeling towards folks on your side. Davis's marriage came upon me quite inopportunely; I have had to give presents to no less than 4 brides this year and I can't positively stand no more. The last was Libbie Strong, whose votive teapot is at this present moment in my house, waiting for an opportunity to X the water. What can I tell you about myself? nothing very good, new, or funny. . . . Virginians are doing pretty well thank you, but not so very well as we expected so that I only draw fondly talk of going to America in the autumn and finishing my story sur les lieux. I want to know what was the colour of Washingtons livery—Where the deuce was George Warrington carried after he was knocked down at Braddock's defeat? Was he taken by Indians into a French fort? I want him to be away for a year and a half, or until the siege of Quebec. If you see Fred. Cozzens or George Curtis, ask them to manage this job for me, and send me a little line stating what really has happened to the

eldest of the 2 Virginians (This is genteeler paper than the other, wh I use for my 'copy' paper.) I only got my number done last night, and am getting more disgustingly lazy every day. I *can't* do the work until it 's wanted. And yet with all these attacks of illness wh I have, I ought, you know I ought. Sir I came up stairs now to do a little work before dinner; only I thought how much pleasanter it would be to have a chat with old Robinson! Do you see in the Times this morning the death of Beverley Robinson late a Captain of the R. Artillery? He must be one of you. And now it is 5 minutes to 7: and it is time to go dress for dinner. Hark at the Brougham-horse snorting in the frost!

[Here follows the sketch "He dresses for Dinner," and the comment on it, "Not that W. is grown any fatter, wearing still the same coat, waistcoat & britches which he sported in N. York."]

HE DRESSES FOR DINNER

FROM THE ORIGINAL LENT BY ROBERT EMMET ROBINSON.

PART OF A LETTER FROM THACKERAY TO WILLIAM DUER ROBINSON.

"This is Wednesday 27. What do you think I did yesterday? gave one of the old '51 lectures in a suburb of London. It was quite refreshing. Went there with my doctor who attended me all last year without a fee—gave him the 25£ cheque wh they gave me for the lecture.[1] It was easily earned money was n't it? How shall I fill up the rest of this thin paper? Ever since the Georges I have been in disgrace with the Bo Monde. My former entertainers the Earls and Marquises having fought very shy of me. This year they 're beginning to come back.

"Thursday 25th Yes, but the 25th February. What a time this letter has been a-composing! I have written a number two numbers since it began have had 3 confounded attacks of spasms have spent ever so much money grown ever so much older and not a bit wiser—am just at my desk again after attack No. 3. Yes, claret drunk not wisely, but too well, an immoderate use of the fleshpots are beginning to tell upon the friend of W. D. R. If I don't write this letter off now I shall never send it that 's flat. It must go, Robinson, and I want you to ask Duer THIS IS THE ONLY IMPORTANT PART of the letter whether (I cannot spoil my own mug on the other side) the Michigan Centrals and New York Centrals are ever going to pay, and what becomes of the absent dividend of last year? What are my Michigan Bonds worth now? Will you get me a philosophic answer to these questions please? What more? I often look at your beauteous image. Next week I am going to Macready in the country to read one of those demd old Georges. He offers me 50£ to read in 2 little towns close by and I won't. Why do for nothing what I won't do for 50£? because I am sick of letting myself out for hire—I have just bought a famous little cob that carries me to perfection. Adieu Robinson, Davis, Duer.

"W M T [signed in monogram]"

The story of "Henry Esmond" was the fruit of Thackeray's researches for the preparation of his lectures on the "English Humorists," and in the same way "The Virginians" originated in his studies for "The Four Georges" and his second visit to the United States. The first number appeared in November, 1857. The reader will recall the opening lines:

> On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome.

Concerning this Mr. Prescott wrote:

"BOSTON, November 30, 1857.

"MY DEAR THACKERAY: I was much pleased on seeing you opened your new novel with a compliment to my two swords of

[1] The physician of whom Thackeray writes is now the distinguished Sir Henry Thompson, and Mrs. Ritchie adds in a recent letter, "I will ask him if he remembers going to the lecture."

Bunker Hill memory and their unworthy proprietor. It was prettily done, and I take it very kind of you. I could not have wished anything better, nor certainly have preferred any other pen to write it among all the golden pens of history and romance. I am sure you will believe me. . . .

"WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT."

"NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND, June 17, 1858 (This day eighty-three years ago, we had a tussle on Bunker Hill)

"MY DEAR THACKERAY—I have received all your kind messages, and we have a hundred times conceived a round robin to you which flew away before we caught it—and oh! there 's no end of reasons why I have n't written to a man I love dearly. Then I 've been fighting for you in papers, &c., for of course you know how you 've been abused by us for 'The Virginians' and especially the Washington. It is curious that I have seen a copy of a MS. letter from Edward Mason to Rutledge (I think) after the Lee difficulty at the battle of Monmouth, out of which, it was thought by the indiscreet, personal difficulty might grow, in which Mason says, 'Have no fear, for I have known W. from boyhood, and he never had but one opinion of the duels &c.' It has been the most tempestuous teapot you ever heard. Meanwhile I have been as happy as a king, with my queen and prince imperial under the trees here on the island. We are all well, and you would not think it was all vanity, this writing, if you could see the eager circle of children and old men and maidens to whom I read the monthly 'Virginians,' with shouts of merriment and sometimes even a tear. We wonder if you will ever come back again, or if we are henceforth to shake hands with you at this long stretch; but your kindest memory does not go away. I am a sinner never to have sent you a solitary line before now. I give it an edge by two ex-

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A THACKERAY SKETCH (POSSIBLY A CARICATURE OF HIMSELF).

Among Thackeray's many American correspondents was George William Curtis, who in "Harper's Magazine," immediately after the great author's death, published a touching tribute to his memory. Unfortunately he seems not to have preserved any of the numerous notes and letters received from his gifted friend, but fortunately we find one written to Thackeray containing pleasant references to "The Virginians":

tracts—the one from Philadelphia, the other from New Orleans.—Good-bye. Think of us sometimes who think of you.

"Yours affectionately

"GEORGE W. CURTIS."

In the following letter Thackeray introduces a young friend to William Duer Robinson, and in the succeeding one refers to his unfortunate quarrel with Edmund Yates,

which led to an estrangement with Dickens, who took sides with Yates in the unhappy affair.

"36 ONSLOW SQ.R S. W.
July 11. 1860

"MY DEAR W. D. This will be handed to you by my young friend Mr. Gore son of Mrs. Gore, who is going to Bluenosia to look after property left by his *loyalist ancestors*— this will be a recommendation to him with somebody whose name I shall write presently on an envelope. Gore has been in India with his regiment and served there like a man. He is also as you will see one of the Cremornaments of our young society. Please show him what you think pretty and profitable for him at New York, of wh I never think without a wish to see my trusty kind old W. D. Think of a letter to *You!* going to N. York & coming back to me! Was n't it too bad? It was a stupid letter, but dull or lively, I am always W D's W T."

"XXXVI ONSLOW SQ. S. W.
26 Sept 1860

"MY DEAR OLD W D R. I fancy *you* write anything against me? what next? The culprit was my old friend Mr. Yates who was turned out of the Garrick because after agreeing to submit the difference between us to the Club, he would not consent to the apology wh they ordered him to make. And in consequence of this last business even Dickens has cut him. We don't like men writing about our privacies on this side of the water.

"And what the dickens has happened to Davis? I found on my return home a notekin beginning 'dear Sir' and enclosing yours. He was here for some time, and never told me he had come—As soon as I heard it, I went to look for him. He never came to look for me. I thought nothing of it, but that he was busy engaged in some tremendous railroad transaction some one told me —too busy to come after me—and went away out of town with my young folks, and my parents, and my magazine on my back, . . . in dreary health, spirits, condition. We had a little trip to Holland from wh I have just returned and find your note. Well, surely, I 've written since my last letter was sent back. I know I have—but that I have sent the letter is another paire de bottes—I find letters lying about weeks & months after and be hanged to me—I not only am lazy in writing 'em, but incorrigibly irregular in sending em. I have done those things wh I ought not to have done I have left undone those things wh I ought to have done, and there is little health in me.

"But if I don't write to my friends they 'll remember what heaps of letters I have to write and forgive me, won't they? I have a magazine once a month, a fever attack once a month,—the charge of old folks and young folks whom I have to take to the country or arrange for at home—a great deal of business, & bad health, and very little order. *I* offended with my friends? I have been looking out for my dear good Baxters, who wrote in the Spring, and here 's winter almost and no sign of 'em.

"What news for you? I am making and spending a deal of money have outlived my health, popularity, and inventive faculties as I rather suspect—am building a fine house and wonder whether I shall ever be able to live in it, and am yours my dear Robinson as always.

"W. M. T."

In February, 1861, Thackeray sends from the Garrick Club, London, a laconic introduction of "Bull Run" Russell, now Sir William, to Robinson, accompanied by some minute drawings on the envelop of a pair of spectacles. Except the date, it consists only of these words: "My dear old W. D. Russell is going to you with this, and I wish I was a going too," followed by his monogram. It was received by Mr. Robinson inclosed in the following note from Dr. Russell:

"MY DEAR SIR: Here is that great big binocled man's envelope which is supposed to contain a favoring word on behalf of your humble servant. I am sorry I had not got it to recommend myself to you last night.

"Yours very faithfully,
"W. H. RUSSELL."

Many of Thackeray's manuscripts are owned in America. The venerable Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia purchased for his friend George W. Childs, at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars, the original manuscript of the lectures on "The Four Georges," and he presented it to the Drexel Institute of that city. Mrs. Ritchie and her brother-in-law, Leslie Stephen, gave to the library of Harvard University the manuscript of the "Roundabout Papers," and among the treasures of Evert A. Duyckinck's collection, bequeathed to the Lenox Library, as already mentioned, is the original of Thackeray's preface to the Appletons' American edition of his writings, containing much

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A THACKERAY SKETCH OF THIERS.

matter that had not before appeared in book form, and edited with rare discrimination. New York city possesses the Morgan, Reed, and Trowbridge collections of Thackeray, and Philadelphia those of Frederick S. Dickson and Major William H. Lambert, the latter believed by Mr. Dickson to be the completest in the world, and including the finest and fullest set of first editions known; also a complete file of the "Constitutional," the short-lived English journal that ruined Thackeray in early life. Among Major Lambert's Thackeray manuscripts is "The Rose and the Ring," with the original drawings begun in Rome in 1854, and issued in England for the following Christmas season; "The Adventures of Philip"; lecture on Swift; "Charity and Humor" address, written in New York; "Our Street," about one half; speech at the Commercial Travelers' dinner; note-book of "The Virginians"; and fragments of manuscripts from most of Thackeray's other books. The manuscript of "The Rose and the Ring" being shown to Sir Theodore Martin by Mrs. Ritchie, he took it away, returning it mounted and superbly bound in red morocco, additionally protected by double cases of morocco and sole-leather. "If this work shall escape the wrecks of time," said Sir Theodore, "it will tell of such a continued power of pen and pencil as the world has not hitherto known." The Thackeray autograph letters include the series sent to William B. Reed; above thirty written to Mrs. Brookfield, not included in the two Brookfield volumes purchased by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan at the Augustin Daly sale for sixteen thousand two hundred dollars, for which there was much spirited bidding; many letters to Macready, to the publishers Chapman & Hall, and to his artist friend Richard Doyle.

Major Lambert's original drawings by Thackeray include twelve from "Vanity

FROM THE CAST IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Fair"; three from "Pendennis"; two from "The Newcomes," not included in that work, but copied by Doyle, who illustrated it; five from "The Great Hoggarty Diamond"; twelve from the "Adventures of M. Boudin"; five from "The Count and Countess des Dragiés"; and about two hundred and fifty others, together with an "Original Sketch-Book," containing many examples of Thackeray's skill as an artist.

The bust of the novelist by his friend and neighbor Baron Marochetti, herewith shown, was unveiled in Westminster Abbey October 25, 1865. Thirty-six years later, through the liberality of Major Lambert, the marble bust was vastly improved, under Mrs. Ritchie's supervision, by the removal of the long, pendent whiskers which Thackeray never wore. The alterations were made by an eminent English sculptor.

THE THACKERAY ARMS.

FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF "THACKERAY THE HUMORIST AND THE MAN OF LETTERS," BY THEODORE TAYLOR. (BY PERMISSION OF D. APPLETON & CO.)

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST: A STUDY IN TRANSPORTATION.

BY EMERSON HOUGH.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

III. ACROSS THE WATERS.

THE THREE AGES OF THE WEST.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago potatoes were so high in price in certain towns of the Rocky Mountains that the merchants handling them often reserved the right to retain the peelings, which, in turn, were sold for planting purposes, the eyes of the potatoes thus having a considerable commercial value, obviously in proportion to the distance from the nearest railroad or steamboat line. This situation could not forever endure. There must come a day when we could afford to throw away our peelings, and throw them away cut thick and carelessly. Equally true is it that the time is coming in America when we shall gather up our potato-peelings and cherish them. There you have the three ages of the West.[1]

The early American life was primitive, but it was never the life of a peasantry. Look ahead into the future, the time of the second saving of the peelings. Once there was a time in the West when every man was as good as his neighbor, as well situated, as much contented. It would take hardihood to predict such conditions in the future for the West or for America.

THIRD AGE—AGE OF STEAM.

FOR half a hundred years America looked across the Alleghanies. It was nearer to England than to Iowa. Our standards in fashion, in art, in literature, were yet those of an older world. Then came the age of Americanism, when it mattered not to the women of the frontier what were the modes brought in the latest ship from London or Paris. Under the Monroe Doctrine of the frontier the women made their petticoats of elkskin, and found it good. Behold now a day when Iowa is as close as England, and England as close almost as New York. Again the contents of the ship are valid matter of curiosity to the women of the West. We are in the third age, the age of steam.

THE WAY OF THE WHEELS.

THE pack-horse and the sail-boat were vehicles of the individual or of the section. Wheeled vehicles afforded that speedier and more flexible intercommunication which made the idea of secession forever impossible, and made us a national America. The common carrier made us and will destroy us as a national entity. The wheels have written epochal record upon the surface of the land. Long and devious and delightful, weary and sad and tragic, are the old wheel-tracks of the West, worn deep into a soil red with blood, on paths lined with flowers, and with graves as well.

BEGINNING OF WESTERN RAILWAY TRAVEL—THE AMERICAN ÉMIGRÉ.

AT the half-way point of this century the early wheels of the West were crawling and

[1] Another instance of changed standards in the West may be seen in the revolution as to petty prices. Up to twenty years ago, in most Rocky Mountain communities, the quarter-dollar was the smallest coin in circulation. With the railroads came the dime, the nickel, and at last the penny; but they came to a West that was no more.

A Montana periodical thus comments on these matters as they appeared at the time when the railroad reached Miles City:

"The advent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in November, 1881, brought about a complete change in the methods and manners of the people. The railroad brought the community at once in touch with the more concise and narrower life of 'the States'; the 'nickel' displaced the 'quarter' as the smallest coin in use, and prices shrunk accordingly. . . . This proposed innovation was hotly contested for a while by the adherents of the 'two-bit' theory, resulting finally in a compromise that established 'two-for-a-quarter' as the going rate. It would be hard to describe the feeling of dejection that overwhelmed the old-timers when this conclusion was reached. It was accepted by them as a pronounced and evident sign of decadence."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

PEMBINA HALF-BREEDS WITH RED RIVER CARTS.

creaking over trails where now rich cities stand. The Red River carts from Pembina, their wheels sawn from the end of logs, and voicing a mile-wide protest of unlubricated axle, crept down to a "St. Paul's" which had a population of about twelve hundred, mostly half-breeds.[1] A yard of cloth or a butcher-knife still sold for twenty dollars at old Fort Benton in the beaver country. The Western railroads were only little spurs of iron thrusting out into the prairies. Indeed, they could not always boast rails of iron, as witness the old wooden-railed road from Chicago to Galena.

Still eager, still harkening to the voices of the West, the men who were to make the West pressed on, taking the railway as far as it went, then the stage-coach and the wagon and the horse and the lone path of the farthest venturer. The man of Virginia heard that the prairies of Iowa would give him a farm for a price per acre less than one tenth that commanded by the red clay hills of the Old Dominion. He forsook the land of terrapin and peaches, of honeysuckle and sunshine, and started West by rail across the Alleghanies, across Ohio by the early Pennsylvania railway system, beyond the boom town of Chicago, across the Mississippi, and out into the black mud on the prairies for fifty miles or so. Thence by stage he went, the head of his tearful wife against his breast, but in that breast beating a heart the one thought of which was the "better chance." It was the better chance for these babes that tugged at the skirts of their mother—this was what the father wanted, and this was why the mother went with him, grieving, as she yet must, for that fair land which she perhaps would never see again. One such settler, who went West from Virginia into an agricultural State in 1854, said that he came West in order that he might be able to educate his children. He educated them; and to-day one child is buried in California, one in Dakota, three live in Iowa, and one in Illinois. Such is the record of one American family.

THE NORTHERN CITY-BUILDERS.

THE man of old New England might cross this trail of the Southern man, and find himself betimes in Kansas or Nebraska, forerunner of that day when it was to be said that Massachusetts was west of the Missouri River, as indeed is true to-day. Boston began to build Chicago, and the first of those men went West who were to make the old Red River cart towns of St. Paul and Minneapolis little else than New England communities—cities of a State which to-day has a permanent school fund of nearly eight million dollars, and a university fund of nearly one million dollars, in securities largely made up of the bonds of other States, among them a large amount of the funding bonds of the ancient State of Virginia. It was a race into the West—a race in which now the North outstripped the South, the commercial outran the heroic, the ax and the plow outstripped the rifle and its creed.

FIRST WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE wagon-wheels had overrun the West before the wheels of steam began the second conquest of the West. Wagons were first used on the Santa Fé trail in 1824, but it was not until three years later that there was begun the first of the Western iron trails.

In 1826 arose one Philip Evans Thomas, sometime known as the father of American railroads, son of a Baltimore banker, and living, as we may thus notice as a curious fact, near to that early abiding-place of the star which marked the center of American population, that Ararat of the Chesapeake from which the Western civilization started outward.

ITS BEGINNING.

EARLY in his life Philip Evans Thomas saw how excellent it would be if only water could be made to run up-stream. He had seen the use of railroads in England, and had, moreover, noted the beneficial effects upon the trade of Eastern cities of that traffic which was carried by canals. He had the far-reaching mind of the world-merchant, whose problem is ever that of transportation. He saw that railroads could go where canals could not, and he presently resigned his directorship in the Maryland Canal, because he saw that a canal could not climb a hill, and that mankind could not forever go around the hills or up and down the streams.

[1] A settler who moved, in 1854, from Virginia to Iowa complained that for a whole year in that frontier country he saw no fruit except a half-peck of crab-apples.

It was much the same in Minnesota at that time; yet, in the year 1900, the city of St. Paul alone used one thousand dollars worth of grapes each day for fifty days, all imported, and at an average price of only fifteen cents per basket. This fruit was largely imported from the State of New York.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

It was on February 12, 1827, that Thomas called together twenty-five of the leading citizens of Baltimore. Comment of the time says that he seemed touched with the spirit of prophecy as he spoke of that enterprise which was to cast aside the mountains, to unite the streams, and to discover what there might be in that mysterious land, the West—the West which was west of the Alleghanies and in or near the Mississippi valley. Beyond the Mississippi, of course, the mind of man might not go!

ITS POPULARITY.

THE minutes of this notable railway meeting are preserved in a pamphlet known as "Proceedings of Sundry Citizens of Baltimore, convened for the Purpose of Devising the Most Efficient Means of Improving Intercourse between Baltimore and the Western States." There were two opinions as to the wisdom of Mr. Thomas's project, and these were the opinions of the North and of the South; for again the South was to be the pioneer into the West, and again the North was to follow. The cities of the North made loud outcry against the Baltimore prophet, and said that this railroad, if built, would divert from them forever the traffic which was then coming to them from the West. None the less the enterprise went on, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was duly organized, an act for its incorporation being passed on February 27, 1827. The stamp of success was upon the idea before the ink had dried upon the records. By April 24 of the same year stock was subscribed to the figure of four million one hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars. The first railway planned for the West—planned because there was a West and because that West was wanted as a part of the East—was promptly elevated into one of the most important commercial enterprises of the time. The stock was coveted by all, and the struggle was for first place in the line of purchasers.

EXPANSION CONSEQUENT ON RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION.

IT cannot be within the present purpose to particularize as to the railroad development of the West, nor to attempt the unimportant chronological record of first one and then another of the multiplying railways which early began to crowd out into the West from the Eastern centers. The important thing is the tremendous expansion of population which now ensued for the Western States, the blackening of the census maps in spaces once barren, the crossing and interweaving of the Northern and Southern populations which now occurred as both sections pressed out into the West.

There were grandfathers in Virginia now, grandfathers in New England. The subdivided farms were not so large. There were more shops in the villages. There was demand for expansion of the commerce of that day. The little products must find their market, and that market might still be American. The raw stuff might still be American, the producer of it might still be American. So these busy, thrifty, ambitious men came up and stood back of the vanguard that held the flexible frontier. Silently men stole out yet farther into what West there was left; but they always looked back over the shoulder at this new thing that had come upon the land.

INCIPIENT STAGE OF TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

THINKING men knew, half a century ago, that there must be an iron way across the United States, though they knew this only in general terms, and were only guessing at the changes which such a road must bring to the country at large. Some of these guesses make interesting reading to-day. Thus, in 1855 it was announced as a settled thing that the continental route could not lie across the Northern Rockies, because in that region the heavy snowfall would block all railway travel. It was concluded that there were only four points on the Pacific coast to which the railway might address itself—San Diego, San Francisco, "some spot to be chosen on the navigable waters of the Columbia," and another "on the borders of the Strait of De Fuca, in the new Territory of Washington." The government of the country was so slow in developing this railway project that some capitalists were for building at once a road of their own, and they chose the route from Charleston to San Diego. What would it have meant to this country had this been the first and only railway across the continent?

As to the route up the Platte valley and over the South Pass, that was dismissed as quite impracticable. "The absence of timber on most of this route would prove an insuperable objection to its selection, even were it not ineligible from other considerations." The same writer[1] says that the route from San Francisco to St. Louis would be geographically preferable, but admits that the "formation of the intermediate country, and the character of the mountain-ranges to be crossed, are deemed to present insuperable difficulties to its construction."

IT IS THOUGHT MOST VALUABLE BY REASON OF ORIENTAL TRADE.

THE bearing of these reflections upon the purpose in hand is not so much one of merely literary curiousness as one of commercial comparison. The logic of that time carried a large *non sequitur*. "The country intervening between the most western limits of civilization and the recently settled Territories of the Pacific," says the same early historian, "is confessedly little known." The empire of the Middle West was not dreamed of. This is what the new road was to do:

> Instead of the weary months of travel around the capes of Africa and South America, less than a month will suffice to transport the teas and silks of China, the coffee and the spices of Java and Ceylon, to the great Atlantic cities, thence to be distributed as from the world's depot to the nations of Europe. But not only will this new mode of transit take to itself the best and most remunerative part of the traffic now existing between eastern Asia and Christendom, but it will also create a new traffic, compared with which the trade now existing will bear almost no comparison.
>
> Instead of here and there a seaport in China holding commercial relations with America, this nearness of access to the best markets of the world will stimulate into an unprecedented activity the rearing of all agricultural products, the manufacture of all goods and wares, and the disinterring of all the mineral resources which the three hundred millions of China can furnish us, at a cheaper rate than we can obtain them elsewhere. Japan, with a population almost double our own, now shut out from all intercourse with the rest of the world, must soon be forced by the strength of circumstances to welcome to her ports the merchant fleets of other nations, anxious and

[1] Henry Howe, "The Great West" (1855).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.

HENRY VILLARD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

JAMES J. HILL.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE LENT BY MRS. W. H. HUGHES.

JOHN MURRAY FORBES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. A. KEPLER & CO.

JAMES F. JOY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. KURTZ.

WILLIAM HENRY OSBORN.

eager to distribute to the wide world the rich products of her soil, her climate, and her domestic industry. The tropical fruitfulness of the over-populated islands of the Eastern archipelago will also pour, in increased abundance, the rich spices of their balmy breezes through this new and rapid conduit.

RAPID BUT ARRESTED GROWTH OF TRANS-MISSOURI WEST.

NOT so bad was this flowery prophecy, though its fulfilment was to run over into another century, and to fall subsequent to a still greater industrial phenomenon, the gourd-like maturing of the trans-Missouri region.[1] This rapid development of the interior region of America was not foreseen by the wisest of the prophets of fifty years ago. Yet unspeakably swift and startling as it has been, it was, after all, the product of an arrested growth, of an advancement upon lines substantially different from those upon which it was originally and naturally projected.

As once the West had sought to secede, now at length the South, foster-mother of the West, bethought herself to set up a separate land, even at the very time when there was in progress a great transcontinental project which was to make all this country one, forever and inseparable.

It was the Civil War that delayed the construction of the Pacific railway. Had that road been built, had the roads from the North into the South been built half a generation earlier, there could never have been any civil war. The indissoluble brotherhood of the North and the South would have been established a generation ago, and at what untold saving of splendid human life! This war, fatally and fatefully early,—early by a quarter of a century, since after that quarter-century it could never have attained importance, or could never have been at all,—changed history in America more than any written history has ever shown.

THE WAR INJURES BOTH SOUTH AND WEST.

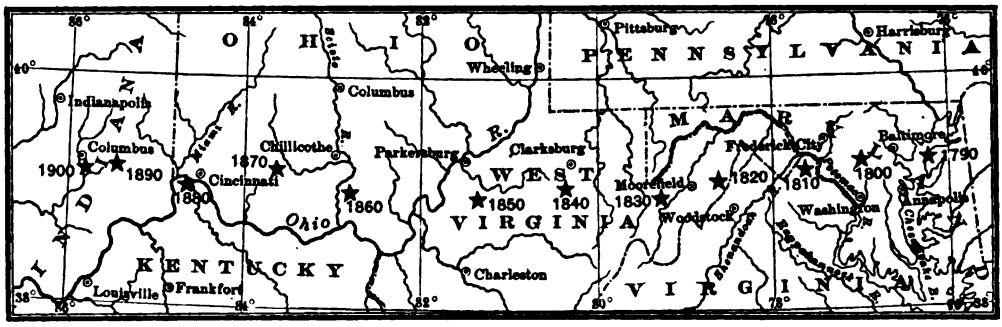
STILL curiously and intimately connected, it was the South and the West that were to suffer most in that war, cruel as this may sound to that splendid East which poured its blood like water and its treasure with a freedom which the West might not equal. The industrial revolution of the West was subsequent to the Civil War, and was, to large extent, caused by the Civil War, or, rather, was dependent upon the same conditions which had part in bringing forth that war. The vast and virgin West, "confessedly but little known," lay waiting for a population. The Eastern portion of the Northern States had its own population. The South, under the conditions of that day, offered incalculably more field of crude opportunity for labor than did the West; but it offered no security for either capital or labor. Therefore it was that the Old World was called upon to furnish the raw labor requisite to subdue this wild land.

It can be only with horror that we reflect that the Old World was called upon also to furnish us a people to replace the more than half-million dead of as grand a population as the world ever knew, the flower of America, North, South, East, and West. It would have been this splendid army of men that would have settled the West had it not been for the war, which a few years later would have been an impossible thing. Could that half-million dead have arisen from the grave in the decade following that truly cruel war, the nomenclature of many a Western city would be different to-day, and the face of the census maps would show a different story.

To-day the whole upper portion of the population charts of the United States is black with the indication of a foreign-born population. The only part of this country which the census map dares call American is a thin, waving line along the plateaus of Tennessee and Kentucky, the land which

[1] In the year 1900 the whole tendency was toward consolidation in railway interests. The two most northerly transcontinental lines went under one management, and later the stock markets became wild on the news that the new combination had secured a through line from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. Nor did the sequence cease at this point. In the same year there were begun, for use upon the Pacific Ocean in connection with this same transcontinental route, five giant ocean-going freight-ships, the largest yet known, each to be 750 feet in length, of 74 feet beam, and with a carrying capacity of 22,000 tons. These ships will carry American cotton to Japan, for use instead of the short-staple cotton of India, until recently used by Japan. They will enable the railroad-builders of Japan to figure as exactly on the price of a ton of rails as can the contractor of Kansas or Nebraska. They will lay down a barrel of Minnesota flour in China or the Philippines at a cost for carriage of not over $1.25.

All this shows to what extent American commerce, made active by American transportation methods, is invading the markets of the world; for, at this same time, Russia cannot lay down a barrel of (an inferior) flour at the seaboard of China for less than $4.25. Surely our prophet of 1855 dreamed more wisely than he knew!



WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CENTER OF POPULATION FROM 1790 TO 1900, INDICATED BY STARS.

the first adventurers sought out when they crossed the Alleghanies. It is the South alone which is to-day American.

CRUDE POPULATION OF THE RAILROAD WEST.

WITHIN two months of the year 1899, fifty-seven thousand foreigners were brought to this country to be made over into Americans. Among these were Croatians, Slavs, Armenians, Bohemians, Servians, Montenegrins, Dalmatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Moravians, Lithuanians, Magyars, Jews, Syrians, Turks, Slovaks, with others of the better-known nationalities, such as English, Germans, French, and Scandinavians. Of the total number of these immigrants, less than one tenth had a capital as great as thirty dollars with which to begin life in the new land. Many of these immigrants from lower Europe linger in the cities of the West, and do not become a part of the agricultural communities; but the indirect tax upon the agricultural communities none the less remains. They become only parasites upon the parasitic middlemen, and all these must be supported by the farms.

THIS CRUDE POPULATION NOT THE ARGONAUTS.

IT must be conceded that the new problems assigned to the West in the way of absorption and assimilation of alien population in these days of rapid transportation are nothing short of serious and perplexing. These new people, brought out in swarms by means of the rapid wheels of steam-locomotion, are like the early Americans of the heart of the real America. They are very poor; their fare must be coarse, their garb mean, their opportunities for self-improvement but meager. Yet how different are they, the product of the third age of transportation, from those Argonauts, the Southern riflemen and the Northern axmen, who toiled with oar or slow-moving wheel across this land in the days so recently gone by! There are three great pictures of the West—one that was, one that is, and one that might have been.

THE WEST OF RAILROADS NOT THE OLD DEVELOPER OF CHARACTER.

THE West of steam-transportation has not so much impressed itself, and in reason could not be expected so to impress itself, upon its population as did that West when the wheels moved slowly and the natural difficulties to be overcome were so vastly greater for the individual. The old West begot character, grew mighty individuals, because such were its soil and sky and air, its mountains, its streams, its long and devious trails, its constant stimulus and challenge. That which was to be has been. The days of the adventurers are gone. There are no longer any Voices to summon heroes out on voyage of mystic conquest. It now costs not so much heroism, but so much money, to get out into the West, and it costs so much to live there. As a region the West offers few special opportunities. It is no longer a poor man's country, nor is any part of America a country good for a poor man. It is all much alike. Our young men of the West are as apt to go East to seek their fortunes as to try them near at home. There is no land of the free. America is not American. Food must digest before it can be flesh and blood, and our population must digest before it can be called American.

NO MORE WEST AND NO MORE AMERICANS.

TWELVE years ago money brought two per cent. a month west of the Missouri River, and it earned it. To-day you can get a barrelful at five per cent. a year. It is only free men who can afford to pay two per cent. a month—men who still have open lands to

settle, much raw wealth to dig out of the earth, a future to discount. There are no more Oklahomas now. We have stolen most of the reservations from the Indians, and a few men have stolen most of the pine, and nothing short of a syndicate will do for a mine to-day.

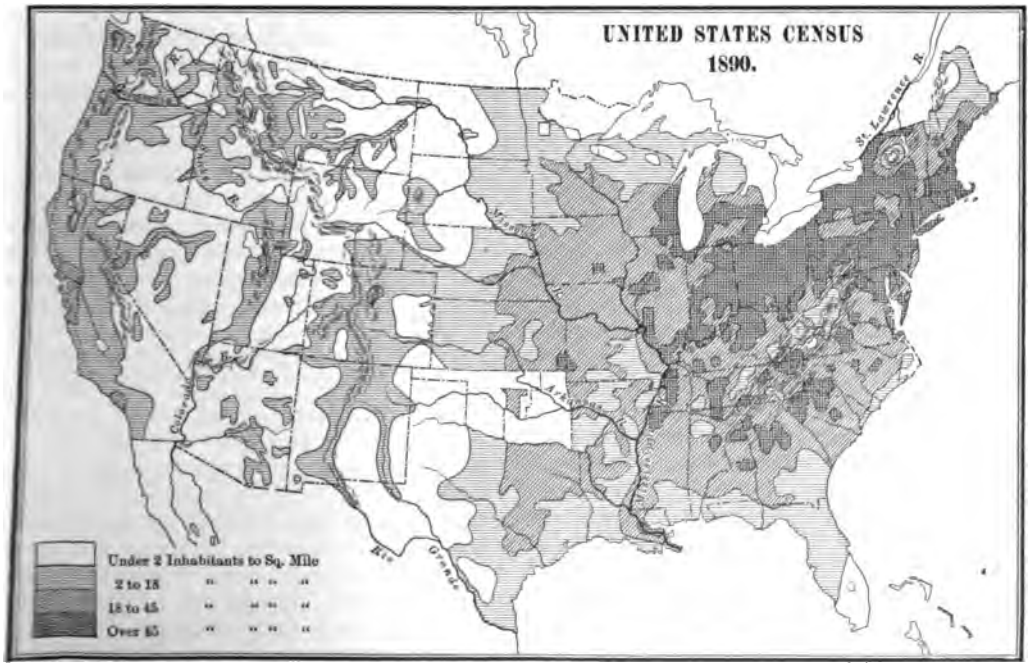
You may search far for eagle faces, such as came from Maine and Carolina, the men who followed the westward course of the young star of America. Away with the saddle-blanket! The beaver are gone, and the range cattle are all fenced in. Hang up the rifle, for our great game is vanishing. If you seek a pleasant picture, gaze upon the accumulating balance-sheets of some monopolist's millions. If you wish to hear a soothing sound, listen to the wheels that go and come. Content yourself with these things; else you must admit that, however strong, brilliant, and consistent was our Western drama in the more slowly moving days, history has made anticlimax in the days of steam. Carry your conclusions out whimsically if you like, and reflect that in the year 1900 not only our own Western cowpunchers, but also the samurai of Japan, were riding bicycles, and the newspapers of Japan were reporting the prize-fights of America! This is civilization, but the view of it is not altogether comforting.[1]

GREAT WEST-BOUND MOVEMENT OF THIS GENERATION.

AUGUR of what might have been but for our Civil War was that long line of white-topped wagons that streamed westward across Illinois, Iowa, across the Missouri River, out into the West, the still glorious and alluring West, immediately upon the close of the war. This was not an influx of foreigners, but a hejira of native Americans, a flood-tide which could not wait for the railroads that were now so swiftly taking up the new and mighty problems of a convalescent country.

[1] The time is not one for individual optimism, and the old hopefully self-reliant spirit of the West must be content to lose its personal quality in the larger and vaguer, though not less certain, tendencies of modern life. Bearing upon a theme kindred to the above, James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," recently found occasion to write:

"National ideals to-day tend toward a large and strong state, with vast external possessions, with a huge army and navy, with an extending trade, and great consequent wealth; and the ideal of education is less toward 'unprofitable culture' and more toward subjects that enable men to raise themselves in the world. People now talk more about capital and labor. Formerly there seemed rather more faith in the power of reason, rather more hope of progress to be secured by political change. Altogether there seemed rather more of a sanguine spirit formerly. Mankind must never cease to cherish and follow the dream of that golden age, which at one time they believed to lie in the past, but which for some centuries had been supposed to glimmer in the future. They must never forget that hope. But the golden age seemed nearer in 1850 than it does now."



"By an impulse, providential or evolutionary, but irresistible," said an American senator of this decade,[1] "civilization has, during the present generation, moved all at once and in concert, in a process of territorial expansion as sudden and inexplicable as that which at the close of the fifteenth century impelled the nations of Europe to voyages which resulted in the discovery and occupation of America. . . . The United States will command the greatest part of the trade with the Chinese Orient. We can produce every article that can be sold in this new and limitless market."

Not bad reiteration, this, of the prophecy of our historian of 1855. The latter did not foresee our Civil War, nor could he have foreseen our armies across seas. They are there not so much by reason of political mistakes or political wisdom as by an impulse "providential or evolutionary." In 1865, upon the plains, or in 1900, in the Asian islands, the army was only the escort. It is not our army which will conquer new provinces and create new opportunities in place of those with which we have been so sadly careless and so lavishly generous; it is our railways and our steamships which are to prove our conquering agencies. Thereby we shall recoup ourselves at the coffers of the world.

THE RAILWAYS CHANGE AND BUILD THE COMMERCIAL WEST.

WE lose all sentimental regrets and superficial reservations when we come to examine closely the tremendous revolutions created by the genius of modern transportation. With the era of steam came a complete reversal of all earlier methods. For nearly a century following the Revolutionary War the new lands of America had waited upon the transportation. Now the transportation facilities were to overleap history and to run in advance of progress itself. The railroad was not to depend upon the land, but the land upon the railroad. It was strong faith in the future civilization which enabled capitalists to build one connected line of iron from Oregon down the Pacific coast, thence east of the mouth of the Father of Waters, in all over thirty-two hundred miles of rail. Then came that daring flight of the Santa Fé across the seas of sand, a venture derided as folly and recklessness. The proof you may find by seeing the cities that have grown, the fields which bear them tribute. North and South and East and West the prairie roads run. The long trail of the cattle-drive is gone, and the cattle no longer walk a thousand miles to pasture or to market. Once, twice, thrice, the continent was spanned, the dream of Robinson made manifoldly true, and the path across the continent laid well and laid forever.

[1] The late Cushman K. Davis, United States senator from Minnesota.

FORETHOUGHT OF RAILWAY IN DEVELOPING COUNTRY.

IN the Middle West the Great American Desert was cross-hatched with iron lines and dotted full with homes which never could have been but for those iron lines. In the Northwest lay a land of almost arctic winters, with little or no shelter, with short and torrid summers, the land of the Red River carts, where the fur-traders were at last replaced by the raisers of No. 2 hard wheat. Into this region came a large foreign population, sought out in the Old World by the diligent agents of a common carrier needing business. The hard plains of the North were literally stocked with these people. They came with their tickets bought through to such or such a point in Minnesota or Dakota. It was foreseen that the mere raising of wheat could not build up a permanent civilization, and the railroad did the thinking for the blind ones who had taken its word and risked their lives and fortunes in the removal to that America which had so wide and various an interpretation. The railway sent out, free and unsolicited, seed wheat and choice breeding-stock, dropping these contributions wisely, here and there, into such communities as most needed them. The railway was explorer, carrier, provider, thinker, heart, soul, and intellect for this population which in another generation was to be American. No wonder these folk stand and stare when the railway-train goes by. It has been Providence to them.

TOWNS MADE BY RAILWAYS.

TO-DAY towns do not grow merely because of their location, and this factor of location will become less and less important as the years go by. Chicago is situated upon the most impossible and unlovely of all places of human habitation. She is simply a city of transportation, and is no better than her rails and boats, though by her rails and boats she lives in every Western State and Territory. The same is true of St. Louis

and the vast Southwest. One railroad recently planned for a Western extension, and laid out along its lines the sites of thirty-eight new towns, each of which was located and named before the question of inhabitants for the towns was ever taken up. Another railway in the Southwest has named fifty cities that are yet to build, and still others have scores of communities which in time are to be the battle-grounds of human lives, the stages of the human tragedy or comedy. The railways have not only reached but created provinces; they have not only nourished but conceived communities.

VAST FREIGHT CARRIAGE OF THE NORTHWEST—RAIL AND WATER.

OUT of that cold upper land of the Northwest which was thus fostered and nurtured into strength, there came, in the year 1901, 110,000,000 bushels of wheat to feed the world, and that in a year when the crop shortage was over 100,000,000 bushels. This is only a part of the output of that land, for the railway showed these farmers long ago that diversified farming was their hope and their salvation. Past one of those forts which in 1812 the United States erected to protect her fur-traders and to keep out her covetous rivals, there came in the same year from the far Northwest, once home of the buffalo, the Indian, and the scout, 25,255,810 tons of freight, nearly all of the long-haul sort, and hence to be taken as showing in part the product of the far Northwest itself. Three transcontinental roads, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, and the Southern Pacific, in 1899 carried 20,146,410 tons of freight, with a haul averaging about three hundred miles in length. Nearly a thousand millions of dollars is represented in the capitalization of these roads—far more than is demanded by the free roadway of the Great Lakes, the modern freight traffic of which is really a development subsequent to that of the railway exploitation of the West. This perhaps suggests a day when Chicago may come to be as closely interested with New Orleans as was the latter city with Kentucky in the day of Wilkinson.[1]

SOUTH AND WEST ARE TWINS.

IT is impossible to study the industrial history of the West without studying also that of the South, for though the two sections are far apart and utterly unlike, they yet have the intercurrent soul of twins. No part of America is less known and more misunderstood than the South, and surely it must be one of the most cheering reflections to conclude that yearly the South comes closer to the North, and the North to the South. Statesmanship could not in a century so fully have accomplished this great and desirable result. The railroads are doing what statecraft could not do.

FORGOTTEN CAPTAINS.

IT is the part of the great captains of transportation to live strenuous lives, to work out great problems faithfully and patiently, to accomplish great results mysteriously, to live, to die, and to be forgotten. The heroes of the hustings, the heroes of our wars, are remembered and immortalized. The man who makes possible their triumphs finds no record on the page of time. His obituary is only the passing chronicle of the daily press, feverishly concerned with what is known as news. To-day James F. Joy, the father of the Michigan Central Railroad, is little known by the general public, though his was a far greater work than that of seeking public office. John Murray Forbes, father of the

[1] Engineers disagree as to the possibility of making a ship-canal of the great highway of the Mississippi; but engineers have always disagreed about the doing of great things, and then have always done them. It is likely that the dream of that shrewd merchant-explorer, Louis Joliet, will eventually be realized, and the Chicago drainage-canal will in that case attain a great importance.

Indeed, inland-water transportation may be upon the eve of a great development. Thus, in December, 1900, there was organized a canal company for the purpose of navigating the Red River of the North, of improving the channel by dredging, putting in locks, reservoirs, etc., to regulate that historic stream into conditions virtually those of a canal. Another curious proposition to reach Congress in the same year was a bill for the purpose of building a ship-canal between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, an enterprise which would have great significance in the coal and iron trade. This canal would follow the course of La Salle on his first journey from the Great Lakes—the old southbound war-trail of the Six Nations. Geography, of all things, seems to repeat itself. No one may tell what new importance this canal proposition may attain.

Early in the year 1901 the leading journals of Germany were discussing the prospects of a canal from Chicago to the Atlantic Ocean, and held the enterprise practical.

As showing the extent of water-transportation on our Great Lakes, it may be stated that more tonnage passes Sault Ste. Marie in seven months of each year than goes through the Suez Canal in three years. The city of Duluth alone, at the head of the water-trail, has a tonnage each year of more than 11,500,000 tons.

great Burlington and Quincy system, is a man too much forgotten. As these lines are written comes the news of the death of Henry Villard, the man who solved so many problems for the Northern Pacific. Dropped for the time out of sight, he will now shortly follow the fate of his compeers, and soon be dropped forever. William Henry Osborn died only a few years ago, yet there are many who make the winter trip to the Gulf coast who do not know who planned the flight of rails that runs from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. It is duty and pleasure to mention the names of such great and useful men, if only to ask that their work be held in understanding memory.

A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY AIDS IN UNION OF SOUTH AND NORTH.

ESPECIALLY significant in the connection now in view is the memory of Mr. Osborn, and we might well speak of him as assistant and coadjutor of men like Lincoln and Grant, and the statesmen who since the war have sought to unite North and South. As we infer that it was the South that first marched westward, and a Southern man who first planned a great highway of iron into the West, we may state with equal pleasure and confidence that it was the East, and an Eastern man, that made the South a portion of the West, and both a part of a united America.

HIS METHODS.

WILLIAM H. OSBORN was a native of Massachusetts, and was by birth of no exalted position in the world. His chief capital was a clear brain and an unclouded purpose, which later ripened into a far-sightedness in large affairs which has rarely been equaled in the ranks of practical American men. Sent to the East Indies as the representative of a New York firm, he got a good insight into the trade in spices, and was successful in his occupation. Later he married the second daughter of that sterling American merchant, Jonathan Sturges of New York, whose first daughter was the first wife of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Sturges was heavily interested in the young Illinois Central Railroad, the first of the land-grant railways, the original seven hundred and five miles of line of which were intended to develop the agricultural lands of the great prairie State of Illinois, and to bear the products of that State up to the water-transport of the Great Lakes, which then carried most of the long-haul business from the West to the East.

The original lines of this road were laid out in the form of a large Y, one leg of which ran from Dubuque, Iowa, southward, meeting the other leg, which extended south from Chicago. The two legs of the Y met at what is now Central City, and thence the line ran south to Cairo. This road was one of the earliest attempts to parallel the old water-highways which had once carried the freight of a riparian population. Its first grant was made in 1850, and its first train was run in 1855. During the war this line was of much service in transporting troops and material to the southward. Yet, in spite of its well-conceived plan, and in spite of the natural wealth of the country it traversed, the road as a property was a source of perpetual anxiety to its shareholders. It needed a great mind to straighten out its problems, and Mr. Sturges thought that his son-in-law had that mind. He therefore despatched Mr. Osborn to Chicago, and gave him full charge of the system. The choice was a wise one. Mr. Osborn brought the property through the panic of 1857, when all securities were falling in ruins, and weathered even an assignment which was made by the company during his absence in England. He backed his faith in his judgment by negotiating a personal loan of three million dollars, out of which he paid the matured coupons which were pressing for payment. He secured a new loan of five million dollars, paid off all the smaller debts, established the credit of the company, and set its affairs thenceforth upon a secure footing.

HE CONCEIVES NORTH-AND-SOUTH TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE.

ALL these details were such as might perhaps have been accomplished by another. It was not only in these executive matters that the genius of this captain evinced itself. He saw at once to the marrow of the difficulties which had caused this embarrassment. There had now been built around the foot of Lake Michigan those east-and-west through lines which killed the lake carriage just as his own road had killed the river carriage on the Mississippi trail. These roads reached out after their own business, and did not depend upon the traffic which the north-and-south line carried. It was easy to foresee a failing business, but not so easy to name a remedy for it. Mr. Osborn found his remedy in the idea of a north-and-south

transcontinental line. Between Cairo and the town of Jackson, Tennessee, there was a gap over which no railroad passed, though from Jackson as far south as New Orleans there ran the rambling lines of a system controlled by H. S. McComb, of Crédit Mobilier fame. Mr. Osborn secured the immature Southern roads, built the connection from Cairo to Jackson, and in 1873 had a completed line from the Lakes to the Gulf. It all reads easy, but it took one man's brain and one man's life to do it. The story of the road and of the man who made it is not yet told, but it will be written in the development of one of the richest sections of America. It is writing daily in the trains that come from North to South, from South to North, agencies which daily break down and pass through any sectional barrier, and which bring about the better understanding which makes kin one with the other the sons of the old riflemen and the old axmen who built the West. Thus are the trails of the two forever interwoven. Beside this trail of commerce runs the old trail of the Mississippi, whose tawny flood still carries its burden of adventure and romance. Robinson, Thomas, Whitney, Osborn, these are the names of a few of the prophets, forgotten men of the early and the modern days, who blazed the intercurrent trails where now march the feet of those living under a complex civilization.

AMERICA'S CAPITAL IN LANDS AND UNDEVELOPED WEALTH.

FROM these crude studies of early Western history we may gather one very significant fact, which will mean more a hundred years from now than it does to-day. It is that America got her territory first, and then her transportation and her population. She bought on a rising market, and her purchase was of territory, land, the only thing on earth which cannot be increased or multiplied. Moreover, her land was such as the world has never duplicated and can never duplicate. The magnificent West was a realm unrivaled, and it was originally settled by men who had the most priceless of all possessions, a splendid ancestry. Providence held back the wheels for a hundred years while the Western character was forming.

THE COMING AGE OF AMERICA AND THE WORLD.

LET us, even though by dint of effort, fling away the personal plaint. It is un-American to snivel, and as the old-time Western men would not have done so, neither shall we. The West is not dead. It is immortal. We have come upon a century of force. The conflict is to be the bitterest the world has ever known; not the conflict of man with beast, or with savage nature, but the conflict of masses of men, masses of things, one combination against another, one wedge of impact, head on, against another. It is too late to call out for an America like that of Washington or Jefferson; too late to ask for a Monroe Doctrine; too late to speak of policies or politics gone by. With Europe in fear of our Western products, and yet dependent upon those products, with America coming each day, by causes "providential or evolutionary," into the plans of the world, of what possible avail is it to cry out for a West or for an America that is gone forever? Call back the armies if you wish, but you can never call back the wheels. The pathway points now not out into the West, but out into the world. Never doubt that the sons of the West, sons of this Anak, sons whose fathers are in Valhalla to-day, will follow that road as far and as fearlessly as they did the path across the continent. In the veins of these men runs the riot unconquerable, the distillation of the skies and winds. Their feet march now to the rhythm of phantom footfalls, those of the men who marched before from home out into the perilous unknown. Black men, yellow men, peasant men—all these must take their chances. There are no longer any vacant lands. Europe, which sent to the West some of its best and its poorest population, will have more to fear at the hands of the West than China has to dread to-day. Europe has to combat not only the West, but all the heredity of the West. This, then, is where the eagle-faced pioneers of America will find their last trail. This is how the king will at last come again into his own.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF AMERICANISM.

PEOPLE may pass away, monarchies may fall, but above them there will stand the only aristocracy fit to survive; not a false democracy which nominates all men as equal, but the aristocracy of survival. You may abolish many things, and in the future enact many things of which we of to-day may not guess; but never shall there utterly perish the strong blood which got its survival by fitness, and its education by continuous conflict with mighty things. The largest, the

most compact, and the most closely knit Caucasian population of the world to-day, is that of America, and to-day America is potentially the most powerful of all the world-powers. Why? Because her unit of population is superior. The reason for that you may find yourself if you care to look into the great movements of the West-bound population of America.

PROBABLE FUTURE CHANGES IN THE WEST.

As to the future steps in the development of the West, we may perhaps be indulged in a hazard of opinion, as our fathers were before us. It would seem sure that every inch of our agricultural lands must come under the plow of Belgium, and be tilled inch by inch. The vast delta of the Mississippi, from Memphis south, the richest soil the world ever saw, will be a continuous garden, supporting a great population of its own, and feeding thousands in the cities, in full verification of the wisdom of the man who foresaw that the South must be joined to the North, even as the West to the East. Perhaps some of the more barren steppe country of the West will ultimately be abandoned in spite of scientific irrigation, just as some of the slashed-off timber-lands of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are now being abandoned, in sequel to the ruinous American lumbering operations.[1] In the great river valleys there will be an enormous thickening of the population; so that it may yet be many years before the center of population, which in 1900 was near the little town of Columbus, Indiana, shall have passed the Mississippi River in its West-bound courses.[2]

PROGRESS GREATER THAN POLITICS.

WE have yet to learn to save our potato-peelings. We are yet to go more and more under task-masters, are to learn more and more the value of the penny, that coin once so bitterly scorned in all the West. We are to work out the problems bequeathed humanity with the passing years; and in the end we are to ask, as we ask to-day, that unanswered question, Why? Policies and politics cannot change these things. The wheels have run too far. Let fall the little words of our talking men; let wave the tiny swords of those who are called our warriors, and let the writers rage. Back and beyond their trivial and transient deeds runs the broad, somber flood of fate. Humanity, not political divisions, is the concern of time. The individual yields to the section, the section to the nation, the nation to the world, the world to the plans of fate, of Providence.

THE ARTISTIC GROWTH OF THE WEST.

THERE is another, a lighter and more cheerful side to the conclusions which we may draw from our study of the way in which the West was made—the side which has to do with the growth of the newer portions of this country in all the liberal arts, in that noble flowering of the human imagination which is most naturally to be expected of an environment of ease and a time of leisure. Art rests ever upon the material, the imagination dates ever back to actual deeds. The gentler days of the West are no better than its ruder times, but the one is as good as the other, since each came in its proper period. It was the railway which developed the West in artistic things as well as in material things. It was as long ago as 1870 that a Western man (Justice Paine of the Wisconsin Supreme Court) found occasion to speak of the vast influence of these civilizing agencies. He said:

> They have done more to develop the wealth and resources, to stimulate the industry, reward the labor, and promote the general comfort and prosperity of the country than any other, perhaps than all other, mere physical causes combined. There is probably not a man, woman, nor child

[1] The population of Michigan in the decade 1890–1900 drifted rapidly toward the cities. Yet the Michigan railroads are bravely trying to solve the problem of building up a population on the country desolated by the lumbermen, and with great success are developing resources in agriculture and manufactures which for a long time lay unsuspected.

[2] In this connection the census map offers an unfailing interest. Investigation shows that our star, denoting the center of population, has traveled in all only 525 miles since 1790, the greatest West-bound gains being in the decade 1850–60, 81 miles. At no time has the center of population moved back toward the East, though it is nearer to doing so now than ever before—proof that the history of America has been but the history of a West, and also proof that that wayward West may soon bend its footsteps homeward after a century of adventure. The record of the movement of the population center is as follows:

1790, 23 miles east of Baltimore, Maryland; 1800, 18 miles west of Baltimore, Maryland; 1810, 40 miles northwest by west of Washington, D. C.; 1820, 16 miles north of Woodstock, Virginia; 1830, 19 miles west-southwest of Moorefield, West Virginia; 1840, 16 miles south of Clarksburg, West Virginia; 1850, 23 miles southeast of Parkersburg, West Virginia; 1860, 20 miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio; 1870, 48 miles east by north of Cincinnati, Ohio; 1880, 8 miles west by south of Cincinnati, Ohio; 1890, 20 miles east of Columbus, Indiana; 1900, 7 miles north of Columbus, Indiana.

whose interest or comfort has not been in some degree subserved by them. They bring to our doors the productions of the earth. They enable us to anticipate and protract the seasons. They enable the inhabitants of each clime to enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of all. *They scatter the productions of the press and of literature broadcast through the country with amazing rapidity.* There is scarcely a want, wish, or aspiration of the human heart which they do not in some measure help to gratify. They promote the pleasures of social life and of friendship; they bring the skilled physician swiftly from a distance to attend the sick and the wounded, and enable the absent friend to be present at the bedside of the dying. They have more than realized the fabulous conception of the Eastern imagination, which pictured the genii as transporting inhabited palaces through the air. They take a train of inhabited palaces from the Atlantic coast, and with marvelous swiftness deposit it on the shores that are washed by the Pacific sea. In war they transport the armies and supplies of the government with the greatest celerity, and carry forward, as it were on the wings of the wind, relief and comfort to those who are stretched bleeding and wounded on the field of battle.

THE WEST NOW MUCH THE SAME AS THE EAST.

HE has not read well the history of his country, has not learned the intricate web of the commercial system of to-day, has surely not studied the developments of the third age of American transportation, who can believe that there exists any longer any considerable difference between the most widely separated parts of America in matters of the gentler life. The editor of a noble periodical controls an agency the influence of which is as valuable and as much desired in the West as in the East, and which is felt as quickly and as sensitively in the one region as the other. The art and literature of the time belong to the West as much as to the East, and in its due time the West will produce as well as consume in the matters of art and literature. There were Western artists, Western painters, Western sculptors upon the plains before the buffalo were gone.

AN IGNORANT LITERATURE REGARDING THE WEST.

IT is a matter of wonder that any American literature could ever speak of the American West in anything but terms of pride and honor. There is a certain literature, color-crammed, superficial, and transient, because wrong, which affects to believe that there is still a West which is a land of crude souls exclusively and of little hope for a hereafter. If the good folk who so believe lack the great privilege of an actual American travel, they have at least left for them the resources of an American railroad map. Let them study; and even if they study no deeper than the map, they must come to see that the West is no more as once it was.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE WEST.

CHANGED unspeakably and utterly, the old West lies in ruins. To pick about among those ruins may, indeed, be to find here and there a bit of local color; but were it not better to reflect that this color may be only the broken bits of a cathedral pane? Restore that cathedral, in recollection, in imagination at least, if it be within the skill of art or literature to do so. Restore it, and write upon its arch the thought that history may be more than a mere recital of wars and religions; that the destruction of human life may be nationally not so great as the development of human character. Give the men of the old West, parents of the men of the new West, this epitaph—that they had character. Let the heroes have place of honor in their own cathedral; and so may the Western earth lie light above them, and the Western skies smile over them remembringly.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE OLD DOLL.

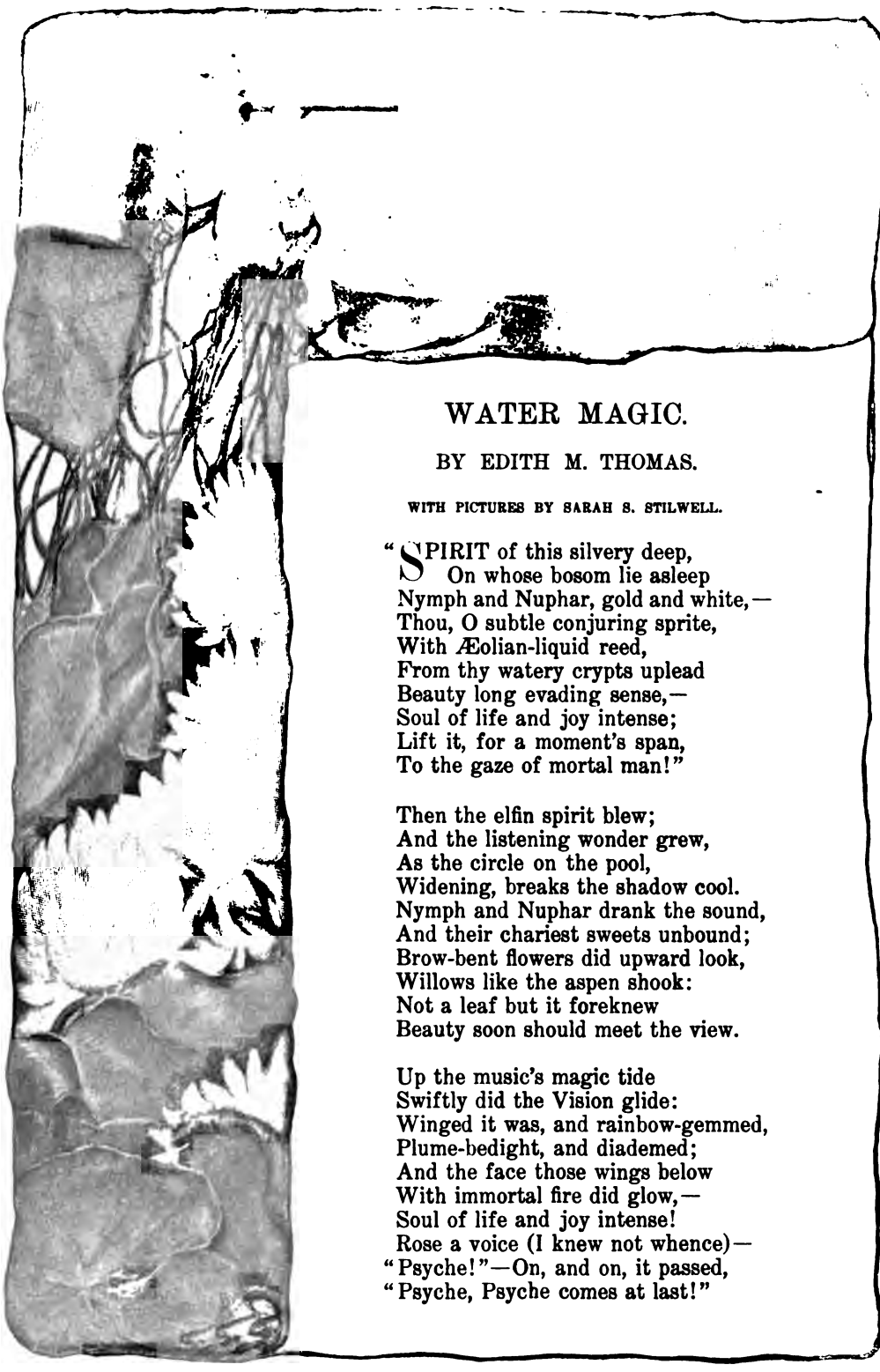
BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

WITH PICTURES BY SARAH S. STILWELL.

LITTLE one, little one, open your arms.
Now are your wishes come true, come true!
Here is a love with a thousand charms,
And see! she is reaching her hands out to you!
Put the old doll by, asleep let her lie,
And open your arms to welcome the new.

Little one, little one, play your sweet part,
Mother-love lavishes treasure untold:
Whisper fond words, and close to your heart,
Your warm little heart, the new idol enfold.
('T is so with us all,—to worship we fall
Before the new shrine, forgetting the old!)
. . . . . .
Little one, little one, wherefore that sigh?
Weary of playing the long day through?
But there 's something that looks like a tear in your eye,
And your lips—why, your lips are quivering, too!
Do I guess aright?—it is coming night,
And you cry for the old—you are tired of the new?

Little one, little one, old loves are best;
And the heart still clings though the hands loose their hold!
Take the old doll back, in your arms she shall rest,
When you wander away to the dreamland fold.
(With all, even so,—ere to sleep we go,
The wavering heart wavers back to the old!)



WATER MAGIC.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

WITH PICTURES BY SARAH S. STILWELL.

"SPIRIT of this silvery deep,
On whose bosom lie asleep
Nymph and Nuphar, gold and white,—
Thou, O subtle conjuring sprite,
With Æolian-liquid reed,
From thy watery crypts uplead
Beauty long evading sense,—
Soul of life and joy intense;
Lift it, for a moment's span,
To the gaze of mortal man!"

Then the elfin spirit blew;
And the listening wonder grew,
As the circle on the pool,
Widening, breaks the shadow cool.
Nymph and Nuphar drank the sound,
And their chariest sweets unbound;
Brow-bent flowers did upward look,
Willows like the aspen shook:
Not a leaf but it foreknew
Beauty soon should meet the view.

Up the music's magic tide
Swiftly did the Vision glide:
Winged it was, and rainbow-gemmed,
Plume-bedight, and diademed;
And the face those wings below
With immortal fire did glow,—
Soul of life and joy intense!
Rose a voice (I knew not whence)—
"Psyche!"—On, and on, it passed,
"Psyche, Psyche comes at last!"

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE WATER FAIRY.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LAND FAIRY.

TWO WOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

MARY WHITE—MRS. ROBERT MORRIS.

STRANGELY enough the title "First Lady in the Land" was not bestowed originally upon the wife of the President of the United States, but was given to Mrs. Robert Morris, the spouse of our first great minister of finance, in the days of the Confederation, she of whom a local poet wrote, after seeing her at her first assembly, in 1767, when she was in her eighteenth year:

> In lovely White's most pleasing form
> What various graces meet!
> How blest with every striking charm,
> How languishingly sweet!

Mrs. Morris was the daughter of Colonel Thomas White, and only sister of the revered Bishop White of Pennsylvania. Carefully trained in all womanly accomplishments, she was fitted to fill, with ease and dignity and grace, the high station to which she was called, before she was twenty, in becoming the wife of the future financier of the American Revolution. Robert Morris was his wife's senior by fifteen years, and his foremost position, as a sagacious merchant, foreshadowed the eminence he was to attain in the history of this country, by his skilful dealing with that most difficult problem, the public credit.

The appointment by Congress of Mr. Morris, as Superintendent of Finance, with his wealth, ability, and social distinction, made his home the center of all the amenity and civility of the day, and it was as hostess over this noted establishment that Mrs. Morris shone preëminent. The Marquis de Chastellux, the Abbé Robin, Citizen Mazzei, the Prince de Broglie, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and others, have each recorded some agreeable memory of Mrs. Morris. And Washington, on more than one occasion, made her house his home. When Mrs. Washington journeyed from Mount Vernon to New York, after the inauguration of the first President, she stopped in Philadelphia and took Mrs. Morris with her, in her carriage, to New York, and at the first levee Mrs. Morris was given the place of honor on the right of the President's wife, a distinction always accorded her at public functions during Washington's administration. When the capital was removed to Philadelphia, it was Mrs. Morris's home that was given up for the President's house.

But life was not to be all sunshine and brightness for her. Mr. Morris took up millions of acres of unseated lands in different States of the Union, which he formed into a land company; but the speculation was disastrous, and he was cast into a debtors' prison, where he was kept three years and a half. During his confinement his faithful and devoted wife was his constant companion, visiting him daily in prison, and dining at his cell table. Mr. Morris survived his imprisonment five years, and Mrs. Morris survived him twenty-one years. Upon her death a contemporary wrote of her: "After having enjoyed without arrogance the wealth and the honors of early and middle life, she descended without repining to the privations incident to the reverses of fortune toward its close."

Without the attraction of great personal beauty, Mrs. Morris was tall, graceful, and commanding, with a stately dignity of manner, which ever made a controlling impression upon all with whom she was brought in contact. Stuart's portrait of her is said to have been the last female head that he painted, but I think the statement very doubtful, as the quality of the work belongs to Stuart's middle and best period. In addition, the picture was left unfinished, and remained in the painter's possession until his death, which were the same conditions attending a picture Stuart painted of Mrs. Morris's two daughters, which he would not finish and deliver, but slashed across the faces, owing to some unfavorable comment that was made upon it by Mr. Morris. There-

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE LENOX LIBRARY.

MARY WHITE—MRS. ROBERT MORRIS.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING OWNED BY DR. JAMES LAWS, U. S. N.

MARIA SNOWDEN — MRS. PETER MEIRCKEN.

fore I believe these pictures to have been painted about the same time that Stuart painted Robert Morris, which was before his great misfortune, in 1795.

The portrait of Mrs. Morris, which is fresh and pure and beautifully painted, was purchased from the artist's family, in 1836, by J. P. Beaumont, and at the sale of his collection, in 1870, was bought by Mr. James Lenox, and is now in the Lenox Gallery, New York Public Library.

MARIA SNOWDEN—MRS. PETER MEIRCKEN.

WITH this portrait of Mrs. Meircken the series of "Portraits of Women" painted by Gilbert Stuart, America's master painter, will close.[1]

It has been not only a very great satisfaction to have THE CENTURY'S generous support in making the world familiar with these beautiful works of the genius of Stuart, but it is a great privilege to have been the means of doing this justice to one of the accepted masters of the painter's art. Yet this could not have been accomplished adequately without the aid of Mr. Henry Wolf, who has given to the work of putting these pictures upon wood his best efforts. He has with great skill preserved the method and manner of the painter, and given a keen sense of Stuart's marvelous color, with a preservation of the "values" that would seem, but for his achievement, impossible to give in black and white.

And the portrait of Maria Snowden, the wife of Peter Meircken, a leading shipping-merchant of Philadelphia, exhibits in a noted measure the qualities of the painter and the dexterity of the engraver in translating his work. This picture, with its companion portrait of Captain Meircken, was painted in 1798, when the subject was twenty-one and Stuart lived in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, which necessitated a daily drive of a dozen miles for each sitting. It remained in the possession of a daughter, Miss Estelle Meircken, a notable schoolmistress of Philadelphia, until her death, a few years since, when it was bequeathed, as a token of affection, to one of her pupils, Mrs. James Laws, and is now in Washington, D. C. The beauty of Mrs. Meircken was transmitted undiminished to her daughter, who, up to the last, although past eighty years, had the rose bloom upon her cheek, the clearness of complexion, and the brilliant eyes that Stuart has preserved for us in the portrait of the mother.

It has been, I am quite sure, a great surprise to many persons to find how delicately and tenderly Stuart painted a woman's portrait. His masculine work is so full of masculinity that few knew how rich in femininity his feminine work was. The running study of his life and genius, that has been given in the preceding articles, has shown Stuart to have been a many-sided character in his mental and physical temperament. He could be as gruff as a bear and as sweet as a woman; as ill-mannered as a twentieth-century youth and as courtly as a knight of old; as unscrupulous as a tricky money-lender and as honorable as a judge. And in everything he was lavish. He was a man of extremes: always hot or cold; never temperate. He could be dainty even to effeminacy, and gross almost to brutality. His art was, of course, imbued with these characteristics to a greater or less degree, and they enable us to understand why his men were so robust and his women so refined, why his portraits were never of a class, but always of the individual. He understood it all,—all the different grades and degrees,—and when painting, he dipped his brush into the character he wanted with the same facility and precision with which he took the paint off his palette. Stuart's execution was most rapid, to which are due the crispness and brilliancy of his work. He painted quite eight hundred portraits after his return to this country, which would be about two portraits a month during the thirty-five years he lived; but as he painted very little in the latter years of his life, it can be seen how rapidly he worked.

Stuart remained in Philadelphia until 1803, when he took up his residence at the seat of government. Two years later he removed from Washington to Boston, where he continued to reside until his death on July 27, 1828. The saddest part of his story remains to be told. He left his family in abject poverty, so that his body had to be placed in a tomb in the public burying-ground in Boston Common, without even a mark to indicate its final resting-place. The tomb, it is claimed, has been located within a few years, but among its contents which is the dust of Gilbert Stuart can only be guessed at, so that to-day no disciple can make a pious pilgrimage to the grave of America's master painter.

[1] The preceding portraits appeared in THE CENTURY for November, 1897, April, June, August, September, and October, 1898, March, April, May, June, July, September, and November, 1899.

"BUT WITH THEM CAME A SPIRIT NOT FOR PEACE."

THE PRIZE POEM IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1900.

BY JOHN ERSKINE, A.B. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

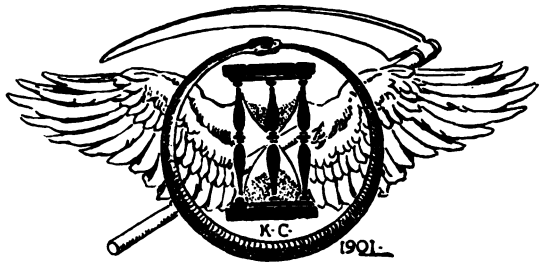
WITH A PICTURE AND DECORATIONS BY KENYON COX.

FAIR bloomed the happy world, fair bloomed the May,
But over Lethe came no bloom or change,
Only the ancient languor; soft and smooth,
Save where a slumbrous poppy, nodding low,
Trailed into ripples, Lethe slipped away;
And there the dead, fresh from the bright world, came,
And drank forgetfulness—one cup for all,
Whether their crown of life were flower or thorn,
Their draught of life proved sweet or bitter wine.
There statesmen, soldiers, leaders of their times,
Heart-worn with blazing out new paths for truth,
Drank with their meanest follower, side by side;
Two lovers there, one with the passionate kiss
Of sweet lips clinging, one in patient love
Of those same lips, which never might be his,
Together drank, and equally forgot;
Thither came joy and sorrow ceaselessly,
And straight passed over, leveled unto peace.
But with them came a spirit not for peace;
All violently, as one half crazed, he came
Down to the banks of Lethe. There he stood;
As some true arrow, springing from the bow,
Cleaves a long arch, then quivers in the gold,
So fled the spirit to the banks and stood.
A moment so; then to the dead cried out:
"What drink ye here?" And one in answer told,
All stammering for amazement, of the stream
That stills the love of life and sweetens death
With pure forgetfulness. Then rang that land,
And loud reëchoed with the strangest voice,
The strangest cry, that ever startled hell:

"Better a life of torture, death of shame,
And sorrow lasting on to many deaths,
Than peace for me, bought by forgetfulness!"
He stood erect, the rough, wild hair blown back,
As from swift running; at his heart one hand,
The other raised as if to warn the dead
From Lethe; and his face—more than the light
Of life and youth and May burned in that brow
And flushed those lips, pain-set; his eyes seemed blind
Of glory, as from gazing on the sun.
As when a tree falls prone across a brook,
And gathers up its waters to a pool,
So rose the startled dead around him there,
And wondered at him.
Then a woman spoke:
"Wouldst thou remember now? When the light goes,
Why lay another shadow on the dark?
Has sorrow met thee? There are double scars
For wounds remembered; here no memory lives;
No more thy thought shall cling to what is gone—
How can the ivy climb when the house falls?"
He almost smiled, for pity; then there flamed
Fire in his eyes, and his heart filled his voice.
"Oft as I hunted through the summer woods,
The wind would fly with me and spur me on,
The low pine-sweetness urge me, fern and flower
Lean to my flight, and whisper after me,
Till the whole forest fell to murmuring
Of sounds that echoed clearer than the pack,
And followed something swifter than the deer.
But when I rested breathless, at the noon,
The whole world came to silence suddenly,
With one refrain still lasting on to haunt me
Of what the woods sang:
'Every flower of the world

Waits to be gazed on; all the honey of the earth
Waits to be gathered; no forbidden sweets,
And no forbidden beauty.'
So befell
This morning, that I hunted till the noon,
And thirsting, came upon a forest pool,
A silver mirror where the sun looked in.
I came a-tiptoe, for the forest song
Was on me—'All the honey of the earth'—when, hark!
A whirl of laughter never brook could sing,
Though silver pebbles teased it into song.
O perilous music! Marveling I stood
For one dear moment, dreaming not at all
To break the age-long privacy of gods;
But then the breeze stirred—'Every flower of the world'—
O the music, O the wild refrain
That rapt my soul! I drew the leaves apart—
I looked on Dian!
Knee-deep in the pool,
So white against the forest; all her hair
Falling in tangles, dark against the white,
And dripping silver in the noonday sun.
She raised her eyes, the swift blush covered her,
One divine rose burning with terrible fire.
Lightly she dipped her fingers in the pool,
And lightly flung the silver in mine eyes,
And all amazed to be so gently used,
Still poring on her beauty, all at once
I felt the bow and quiver slip my fingers;
My hand was as the hoof of some great stag;
A hairy covering fringed mine eyes, and clothed
My limbs with awful change; then keen I felt
The branching antlers cleave my brow, and knew
A sudden trembling, not like human fear,
Bite at my heart.
She watched me, still as death,
Nor longer cared to screen herself; the blush
Fell from her face like the deep set of sun,
That brings the stars out cold: but as I looked,
Her beauty grew and kindled in the cold,

Until my heart broke into fire before it,
And the fear passed away.
I heard the pack
Crying; deep pity changed her look. I knew,
But left her not, so marvelous the pity
That drew her eyes to mine. They slew me there,
My own poor hounds, but, ere I fell, I saw
Her face grow sorrowful. How can I forget
That divine face? Ye may forget, but I
Gazed once on beauty till her glance grew kind,
Suffered the cost of it, drank of the bliss,
And evermore remember."
High the voice
Rang o'er that dismal country, triumphing,
And a great glory flushed Actæon's face.
But ere the silence half resumed itself
Back from the echo, turned the spirit band,
Incredulous, forth to their flight again.
As when strong rising waters burst the dam,
Sweep clear the river-bed and only leave
One stubborn buttress stiff against the flood,
So stood Actæon while the dead rushed by.
One draught of Lethe for a world of pain?
An easy bargain; yet I keep the thorn,
To keep the rose. I will remember Dian;
If I forget, who shall remain to tell
What beauty was? Perchance the gods have kept
Some unillumined corner of deep hell
To brighten with this memory. This I know:
They have no power to take her from me, more
Than she could keep me from her in the world,
Nor death could keep me!"
Slowly turned he then
Where the dark country sleeps beneath the gloom;
And as he went, the glory of his face
Spread gleams before him, like the coming dawn—
Trailed brightness after, like the fading day;
And when he passed, a deeper gloom returned.



"THE POPPIES IN THE WHEAT."

THE PRIZE STORY IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1900.

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON, A.B. RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

CAMILLA fumbled nervously among the pigeonholes of her desk; she seemed not so much to be looking for anything, as to be hesitating whether or not to draw out a certain thing which she could perfectly well place. Her brow wrinkled fitfully, and she bit her lip in evident deliberation. Presently she stopped her nervous search and, standing erect, looked for a moment out of the window above the desk. Her brow smoothed out, and her gaze became blank and unperplexed. Her slim, well-proportioned figure, released from its stooping position, took on a certain calm grace that suited well with her face, which, thus relaxed, offered fine contours and distinctions all its own. In a moment she turned away and bent once more over the desk, this time pulling out without hesitation a yellow roll of manuscript. As she walked out of the room, she looked into her mirror and frowned slightly, without stopping, however. It annoyed Camilla occasionally to be obliged to realize that she was not pretty, like most of the girls that she knew; it annoyed her particularly to recall it at the very moment when she was about to welcome Malcolm Rhodes. She was not, she flattered herself, attached to this old friend by any tie at all tinged by sentiment, but it was vaguely a part of her social philosophy that beauty is the only thing that puts a woman on a man's intellectual level. She had always cared greatly that Malcolm Rhodes should take her seriously, for in her strenuous young endeavor he had appealed to her as a critic strikingly safe. It had been to her not the least of miracles that Rhodes should lay enough stress on her personality to care for her opinion or for her "work." As was natural, their talk had usually been of his own achievement; but then she had found this more inspiring, more finely suggestive, than discussion of the short, carefully wrought things that she had from time to time brought to him and begged him to dissect. He had always read them with evident interest, and brought back to her from his perusal delicate, appreciative epigrams that excited her soul, but lulled her ambition. His criticisms had always been, by the way done, as it were, in the intervals. He had always said, virtually if not literally: "You must do something bigger: it 's all on the right road, but before I can give you the last word of encouragement, you must really have arrived." To-day it seemed to Camilla —and she clutched the yellow roll with a little thrill of triumph—that she really had "arrived." For almost the first time it seemed to her that she could lay the finished thing before him with unapologetic calm.

In spite of her glance at the mirror, Camilla entered the library—it was an understood thing that those great wood-paneled walls, where Henrietta's guests never penetrated, should always protect their interviews—without any consciousness of herself. She knew that Rhodes liked her too well to comment to himself on her plainness; what she did not suspect was that he had so far passed the first, tentative, critical stage of a man-and-woman friendship that he found positive esthetic satisfaction in the finenesses that her face, in certain lights and poises, sometimes possessed. She was not ignored; she was really appreciated. At the same time, his generosity was too frank and logical to be of the sentimental order. Malcolm Rhodes, moreover, had his own opinion about Camilla—an opinion more patronizing than she guessed. She seemed very young to him, and very remarkable. He also felt distinctly at times that she should be repressed.

Camilla sat down and lifted her eyes to his. Hers were shining and dilated, for on coming from her own room to the library

she had gathered excitement as one gathers momentum. She let him know the great fact at once. "It 's done at last."

His kindly manner seemed to take up and absorb her own excitement. "The great thing—the chef-d'œuvre?" He put out his hand for it, as a matter of course, and she yielded it to him mechanically. Rhodes turned the pages quickly. "It 's long, is n't it? It must be the masterpiece." He put it in his pocket. "Is it so good?"

She leaned back and studied him for an instant. "Of course it 's good—I 've spent so many months on it. It 's even perfect." She seemed bound to take it lightly just then.

He pulled the manuscript out of his pocket and, opening it, looked at the title. "'The Poppies in the Wheat,'" he read; then added brusquely: "You know I 'm in the greatest hurry to read it. It 's quite time you published something like this. Does n't Henrietta think so?"

"Oh, Henrietta," she replied vaguely.

Rhodes looked up pleasantly. "She 's surely interested?"

"In what I do? How could you think it?" There was no bitterness in her tone, only frank amusement.

Before Rhodes had a chance to answer her, the door opened quickly, and Henrietta Blake entered the room. She was dressed to go out, and the healthy color of her face, with her bright, awakened glance, made her seem, for the moment, to both of them, essentially a child of the outer air. Rhodes met her with great courtesy, but without enthusiasm; he had often wondered vaguely why Camilla and her cousin should be so intimately associated and so different, though he had accounted it truest politeness to abandon such speculation. Henrietta, though oddly resembling his friend, had all the definite prettiness that Camilla lacked. While Camilla's face was merely an attempt at beauty, Henrietta's was obviously a success; but Rhodes reflected to-day more than ever that success in most human matters fails somewhat to imply fineness of endeavor. It was not only because he was Camilla's friend that he liked her face better than Henrietta's, but because he felt that the Creator had really spent more time over it. Henrietta's face appealed to him, in comparison, as having been done in very few strokes. She was several years older than Camilla, much handsomer, as we have said, and she dressed, if anything, in better taste.

Henrietta explained briefly, somewhat cyclonically, that she was waiting for Sophie, that she should n't be back to dinner, and that the library was hot. As Rhodes remained standing, and Camilla, too, had risen and was walking aimlessly about the room, it suddenly occurred to her that she was an interruption.

"It 's bad enough to break in like this," she remarked in a clear, high voice, without modulations, "but I might at least let you sit down." She seemed slightly amused, and dropped into a chair, where she finished putting on her gloves.

"Well," she continued, "is it the middle ages, or the folly of marriage, or some poor beast who has written a book you two don't like? It must be something pretty bad, to judge by the look of you." This was addressed to Camilla, who had sat down helplessly, and was flushing faintly with sheer discomfort. The contrast between Malcolm Rhodes and Henrietta always seemed to her to contain all the discords that human combinations are capable of. Rhodes saved her the trouble of replying.

"We were talking of your cousin's latest achievement, which she has kindly let me take to read. I understand it 's very good."

"What is it about? I always read them, and I think she does awfully well," Henrietta remarked in her uncompromising tones.

Camilla shivered slightly.

"Oh, you would n't be interested in the plot, Henrietta. It 's long and psychological, and you would probably say that there was no point to it." In spite of herself, her acute sense of the irony of it crept into her tone; but Henrietta did not distinguish this.

"I dare say I should: if it 's very psychological, there 's certainly no point to it. Camilla is too clever"—she half turned toward Rhodes—"to write such monotonous, stupid things. If you 'd only do real men and women, who dance and ride and flirt—there 's not a flirt in the lot, Camilla, and goodness knows *that 's* human nature—and marry and wear good clothes, there 'd be some satisfaction in occasionally showing a magazine to one's friends and saying, 'My cousin wrote this.' But you write about people you can't possibly have known, who have nerves and ideals, and never go to the theater or have good dinners. Where did you get them? It can't be realism, for they certainly are n't anything like the people in our set." Henrietta smiled triumphantly; she was pleased at having thought to mention the realism.

"Oh, *your* set, Henrietta!" Camilla ex-

claimed. Her cousin was being too absurd for her to take her seriously, yet she felt that the conversation was becoming irksome.

"Well, are n't we good enough for you? Are n't we good enough to 'do,' Mr. Rhodes?" She had risen and stood in the doorway, smiling, shapely, effective. Rhodes surveyed her gravely.

"You are too complex, Miss Blake."

To Camilla, Henrietta and the situation suddenly became intolerable. She laughed aloud wearily and nervously.

"Don't be afraid, Henrietta,"—she sent the words after her cousin, slowly withdrawing from the library,—"that I sha'n't 'do' you. Only be sure you read it when it 's done."

Camilla did not return from the window, at which she had been for a moment standing, until she had seen Henrietta cross the sidewalk with her free, graceful gait, and enter the carriage with Sophie. When she turned, Rhodes, who had risen to take his departure, paused, his impulse of speech stifled for an instant by the expression that met his friendly glance. It was as if Camilla had been face to face with a harassing vision against which her chilled blood had suddenly risen in revolt. He bade her farewell then, quietly and cheerfully; but until night there went with him a faint, surprised memory of her face that had seemed for that instant to plead so passionately.

RHODES had had Camilla's manuscript in his possession a full week before he gave any sign of having read it. Then a brief, brusque note arrived, written evidently in haste: "To-morrow at four. Will that be convenient?" Camilla replied immediately that she should be at leisure, and then sat down to wonder what Rhodes would say about it. For herself, she had quite risen above misgivings; she knew, and would always know, that in "The Poppies in the Wheat" she had done an exquisite thing. She even told herself that she did not care whether Rhodes liked it or not; she admitted only that his judgment would be significant as showing its practical public value; and she accounted for her tremulous curiosity as to that judgment by her desire to have the story published. Of course his would be the last word as to the feasibility of it.

It struck her, however, this afternoon, as she waited for Rhodes to come, that she had, in her accomplished, developed attitude toward the story, forgotten the first steps by which she had painfully arrived. It was, however, perfectly possible that Malcolm Rhodes was still tangled in the thicket of scruples through which she had had to make her way, and the stubbly outline of which she could dimly discern on the horizon as she looked back over her experience. Camilla could not, with all her sophistry, deny that she had done an odd thing in writing "The Poppies in the Wheat." To put it to herself baldly, she had traced therein a portrait, careful to the point of insult, of one supposedly near and dear to her. She had so long since summarily disposed of her sense of injustice toward Henrietta that at first she had forgotten how surely Rhodes would still be possessed of it. He would see, of course,—his keenness could be relied upon to an uncanny extent,—and she had this annoying ethical point to reckon with. Camilla even frowned as it occurred to her that if Malcolm did not like it she would still have to make distinctions in his disapproval. He would not be guilty of the crudity of saying to her that she had done something for which, morally, she was bound to blush. He would find fault, perhaps, vaguely, but real criticism of the tale she would never have from him; and if he was, above all, shocked by her bad taste, she could not, for very modesty, say to him, "Please forget, for the moment, everything but the artistic side." She did not remember ever having been so annoyed by any situation.

Camilla's first glance at Rhodes when he entered the library reassured her; his air was more appreciative than usual, she fancied. At the same time, she hesitated to turn at once to the great subject, and mentioned, with exaggerated interest, some sufficiently startling plans of her cousin's for some ambitious amateur theatricals. Rhodes himself absently made a commonplace remark or two. Then for a moment both were silent. Rhodes was the first to speak.

"It 's the most surprising thing!" he broke out at last.

Camilla nodded intelligently. "Of course it must seem to you strange; but what is that in view of the really artistic thing I 've made of it?"

He smiled. "You 're right—it is artistic."

Camilla threw out her hands as a Frenchwoman who deprecates.

"You must please understand. If it had n't been artistic—really fine—it could n't have existed. It *must* be good. I lost myself completely. I never worked so before. There have been nights when I never went to bed at all, just watching one phase, just lying in wait for one wee flash of the truth—that,

in the gray dawn, perhaps, came. I could n't have been more impersonal, more scientific, more exacting. And now, curiously enough, I have n't the faintest scruple about using it, but I feel as if it were almost enough just to have done it."

Rhodes fingered the manuscript for a moment without replying. Camilla was content to give him time; in her mind she was already looking back from her pleasant height over the experience, the fiery ordeals and the grisly battle-fields.

"I hope you 'll let Bretherton have it," Rhodes said presently.

Camilla laughed out of sheer delight. "It 's so nice to hear you mention such a publisher in such a way. 'Let him have it'? You really think he 'd take it? It 's not very long, you know."

"It 's long enough to be remarkable—to be almost miraculously good."

The girl was growing younger every moment in her strange little mood of happiness. She tilted her head back. "I 'm *so* glad you like it," she pealed forth joyously. Then, more gravely, but still gently glowing with the pleasure of it, "And I really have 'arrived'?"

"You have 'arrived' indeed; you are already domesticated, made free of the whole delightful place."

These words from Rhodes gave Camilla a pleasure she had hardly estimated; in her most hopeful moments she had not counted on his being so reassuring. At the instant she felt that satisfaction could go no further; she was almost content to let it rest where it was. No one else would ever understand so well as he did just how good it was. What for the rest of the world could, at the most, be only her success was for him and for her—possessed as they were of all the problems and experiences of what had been almost their common literary past—her triumph. Camilla knew instinctively that it is much sweeter to win than simply to succeed. She felt like restricting for a moment the radiance and warmth of this comforting achievement to herself and Rhodes. Impelled by the momentary resolve, she spoke lightly, with the indolence born of the sight of many shattered obstacles:

"I am not sure that I shall publish it now."

She saw immediately that Rhodes had mistaken her point, and this temporary misunderstanding only implied the subtler comprehension that before he arrived she had been fearing. She thought she saw, too,—and she was quite right,—that he was ever so slightly perplexed, that his opinion of the whole point was consciously developing at the moment. She knew, though her tongue was tied, that before he left her he would have judged the matter in his own mind; and she preferred, with a passionate preference, not to jar the scales with even a breath.

"Tell me what you think of this situation." She named an unimportant scene between two of the minor characters.

"Beautiful: it 's all beautiful."

The words did not impress her in the least; she failed to find any reassurance in his face. Suddenly, whimsically, it occurred to her that, since he was dealing with a problem that involved her, she would complicate it for him as little as possible.

"Excuse me just a moment; I forgot—a message." It was vague, but it served. She felt repaid by the faint relaxation that, creeping over his features, suggested inward relief.

In about five minutes it occurred to Camilla that Rhodes had mentioned, on greeting her, that he was putting in this congratulatory visit between two stupid but important engagements, and she exclaimed inwardly over her stupidity. "Poor man! He shall have all the time in the world to decide whether I am moral or not," she murmured, laughing to herself, as she made her way back to the library.

As she crossed the room to him, her quick brain was occupied in forming a sentence that, nonchalantly uttered, should permit him to go at once, and hint to him her infinite patience with him. The words were stopped on her lips by his smile, that betokened a mind undisturbed, triumphantly convinced of something.

He handed the manuscript, unrolled, back to her. "I 've just been reading over the last scene. It 's genuinely dramatic. It would make the story stand by itself, if nothing else did. Oh, I can't congratulate you enough! I shall come back to-morrow and tell you professionally what I think of it. Just now I 've only time to be personal."

Camilla smiled. "I am so glad to have you be personal—to be glad, as my friend, that I 've succeeded."

"I am. There 's nothing about it I would have changed."

They understood each other perfectly. "I thought perhaps my attitude toward life—" she was bound to be as indirect as he.

"Your attitude toward life is that of the artist. It justifies itself."

"I am glad you understand." She spoke wistfully, half unsure, as she held out her hand to bid him good-by.

Rhodes took both her hands in his own, and shook them heartily. His answer was in the kindly tone of a master who explains.

"*C'est votre métier, ma petite.* And mine, too," he added, still explaining.

MALCOLM RHODES was abroad when he heard of Henrietta Blake's illness. At first he thought of it only as an explanation of Camilla's silence. It had been agreed between them that they should attempt to replace their comfortable tête-à-têtes, so far as they could, by an easy, irresponsible correspondence; and hitherto Camilla had been faithful to their light compact. Much as he missed Camilla,—and he found, to his surprise, that he missed her often,—he had found a charm, welcome through its novelty, in her correspondence. She was always self-conscious,—Rhodes marked that in his own mind as her most obvious quality,—but here she was so in an appealing, whimsical sort of way that never disturbed him, and often gave him the pleasant sense that he was being flattered quite without her knowing it.

The letters were not epigrammatic: they were discursive, nonsensical, full of Henrietta, but of Henrietta studied objectively, not subjectively. In spite of the serious merit of "The Poppies in the Wheat," Rhodes preferred her served to him in that way. He was even tempted to hope, as the months went on, that Camilla had become able to look at her cousin more solely with the wide-open eyes of humor, and less with the satirical squint. He thoroughly admired the story she had written; it seemed to him almost guiltily precocious; and he was really pleased when a letter reached him at Seville from Camilla, telling him that she had taken his advice—did he remember his old enthusiasm?—and was already treating with Bretherton about the publication—where did he suppose his presentation copy would reach him? He was proud of his friend, and, quite aside from that, he had an impersonal anticipation of seeing something so good offered to a public which is bound, in some spot or other, to be appreciative.

The news of Henrietta's death, following by not more than a month the news of her illness, left Rhodes wondering how the event would affect Camilla's life. He felt, in spite of his shock at the taking-off of so beautiful and so successful a young woman as Henrietta, that it must come to his friend in the manner of an emancipation. He saw, too, with his quickened sympathetic sense, that it might be particularly hard for Camilla to reflect on the bald confession she had made of Henrietta's odiousness. He did not believe that she would be so foolish as to blame herself for having seen clearly; but he knew that the strain and worry of the last days might lead in her to a sort of brief, fictitious remorse, that would, though temporary, be bitter. He wrote to Camilla, as a matter of course, as sympathetically as he could, and as intimately as he thought best.

He made the letter long, assuming justly, from his knowledge of the girl, that skirting too delicately about the subject might hurt her even more than brushing it too close. He spoke to her directly, not vaguely, and ignored gallantly (he sat a long time, pen in hand, between passages) any subtler understanding that might exist between them of the real thing that Henrietta had been to her. He was too considerate of Camilla's sense of fitness to take a lacrymose tone, and far too much of a gentleman to assume (even in his own mind he carried out this politeness) that her feeling, at the moment, could be anything like relief. It became, in the course of the letter, a problem to him to know how he should express to her the peculiar, adaptable sympathy that he felt so intensely. At last he closed the letter thus: "Whatever your special pain may be,—and I feel, my dear friend, that it must be far subtler, more complex, more acute and intolerable than any one of us can know,—I beg you to think of me as unfeignedly grieved that it should have come to you. The shadow over your life during these last weeks has darkened mine; and as my chief impulse is one of sympathy for you, so my chief regret is that I can be of no use to you. I would give so much at this moment to save you from even one of the forced contacts with material things that sting and harass."

It did not occur to Malcolm Rhodes—so little was he given to introspection, sentimental or other—until he re-read this letter that he was gradually coming to a different view of Camilla Blake. He paused, after he had sealed and sent it, to consider and examine his mood. For the first time his attitude toward her seemed to him significant. The sun in the little French town shone bright on the park, whither he had taken his way after mailing it; and the clear Southern atmosphere seemed to make self-analysis as easy as all other daily tasks. It occurred

to him, as he walked along the secluded paths of the park, to estimate Camilla herself, and between cigar-puffs he admitted to himself that he found her difficult to phrase. Camilla had never been to Malcolm Rhodes an object of unreserved admiration; he had, at first, simply found her young and interesting and likable. He liked her delicacy, her fine reserving of her more intimate moods, her timid youthful generosity, and the slight constant infusion of irony that kept these other qualities sweet and whole.

He had been really interested in her "work," her honest impressions, her desperate young attempt at perfection. Gradually she became for him almost a pupil; and he found, undoubtedly, an additional charm in her deference, all the more flattering because so often it came retarded by protests. She was complex, a child of civilization and of the century, but she was certainly not unfathomable; and one found in her the sudden simplicities that are youth's own. Camilla herself would have smiled to know how young Rhodes felt her to be. She was far from falling in with his mood to the extent of considering him old.

Rhodes's professional admiration for her had been tremendously increased by the "Poppies"; it had, in fact, put her on a different plane in his mind. His experience, as he had read it, came back to him now with an unaccountable vividness. In the quiet of a gray afternoon, that had soon deepened into the cheerful hush of a solitary, lamp-lit evening, he had read on from chapter to chapter of Camilla's little masterpiece. At first he had marked, with sudden delighted smiles, passages to praise and marvel at, later, in Camilla's own ear; then gradually, as the motif grew on him, as admiration of her central figure changed to recognition, he had laid down his pencil and read rapidly on to the end in an ever-deepening mood of amazement and interest. On first laying down the manuscript he had sat thinking for a few moments; then, enlightened, and with an eye sharpened for undercurrents of significance, he had read it over again from beginning to end. The task was long, for this time he had read critically, looking eagerly for flaws in conception or in style. He remembered—even now, in this warm, oblivious, alien air—how anxious he had been to condemn it technically, how eagerly he had sought some judgment which should be delicately, indirectly fatal to Camilla's ambition for it. Then had come the quick conviction that the thing which lay before him in unconcealed brutality was also of an unconcealed perfection. "The devil 's in it," had been his exclamation as he faced the perplexing masterpiece. The triumph of the artist over the delicate-souled gentleman had been a matter of days—he recalled now the whole weary week. Had Camilla been uncomfortable or defiant, he would have been very stern about it, but her serenity had finished the struggle. He had taken the leap, perfectly acquainted with the gulf and with either shore. And ever since he had been hugging to himself the memory of the story's excellence. He did not fight the battle over, but simply recalled it lazily; it was hardly even a part of his recollection of Camilla. Here, after these months of utter separation, he found himself doing her something more than justice.

The children, with their hoops and balls, had deserted the garden paths, and the setting sun was becoming each instant more gorgeous; but Rhodes still sat pondering over Camilla and Camilla's present problem.

In his reflection he brought himself into her life in a hundred different ways, wondering of all contacts which would most help her and please him. It was characteristic of him that he did not stop to ask himself, timorously or otherwise, why he was so deeply interested in Camilla, but that he simply gave himself up to that interest, permitting the moment to do what it would with him. The moment, thus empowered, prolonged itself and permitted his mood to intensify undisturbed. When at last he rose mechanically and took his way out of the little park, he was giving mentally the final destructive blow to his plans for the next six months. These had matured beautifully in his mind, with a slow exquisite progress that made his purposed journey through France the development of a rare intellectual motif: it had always been his greatest pride that he was an artist in travel almost more than in literature. It was significant, and significant in Camilla's favor,—though the result of his somewhat indifferent introspection had been to assure him that he did not love her,—that his keenest curiosity at the moment concerned the next boat from Cherbourg to New York.

It was not quite the same Camilla who greeted him; and as he sat down in his old corner, she opposite him, as of old, her black gown and the faint shadows under her brown eyes were not the only evidence of a great change in her life. Camilla, for her part,

frankly thought him different,—changed, browned, improved, *rajeuni*,—and in her quiet way, that had quite lost her old enthusiasms of gesture and phrase, hinted this to him in flattering, friendly words. The only things he had lost, she insisted, were the few things that he could do very well without; she herself had lost nothing but a fraction of her impetuosity. He let her tell him this, without corroborating her, though he agreed immediately within himself that she had said truth of her newer attitude. It pleased him more than he could have fancied, being so irreproachable in his emotions, that she could imply naturally that the important thing, after all, was their separation, their meeting, their mutual relations, their common little psychological problem.

Camilla referred gratefully to his letter of sympathy. "It helped me so much to know that you knew and regretted my pain. And your sympathy was the sort that helped: you did n't touch the wound; you just took everything for granted. I wanted, at the very moment even, to thank you," she said simply. And again Rhodes wondered if the subtle alteration in Camilla were not in the line of a gradual simplification of her complexities. Her conversation was much the same that it had always been, having lost only all signs of the analytic impulse. She had progressed, he felt, a long way toward the elemental. Only in her gentle unusualness of phrase did the old Camilla—the Camilla who had seemed to tend, he remembered, appallingly toward the *précieuse*—at times flash forth. Having come prepared to condole, if necessary, he found himself, oddly enough, soothed and put at his ease. Beyond her thanks for his letter, no reference was made to the event that was responsible for all these newly developed harmonies. He had hoped to make an easy half-hour for her; but he felt curiously that he was being ministered to.

At last Rhodes felt that he might speak of the "Poppies." "How is it coming on?" he asked. "It was fortunate that you finished it before all that strain on your nerves."

Camilla turned a troubled face to his; a quick flush of embarrassment mounted to her cheek. She rose to draw down the curtain of a western window that let in the opulent June sunlight. It was as she turned from the now shaded space, her face almost in gloom, that she answered him:

"That 's not coming out—yet."

"I see." Rhodes did not see, but he divined at once that her attitude toward her work had somehow changed. This it was that had been subtly shadowed forth in the lines of her face, that had made her so incomprehensibly a different Camilla. The human half of a man or woman does not wholly escape from the fate of the artist half. He was frankly perplexed as to what had happened, but he felt within himself a rush of complete sympathy with her, that promised to be loyal to anything that she might have become. The leap, after all, had been when, in this familiar room, he had told her that she had done well. He was not in the least prepared, though, for the confession that, at last, came.

"I took it back—told Bretherton that I did n't wish to bring it out. I sha'n't publish it."

The critic that Rhodes usually was, to the exclusion of other rôles, made one brutal stand for his convictions.

"Then you must give it to me to publish." The words were brief and peremptory. He had never so ignored any plea that the silent, absent Henrietta might make for mercy. At that moment he was remembering only the really exquisite thing that the child before him—so, in his tenderness and wrath, he felt her to be—had happened to create.

Camilla shook her head slowly as she dropped into a low window-seat. "I see"—her voice was so soft that Rhodes, though near her, bent forward to hear—"I must tell you all about it. It 's only fair you should hear what was the last of it."

"Tell me at least that you will give it to me for my own," he broke in.

Camilla proceeded as if she had not noticed. "Listen, and I'll tell you all about it. I have burned it up—there 's not a copy of a line of it left in existence. I could n't rewrite it if I wanted to. It 's right, it 's as it should be, at last, and I 'm so glad. I 'm not sorry I wrote it—the memory of the goodness of it comforts me now, quite legitimately; and I 'm certainly not sorry I burned it—that was as fine a thing to do as to write it. It *was* good, you know"—with just a touch of her old hurried deprecation—"I can say that, I hope, without pride, now that my one little flash of inspiration is as dead and done for as a burned-out rocket—and I shall never have another."

She paused an instant, but not for Rhodes to speak. Then she went on in the same even voice: "Of course you knew it was Henrietta. I knew that you knew, and you must have known I saw that you recognized

it. The name, the exact words, were never spoken between us, but you knew. Most people would n't have recognized it, because I did n't put myself into it, or any of the circumstances of her life; but a few people would have seen at once. Henrietta would n't have, I suppose; it would n't have occurred to her that I admired her so little; then, too, I only hinted vaguely at her beauty, and for most people—for Henrietta herself—that was the very biggest thing about her.

"No, she never would have seen, until some one sympathized with her. Then she would have seized it all, or, rather, she would have taken it all for granted. We never trusted each other. Perhaps you think"—Camilla's voice became faintly appealing—"that I am strange to say so much about her now that she is gone. But it seems to me easier to say it now than it was before; and, anyway, after you read that whole tremendous confession—for to you, of all people, every word would have been significant—nothing that I can say will seem severe. I speak differently of her now, anyway; less impersonally, more pardonably, I think. It 's odd: I never did it because I disliked her; only because I knew her better than anything else; it happened, incidentally, that I did n't at all approve of her. She made my life utterly miserable—every word I wrote there was true. I know I can't have annoyed her as she annoyed me, for she would have said so. She would n't have stayed with me as I did with her, because it was the best thing, the thing our parents had hoped we would do. I felt no compunction at all about writing that. The people who would have recognized it are people who would have guessed, anyway. But after Henrietta was ill, it was very different."

"Was *she* different?" Rhodes breathed the question, as if half afraid to interrupt.

"No, except to be more difficult. She was almost brutal, those last days. She was n't suffering; I almost hoped she would suffer so that I could have the relief of laying all the blame on that. She simply let me have her opinion of me in a hundred biting phrases. She was clever and amused and cynical about it. She said that I had n't meant enough to her to disturb her, but that she could n't see the use of me. I had 'a good brain gone wrong,' and no heart to speak of. That was the only stupid thing she said; it was stupid for a person with no heart at all to say that to a person with even a little heart. I suppose it seems strange to say that the thing that preoccupied me most—after the care of Henrietta, of course—was the fate of my story. I was determined that if she lived it should be published; but if she died, of course it could never be. I had no sense of guilt or disloyalty in printing it with her here. One could n't have fought Henrietta, openly or in ambush; one could n't even have stabbed her from behind. She simply rose superior to all conditions of warfare; nothing ever appalled or discouraged or defeated her. I can't imagine by the greatest effort doing any harm to Henrietta in the flesh. She would have read it and not seen; and then she would, if any one had told her, have read it again and seen, and not cared, hated me no more and no less, and gone on living with me, overshadowing me, making fun of me, and, in her graceful way, bullying me. It was quite fair—then."

Camilla stopped, evidently wearied.

"But now?" Rhodes was so interested that he could not trust himself to make any considerable interruption, even though it were in the way of sympathy.

"But now, of course, it is different. It has become a point of honor. I tell you this because, after all, I know that you saw; because, after telling you indirectly everything as I did a year ago, I may as well set it all straight in your mind now. You can see yourself that this is different; that I was bound to withdraw that portrait of her; that I am bound now, eternally, to keep up whatever illusion there may be in any one's mind about her, about us. I am, ironically enough, but none the less actually, her defender, her champion before the world. I know the duties of my position, and I fulfil them.

"The first thing I did,—it was so strange that I was glad there was no one to watch me,—when they told me it was only a question of hours, was to send out a telegram to Bretherton telling him to do nothing with my manuscript; and the night she died I wrote him a long letter, closing the matter finally. By that time I did n't feel the incongruity any more. I was so impressed with the real hidden significance of what I was doing that I felt as if I were in the room with her, performing some act of devotion. Writing that letter was like closing her eyes with my own hands. It was not love,—I cannot pretend it was love,—but there are moments when duty is as potent and compelling as love. At last my manuscript came back with a letter from Bretherton. I rushed to my own room and

burned it, every sheet of it, without re-reading a word. Then I collapsed, and they thought I was overcome after my unnatural strength. I think they were right, unconsciously. They did n't know what anxiety that strength had been concealing, or what letters I had been writing—the whole feverish week. It had almost gone to press, you know. Bretherton liked it. But now"—Camilla smiled wanly—"it 's all over. That was two months ago—and the thing is safe now," she added irrelevantly.

Rhodes rose with a long, relaxing sigh, and walked about the room for a moment without speaking. The subtlety of the change in Camilla had altered to a crying obviousness, and he saw, with a brief, perfect intuition, what had happened. Suddenly, inexplicably, beautifully, the artist had gone, and the woman had slipped into the place of the vanished creature. His simple realization that he liked her better this way became almost instantly swamped in the great, intense consciousness that, whether more or less than any other way, he liked her, at all events, now, to the point of passion. Impelled simply by this new and potent feeling, he stopped short near her and opened his lips to speak. At that instant Camilla rose from the window-seat and looked at him, biting her lip nervously.

"I hope you understand," she said, with the simple weariness of a child; "but if you don't, I suppose it does n't matter. I could not help writing it, and I could not help burning it."

She stood irresolute, resigned, worn out by the real effort that her confession had been.

Rhodes hesitated no longer. He walked rapidly over to her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her swiftly on the lips. Her head drooped to his shoulder for an instant; then hastily she raised it, and freed herself from his light, uncoercive clasp. Quickly she walked away to the window, then turned, confronting him.

"Camilla!" he cried, stretching out his arms to her. A weak gesture of her hand stopped him, listening.

"I think you think you love me. And God knows I love you. But you don't know whom you would be marrying. I used to think that I was a match for any man that I should love, a help, a companion. But all the brain I ever had is gone; and I see now—only just now, and the suddenness of it is frightful—that I 'm not a woman like other women. I 'm not kind or generous; I 'm cold and fickle, and I 'm a fool. I shall always be a fool, now."

Rhodes forced himself to speak to her from a distance, with complete composure and sympathy.

"It 's just now that I 've seen how kind and generous and womanly you are, and I love you with all my soul. And as for your being a fool—you never were until you said that." His tone, that failed of any intensity, yet was tender and serious, as one would use to a child, won her back to calm; and she came slowly toward him.

"All the same,"—she laughed sadly through her tears,—"it is ironic that my whole success should have begun and ended with that dead thing. Just when you would have dropped me for a friend you take me for a wife."

Rhodes held her hands clasped about his neck, and smiled into her face.

"That was fine, but it was not your 'success.'"

"What was it?" Camilla asked timidly.

"Your apprenticeship," he murmured.

They looked each other in the eyes, and at last Camilla, the perplexed, the tortured, understood.

HUXLEY AS A LITERARY MAN.

THE PRIZE ESSAY IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1900.

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IN the early and middle portions of the nineteenth century, ways of thinking that were new and, to the unscientific man, strange were developing in the minds of sober thinkers. Here or there a trickle of physical knowledge or of philosophical argument would filter into the minds of popular readers, but the greater part was eventually stored in such ponderous volumes as those of the synthetic philosophy or of pure science, worlds to many unappreciated, if not unintelligible to their limited knowledge. Hence these things came to the greater world of the average man not as critical truths, but rather as the remote abstractions of a class of dreamers. "Profound and interesting speculations," the reader might remark, but with the parting condemnation, to many conclusive, of "no practical importance." And indeed, except for the invention of the steam-engine, the discovery of vaccination, and other such practical matters, scientific affairs were something totally beyond the knowledge of daily life. Their application to questions of morality was scarcely even hinted.

Works of so-called popular science sought to remedy this evil by boiling down their subjects until the spirituality and beauty evaporated, and by offering the public the dry residuum of fact to assimilate and apply as best it might; just as we might exhibit a pressed and dried rose to illustrate the beauties of flower-gardening. For, however interesting it may be to know that the Martian year is six hundred and eighty-seven days long, or that planets move in elliptical orbits, these are scarcely soul-moving facts, if you exclude that vitalizing spirit of mechanics which makes the whole instinct with beauty. It is like an account of the French Revolution with no reference to its causes and, perhaps worse, with no reference to its results, its logical conclusions. It was the thoughts, not the facts, of the scientist that society needed. An apostle of scientific ways of reasoning was demanded to carry the light of truth into the halls of popular thought, to bring home by vigorous, aggressive means the fact that scientific culture was not a dead curiosity, but a practical, all-important philosophy of life.

Such a man arose in the person of Huxley. Preëminently a scientist, and specially a biologist, every thought was pursued with the method of the laboratory, and every argument was based upon irrefragable fact. Nevertheless, the reasoning therefrom led him into the paths of philosophy, political economy, theological controversy, and ethics.

I.

YET, while he is scientific, there is something about his thought, about his very words, which stamps them as literature in the strictest sense, and even as that kind of literature usually called polite. Let us see what this something is. To do this, compare his style with that of a man who was distinctively a philosopher, and who well-nigh apotheosized the cold, clear, dispassionate forms of the logical thinker. As Huxley himself tells us, Descartes was one of the writers who were the fountains of his finest inspiration. Consequently the similarity of thought in the two following passages may be due to the direct influence of one man over the other. Yet notice the contrast of style. Says Descartes:

"My second maxim was to be as firm and resolute in my actions as I was able, and not to adhere less steadfastly to the most doubtful opinions, when once adopted, than if they had been highly certain; imitating in this the example of travelers who, when they have lost their way in a forest, ought not to wander from side to side, far less remain in one place, but proceed constantly toward the same side in as straight a line as possible, without changing their direction for slight

reasons, although perhaps it might be chance alone which at first determined the selection; for in this way, if they do not exactly reach the point they desire, they will come at least in the end to some place that will probably be preferable to the middle of a forest."

Which is virtually the same thing that Huxley expresses in these words:

"Next to being right in this world, the best of all things is to be clearly and definitely wrong, because you will come out somewhere. If you go buzzing about between right and wrong, vibrating and fluctuating, you come out nowhere; but if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistently wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact, and that sets you all straight again."

The idea is the same, the difference obvious. Descartes congratulated himself when he was free from passion. Huxley harnessed passion and sentiment and made them the drawers of his chariot of logic. He does not scorn to arouse sentiment or to use striking metaphors, so long as they in no wise impede the clearness of his reason. As in the following (the bracketed words are, of course, not in the original):

"Cinderella [Science] is modestly conscious of her ignorance of these high matters [the unknowable]. She lights the fire, sweeps the house, and provides the dinner; and is rewarded by being told that she is a base creature, devoted to low and material interests. But in her garret she has fairy visions out of the ken of the pair of shrews [Theology and Philosophy] who are quarreling down-stairs. She sees the order which pervades the seeming disorder of the world; the great drama of evolution, with its full share of pity and terror, but also with abundant goodness and beauty, unrolls itself before her eyes; and she learns, in her heart of hearts, the lesson that the foundation of morality is to have done, once and for all, with lying; to give up pretending to believe that for which there is no evidence, and repeating unintelligible propositions about things beyond the possibilities of knowledge."

Surely it was neither a didactic scientist nor a purely logical philosopher that spoke there, but some one akin in thought even to the poet.

Here, then, are some of the first essentials of a sound literary form—vigorous and idiomatic language, a certain grace of expression, clear and consistent metaphors, and carefully proportioned, well-rounded thought. Sometimes Huxley falls into the homely strain and, as it were, takes you by the buttonhole to address you, not as an artist to an appreciative connoisseur, but as one toiler on the road of life to another, when there is much to be done and but little time for graceful courtesies. Yet these changes are the result, not of any weakening in his power, but of the attempt, perhaps unconscious, to make word fit thought, and expression sentiment.

In form his essays are often rambling, sometimes disconnected, occasionally prolix. He plunges into the midst of a subject and, discovering there an almost limitless number of things which are apropos of the last thing he said, frequently skips about hither and thither, trusting to good luck and his own mother wit to guide him safely to some suitable conclusion. A feat of wit, but scarcely of art. The same is true of his work as a whole. Essays possessed of no discoverable bond of connection are grouped into volumes the titles of which are ambiguous enough to be suitably attached to any book ever written.

Nevertheless, he was always possessed of that mastery over language which makes it the clear window into thoughts within. The most marked thing about his style is its clearness and sincerity. The man looks you straight in the eyes and speaks with a frankness and an earnestness which come from the bottom of the soul and carry conviction—a conviction of the absolute truthfulness of the man, if not of the soundness of his doctrine.

II.

BUT again, apart from questions of style, is there not something else about the second passage which we considered that speaks a deeper significance than mere details of form? There are certainly a taste for beauty and a subtle atmosphere which are far enough above mere materialism to be thoroughly esthetic. The author soars occasionally into those rarefied regions where men and things alike fade away and become only trivialities of the moment—changing figures of the dusky twilight fire. We may struggle for theories and facts, but once in a while it is well to stand off and look at ourselves critically, as an extra-terrestrial observer—say the man in the moon—might do. The mental condition is similar to that of the refrain of Tennyson's Brook; only, to the scientist, hills, rivers, land, and sea are among the most temporal of things, and force and matter alone, or, if you

prefer, their symbolized forms, God and man, are eternal. Huxley does not permit such dreams, if indeed they are not more solid than dreams, to disturb the translucent course of his logic and his invincible common sense; yet these very flights reveal to us a warmth of sympathy, a plenitude of kindly feeling, and a broad humanitarianism, which draw him close to the daily lives of the thousands about us. This humanitarianism, much more than mere style, makes him not only a scientist, but a man of letters. Though frequently obscured or overshadowed, it flows through all his work. In the words of Mr. John Hill Burton, whom he quotes concerning Hume, "he never fell into the gulf in which many of the world's greatest geniuses lie buried—professional eminence," but turned his attention constantly to questions of humane letters as well.

Like the true scientist, he first established his facts, but, unlike the average seeker for scientific truths, did not stop with these, or with their bearing upon the scientific world. On the contrary, the seizure of a fact was for him only the starting-point of his labors. He saw that from every such focus radiate innumerable lines of influence, which pervade every department of life, and affect in the most profound manner human happiness and well-being. Then, with his nimble wit and easy adaptability, he undertook to follow out each of these, and in so doing trespassed upon every one's prescriptive subject-matter, and gave unasked assistance in every one's business; all this besides attending to his own special work in biology. Thus he roamed at large over the fields of philosophy, ethics, theology, history, education, and virtually every other subject which has in the last century interested mankind,—and a good many that have not,—and stirred up strife everywhere he went, because of an irrepressible tendency to speak the truth as he saw it, without the customary compromise with accepted conventions. To the casual observer he seems a kind of free-lance. When, however, we look closer, it becomes evident that he is only pursuing one—or more likely several dozen—of his logical conclusions. In later life the habit of turning from one subject to another seemed to become more definitely fixed, so that what was at first a logical sequence came in the end to be a more disconnected participation in the affairs of the universe at large. Thus we find him turning from the physiological reactions of a frog to discuss Mr. Booth's Darkest England schemes, while even the reader who feels that he knows the author very thoroughly is often surprised by nuggets of fact or thought concerning the philosophy of Brahma, the errors of Aristotle, Mr. Gladstone's views on the Gadarene swine, the history of the medieval Saint Somebody-or-other, or the number of legs possessed by an obscure insect. It is always Huxley, but Huxley turned hither and thither to suit the exigencies of time and problem. He was a reservoir of practical principles and tangible, obviously workable rules of morality. These he urged upon every class of men, the workman no less than the Oxford professor.

He was a reformer, with all of the reformer's acerbity, and much of his lack of equipoise. He did not stand apart on an eminence and create from his experience with human beings purely artistic conceptions, but plunged into the midst of life, with all its rancor, hot words, friendly shakes of the hand, and perpetual and inexhaustible humor, and out of this fiery activity and busy, ceaseless energy he molded the portions of his work which belong to the realm of humane letters. Yet in all of his apparent versatility one finds beneath it a definite correlation and unity. This is due to two things: certain fundamental doctrines and beliefs which influenced his whole life and work, and his own strong personality or character. Let us first consider briefly the salient points of his beliefs.

III.

First and most prominent among these are his teachings of agnosticism, of that state of mind, or attitude toward life, which is so loosely discussed and so persistently and indefatigably misunderstood.

It was early in life, as he tells us himself, that he arrived at that perplexing, stormy, restless phase of growth when man begins to think for himself, to grope for facts, and, finding himself surrounded by prejudice and superstition, to doubt everything—that age when the why and the how—the interrogation-point of the child—matures into a broader quest for truth. Then it is that the ideas which we have been taught to consider as steadfast as matter itself are discovered to be affairs of uncertainty and dispute, when all firm ground seems to slip irretrievably from beneath our feet, and when our fondest theories turn out but the frail, phantasmic clouds of a summer's evening. Huxley saw then, upon every hand, poets who would not confine themselves to their legitimate sphere,

but rushed into the explanation, solely through the means of the imagination, of broad truths of which they knew nothing; literary men who propounded the wildest and most fantastical generalizations upon the slimmest of foundations; and, above all, theologians who continually transcended the bounds of the spiritual world and sought to dictate terms to the scientist in his own realm of material existence. Moreover, he saw philosophers, generation after generation, tearing down one another's structures and building from the ruins vast speculative schemes of the universe, as frailly constructed and as unsubstantial as their predecessors, and as soon toppled over. Old-school churchmen were upholding pictures of a sulphurous hell, at which the meditative scoffed; artists talked of this or that as being representative of absolute beauty, until the psychologist denied the existence of absolute beauty, and reduced everything to association and subjective states of consciousness. What then could be more natural than that the puzzled thinker should ask, "What are beauty, morality, goodness, evil, and the other things of which we prate but artificial forms of our own uprearing? How can there be any soundness in them, when every man has a separate, individual notion of every one of them?" Is it surprising that in these circumstances the boy rushed into extremes and, with a loathing disgust bred of the hollowness of dogmas and conventions, cast them all off as equally unsound?

Yet he did not become a skeptic. For he says, quoting from Descartes: "For all that, I did not imitate the skeptics, who doubt only for doubting's sake, and pretend to be always undecided; on the contrary, my whole intention was to arrive at a certainty, and to dig away the drift and the sand until I reached the rock or the clay beneath." Moreover, where neither rock nor clay can be reached, it is better to suspend operations than build upon sand. Thus, I see the sky and feel the table, and know—whatever the word know may mean—that they are respectively blue and hard. Here is something solid and definite; but when you proceed to discuss the future of the soul or the fate of the universe, what reason have I to believe that you know the truth or are capable of enlightening me? They are matters for the theologian, the psychologist, and the astronomer; and until these men rise to the occasion and settle them by something more sound than the cunning phraseology of transcendentalism, the problems are best left alone. We should have the courage to say to our own souls, "I do not know." As Huxley puts it, "If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I nor any one else has any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a skeptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time." His doctrine upon this point is well epitomized in the following, which he quotes from Descartes: "The golden rule is—give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted."

Just as Huxley took the cold philosophy of Descartes and Hume, and made it the subject of popular literature and a factor in the life of every man, so he turned the pure biology of Darwin into the channels of humane letters, and made it a powerful guide of action. For whatever man's spiritual nature, he is none the less the descendant of brutes. In order to understand his nature, he must be studied historically, that is, from the point of view of evolution. And in order to regulate his morals, we must understand his nature. In politics, commerce, everything, he still proclaims himself a subject in homage before the cosmic powers.

Matthew Arnold has expressed it pointedly:

> The native world stirs at thy feet unknown,
> Yet there thy secret lies!
> Out of this stuff, these forces, thou art grown,
> And proud self-severance from them were disease.
> Oh, scan thy native world with pious eyes!
> High as thy life be risen, 't is from these,
> And these, too, rise.

Probably the poet himself was, at the time of writing, under the influence of Huxley's ideas, or, at any rate, of the ideas upon which Huxley built.

Nevertheless, art uses some of the forces of nature to combat others—the power of steam to combat gravitation and lift elevators, the potential power of food to pull up weeds and produce flower-gardens. Thus art is a perversion of nature at variance with herself, an ideal condition of things which left to nature would be swept away. For nature opposes art. "From time to time," says Huxley, "the bridge must be repaired, just as the ironclad must go into dock; simply because nature is always tending to reclaim

that which her child, man, has borrowed from her and has arranged in combinations which are not those favored by the general cosmic process." Élisée Reclus has an expression similar to this; he says: "When man attempts to meddle with nature, he can only succeed in permanently modifying its aspect by studying the constant laws of its phenomena, and by making his work conform to these." This, then, is the conception which Huxley gives us of art; and thus is reconciled the paradox that art—in ethics no less than in the material world—is a defiance of nature, yet can reach a perfect ideal only by conformity to nature. Yet he was, as he repeatedly asserted, no materialist, though his arguments on this point are too extended for notice here.

Such are Huxley's most vital doctrines. If, however, we look for their sources, we find that they can in nearly every fundamental particular be traced back to earlier writers. The tenets of agnosticism are a part of the immemorial heritage of philosophy, as Huxley admits, freely giving to Descartes and Hume the credit for many of his ideas. In the matter of evolution he is frankly a disciple of Darwin. The work which he did upon these doctrines was to take their unappreciated facts, correlate them, and follow them out to the furthest conclusions. The rules of life which resulted therefrom he then urged with a new vigor and with a simplicity and attractiveness of style which carried them into daily existence and made them moral truths, as binding upon the mechanic as upon the philosopher.

For, however acute science, or however sublime philosophy, what this hypothetical average man most needs is such knowledge as will enable him to live better and to make himself and those around him happier. "What men need," he told a working-men's association, "is as much knowledge as they can assimilate and organize into a basis for action."

IV.

In regard to Huxley's personality we cannot illustrate by quotation or analyze by parts. It is only by a constant and sympathetic reading of his works that we begin to see in its true light the soul that lies hidden to the casual observer. In this his letters recently published are helpful. Two things, however, strike us at the outset, his frank earnestness and his frank pugnacity. There is nothing petty here, no concealment or affectation, none of the theatrical wigs and powder or other trumperies with which so many more eccentric literati see fit to adorn themselves. He was a man who was above facts, who was the master, not the slave, of conventions and customs.

His sincerity required the same soundness of others. Any one who was liberal in view, inclined to gentlemanly and sober discussion, and, above all, unflinchingly honest in his beliefs, he met on equal grounds and treated with courtesy. Any falsehood, however, any shirking of the responsibility of thinking and meeting problems face to face, was to him an abomination, a germ of the most dangerous evil, to be stamped out at any cost and by any means. Those who resorted to such subterfuges he attacked unmercifully, alternately dissecting them spiritually with the keenest sarcasm and overwhelming them with weighty masses of logic—masses which, in their completeness and force, remind one of nothing so much as the plucked-up hills with which Satan and his angels were overwhelmed. Before his untiring energy there was found no peace for humbugs, dissemblers, or those who wished nothing better than to be left in lazy satisfaction with the accepted order of things. In these controversies he was sometimes too bitter, too fierce, and made use of a sarcasm which, though delicious, was frequently little short of cruel. He was a firebrand, warm enough to his friends, but ready to consume any opponent—nay, more, looking out for opponents with the keenest scrutiny, lest one might perchance appear upon the far horizon of the world of thought without being favored by his disastrous notice. Moreover, he was hot-tempered, and, when roused, sometimes harsh and illiberal; but his nature was of the impulsive kind that apologizes as quickly as it errs, while through his life at all times ran the redeeming vein of humor. It is not an uproarious laugh, but a keen, irresistible little twinkle, that comes into the corners of his eyes over the foibles of his neighbors and of himself.

These impulsive characteristics precluded the existence of that calm deliberation which should characterize the philosopher. But what philosophy lost, humanity at large gained. For he was a man who, while reverential to abstract reasoning, held such to be of subordinate importance unless in the end applied in some way to the uplifting of the race. What we see in others is often only the reflection of our own fine or ignoble qualities, and the words he penned of Priestley apply with equal force to himself: "He was a man and

a citizen before he was a philosopher," one of those "who care even more for freedom of thought than for mere advance of knowledge."

Thus Huxley's character had none of that originality which arises from idiosyncrasy. Such originality as he possessed was due not to startlingly new conceptions of life, but to a new correlation of a number of well-known virtues. It was the unusual grouping of the logic of philosophy, the empiricism of science, the sympathy of humanitarianism, and other diversified elements, which, when compounded into a unified whole, made up a character new and interesting, though unoriginal in its components.

V.

LASTLY, we come to the two great questions: Will Huxley's works live in literature? If so, what place therein will they occupy? In regard to the first we can safely say that the larger number of his essays will not endure. These were written for the deciding of questions of the day, and will vanish with the passing of the day. To this class belong most of his controversial papers with Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Wace, and others, and many of those relating to education in science. Again, of the remainder of his work, the larger portion will survive as specialized technical discussions, and not as literature proper. Thus much of his Darwiniana, together with his biological and geological essays, may continue, as at present, popular adaptations of scientific questions, while the essay on Hume has already become an enduring possession of philosophy. Still again, gems of thought in the midst of dry discussions are not literature; nor are newspaper articles, scattered notes, or other such disconnected matter. Thus, much as we may regret it, all such works of Huxley—and they are numerous—will pass away, and this will still further diminish the mass of his permanent artistic achievements. To find, then, his true claims upon the literary world, we must look into the few but priceless essays that remain. These are not collected in one book, but are scattered promiscuously throughout the nine volumes of the last arrangement of his works. Such are the essays of which "The Method of Zadig," "Evolution and Ethics," and the biographical and critical sketch of Joseph Priestley are examples. These will endure as humane literature because they possess those qualities of style and humanitarianism which are the necessary and sufficient conditions of such.

It is displeasing to speak of classifying a literary production; one may as well speak of measuring a man's soul with a yardstick, or of classifying Beethoven's sonatas. Nevertheless, literary essays may be roughly divided into the purely artistic, which serve principally to create artistic atmospheres and display the author's personality, and the semi-artistic, which are written with a purpose, to prove a principle or state a fact, but which are cast into artistic form and so become a part of literature. The first class is well exemplified by Thoreau and Hawthorne; the second by Ruskin and Huxley.

What, then, shall we consider as Huxley's mission to the literary world? It was not the propounding of new doctrines; for, with very few exceptions, his doctrines are not new. Nor was it the popularizing of science, the mere recasting of other people's ideas; for his works not only embody the spirit as well as the grosser materials of the scientist, but are everywhere instinct with something of his own, more vital, more significant. His most striking characteristics in doctrine and in character were unoriginal. Yet the diversified elements in each were combined into such new and startling wholes as to produce upon the one hand a philosophy of life, and upon the other a character, each distinctly novel and of profound significance. Here were two powerful and original forces. Then personality wedded doctrine, and the result was Huxley as a literary man, a factor in the literary world which combined De Quincey's literature of knowledge and literature of power. For rarely has knowledge been used with such power as in the hands of Huxley. It was in this construction out of loose truths of workable theories of life and ethics that he excelled. The philosopher finds before him a mass of unassorted facts, and from them builds a scheme of the universe. So Huxley examined the unassorted materials of generations of philosophic and scientific observers of mankind, and adding to these his own copious experiences, deduced therefrom a code of morals, a practical philosophy, and a workable basis of action for that part of life upon which science touches. In his autobiography he sums up his chief objects, which were "to promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life." He is the exponent of such portion of the theory of how we ought to live as is derivable in this manner.

In regard to the question of ordinary

morality, Huxley is unimpeachable. In his writings he touches only upon certain phases of the subject, but here exhibits ideals of the loftiest kind. It is an interesting fact that in an age which has a tendency to pessimism, and perchance to degeneracy, one of the purest, most cheerful, and most optimistic writers has been Huxley, a scientist, and even in literature a scientific thinker. An excellent reply to those who lay upon the shoulders of the scientific spirit the disillusionment of the age.

But Huxley realized that behind these colder questions of morality must lie sentiment. A world without poetry would be a monstrosity, and a life without it, though theoretically correct, is of all things most dreary and barren. In a sentence we find the true inspiration of his life and teachings. It is a dream that has inspired in all ages the finest that is in man and raised him above the saurians. It was in his lecture "On the Physical Basis of Life" that he said: "Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it." This, after all, was Huxley's chief end, to which both science and literature were only the means.

POEMS BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

I. IF I COULD GLIMPSE HIM.

WHEN in the Scorpion circles low
The sun, with fainter, dreamier light,
And at a far-off hint of snow
The giddy swallows take to flight,
And droning insects sadly know
That cooler falls the autumn night;

When airs breathe drowsily and sweet,
Charming the woods to colors gay,
And distant pastures send the bleat
Of full-grown lambs at dawn of day,
Old Hermes' wings grow on my feet,
And good-by, home! I 'm called away!

There, on the hills, should I behold,
Sitting upon an old gray stone
That humps its back up through the mold,
And piping in a monotone,
Pan, as he sat in days of old,
My joy would bid surprise begone.

Dear Pan! 'T is he that calls me out—
He, lying in some hazel copse,
Where lazily he turns about
And munches each nut as it drops,
Well pleased to see me swamped in doubt
At sound of his much-changing stops.

If I could glimpse him by a vine
Where purple fox-grapes hang their store,
I 'd tell him, in his leafy shrine,
How poets say he lives no more.
He 'd laugh, and pluck a muscadine,
And fall to piping as of yore.

II. THE RATTLESNAKE.

COILED like a clod, his eyes the home of hate,
Where rich the harvest bows, he lies in wait,
Linking earth's death and music, mate with mate.

Is 't lure or warning? Those small bells may sing
Like Ariel sirens, poised on viewless wing,
To lead stark life where mailèd death is king;

Or nature's voice, in that cold, earthy thrill,
Bids us avoid the venomed fang of ill,
And life and death fight equal in her will.

III. SUNDOWN.

HILLS, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

ELECTRIC TRANSIT IN LONDON AND PARIS.

BY ISAAC N. FORD.

FROM one generation to another, London, like Poor Jo of "Tom All-Alone's," has been jostled and forced to "move on." There may have been room enough in the Roman or in the Saxon city, but when Plantagenet and Tudor London grew rich and prosperous there was a maze of overcrowded streets and lanes within the circuit of the ancient walls. Plague and fire were powerless under the Stuarts to check the increase of population. Georgian London had spread eastward along the river as far as Limehouse, and Whitechapel had become a crowded working center; and westward it had expanded beyond the confines of ancient Westminster toward Kensington; but Southwark and Lambeth were insignificant suburbs, while Bloomsbury was separated by open spaces from the Strand, and Islington was a village far afield.

Sir Christopher Wren, looking a long way ahead, and dreaming of a stately and imperial capital which has never been created, proposed after the Great Fire an impressive plan for the rebuilding of the city on symmetrical lines, with broad avenues and open spaces. His scheme was rejected as visionary, and London was condemned to a prolonged transition period of inartistic reconstruction and ill-directed expansion. Decade after decade the streets have been patched up and the congested districts emptied into the suburbs; and while the sites of a score of old-time villages can now be identified within the compactly built area of five hundred square miles where the six millions of the metropolis live, the pressure of overcrowding continues, and Victorian London is still "moving on."

The contrast between Georgian and Victorian London may be illustrated by a cursory reference to the route of Princess Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz when she arrived in the English capital for her marriage with George III in 1761. The royal coach and retinue did not enter the city from the east, but followed a circuit of villages from Stratford-le-Bow to Mile End, and thence along the Hackney Turnpike to Shoreditch Church and Islington, and by a new road through Marylebone Fields to Hyde Park and St. James's Palace. Bow Church is now a long way from the outermost limit of East London, and Hackney Road to Shoreditch and City Road to Islington are thoroughfares of compactly built sections swarming with population; and from Islington westward to Willesden and Ealing there is a congeries of metropolitan boroughs. The princess drove from village to village through the open districts of Hoxton, Conduit, and Marylebone Fields, avoiding Whitechapel, Clerkenwell, Smithfield, and the suburb north of the Strand. Her route was a segment of a circle, with London Bridge as the hub of the wheel. Now the radius could be quadrupled, yet the segment would be well within the outer rim of metropolitan London. On the Surrey side Southwark has become a city as populous as Liverpool, and from Wapping well out to Richmond there is a continuous series of boroughs. This is the vast metropolis which sends in from the suburbs north and south toward the center a million people every morning, and takes them back at night; and which keeps another million in motion within the inner circle of densest traffic, and still another million on their rounds of humble toil in the East End.

The princess, who smiled upon the villagers of Stepney, Islington, and Paddington, and was carried off in her chair after her wedding to see the plays at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, would have lacked the imagination required for forecasting the growth and redistribution of population during one hundred and fifty years, and the concentration of traffic which has rendered the streets of London the most densely crowded thoroughfares of the world. The vision of a metropolis of over six millions, with twenty-eight mayors and borough councils, which had been constantly emptying itself outward and filling up the vacant spaces for fifteen

miles in every direction from Charing Cross, would have seemed as fantastic and disordered as one of *Ophelia's* dreams. Yet as she drove along the highways and entered village after village, with their rambling lanes and narrow approaches to central greens, one of the sources of future difficulty in the regulation of traffic and in the improvement of transit was before her eyes. These constantly recurring village centers in metropolitan London from Islington to Stepney and from Hammersmith and Kensington to Charing Cross have involved intermittent blocks in traffic, have rendered the general operation of street-cars and electric surface roads impracticable, and have forced engineers and capitalists to work out the transit problem underground at high cost.

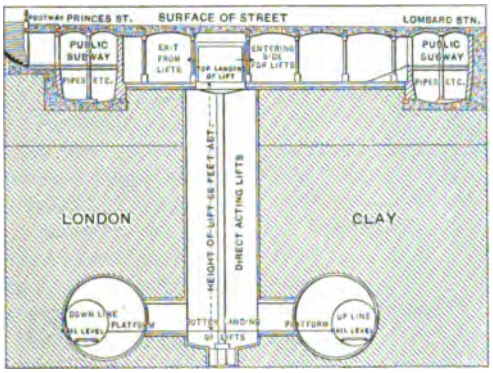
If Queen Charlotte in her day could not by looking far afield catch a glimpse of the future greatness of the metropolis, it is not easy for the spectator in front of the Bank of England to-day to take a comprehensive view of the system of worlds known as London, and to realize the potential energies of electric force in binding them together. In the quadrangle formed by the Bank, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House, where the pulse of every market in the world may be felt from hour to hour, there is a ceaseless crush of vehicles and foot-traffic until nightfall; and out of the depths of galleries underground, and back into them again, are swarming and reswarming hundreds of thousands from remote suburbs in Surrey and from the inner and outer edges of the West End. There is a long dip of two miles under the Thames to Waterloo station, with trains constantly trundling over the upward and downward slopes; and there are parallel tubes under the river at London Bridge, with galleries leading to Clapham Common; and for six miles underneath Holborn and Oxford street an electric railway pierces the inner circle of traffic. The central station, in front of the Bank, is already the outlet for over eleven miles of electric tubes; and these are the first links in a complete network of deep-level railways, which in the course of ten or fifteen years will exceed one hundred and possibly approach two hundred miles.

This electric system would have been on the surface, and not underground, if Sir Christopher Wren's plan for the rebuilding of London had been carried out after the Great Fire. There would have been broad avenues opening outward in every direction from the old-time City, and these would have been extended mile after mile with the growth of population. These thoroughfares, with avenues penetrating the intervening sections, would have been wide enough for tram-cars, which in due time might have been operated by electric power. London, having been left without arterial highways for intercommunication, has spread far and wide in mazes of tangled, narrow streets. The Whitechapel and Mile End roads in the East End are almost the only thoroughfares available for an electric surface system, which will ultimately be introduced in that benighted quarter from Aldgate to Bow Church. Tramways are impracticable in the central districts of the metropolis and are restricted to the suburbs. Some of them will be operated by electric power in the course of a few years, but there can never be a connected, homogeneous system of tram-lines with underground conduits or overhead wires.

If there had been concentration of municipal authority, the growth of suburban London would have been regulated during the last fifty years, and a comprehensive system of rapid transit devised. There was no lack of either capital or engineering skill, but there was no center of organization, no stronghold of civic power. The single square mile of the historic City retained its anomalous medieval privileges during the transition period when the five hundred square miles of Greater London were filling up in Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, and even on the edges of Essex and Hertfordshire. The Metropolitan Board of Works was not organized until 1855, and the creation of the London County Council was deferred until 1889; but one was occupied mainly with the drainage system, the opening of new thoroughfares and outlets for street traffic, and the clearance of slums, while the other has expended millions upon various rehousing schemes and has been constantly wrangling over municipal control of tramways. Bridges have been built, and great works like the Thames Embankment and the Blackwall Tunnel have been constructed; but a symmetrical system of metropolitan transit has not been provided.

Omnibuses were running as long ago as 1829, and tram-lines were introduced in 1870; but the railway companies are mainly responsible for the improvement of transit facilities, by which the housing problem has been worked out on a large scale in the suburbs, while philanthropists, reformers, and sanitary engineers were clearing the central slums.

It has been an unceasing struggle to keep abreast with the requirements of suburban growth. There has been no lack of foresight on the part of railway managers. The Metropolitan and District underground railways were opened in 1862 and 1864 through the coöperation of the trunk-lines; but even with this immense access of transit facilities, suburban passenger traffic has overtaxed the resources of the railways. One railway manager after another has admitted that it is impossible to increase the number of trains during the hours of suburban influx and outflow, and that a new electric system is required for the daily use of Greater London.



DRAWN BY L. L. POATES AFTER A DIAGRAM IN THE "TRAMWAY AND RAILWAY WORLD," LONDON.

SECTION OF THE SUBWAYS, LIFT-SHAFTS, AND TUNNELS AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND STATION OF THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY ("TWOPENNY TUBE").

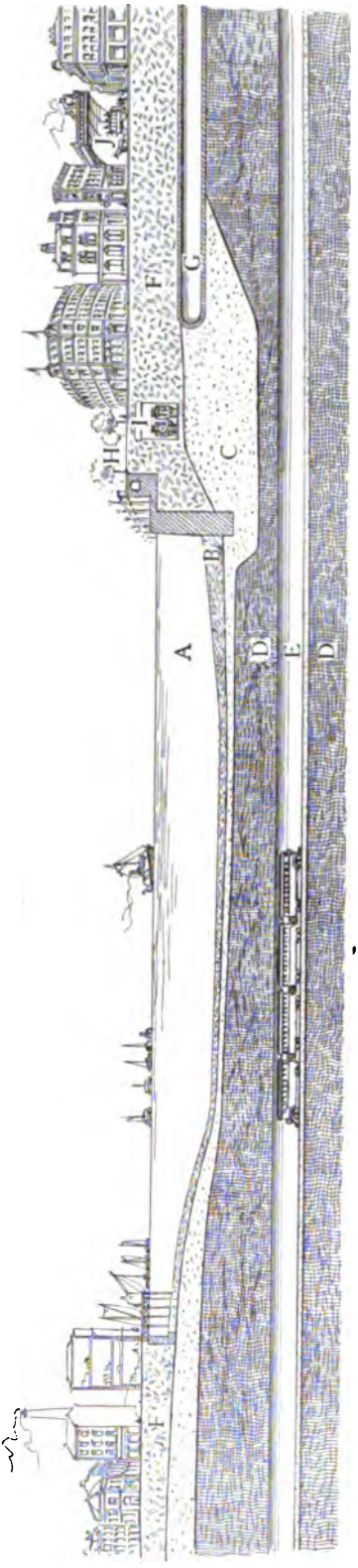
While the improvement of transit has not adequately met the requirements of the suburbs, it has enormously increased the congestion of traffic in the central belt. The million drawn in from the outlying suburbs added to the million which is on its rounds of business or pleasure from Kensington to Liverpool street makes the most unmanageable mass of traffic to be found in the world. The number of vehicles has been more than trebled during the last thirty years, and thoroughfares of business and shopping are blocked hour after hour. The narrow streets cannot accommodate this enormous volume of traffic, and Londoners find as a matter of practical experience that they must allow more time year after year for driving from Whitehall to Lombard street, or for crawling in omnibus or cab from Ludgate Circus to Piccadilly. The streets are widened from time to time, and new thoroughfares like that from Holborn to the Strand are planned; but with the steadily increasing pressure of carriages, omnibuses, cabs, wagons, bicycles, and foot-traffic, there is a pressing need for an underground electric system for intercommunication in the overcrowded central section. This is a belt about five miles long and two and a half miles broad, contained within the inner circle of the District Railway.

Electric power was the only alternative for steam and horse, and it was necessary to harness it in deep-level tunnels. The result has been anticipated by Parliament, for the way has been opened for a new electric system by the passage of general laws for facilitating the construction of underground lines and light railways. The only restrictions were the lining of the tunnels with iron, the prohibition of concrete protection, and the requirement that cheap fares should be provided for working-people at special hours morning and evening. Otherwise the easily worked clay beds and gravel layers underneath London were a free field where private companies authorized by Parliament could burrow.

The first electric line was the City and South London Railway, which was incorporated in 1884. It was designed as a narrow-gage cable railway, but electric traction was substituted when the tunnels were completed from the Monument to Stockwell, the first section of the line being opened in 1890. There are separate tunnels, from ten to ten and a half feet in diameter, for the outward and inward traffic, and these are lined with cast-iron rings bolted together through internal flanges. From the Monument one tunnel falls more rapidly than the other to the foreshore of the Thames near London Bridge, where one is directly above the other; and when the passage under the river-bed has been made, the tunnels are side by side, but are carried at different levels under Borough High street, Newington Causeway, and other thoroughfares to Clapham Common.

The electric current generated at Stockwell is conveyed by an insulated conductor through both tunnels, the locomotives taking it up by collectors or shoes. While an eminent English engineer, Mr. J. H. Greathead, designed this railway, the curves were too short and the tubes too small for adequate ventilation. The rolling-stock and electrical plant were of English manufacture and not well adapted for the suburban service. While the tunnels are free from smoke, they are stuffy and badly lighted, and a journey over the line is uncomfortable.

The first electric line was planned for the



RAPID TRANSIT UNDER THE THAMES.

A, the Thames; B, river mud; C, ballast; D, blue clay; E, Waterloo and City railway tunnels; F, made ground; G, main low-level sewer; H, Victoria Embankment; I, Metropolitan and District Railway; J, railway viaduct.

relief of populous districts of South London, which were dependent upon tramways and omnibuses for communication with the heart of the City. The second enterprise was organized for the sake of facilitating the delivery of the suburban passengers of the London and South Western Railway at the hub of the metropolis. Under a guaranty of interest from the trunk-line, the Waterloo and City Company easily raised the money for constructing a tunnel under the Thames to Blackfriars and for extending it under Queen Victoria street to the Mansion House. While this line, which was opened in 1899, supplies facilities for rapid transit from Waterloo station to the City, a distance of one and a half miles, with pure air and electric light, some of the expectations of the engineers have not been fulfilled. The trains do not obtain on the downward grade the momentum required for overcoming at high speed the resistance of the upward dip. Trains of four cars are rapidly despatched during the hours of heaviest traffic morning and evening; but since there are motor compartments at both ends on the shove-and-pull principle, it is impracticable to reduce the weight of the rolling-stock during the remaining hours. Owing to the miscalculations of the engineers, electric energy is wasted in hauling empty cars, and the gradients are involving unceasing processes of repairing.

The third underground electric railway, the Central London, runs from Shepherd's Bush to the Royal Exchange, and pierces the inner belt of densest traffic. The enterprise was sanctioned by Parliament in 1891 and opened for public use in 1900, with a connecting-link with Liverpool street unfinished. It is a deep-level railway in two separate tunnels from sixty to one hundred feet below the great thoroughfares, Holborn, Oxford street, Bayswater Road, and Uxbridge Road, connecting the outer edge of the West End with the heart of the City. The tunnels are eleven and a half feet in diameter, with an enlargement to twenty-one feet at the stations, which are provided with electric lifts. The electric generating-station at Shepherd's Bush covers twenty acres. There are sixteen boilers under one roof, with mechanical stokers fed from bunkers which are supplied by coal-conveyors of two hundred buckets; there are six generators harnessed to as many engines in another building; and there is a well-equipped plant for supplying the power required for operating the trains and lifts and for lighting the

stations and carriages. At the City terminal, six and a quarter miles from Shepherd's Bush, there are subways leading from six street junctions to a spacious booking-hall, where the three underground electric railways now in operation have a common center.

The Central London, while designed by English engineers and built with English capital, is American in mechanism, method, and spirit. Though the carriages were constructed in England, the generating-plant, the locomotives, and the lifts were supplied from America; and the railway from the opening day has been operated on American principles. The carriages are of a single class, and there is one fare, twopence, for any distance. Tickets are dropped into brass-topped boxes, or "choppers," at the entrance station, and passengers are hustled into long trains of six or seven carriages and left at liberty to choose between the longitudinal seats above the wheels and the cross-seats in the center. The name of each station is called out while the train is in motion, and is emphasized by the slamming of the doors; and the passengers are on their feet before there is a full stop, and are forcing their way out under the stimulus of outcries from the guards, "Please step lively." A journey on the Central London is an American experience, and there have been many protests from croakers against hustling and the maddening whirl of Yankee energy; but the Twopenny Tube from the opening day has been the most popular institution of the metropolis.

The Central London has imparted a great impulse to the electric transit movement. The twenty-five minutes' run in a cool, well-lighted, perfectly ventilated gallery from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank has convinced the directors of the Metropolitan and District railways that smoke and grime will no longer be tolerated by Londoners, and that electric power must be substituted for steam. The change is rendered difficult by the use made of these circuits by the trunk railways, but with a readjustment of suburban service it will be practicable for the companies to employ electric power and to clear the tunnels of the noxious fumes of smoke and foul air. The Central London already crosses the inner and outer circles of the old underground system at Notting Hill Gate and Shepherd's Bush; and at the Bank station there are connections with Waterloo station, Clapham Common, and Finsbury Pavement. Another important connection will be made at Oxford Circus with the Baker street and Waterloo line, which is now under construction and may be opened before the close of 1903. This new enterprise involves two additional tunnels under the Thames near Westminster Bridge, and the construction of a station at Charing Cross, with approaches by subways from various streets opening into Trafalgar Square. It will be at once a lateral line across the central belt of traffic and a fresh outlet for the delivery of passengers by the London and South Western Railway at Charing Cross and Oxford Circus.

Another lateral line from Charing Cross to Euston and Hampstead has passed under the control of an American syndicate and will probably be constructed with all the resources of Chicago energy. An electric line is also under construction from Finsbury Park to Finsbury Pavement for the relief of suburban traffic by the Great Northern Railway. An electric line from Brompton to Piccadilly via Kensington High and Hyde Park Corner is also promised in the near future. These railways, with the Baker street and Waterloo, will increase the mileage of electric lines from eleven and a quarter to twenty-seven, exclusive of the old Metropolitan and District circuits, which are to be transformed by the substitution of electric power for steam. Eight additional electric lines or extensions have been authorized by Parliament, and will increase the total mileage from twenty-seven to forty-five and a half; and there are thirteen other projects for which legislative sanction is solicited, with a mileage of sixty-one and three quarters. These are suburban lines, lateral connections between trunk railways, and parallel systems to the Central London in the inner district of densest traffic.

Private companies hold the field, but they find it difficult to obtain the reserves of capital required for their undertakings. The Central London expects an annual traffic of fifty millions, and all the calculations of the various prospectuses are elastic; but investors insist upon having a good return for their money.

If the metropolis had possessed the centralized administration of the great English and Scotch municipalities the transit problem would have been solved by the adoption of a comprehensive plan of electric underground lines, with subways at every congested center of traffic and with connections with surface roads wherever overhead wires or conduits were practicable. The London County Council has restricted its energies to the control of the suburban tram-lines,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD & JONES, LONDON, FOR THE "TRAMWAY AND RAILWAY WORLD."

THE CENTRAL LONDON, OR "TWOPENNY TUBE," STATION AT NOTTING HILL GATE.

and the trunk railways, after an arduous struggle to keep abreast of the requirements of local traffic, are now content to provide outlets and inlets for it and to leave private companies in possession of underground London. The success of the Central London, which is now carrying two hundred thousand passengers on its busiest days, insures the rapid development of the underground system. It seems safe to assume that in the course of the next decade over one hundred miles of these electric lines will be in operation, and that the metropolis will be fairly honeycombed with these underground galleries. The East End, with its broad thoroughfares and lateral movement of working population north and south to the docks, may be served with surface electric railways, and the London County Council is already substituting electric power for horse-power in suburban districts; but the rehousing problem will be worked out on a large scale by the extension of the underground electric system.

When statisticians assert that in the course of the next thirty years Greater London will have a population of twelve millions in place of six millions, neither architects nor municipal politicians are moved to propose comprehensive plans for the rebuilding of the metropolis, the construction of broad thoroughfares, and the improvement of transit for the accommodation of the traffic, which will be thrown inevitably upon streets already suffocated during hours of daylight. The underground electric system in its tentative stage barely enables clear-sighted reformers to perceive how London is to go on for another generation emptying itself into remote suburbs whence millions can be brought into the inner circle of business and traffic and carried back at night to districts where they can be cheaply housed. It does not help them to understand how the central thoroughfares, where congestion is increased by every improvement in metropolitan transit, are to be adapted to the traffic of the future.

Lord Rosebery once described London as an anomalous jumble of disjected provinces, without vitalizing principle, unity of action, or enlightened and progressive policies, such as have raised municipal government in other English cities to the highest level of efficiency. All the great questions connected with its extraordinary growth and the reorganization and unification of its municipal activities have been neglected and thrust aside until they have become unmanageable.

An average estimate of the cost of the deep-level tubes when in full operation is three million dollars a mile. The Central London average is higher and the City and Waterloo lower, but in every instance the cost of underground electric railways is increased by the high rates of interest required

by investors and by the expenses of financial supplies. At current estimates, a system of two hundred miles of deep-level railway will cost as much as the South African War. If it had been a municipal undertaking, as in Paris, the capital would have been obtained at low rates, and there would have been an enormous reduction in the cost of the work, which involves the only practical solution of the greatest social problem in the metropolis —the rehousing of the millions.

The prime factor of the Paris transit problem is the octroi. This is the local tax levied upon all provisions consumed and many materials used in the city. While it increases the cost of living, it is an important source of local revenue, and has enabled the municipal authorities to improve and embellish the city from decade to decade and to convert it into the most beautiful and artistic capital in Europe. In London there has been a constant reswarming of hives of population from center to suburbs. In Paris octroi statesmanship has aimed at preventing the redistribution of the inhabitants of congested centers, and has kept the masses within the city, where they were paying local taxes and swelling the revenues of the treasury. The municipal government has persistently opposed the plans of the railway companies for improving suburban transit and for establishing a central station in the heart of Paris. This policy has finally committed it to a vast undertaking for providing, on strictly urban lines, a system of underground electric transit for the French capital.

When the London District and Metropolitan underground railways were projected, the imagination of French engineers took fire. MM. Brame and Flachat prepared, in 1856, a comprehensive scheme for a metropolitan railway in Paris, and during the next twenty years as many as forty variants of it were discussed by the French Society of Civil Engineers. The railway companies were deeply interested in the general plan, and were prepared to undertake its execution at their own cost, because they perceived the full advantage of an opportunity for improving the transit facilities of the suburbs, for connecting all the main lines, and for concentrating local and through traffic in the heart of the city. The municipal authorities interposed objections, and the scheme was not carried out. When the Exposition of 1889 was projected, the French government and the railway companies revived this transit plan, but local opposition again blocked it. As the Exposition of 1900 approached, the French government again proposed a solution of the transit problem; and the Municipal Council was forced to take up the work in order to keep the railway companies out of it. Its plan was sanctioned by the law of March 30, 1898. It is exclusively a municipal undertaking. It was originally planned as a network of narrow-gage underground railways. The French government succeeded in altering the gage in conformity with that of the trunk railways; but there will be no connection between the two systems, and the rolling-stock of the main lines cannot be used in the tunnels. Municipal socialism virtually excludes the railway companies from this urban system.

This municipal undertaking is one of vast proportions. It includes six distinct lines of tunnel, viaduct, and cutting, about seven tenths of the entire work being underground. There will be a circular system, following in the main the outer boulevards of the city. The two great pleasure-grounds, the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, will be connected by a transverse line from Porte Dauphine and Porte Maillot, in the west, to Porte de Vincennes, in the east. There will be an irregular circuit from Porte de Clignancourt to Porte d'Orléans. The three remaining lines will be either connecting-links within the main circle or extensions on the fringe of it. Only one of the six sections, the transverse line from east to west, has been constructed, with a short segment of the circular line from the Place de l'Étoile to the Trocadéro. The length of the projected system will be about fifty miles. The city of Paris constructs the tunnels and viaducts, orders the open cutting, and leaves the work in condition for the operation of the lines. A concession has been granted to the Compagnie Générale de Traction for supplying superstructure, electric power, and rolling-stock, and for managing daily traffic. The concession runs for thirty-five years, and the entire transit system, by the requirements of law, will be completed by March, 1911.

The section of the Metropolitan Railway now in operation is the transverse line across Paris from Porte de Vincennes to Porte Maillot, with branches from the Place de l'Étoile to Porte Dauphine and the Trocadéro. The circuit with its three spurs from the Arc de Triomphe is eight and three quarter miles in length, and with the exception of the passage of the St. Martin Canal and a small section near the Rue de Reuilly, it is

underground. The railway, with double lines of track, runs underneath thoroughfares like the Boulevard Diderot, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Champs-Élysées, and there are stations at centers like the Place de la Nation,

EXIT AT THE PORTE MAILLOT STATION.

the Place de la Bastille, the Hôtel de Ville, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, and the Place Victor Hugo. The tunnels, being close to the surface, are more readily approached than the deep-level lines in London. The curved side walls, arch, and invert are coated with cement, and the tunnels range from twenty-one feet eight inches to twenty-three feet three and a half inches in width, with a clear height of seventeen feet at the center. The single-line tunnels, used where connections are made with branches of the general system, are larger than the London tubes. The stations are built of white glazed enameled brick, only one of them having an open sky exposure. At the terminal stations there are long loops for avoiding the necessity for reversing trains, and the platforms are connected with arched bridges.

The gayest of capitals revels in the open air, in glimpses of the brightest and most cheerful streets in the world, in the spectacle of throngs of idlers in front of the cafés, and in the bewildering variety, brilliant color, and fascinating charm of the night life. Underground transit is rendered tolerable only by a glare of electric light, and by the consciousness of rapid flight under favorite thoroughfares from one center to another. The air in the tunnels is wholesome, and there is a sense of pleasurable excitement in the swift onrush of the train and in the bustle and turmoil of the stations.

THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY OF PARIS—ARRIVAL OF A TRAIN AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE STATION.

The train service is less comfortable than that of the Central London, for there are two classes of compartments in place of saloon carriages; but there is no discontent when there are as many passengers standing as sitting, and when there is detention at the stations in the hurly-burly of emptying and filling the cars. It is cheap transit. The fare is five cents for the first class, and three for the second; and before nine o'clock in the morning a return coupon, second class, good

for the day, may be had for another cent. This is virtually a two-cent fare for working-people for any distance under eight miles. The Central London has a uniform fare of four cents for six miles. In Berlin there is a two-cent fare on the electric lines for distances under ten miles.

The circular railway, of which a single mile has been completed under the Avenue Kléber, from the Place de l'Étoile to the Trocadéro, will be the next work of the Municipal Council. When the outer boulevards have been tunneled for this circuit, and an irregular north-and-south line has been constructed from Porte de Clignancourt to Porte d'Orléans, with the three connecting-links within and outside of the main circle, Paris will have a complete system of urban transit and intercommunication. The original estimate of the cost of this municipal undertaking was thirty-three million dollars for fifty miles, or six hundred and sixty thousand dollars per mile; and the traction company's expenses for laying down the lines, providing the superstructure, and supplying rolling-stock and electric plant were roughly calculated at twenty-five per cent. of the outlay for construction. The estimate of the cost of the transverse line already in operation was seven million five hundred thousand dollars. It has been largely exceeded, owing to the necessity for removing and relaying the sewers in the Rue de Rivoli and in other thoroughfares, and also because workmen employed by the municipality and its contractors have been favored in wages and hours. While municipal socialism has increased the cost of the work by its methods of construction, it has provided unlimited facilities for raising the capital at low rates of interest; and with the decisive advantage of tunneling near the surface, and of piecing out the tubes with open cutting and viaducts, it will be enabled to complete the system at a fraction of the cost of the deep-level railways constructed by private companies in London.

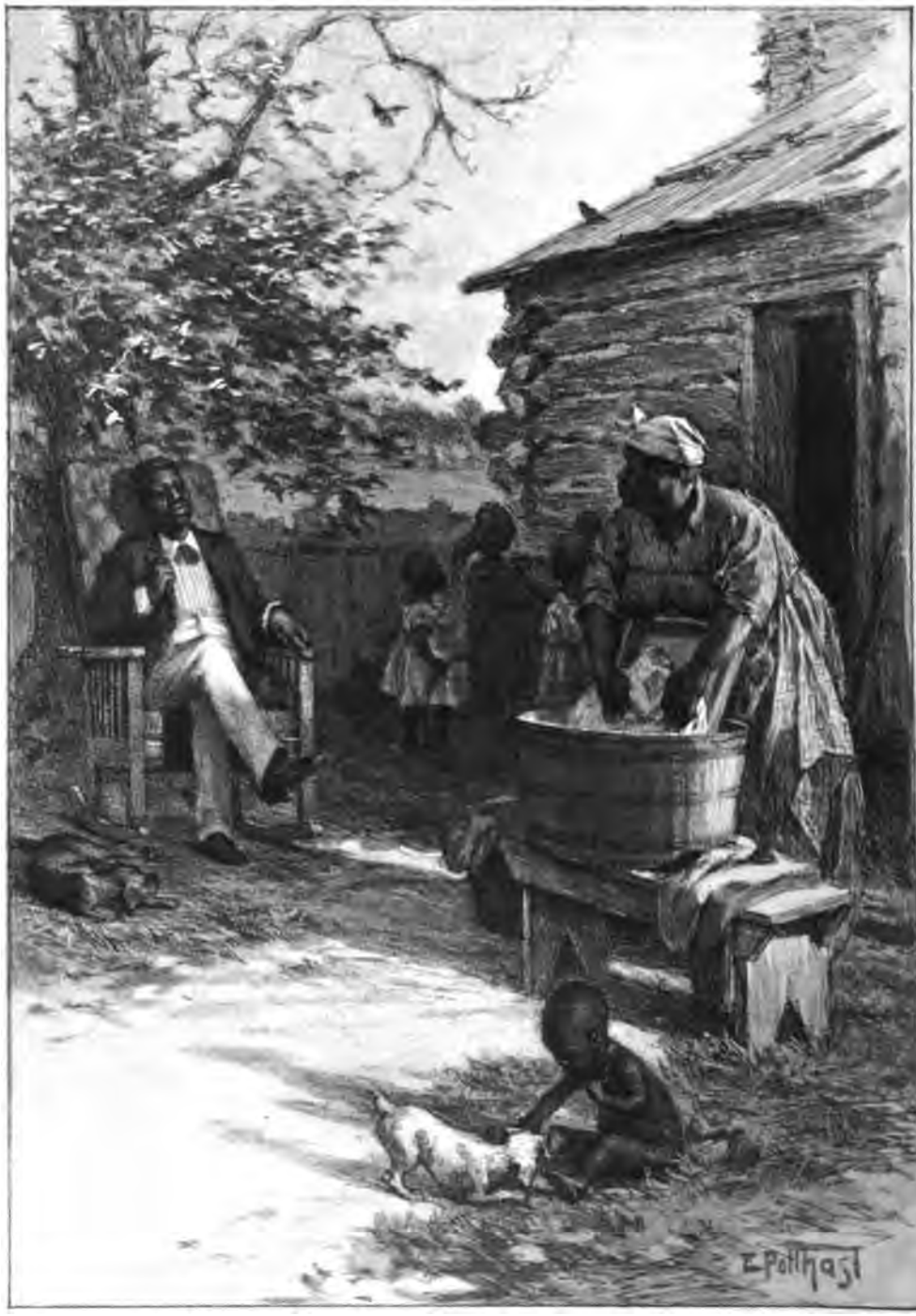
FROM "LE GÉNIE CIVIL."

BIFURCATION OF THE TRACKS AT THE PORTE DE VINCENNES TERMINUS OF THE PARIS METROPOLITAN; ON THE RIGHT THE TRACK ASCENDS TO A HIGHER LEVEL.

The Metropolitan Railway, in equipment, methods of construction, and financial arrangements, is essentially a French enterprise. The three groups of generators, one supplying an electric current of six hundred volts, and the other two a tension of five thousand volts, will represent when completed the mechanical genius of Creusot; and the rolling-stock will also be of French manufacture. The chief engineer, M. Bienvenue, has conducted with exceptional skill the process of driving a tunnel at slight depth through thoroughfares where sewers, water-mains, gas-piping, and circuits of wires were embedded. As many as five thousand workmen have been employed, and immense quantities of excavated material have been removed by subterranean galleries to the Seine with little interference to street traffic. The chalky subsoil was easily worked, but the infiltration of water was often a hindrance, and there were several collapses of tunnels from heavy rains and improper setting of cement. The resources of French engineering were equal to every emergency, and with the experience gained in the real utility of shields and other devices, the work will be completed with increased facility.

It will be a costly undertaking, far in excess of current estimates, but the municipality, with the octroi behind it, can supply the capital required. It is an open question whether the expense of construction will be recovered by the intricate system of percentages of five and ten centimes on every fare, with a progressive series of fractions for every ten millions in an annual traffic of over one hundred and forty million passengers.

Municipal socialism, instead of aiding the trunk railways in building up the suburbs and in delivering passengers at a central station, has sought to keep the masses in Paris, and to enable them to go from one quarter to another through underground galleries in quick time and at low cost.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE FAMILY OF ROSE ANN, WASHERWOMAN.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PLUSH ROCKER.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

WITH PICTURES BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

THE picture of the family group of Rose Ann, washerwoman, as gathered almost any day at her cabin door, was a pictorial expression of the great story of her life—its romance, its tragedy, and, fortunately for all concerned, its comedy.

Rose Ann was, as already introduced, and as she herself would have told you, a washerwoman—"not none o' yo' fancy laund'esses, but jes a plain grass-bleachin', sun-dryin', clair-starchin', muscle-polishin' washerwoman." Would there were more of her kind!

She was fat, black, maternal; and as she stood among her piccaninnies before her tubs, in character, even to the turning up of her faded skirt from her bare feet, it was gratifying to see that she was alive and happy.

The group of children, a dog or two, and a maternal cat,—also in character,—slept, played, quarreled, or frolicked about her feet, and on the grass-plot beyond her wash-bench. The smaller children were nearly naked, taking the group in midsummer; a baby of less than a year, who disputed a bone with a playful pup, was quite so.

This much of the picture might have been duplicated, excepting as to unimportant details, at any one of a dozen cabin doors within a mile of Rose Ann's. A note of apparent discord comes in with the father of the family, the gentleman in starched linen, if you please, who, in an attitude of elegant leisure, reclined in the easy-chair at the washer's right—somewhat apart from the group, but near enough to his spouse for comfortable conversation.

This personage—there are some who are always, by grace of a certain innate distinction, "personages" in any group of persons—this personage, then, was, so he was introduced, "Mr. Napoleon Jackson, Esquire," and he was, as seen at a glance, a man of color, of leisure, of family, and of parts. As to color, Napoleon, or 'Poleon familiarly, was so deeply endowed as to be almost colorless, which is to say, he was black. He was as nearly black, that is, as any man or crow was ever known to be. The highest expression of the pure African is by no means a forbidding type. Far from it. Of course the familiar "types," which alone are really typical, are of other sorts. But Napoleon was an exception. If there had been any room for the suspicion, any slight deflection of color admitting a ray of doubt, one would have said, with small feeling of hazard, that he was part Indian. But that was simply because of his slender and great proportions, the straight lines defining his supple figure, and the high bridge of his nose, to which feature alone his amiable face owed its dignity.

It takes more than polished linen, plush easy-chairs, and muscular relaxation to express the real inborn spirit of repose. It is true that the only creases in Napoleon's duck trousers were those which told of easy risings and sittings, and that his cuffs, which were polished until they were as fine as celluloid, generally went "all unbroke" back to Rose Ann's tubs, but the lordly grace of the man was a thing apart from either raiment or incidental setting. That it was somewhat heightened in effect by the chair of scarlet plush in which he lounged cannot be denied. This resplendent article, of which more anon, was of the pattern known as the Morris chair, with an adjustable back. Rose Ann called it by another name, but that belongs further along in the story. As to the "blooming tree," perhaps that, too, can wait. However, it is part of the composite, and belongs in the picture. An old sycamore, dead by a lightning-stroke which had robbed it of all but a single spreading limb on one side, had been by the hand of love—love for the idle man beneath it, not for the tree—transformed into a brilliant canopy of flowering vines—morning- and evening-glories for each day's greetings and farewells, Virginia creeper, honeysuckles, a straggling rose, and others for perennial flower and

leaf. In the height of its florescence, as now, and particularly in the slanting hours of the going and coming sun, it was a glory worthy—well, perhaps worthy of a better cause. And yet, no. Is it not sufficient reason for its being that it was in itself a gladdener of mortal sight, a holder of song as well as of color? For there came hummingbird and butterfly, honey-bee and moth of tawny wings. And love lived, too, at home, snugly nested in its tangle of woody honeysuckle, starred over now by red cypress flowers and shaded with waxen leaves of cool Madeira. Surely the canopy was worth while for its own sake, which is to say, for love and beauty's. Who would stop God's rain because it falleth as saith the Scripture?

The back of the Morris chair was lowered by means of a brass rod and a series of notches. About the hour when the morning-glories began to twist up their cups, leaving the blood of the cypress stars to catch the upmoving sun, Rose Ann's habit was to slip the rod back a notch or two behind her lord, for this was his usual napping-time. Not that he always slept. For there were mornings when he seemed to enjoy whatever he saw in the canopy above his head, and occasionally he would call Rose Ann's attention to a tragedy or comedy of life there which might have been a reflection of that enacting below, though neither he nor she would ever have discovered it. He-birds are often mighty fine gentlemen, if you please, and there are plush rockers galore in the greenery chambers for such as they when their pleasure may be to tilt upon their perches while they bask in the adoration of their dutifully sitting mates. What is the difference, a nest or a tub, to typify the conserving partner—the home-maker?

And some of these feathered fellows are, even as was Napoleon, fine, able-bodied types. And many are song-birds, too, as was he.

Rose Ann was a magnetic woman, as most thoroughly vitalized people are—most, but not all. Some there be who thrive as air-plants, ever luxuriant, but detached, self-contained. But our woman was not of this class. Rather was she of those who, rooted to the soil by a thousand live fibers, grow, thrive, blossom, and bloom, not to speak of bearing, for the joy of all such as come in contact with them. It was her part of life—life abundant, warm, sweet to the possessor. It needed that God should send a woman like this as mate to the man in the chair; that is, if he be mated at all. And surely, if physical perfection and a gentle heart count for aught, it were a pity to have him wasted. Perhaps it would better be said, for the sake of the few space-blind, who know not how to read between the lines, that Napoleon had never in his life been known to do any kind of work—that the situation, which has already been described as interpretative, was not an incident or a phase of his being. It was its very essence.

Such a life was, of course, open to criticism, and, equally of course, it got it. But since Rose Ann had, according to her oft-declared defense, known just what she was doing when she married him, and since it was her pleasure, perhaps even her pride, to labor for her lord's leisure,—in other words, to pit her tubs against his chair,—and since there was neither lean nor hungry one between the two, and while there was joy in the song by which she washed, as well as impetus to industry in its stirring measure, it would seem that criticism may have been vain and sympathy wasted.

"Well, I married for love, an' I got it," she was wont to exclaim to such of her neighbors as were indiscreet enough to challenge her conjugal loyalty. And she generally added, often flapping a wet garment between her palms for emphasis, "An' *I 'm happy in it!*"

Then, if the guest were of an insistent turn, or if Rose Ann happened to be herself in a voluble mood, she would enter more deeply into the subject in this wise:

"Of co'se, when I married 'Poleon, I knowed he was n't to say de 'dustriousest man in de worl', an' I ain't got no right to complain. He did n't *work* whilst he was *co'tin'* me an' *stop* arter he got *married*. No, sir. He co'ted me settin' down fannin' or layin' in de clover whilst I flung de hoe. An' I swapped off de hoe fer love an' duty arter I got married, 'ca'se a wash-bench is better 'n a potato-hill to raise chillen roun'. No, I know it ain't none o' his fault. He *can't* work, 'ca'se his mammy she *marked* him so. She had been overworked befo' he was born, an' she marked her chile fer *rest*."

Thus she bravely exploited the situation to her idle guest, Calline Caxton, one afternoon, and the woman must, either by word or look, have expressed some disapproval of the maternal prevision, for Rose Ann hastened to add:

"Yas, I know a plenty o' de ole folks tol' 'er it was a sin ag'in' de unborn an' contrary

to de Scriptures, which say how man dat 's born o' 'oman is boun' to earn 'is bread by de sweat of 'is brow. But she 'lowed dat she had *sweated enough fer two*, an' she nuver raised de mark off 'n 'im. No, 't ain't dat 'Poleon don't *want* to work; howsomever, I don't say he *do*, but *ef* he did, he *could n't*. I done seed it tried. Three or fo' strokes o' de

Whereupon the offended Calline, coolly remarking that it "took a heap o' kind o' people to mek a world," strolled loftily away.

"So long! Call ag'in, sister," cried the jovial Rose Ann, fairly chuckling while she raised a wet garment for inspection, and in a moment she added to herself:

"I don't blame you, sister. I sho don't.

"'HE CO'TED ME SETTIN' DOWN FANNIN' . . . WHILST I FLUNG DE HOE.'"

hoe-handle or de rake 'll sicken 'im wuss 'n a dorg. It 's a spell she laid on 'im. Yas, I done seen him sicken wid a workin' tool one minute, an' maybe de nex' minute some o' de gals 'd come foolin' roun', an' he 'd ketch 'em up an' dance roun' my wash-bench wid double a hoe-motion, an' jes git up a' appetite for 'is dinner. It ain't de *labor* dat hurts 'im. It 's de *thoughts* of it."

Perhaps she fancied even further disapproval in her guest's eyes, for she hastily added, and in quite another tone:

"But I sho does like to see 'im settin' so —tekin' it easy. I don't know what I 'd do ef I did n't have him to feast my eyes on whilst I 'm workin' so constant. I tell you, a' able-bodied man in sight is a heap o' consolation."

To this her visitor replied with a sniff that it would "pleg her all but to death ef she had to keep her ole man in her eye all day."

To which Rose Ann cleverly retorted:

"I don't wonder!"

It 'd pleg me, too, to haf to look at a cross-eyed, swiveled-up little some'h'n' other lak Br'er Clay Caxton. It sho would—an' all his brick-layin' dirt on 'im, too."

She even dropped her work for a moment, and watching the slim red figure down the road, she laughed again.

"Yas, indeedy. Ef I was tied to a little laborin' thing lak Br'er Caxton, I reckon I 'd be put to it, an' haf to tek comfort in Tukky-red Mother-Hubbards, too."

Then, bending to her task, she began to sing:

Oh, love 's my meat, oh, love 's my drink,
Oh, love 's my daily fare;
Asleep, awake, forgit or think,
I breathes it in the air!
Oh, love,
I hear
You hummin' 'mongs' de bees!
Oh, love,
I hear
You singin' in de trees!

By the time she had repeated the chorus through a first suds and was ready to change tubs, the recent guest had turned out of sight, and Rose Ann glanced with a smile from the point of her departure to Napoleon, who smiled back at her from the third angle of his repose, as he remarked, as if simply to fill felicitously the wash-board's pause:

"I see sperits is thick roun' heah dis mornin', honey."

"Yas," replied Rose Ann; "I taken notice how Towser been snappin' at de air, an' all three teethers seein' sperits in dey sleep. Huccome you taken notice to de sperits, 'Poly?"

"I felt one bresh by me jes now, lak a mighty win',—purty nigh friz my ear-rim,—but it nuver shuk a leaf on de tree."

"You don't say!" She looked up into the tree indicated. "It ain't chilled you none, I hope? 'Ca'se dat 's a sperit-win', sho. Any mortal win' 'd be boun' to mek de trees trimble. I 'm glad to see dey good sperits, dough. None o' de chillen ain't whimpered—jes smiled an' laughed in dey dreams. An' Towser, too, he jes s'luted 'em frien'ly in de sunlight. He knows dey good sperits. Ricollec' how he barked an' tuk on time de patteroles got atter you?"

"Yas, I 'member. But dey warn't no patteroles, honey. You heah me. Dey warn't nothin' but sperits. Dat 's my b'lief. You ricollec', we nuver seen nothin'—jes heerd a voice out 'n de darkness. Dat 's huccome Towser seen 'em so clair. He don't pay no 'tention to folks in de flesh less'n dey rattle de gate-latch."

"Maybe you right, 'Poly. But yit 'n' still I can't git it out 'n my min' dat dat voice sounded mighty familius. I don't want to say whose voice it sounded lak, but it sho did strak my yeah wid a mighty familius soun'. It cert'n'y did. Seem lak it had *long-time-ago* in it, too, an' I can't fergit it."

Napoleon was more than languidly interested, for he even raised his body as he asked:

"Tell yo' ole man whose voice it favored, honey. Huccome you nuver is spoke about dis befo'? Was it de voice o' de livin' or de dead?"

His wife wiped her hands on her apron and rested them upon her hips while she turned to her husband, but before speaking she swept the road with her eyes as if, in spite of her assurance, she felt a vague fear. Then she said slowly:

"Hit 'minded me bofe o' de livin' *an'* de dead. Lak a dead voice in a livin' mouf—"

Then turning suddenly and laughing as if she might have said more than she intended, she exclaimed:

"Listen at me prophesyin' an' talkin' 'bout sperits, lak as ef I was 'feard!"

Then, resuming her work, she began slowly and in a wavering minor key to sing:

Oh, heaben 's mighty close,—
Yas, close, yas, close,-
Ef you got a yeah to listen
To de hos', to de hos',
Ef you got a yeah to listen to de sto-ry!

Oh, heaben 's mighty nigh,—
Yas, nigh, yas, nigh,—
Ef you got a' eye fer visions
In de sky, in de sky,
Ef you got a' eye fer visions o' de glo-ry!

As she sang she had gradually warmed to the words, repeating the last couplet several times, and when she finally stopped, she turned to the dog, who was again whining, while he lifted his nose into the shaft of sunlight above his body.

"I tell yer, pardner," she began, still keeping her eyes upon the dog, although addressing her husband, "I tell yer, my b'lief is dat Gord meks it up to a dorg."

"What yer say, sugar? Mek up what?"

"Why, I say I b'lieve Gord meks it up to a beas'—fer *bein'* a beas'. Us humans we stan' up an' sing about 'seein' visions in de sky,' an' Towser, heah, he don't say nothin', but he *sees* 'em. An' de puny chillen, too, dey see mo' 'n dey 'll ever see when dey git uppish an' strong. Yas, bless de Lord! I b'lieve he meks up a heap o' things to de dumb an' little. Even us blackskins we see mo' 'n white folks sees. Why, plenty o' folks passes by heah an' looks at you an' looks at me an' de chillen an' *pities me*. Even dat yaller triflin' Calline Caxton, did n't she call on her white blood to pity me an' cas' slurs at you? She sho did, an' she so triflin' de win' won't have her, an' not a chile to lay 'er out when she dies, an' she married to ole slim-shanks, bow-laig Clay. Good Lord! lemme git along wid dis renchin'! Deze starched clo'es is boun' to dry wid de even-glories today, sho."

The quick strokes by which she had so cleverly "hit off" her neighbors amused Napoleon tremendously, for he fairly roared with laughter. And thus restored to better spirits, he waited only for the measure of her wash-board to start up lustily:

Love made St. Peter walk de sea,
It built ole Noay's ark,

It lit de stars fer you an' me
To squench de blindin' dark.

His wife did not join with him at first, but when he had reached the chorus, she came in jubilantly:

Oh, love,
I hear
You hummin' 'mongs' de bees!
Oh, love,
I hear
You singin' in de trees!

Of course, as Rose Ann was a wholesome woman and no fool, one might have known that the formal consent which she had so cheerfully given to what some of her critics were pleased to call her "jug-handle love" —all on one side—must have had a definite excuse. Not that it would do to admit the conditions of her life's romance as testimony in a case involving the question of any woman's sanity—or any man's, for that matter; still, it is gratifying when love falls into line with reason and common sense.

Although Napoleon was a man of leisure, —that is to say, of declared, even professional leisure,—he is seen to have been a person of health and physical perfection, and so he took his ease as a live man takes it, in conscious enjoyment, and with such variations as pleased his fancy. As Rose Ann expressed it, "When his mammy marked him for rest, she marked him for pleasure in it."

There were hazy "fish-bitin'" days, for instance, when the plush chair sat vacant indoors, and milord betook himself to the bayou behind the Cherokee hedge. At other times, discerning by nature's intimations when the hickories were full of squirrels or the woods of snipe, the fields alive with partridges, or the bayou itself swarming with ducks, in pursuit of pleasure he perforce became provider and suffered no resultant illness, his mind being that of the sportsman alone, untaxed with thought of provision.

On these occasions he generally took several of the children with him, and of course the dogs, often allowing the former to draw straws as to which might go and which must remain at home to cook dinner; for no matter how alluring the sport, Napoleon was never beguiled into ignoring what he called his "in'ard dinner-bell," which rang more regularly than many of the bayou clocks. Nor would he, under any circumstances, carry a dinner-pail.

"Stale picnic victuals" he declared to be "good enough for them that liked it"; and if his spouse occasionally exhibited a shade of disappointment,—for it is a relief to have one's best beloved get out and be gone once in a while,—he would add, "No, honey; no woods dinners an' divo'ces fer me!" Whereupon the good woman would beam with affection revived, and would even perhaps remind him to "be shore to sen' home any luck in time to be cooked, ef he craved it fer supper." And, indeed, she could promise this without incurring serious interruption, for there was scarce a featherling out of the nest—otherwise the cradle—who could not, with the slightest instruction from over the maternal shoulder, get up a dinner the aroma of which had more than once, when the wind was tantalizing, hurried the field-hands home at noon, even though, perforce, they were obliged to go in an opposite direction and to pots far less savory. The outdoor fire which boiled her clothes would turn out from its live coals both bread and potatoes done to a turn behind her back, even when the oldest one at home chanced to be the little Rosanne while she was only "gwine on ten." And the greens-pot with its endless resources, even to its supreme product of dumplings, was ably managed without so much as a peep under its lid by the mother.

Even "last-minute luck," generally a simple matter of "br'ilin' or fryin'," was easily accomplished by "the undergrowth," the four-year-old twins often running races at skinning squirrels or picking ducks. Indeed, she often remarked playfully, "Sence my ole man is marked fer *rest*, I sho is markin' my chillen fer *work*." And she would sometimes add: "All 'cep'n' de baby. I 'm 'feard he 's his daddy's chile; an' ef he is, I pray de Lord to fire his soul to preach."

It had once been her hope to turn Napoleon's life into account in this way, seeing that the cloth is popularly symbolic of ease, but he promptly put her to shame and to fear by answering that "ef he ever entered de Lord's vineyard as a *laborer*, he 'd look fer his days to be short."

Even in his workless life, however, there were slight ways besides the incidental help of rod and gun in which he oiled the domestic wheels, even though he never supplied the power which drove them. For one thing, he generally delivered the finished wash for his wife, this being not labor *per se*, he explained, but "on'y *'stributin'* of labor." When the basket was so heavy as to be burdensome, Rose Ann would send one of the children with him to "tote it." Napoleon liked these trips. He liked, in the first place,

"the feel of money in his hand," and he liked the excuse to walk down the village street and to pass the stores. There was an undefined something which forbade his joining the laboring-men who met in one or two of the commoner shops on Saturday afternoons. It was in part, perhaps, a sensitiveness to their estimate of him; this, with the fear of sportive references to his mode of life from the older men. And, too, he was in a manner ashamed of his good dressing. It was a slight thing for a man to remark that "Brother Napoleon seemed to keep dressed fer chu'ch all de week," but it teased him.

Napoleon never spent any of the money which he collected in trust for his wife. In the beginning he had tried it, but it had not worked, although defended by the fetching argument that he and she were "all one." Rose Ann was firm about a few things, and she had claimed and held the laborer's right to disburse his earnings. Still, seeing the humility with which he accepted her decree, she was always eager to spend as much as she might for his personal indulgence. For instance, when he once remarked as he handed her the collection, "I see a kag o' fine pickled pig-foots fresh opened at Lawton's, honey, an' dey sho did mek my mouf water," although she replied dryly, as she tied the coins tightly in her handkerchief, "I be boun' fer you seein' some'h'n' t' eat," in a few minutes she called one of the boys aside, and taking a dime from her pocket, she whispered:

"Daddy crave a pig-foot, baby Run along up to Lawton's an' git him a couple." Then hesitating, she took out another nickel, and she added: "Better git three, baby. I 'll eat one wid 'im fer company."

By this time the word "pig-foot" had been caught by one of the small fry, who set up such a yowl that Rose Ann was obliged to hurry the messenger away to stop the cry; but before he had reached the turn of the road, it seemed best for the family peace to call him back, and when he started off again his mouth was so full of small coins that he was afraid to run, and his mother called after him:

"Look out, an' don't swaller yo' foot 'fo' you git it!"

And as she took up the baby for a little coddling, she mumbled to it lovingly: "Nemmin'; when buddy comes, mammy gwine give her baby a nice, cool foot fresh out 'n de pickle. Hit 's mighty tasty to cut feverin' toofs on, yas it is."

And so, in a few minutes, did she, leaving the "teether" happily rolling in the clover with his titbit, while she went to drop the remaining eleven into the greens-pot.

Oh, love 's my meat, oh, love 's my drink—

so she sang as she stirred the coals. If the course of true love did not always run smooth with the generous liver and dispenser of life, Rose Ann, it certainly ran with many a joyous ripple and song in these sunny days. If there were occasionally rocks in its riverbed, making passage difficult, they also served to froth the waters and to send them along to a merrier tune when once they were passed. And there were rocks in its course —rocks so formidable that at times they almost threatened to wreck the entire little fleet commanded by the brave admiral, Rose Ann.

Once in a great while there were cold days on Palmetto Bayou, and sometimes there were not even second-hand shoes for the little feet which were yet pink in the soles and unhardened to the frosty ground.

And there were occasional crises when bacon and meal and molasses money had to go for quinine—when the mornings were foggy and the reed-grass and calamus wet along the bayou's brim. Napoleon knew certain indigenous remedies for the common enemy of residents along low waterways, and when the pressure of need was not upon him, he would sometimes gather great "bo'quets" of pennyroyal and mullen and peppergrass and spearmint and boneset and camomile, in their seasons, and Rose Ann would brew her love's offerings into proved specifics, which she would sometimes supplement with protective charms, such, for instance, as the tiny cotton bag which the baby wore on a string about his neck when he was written down as naked. These simply medicated mascots were in no wise related to the familiar "hoodoos" or "cunjers" of which much has been written. If, in addition to the asafetida gum, the few cloves, and the bit of garlic which composed most of them, the mother added a leaf of rosemary for luck, or any tiny trinket of mystic suggestion, it was only the expression of individual superstition. As for Rose, she always put into her teethers' charms a baby tooth naturally shed, and if she could find one on a five-year-old's pallet, dropped in his sleep, so much the better. This represented nature's operation at its best, and was reserved for future use. It was like the shedding of a rose-leaf or the falling of an apple.

It seems strange that fire-wood should ever have been scarce in a cabin set on the edge of an oak and pine forest, but, as Rose Ann more than once lamented, "trees stan' ready fer de sacerfice, but dey don't bow down an' walk into yo' fireplace. Dey haf to be chopped into service."

Now, while Napoleon occasionally felled a great tree worthy of his muscle, for simple love of conquest, or perhaps for the sharpening of his appetite, which, however, never seemed in jeopardy, he could not consistently cut the same into lengths for use. He would have done it, no doubt,—indeed, he said as much,—but for consideration for his busy spouse, who had "enough to do widout havin' a sick man on her hands."

It was well that Rose Ann was a manager, as otherwise there might have been real suffering in the canopy cabin. Without any consciousness of her own scope, however, she displayed a faculty in the manipulation of her affairs that would have been remarkable were it less common in her class. There were many colored households along the bayou and beyond which were not even dignified by a father of the chair, and which were wholly provided for, as was Rose Ann's, by a dusky "madonna of the tubs." Of course much of their provender was, as hers, "second-hand," a fact which assured better quality than they could have bought.

Even Napoleon's clothes had to be taken up or let out before they lent themselves fully to his expression.

The clothes question in the South seems never a serious one to the negro laundress, who is counted as natural heir to discarded garments. And, of course, there are ways of managing, under pressure, to borrow from the wash certain hidden accessories as stockings, for instance, which go to the support of one's self-respect.

But Rose Ann prided herself upon doing nothing of this sort. Napoleon's clothes, when he wore them, were always his own, and if the little folk went to church in nature's own stockings, the same might be said of them: they were wearing their own.

Taking it all in all, the family of Rose Ann and Napoleon was as happy as the best of their kind. The father had never been heard to speak an unkind word to chick or child, so boasted his fond mate; and, certainly, if filial devotion goes to show anything, he must have been an exceptional parent. His bed of pine-boughs upon the ground was always kept fresh by the little ones who slept with him through many a sweltering summer afternoon when he wearied of the warmth and limitations of his plush rocker. Here it was, by a ludicrous chance, that he lay surrounded by the other six of seven sleepers when he was roused by the census-taker, to whom he gave his memorable answer to the question as to his occupation:

"I 's a family man, sir."

And so it stands in the book to-day.

If Rose Ann had not been blinded by her own devotion, she must sometimes have been a little jealous of the children's adoration of their daddy, which under pressure was even exclusive. For instance, a single fish was always "daddy's fish," the first and last blossom on the vine were his.

But Rose Ann was superior to small things. Indeed, her own love was such that, when there was no one else at hand in whom to confide, she would sometimes talk to her ten-year-old daughter of her happiness.

"Wait on yo' daddy good, baby," she would say, "'ca'se ef Gord was to tek him away, you would n't nuver git another lak him. Yo' ole mammy 'd haf to tek up wid some po' ole laborin'-man to be stepdaddy to you-all." At which the little girl would protest that she "would n't have no other daddy," and Rose Ann would aver that there would be nothing else for her to do but to marry again, "wid all dese growin' chillen to suppo't," for she "could n't stan' her groun' at de wash-bench, day in an' day out, wid *no* glorification of love to consolate her heart." This evidence of her realization that, under any possible conditions, she would pretty surely have to continue breadwinner, was not without its pathos, albeit one must smile at her frank measure of herself.

But Rose Ann was by no means lacking in friends in whom to confide her life's "satisfactions." Her habit of "countin' noses an' den drappin' in a big extry po'tion fer de pot" was a hospitable one well known to her neighbors, and it was one that was particularly grateful to a certain octogenarian black woman, Granny Shoshone, who was ever a welcome guest, for she had known Napoleon's mother, both "befo' he was thought about an' endurin' his markin' days," and was in consequence more tolerant of his way of life than were some of his neighbors.

Granny had only two teeth to her head, and as they were prominent in her lower jaw, they had a way of clenching her utterances by seeming to hold them fast against the tip of her nose until she was done with them. Indeed, all her emphatic statements

became thus more or less oracular in effect in the weird and fearless expression of these twin witnesses, which, through lack of opposition, had long been given over to expression alone.

"Yas, indeedy," she would exclaim, in extenuation of Napoleon's disability, "you can't go behin' de beginnin'!"

Granny was in the shop one particular day when pigs' feet were bought, and although she was on her way to visit "a sufferin' sister" in another direction, she suddenly decided to put it off and to go instead to see whether the splinter had worked itself out of Rose Ann's toddler's foot or not.

As granny arrived after the dinner was "po'tioned out," there was no gathering together for the meal. Napoleon was served in a heaping tin pan upon his lap in the chair, where his wife expected to join him with her own pan when she should have filled the children's plates, which they bestowed upon the grass where they chose. But the arrival of her guest, who was not long in fixing herself on the ground beside the pot, of course located the hostess. Granny wanted perfect freedom of speech with its lubricant, and when Napoleon was present, she was one popular subject short.

"Yas, indeedy," she repeated as soon as she had done declining and then taking everything offered—"yas, indeedy, talkin' about 'Poleon, I was studyin' las' night 'bout ole Jane an' de way she marked her baby. I ricollec' she was mighty sorry he warn't a gal, too, when he come, 'ca'se she say she sho did crave to subs'tute one rockin'-cheer 'oman in her place befo' she died. But when de chile come a boy, she 'lowed she did n't keer. She say ef he growed up as purty as he come, he could hoodoo some 'oman to work fer him."

Rose Ann started at this.

"I ain't workin' fer 'Poleon fer no hoodoo," she retorted; "I works fer him 'ca'se I loves him."

To which granny answered with a high, cracked laugh: "Love ain't no mo' 'n a hoodoo, nohow."

Teeth against nose, so she clenched her epigram.

And at this playful generalization Rose Ann was pleased to laugh with her. "I sho b'lieves you 's right in dat," she even granted. "Ef it warn't, I could n't nuver see what some folks sees in de folks dey marry. Dar 's ole bow-laig, stammerin' Sam Shaw, stutters so he calls his own wife 'Sis' Sal,' an' she a sinner. I sho can't see what Sal seen in him."

"Love 's a riddle, an' it 's a lucky 'oman dat can answer her own," mumbled the oracle, letting it pass without emphasis over a bit of corn-dumpling.

"Is you mean to tell me dat Sal loves dat lean guinea nigger, granny?"

"Be still tel yo' elders git done, gal. I say what I say. An' I say dat 's jes what Sal puzzles over *'bout you*—how you ben' yo' back over de tubs fer 'Poleon—"

"Dey may wonder!" interrupted Rose Ann. "But dat don't hender 'em f'om tryin' to git him away f'om me. Every time Sal got a minute to spare she 's filabusterin' up an' down de road heah befo' 'Poleon's chair, an' me standin' right heah—brazen devil dat she is. But he don't pay no 'tention. I know he cuts a fine figure in dat pattern-rocker in de mids' o' de flowers de chillen done planted roun' it. He don't bother 'isse'f. Ef he wanted to start out 'oman-killer, he would n't practise on deze Palmetter Bayou gals, I tell you dat."

She had talked so excitedly that several of granny's witticisms were lost. But she probably caught some of them, for when her flurry had spent itself, she added, evidently in reply:

"Dat pattern-rocker? Dat 's a *prize* rocker. I got it fer 'im on soap-papers. Dis heah 'Rench-me-quick Soap' is got cow-pons to it, an' fifty of 'em 'll draw a sewin'-machine an' sixty 'll git a pattern-rocker, any color plush you choose. I picked red 'ca'se red hit goes good wid black."

"It sho do become 'im," said the old woman, glancing toward the chair, in which by this time the man was nodding.

"Yas, it sho do," added his wife, "an' dem evenin'-glories dey sets him off, too. Dey so white an' him so black. Ole Mis' she gimme de seeds, an' de chillen dey planted an' waters 'em. Dey sho does love dey daddy."

"Well," snapped the oracle, "half de time life ain't nothin' but a see-saw, nohow—Love on one een' an' Labor on de other."

Rose Ann was not quite clever enough to grasp this, and yet she felt that, in some way, it was not quite to her taste, so she put it aside by a mild denial:

"I got a plenty to do widout see-sawin'."

"Hush, gal!" laughed granny. "Hush, I say. You keeps sech a' even balumps you don' know you on it. But you lucky so long as Love don't jump off. I sho would be proud to see you swap ends for a while, dough. So you got dat cheer wid cow-pons f'om de soap-papers, is you?"

"Yas, an' 'Poleon sho was proud an'

happy when he see me pass de sewin'-machine notch an' save up to de rocker. He sho was. I 'lowed it would pleasure my sight mo' to see him swingin' in red plush 'n what it would to stitch up de few duck breeches he 'd set in indurin' de summer."

"So it do, chile, so it do." There was real sympathy in the old hag's voice, even when presently she added: "You know his mammy she hoed an' planted an' picked cotton right heah on dis spot whar 'Poleon sets an' teks de breeze, an' I often wonders ef she kin look down, or up,—Jane did n't die in grace, po' soul,—I often wonders ef she kin see 'im tekin' de rest she pervided fer 'im."

"Me, too," said the wife. "I sho hopes de Lord lets her have de cornsolation o' seein' him. An' I trus' she kin see my happiness, too—mine an' de chillen's. Jes look at 'em! One ridin' 'is foot, an' two on tiptoe puttin'dem glories in his haid. I don't 'low 'em to climb up on de plush."

"You kin be sho o' one thing," said granny. "Ef Jane is free to go whar she choose, she hovers whar she kin see 'im. She was a devilish 'oman, some ways."

"'NEMMIN'; . . . MAMMY GWINE GIVE HER BABY A NICE, COOL FOOT.'"

"Yas, she was devilish. I 'll say it, ef she is de chillen's heabenly gran'mammy. I 'bleege to locate 'er in heaben, 'ca'se I don't b'lieve Gord would work her de way she was worked an' burn her, too. But sho she was devilish when she 'd git mad. She marked her chile fer rest, an' den she 'd beat him when he would n't work. Yas, ma'am. She had de po' chile purty nigh rendered in two. She was too high-temp'rate fer me."

"She was wuss 'n high-temp'rate, Jane was. She was col'-blooded devilish, dat what. I ricollec' once 't she got tired hoein' an' follerin' de plow, an' she worked a spell on her marster, so 's he 'd see her all swiveled up an' puny, an' eve'y time de overseer 'd put her in de fiel', she 'd mek some excuse to pass befo' her marster, an' he 'd give orders to have dat sick nigger tooken out 'n de fiel', an' he 'd sen' good liquor down to her cabin an' special rations. Well, she kep' dat up th'ough two craps. Den, bless goodness, her ole marster failed, an' de overseer he bought him out, an' I tell you he got even wid ole Sis' Shirker. She was a stavin' worker when she 'd work anyhow, an' she done a big part todes makin' ole Yankee Sabbath-breakin' Eben Dowds rich, she sho did. It was whilst she was stavin' fer him dat she took thought to mark her chile fer dat plush rocker. She sho did. Ef anybody doubts de trufe, let 'im jes look at de way he fits it. I tell you his mammy she measured him fer it, in wrath, wid a hoe in 'er han'."

Napoleon seemed to be sound asleep now, and the wife looked at him fondly as she said:

"I often taken notice to de way dat plush don't faze him. He sho do become it."

"Sech as dat," mumbled granny, "hit 's got to be born in de grain. I know ef I was to set in plush, I 'd hol' my weight up in spite o' myse'f, so 'feard I 'd crumple it. I 'd be as bad as yaller M'ria Mumford when she bought dat velveteen skirt out 'er lottery money. She say she nuver 'spe'nced no pleasure in it, 'ca'se she got tired stan'in' up; an' I axed her why she nuver set down, an' she 'lowed she could n't. She say sometimes, when she so tired she pretty nigh fall in her tracks, she try to set down, but her knees would n't give way."

"Folks like dat ain't got no business wid finery."

"No; dat 's what I 'm sayin'. Ef I 'lowed a frock was finer 'n I was, I would n't put it on. Ricollec' when I was a young dancin' gal I had a linsey-woolsey frock once-t,—a fine plaid wid a yaller thread crisscross over it,—an' Ole Mis' she gi'e me some o' dis heah lace quillin' fer de neck an' sleeves, an' when it was basted in an' laid out 'n my bed of a Sunday it looked so fine I started to fol' it up an' put hit away, an' den I stopped an' looked hit square in de eye, an' commenced to put hit on; but de lace it ketched my eye ag'in, an' I see it was boun' to override me, an' you know what I done? I snatched it off an' crumpled hit up, an' pitched hit on de

flo' an' tromped on hit, till I had it whupped. Den I put it on my back an' started out, an' it nuver browbeat me no mo'."

"Umh! you don't say!"

"Yas; but I got a lace collar dat I 'm skeered to wear yit, an' I had it fo'teen years. Ole Mis' gin it to me. I could wear de collar all right, ef it did n't have de faint smell o' Ole Mis's wardrobe. I ain't got de face to wear it—not wid her threatenin' to come in de flesh an' ketch me; howsomever she in her grave seven years past, one sniff of dat collar brings her right befo' me tel I kin all but tech her han'. Sometimes when she begins to fade away, I 'll smell it hard an' try to fetch her back ag'in, but she won't come. I has to put it away ag'in 'fo' it 'll git back de power o' de resurrection. No; some days when I gits lonesome I teks it out an' shets my eyes, an' I heah de rustle o' de black silk dress, an' I know she 's comin', an' I seems to feel 'er by me; but I ain't nuver had de face to so much as lay it roun' my black neck—not now."

"Pass it along to me," laughed the jocund Rose Ann again. "Dat 'll jes suit my true-love's taste down to de groun'."

"Suit nothin'! No, honey. I gwine meet Ole Mis' in heaben wid dat collar. It 's been layin' wid my grave-clo'es tell it 's yaller, but time de draf' blows along de golden streets f'om de openin' o' de gate when I slips in, an' Ole Mis' ketches a breaf o' her ole wardrobe 'fumeries, I looks fer her to come for'ard to meet me, bless de Lawd, so I does!"

Teeth against nose-tip notwithstanding, there was pathos rather than caricature in the old face granny raised to the sky as she spoke.

Almost any emotional negro—and Rose Ann was emotional—would have caught somewhat of the fervor of her guest, but her life's connections were too strongly physical, too material, and too vital for enjoyment of any projection beyond the realm of sense. Her spiritual part was strong enough, but in her lusty mid-life how could it find other than sensuous expression? Such as she, perhaps, granny had been thirty years before. In thirty years more, when time's ravages might establish new facial relations, she might come to enjoy such contemplation, but now, while the telling characteristic of her figure was the frank approach of bust to chin, she withdrew from the outlook.

"I 'clare, you gimme de col' shivers, granny." She shuddered. Then suddenly recovering herself, she chuckled: "Love is too sweet to me down heah below yit." While she spoke a bee darted between her face and granny's, and as she dodged it she laughed. "Look out! Don't git stung wid Mr. Yaller-belly, dusty wid de corn-tassels an' pumpkin-flowers. Git stung by him now, an' you 'll go a-hongerin' fer love, sho."

She had risen from her place on the ground, and as she doubled over her tub now, still half laughing, she began to sing, mischievously, but somewhat under her breath, as her lord still slept:

> Oh, love an' me goes hand in hand,
> When I got a hand to spare!
> A loveless life 's a sinkin' sand,
> A drowndin' soul's despair.

Although she had begun low, her notes had gradually swelled until the last words, "A drowndin' soul's despair," came out full and fine. And as she struck up lightly into the chorus,

> Oh, love,
> I see
> You buzzin' 'mongs', etc.,

there suddenly rose from the chair a fine, strong tenor. This was a signal of freedom to the children. "Daddy was awake."

When the two had finished the chorus and started in for a new stanza,—granny laughing at the duet,—little Rosanne lifted her single skirt and, joining in the singing, struck out in cake-walk fashion. Boy Wash, the twelve-year-old, seeing her, hurried from behind his father's chair, and swung himself into the arena,—the open bounded by cabin, wash-bench, and chair,—the child Rosanne following, and when they had reached the center, they began posing and dancing, passing and repassing each other, perfectly unconscious, reckless in mirth, innocent as life unthinking.

It was the great mid-hour of a midsummer afternoon. The throbbing air, teeming with life-secrets, was aglow with brilliant-winged things sun-mad and pollen-drunk. Even the flowering tree seemed delirious with all its motley bloods afire.

Granny said afterward that it was "de smell o' chiny-blossoms" that came to her in the wake of the bee that "waked up her ole foots," and perhaps it was. What could be more reminiscent of youth and love in Louisiana than the odor of china-blossoms on a bayou-bank?

If the children had seemed to dance finely before granny set out, and there were three dancing when she began, they were

soon bestirring themselves to keep up with her.

As she strode nimbly forward, skirts lifted, body braced for action, she gave her head a single little lift. It was slight, but it was peremptory and aimed straight at the chair where sat and sang the man Napoleon. Now, if Napoleon was anything in his own estimation, he was "a puffec' genterman," to whom

"'I 'S A FAMILY MAN, SIR.'"

a lady's invitation was as a queen's behest. As he rose to meet the old dancer who, notwithstanding many coquettish withdrawals, was confidently approaching him, he might have been king of the Cannibal Islands, or anything you please in black royalty. He even lowered his tone somewhat in deference to his partner as he gave her his hand. It was not long before the three children on the outskirts began to show great delight in the combination, the twins beginning simply to jump up and down, and the nude baby on the shawl keeping time with his body as he sat. Little granny, as lithe and slight as a witch of the woods, eager, alert, ever in the initiative, almost but never quite anticipating a measure; great long-limbed, loose-jointed Napoleon, leisurely striding, ever threatening to come in late, but always sailing in on time; occasional humorous pedal syncopations when for a critical moment failure seemed imminent, but was deftly averted in change of time. Oh, it was great dancing, even though the dancers knew only that they were having fun.

At first, engaged with granny's caprice, Rose Ann simply dropped upon the wash-bench, roaring with laughter; but she was soon singing again, as loud as the loudest, beating time with her open palms upon her fat knees. But this was progressive, and the buzzing wings swung so low, and the air trembled so with its message of life and love, she could not hold out long.

No one knew just when she started out. Her movement was so stealthy, so noiseless and feline, that when she had given her heavy body a single upward toss as if to cast out its weight, it seemed to settle a few inches from the ground, where it began to spin, and presently it had taken direction in a ring on the rim of the dancing-space—

only one motion, but that in perfect rhythm with the song.

Round and round she spun, round and round, until it seemed that she must fall from sheer dizziness. Then, suddenly, with the quick signal which the dancer knows, she beckoned to granny to take her place, and with a whirl, all in tune, right hand high in air, she advanced to her husband. He was quick to match her pose, but before taking her hand he saluted her with a low bow, which she humorously answered with a dipping curtsy, skirt drawn back with left hand, the right still high, inviting his. But at a touch of his fingers she coquettishly spurned the hand, deftly diving under one arm and then the other and back again, virtually turning the dance into a chase in which her pursuer finally confronted her, when she prettily surrendered by offering him both hands thrown to the left. This was an invitation. He seized them, locked arms with her, and together they "moseyed down the center." Then switching away, they "split partners," each taking one child and another in turn. It made no difference which way she led,—for Rose Ann was easily leader from the first step,—the rest felt and followed her every impulse as if drilled in her whimsical art.

For a few moments after granny set sail on the border, it seemed as if she had lost all sense of time. Even her thin, wind-filled skirt added to the suggestion of a spinning-top, and she was as rapt as a dervish. It was only when the singing began to diminish in time that there came into her body a fine swaying movement, a tipping easily from side to side, farther and farther, until with the lengthening diminuendo she dipped almost to the falling-point, as a loaded doll, which threatens, but never topples.

This "slowing up" of the dance was the great moment, and when it became plain that the old woman's eyes were closed, there was a second of suspense as to how or where she would stop. Only a second, though, for just when falling seemed imminent, she whirled off at a tangent, precisely as a top when it is spent, and fell safely into the plush chair. For a moment she sat here with arms still extended, eyes closed, spell-bound. When finally she let her arms fall and opened her eyes, she exclaimed:

"Gord! but it was sweet! I done lived it all over—'way back to my chillenhood!"

But this was only a brief emotion. In a few minutes she had risen, and, with scarce a stagger, stepped over to the well, filled a gourd from the drawn bucket there, and began to drink. Drop by drop she took the cool water, lifting her little head for each swallow, as a chicken drinks.

When she had finished, the dipper was in requisition by the rest of the dancers, all of whom were dripping wet, and as she handed it to Napoleon, she laughed:

"Well, ole man, it sho is a pity you could n't git some o' yo' steam-power 'tached to a workin'-machine; you 'd git rich."

She started off, but stopped suddenly, looking up into the trees. "Look-a heah, baby!" She had hurried to Rose Ann. "Dey sperits roun' heah to-day, chile. Look at dat leaf shekin' in a still tree, an' not a bird nigh it. Dey sperits heah, sho. Dat sprig o' leaves shek jes lak a warnin' han'."

"I 'spec' dat 's yo' gyardi'n sperit spyin' on you a-dancin'!" laughed Rose Ann. "An' hit 's gwine 'po't you to headquarters, an' have you turned out o' de chu'ch."

The words were lightly spoken, but granny answered warmly: "Dey kin 'po't on me much as dey like. I danced on de sweet grass,—to chillen's singin', an' not to no devilish string-fiddle,—an' it taken me 'way back to de innercence o' my chillenhood, an' dey warn't no sin on de groun'. But look, chillen, fer Gord's sake! Look at dat pair o' breeches on de line fill wid win', an' dey ain't a breath blowin'. Lemme git out o' dis neighborhood! I sho b'lieve dey 's a *ha'nt* arter *somebody*."

Napoleon and Rose Ann laughed with the children at the ludicrous appearance of the trousers dancing on the line; but they exchanged glances, and when granny had gone, the man said:

"I don't like dat sign, honey. Hit 's a man's shape. No sperit did n't come an' fill up dem breeches fer nothin'."

He was pretty serious, but Rose Ann laughed.

"Well," she said as she went back to her tub, "hit 's a man-message, jes as you say, ef it 's anything, an' so I 'll leave you to meet it man to man. Dis tub 's a-callin' me." And she began to scrub away.

"Maybe hit 's de sperit o' de dance," Napoleon mumbled. "Maybe we turned him loose befo' he got done, an' he jes jumped into de breeches to ease down."

II.

It seems probable that in the humdrum routine of life, in the wear and tear of strenuous struggle, and the disillusionizing effect of day-in-and-day-out familiarity with its

object, Rose Ann might have lost a realizing sense of her happy romance but for the challenge of public opinion which required that her life should be a perpetual defense.

Her song of the tub was perhaps as often one of bravado, inspired by the sight of a passer-by, as of inward rejoicing. But, of course, she could not know this. She realized only the occasional hints of the women and the jests of the men over "King Napoleon an' his throne," and if these were straws, they at least showed the way of the wind. Yes, and there had been that midnight call of the "patterole,"—if patrol it was,—when there was a knock at the door, and a voice out of the darkness warned the master of the house that unless he were seen to contribute to his family's support "it would call again."

That was all, but it had sent the man of leisure out hunting and fishing pretty regularly for an entire season. But after a while it had been forgotten, or if not forgotten, it was remembered only as a bad dream. And now two years had passed.

Husband and wife had not spoken of the incident for more than a year until Rose Ann referred to it. It was not one of her favorite topics. Neither was it his. Both would have been quite willing to forget it utterly, and they thought they had virtually done so until suggestive things began happening to some of their neighbors. That is to say, several delinquents—white men all, so far—had been called out at night, and not only warned, but punished. For instance, there was "old man Sloven Sousley" (who was not an old man at all, but who had grandchildren and a bald head at thirty-eight), who had been taken by a body of maskers and carried to the edge of the mill-pond, made to disrobe, and thrown into the water. When he swam out, the crowd had scrubbed him in turn with long-handled brooms dipped in soft soap, "shaved" him with a pair of shears, and then made him

"WITH A WHIRL, . . . RIGHT HAND HIGH IN AIR, SHE ADVANCED TO HER HUSBAND."

wash his own clothes and put them on wet—all by the light of the moon. This done, they had "invited" him to swallow a cup of whisky and quinine, drinking his health in imaginary glasses as it went down. Then, courteously assuring him that they would be happy to repeat the performance as soon as he needed another bath, they moved back and let him go home, each man of the line doffing his hat to him politely as he passed.

Then there was the case of Tom Timbrel and Joe Squires. Both these men were known to abuse their wives, and their punishment was simply to cowhide each other in turn, the whipper calling his victim by the name of his own wife as he laid on blows, the "regulators" looking on and applauding.

It is true these instances were different from Napoleon's, and yet—well, it made him uncomfortable to know that regulators were abroad in the night. Even while he tried to convince himself that his previous visitant had been a spirit, he knew better.

Spirits had warned him then of coming evil. Spirits do not bring warning of other spirits. And now they were manifesting themselves again. Coincident with the work of the regulators were "signs and wonders" almost daily discerned. There is an old plantation saying, "Seek coon-tracks, find coon-tracks." Rose Ann repeated this to her husband one night when he kept insisting that it was a "warnin' sperit" which blew the wind down the chimney.

"Seek coon-tracks, fin' coon-tracks; seek sperits, fin' sperits," she laughed. But while she spoke she stirred the fire and opened the door behind her to "draw 'em off ag'in—casen dey should be sperits."

This anxiety, vaguely felt for some days, took sudden shape when granny spoke. The "man-sperit" dancing on the line fairly seemed to mock him, not only during the brief moment of its manifestation, but in the night when Napoleon tried to sleep and could not. Even granny, unsuspicious, with nothing to fear, had plainly discerned it; and as no one had been told of the midnight visitor, of course she could not suspect its import.

It is only the swing of a pendulum from one extreme to the other. No doubt the reckless enjoyment of the dance intensified the foreboding which followed it, on its very heel.

It is well when the time is short between dread and its realization, if evil must come.

So, when Napoleon was wakened, by a loud rapping, from the sound sleep which followed a sleepless night in that darkest and longest hour just before day, although he shook as with an ague, he felt a sense of relief. Despite the fact that Rose Ann had laughed at his fears, he saw, when he had lighted a candle, that she had slept in her dress. He saw only this, for something in the crack of the door put the candle out as soon as it was opened, and before the man knew what was happening, a paper was thrust into his hand, and there was a sound of retreating footsteps.

The door was closed with a bang and locked with trembling fingers, and although both husband and wife were curious to see what had been given them, they feared to make a light, and sat before a waning fire, fearing to start a blaze until the sun rose.

Napoleon could read a little, or, rather, he could spell, and as the document which had been "served upon him" was done in printed letters, he made out most of its words, and realized their legal form, although he did not grasp their full import. Evidently the composition was the work of a wag, for it read about like this:

Notice.

To Mr. Napoleon Jackson, Esq., D.G.L. (Dog-gone Loafer):

You are hereby summoned by the Midnight Ministers of Mercy to appear before that body in the county court-house at the midnight hour of high moon on the august night of the 8th of August, 18—, to answer to the charge of vagrancy in the first degree, unwarranted luxury in the second degree, and general moral debility in all the degrees known to common law.

(Signed) M. M. of M.
(Midnight Ministers of Mercy),
per Cat's-paw.

For the entire morning Napoleon puzzled over this document, and he was just decided to take it over to the minister of Zion's Chapel and have him decipher it when that dignitary chanced to drop in for a pastoral visit. Even he found some spelling to do before he could venture an interpretation, and he declared that he was "jest a little rusty on his Latin," and would have to take the paper home and "consult wid his fureign dictionary," which he must have done, for he returned in an hour to say that, so far as he could make out, Napoleon was a prisoner of law under a triple charge, and that he was open to three degrees of legal punishment, "less'n he could clair hisse'f." These were, he was informed, "imprisonment, hangin', or electrocutionin', an' maybe all three."

The truth was, the Rev. Solomon Byers had unwittingly taken the paper to its writer, who had given him as sensational an interpretation as his wits could find on the instant.

It was, on the face of it, a grave matter. Napoleon and Rose Ann had realized that from the first, and the woman was considerably disturbed by the time fixed, which was the night of the day to follow. A thing of this sort needs not only preparation, but time to know how to prepare. However, her spiritual adviser, seeing that she was troubled, was prompt to turn legal adviser as well.

"In any case o' de law," he told her kindly, "de prisoner is intitled to defend hisse'f, so, my sister, ef I was you, I would git witnesses an' tek my whole family into de co't. I s'picion dat de intire trouble is on de 'count o' dat prize rockin'-cheer. You know jealousy is evil-eyed an' green, so de Book say, an' dat red plush hit ketches it. Jealousy travels dis road eve'y day, an' ef you got speritual vision you can see him walkin' arm in arm wid all yo' frien's, whisperin' an' p'intin'. So outside witnesses dey won't do him much good. Ef you got air ole frien' wha' knowed his mammy, an' 'll testerfy fer him, fetch him along, but you an' de chillen you 's boun' to be his chief witnesses, an' of co'se I 'll stan' by 'im close-t as I kin, but I can't speak much wid dat rocker fer my tex', less'n I preach ag'in' it. So better lemme he'p you on de Q. T."

Rose Ann listened with keen attention to all he had to say, but while it was helpful, it did not satisfy. When it came to standing before a court, she wanted some one to represent her—her and "him." She wanted a white man, a lawyer. There was only one in town whom she felt committed to her in friendship, and that was young Martin Caruthers, a lawyer, son of her former owners. Her mother had been the Caruthers' cook in the old days, and she and Martin had played together as children. Above everything she wanted him to be there and to "speak for her," and yet—

"ACTS OF LOVE, AND NOT OF LABOR."

She had hardly owned to herself whose voice she had recognized in the midnight warning of two years before. She had not confessed it. Mart was his father's son in manner, voice, person, all, and when Rose Ann had said to her husband that the warning from the dark was "lak a dead voice in a livin' mouf," she meant it. But she never told even Napoleon what her fear was. It was too sore.

When she suggested his name now to Solomon, he hesitated. When Caruthers had "expounded" the paper to him, he had not seemed particularly friendly to the accused. However, if Rose Ann could enlist him, so much the better. So he advised her to try it.

The woman was never slow to action, and in

an hour after her conference with Solomon she was dressed in her best French calico with plaid *tignon* and white apron,—for she was a negro of the old school,—and was trying to find Martin Caruthers. When she called at his residence, he had "just gone

rule of dress proprieties, sees to it that each chick and child of hers shall have in reserve a white frock—against the vicissitudes of life or death. Even though there might not be shoes to go around, there was never a time when Rose Ann could not, with a little

"IT WAS AN IMPRESSIVE PROCESSION WHICH PASSED INTO THE COURT-ROOM."

down the street," and on the street she found that he had "but that moment stepped over to the house." In his office it was the same story, and as the day was passing, and she had much to do, she was obliged to give up the search.

Besides the outside details there was extra tub-duty at home, and in a double sense, to prepare her family for reputable public appearance. Every self-respecting darky mother, who is not so poor as to be beyond all

time, turn her entire flock out in white, and certainly in this crucial experience she would not fail. The "trial" was to be in the night, it was true, but she had heard of midnight sessions when the court was full, and the township had only recently put electric lights into the court. It would not only be like day, but a dazzling day.

It was nearly sunrise when, having stood the last of the little fluted garments alone upon the floor, she threw herself across her

bed as she was, too tired to take off her frock, and slept there until daybreak. And be it said to his credit, Napoleon did not close his eyes until she had done her work. Wide awake he lay, even talking of other things, and doing his best to divert her troubled mind. He really wished to get up and turn the fluting-machine for her. Indeed, he even suggested it, but she answered that "now was no time to git his blood pizened wid labor," and as he knew he should need all his strength for the conflict, he lay still.

But on the night following it was he whose pleasure it was carefully to braid the tight plaits which decorated the pate of the maid Rosanne. He it was who bathed the little ones, who "buttoned up the backs," and tied careful "ribbin bows" here and there for the whole six; he who drilled them in "mannerey behavior" in court. Indeed, he had always performed most of these personal services, which were, so he generously differentiated them, "acts of love, and not of labor."

Rose Ann had put the children to bed early in the evening, and when she waked them, she had made ready a hearty "breakfast," giving each, even to the baby, a sip of coffee to insure their keeping awake.

It was an impressive procession which passed into the court-room. Napoleon, carrying the baby upon one arm and leading another by the hand, led the way, followed by the rest in order of size, two by two. All were dressed in white, excepting Rose Ann and old Granny Shoshone, who brought up the rear in French calicoes, neckerchiefs, and aprons. Napoleon had protested mildly against the white duck for himself, but Rose Ann would have no other. White was the color of innocence, she argued, and so white it was.

Although the trial was supposed to be held in "secret session," we have seen that Rose Ann was prepared for an audience, and perhaps she was even a little disappointed to find a dimly lighted court and empty seats. This she perceived from the vestibule door, which commanded a view through the long hall into the court-room beyond. It frightened her as the expected audience would not have done. She felt unsupported, deserted. To stand before a court of inquiry backed by a crowd of her townsfolk to whom her presence would be an appeal was one thing; to be entirely at the mercy of a merciless court was another.

But she had not long to wait in fear. When Napoleon stepped into the hall, an usher with blackened face stepped forward, and swinging wide the court door and beckoning to him to follow, led the way. As the accused set his foot within the court-room there was a sudden blaze of light, and entering from the opposite side, stepping to the measure of the "Dead March," which seemed to come from nowhere in particular, there appeared a line of bearded men wearing wigs and black gowns.

It was an impressive sight—the procession of whites, black-gowned, on one side, the black-faced, white-robed, on the other; the funeral music; the solemn tread.

When Rose Ann had approached the court-house, her one thought was that she would sweep the crowd with her eye until she should find Mart Caruthers, and she would communicate with him even if she should have to stand up and call to him before everybody. But she was so dazed now that when the court was seated before her on the platform, the judge in his chair, she had forgotten all about Mart and everything else.

The music stopped when all were seated, but in a moment it began again, a lively air this time, and from the back of the room. Rose Ann would not have forgotten her manners,—church and court manners are much the same,—she would not have forgotten them enough to turn and look over her shoulder, but for a certain swishing sound which her keen ear detected beneath the music of the strings. It was as the rustle of silken skirts, which no doubt it was, for while the band played, masked spectators, draped in sheets, were slipping stealthily, specter-like and grim, up into the gallery seats, curious members of the families of the regulators, probably, out to see the fun. Rose Ann was quick-witted, and she nudged granny at her side, and the two glanced from the maskers in the gallery to the judge and jury on the bench, and they both knew suddenly that the whole thing was a masquerade. Up to this they had artlessly accepted the court, on its appearance, as venerable men and strangers.

Now she studied them suspiciously, one by one, measuring each with her eye for Mart Caruthers. Then suddenly she began to tremble and to turn cold. Mart was not there, but in the judge's seat sat his old father, Judge Martin Caruthers, ten years dead. Poor Rose Ann had been under a great strain for two days. She had been living very much upon "evidence of things not seen," getting her intimations in "signs and won-

ders." Suddenly, recognizing her old master, she forgot the idea of the masquerade, and the specters in the gallery were genuine spooks; the swishing of their garments without sound of footsteps was unearthly.

No doubt it was only a coincidence that just at this moment the light was lowered, or, rather, the great Brush light in the ceiling was put out. It was bad for the eyes and even worse for disguises. Then the music ceased, and the judge rose.

Before he began to speak Rose Ann was beginning to wonder who the other risen dead might be. No doubt they were contemporaries of her old master, probably members of his former court. But at the sound of his voice she knew only that he was risen from the grave to bring her husband to judgment. She thought fast as she listened, and wondered how she had been so dull as not to have suspected the mysterious verbiage of the summons, the appointment for "midnight, high moon." Her thoughts flew so swiftly that she had trouble to keep up with what was going on before her eyes. The first thing to bring her to herself was the baby, who suddenly screamed and clung to his father's neck. Then Rose Ann realized that the judge had told Napoleon to put the child down, and things began to assume natural relations. She knew that a point had been scored for the prisoner. She quietly rose and offered to take the crying child, but it made matters only worse, and in the end the baby had to be carried out. When it was gone, the next little fellow climbed upon his father's lap, and the performance was virtually repeated.

When order was finally restored, the judge rose, and addressing the prisoner, said:

"Have you any counsel, sir?"

The man did not answer for a moment. No doubt the question was unexpected. While he hesitated, Rose Ann held up her hand and asked if she might speak.

Given permission, she rose, and in a voice broken with feeling, she said: "Ole Marster, ef you please, sir, we done choosed Marse Mart to stan' fer us, ef he 's in de co't, ef you please, sir." And she sat down.

This was terrible, and for an instant Martin was so shaken that he could not find voice. He immediately saw, however, that, unless the whole proceeding should be a fiasco, he must change the order of procedure, and quickly. He was a thoughtful fellow, though, and not without imagination, and it was hard for him. Knowing and understanding the woman's mistake, he felt almost as if he were indeed speaking for his father, and he wished himself well out of it. But he could not "back out" now. How could he, and his sweetheart in the gallery?

Instead of allowing the case to develop in the ordinary process, he must force the issue. To do this in a mock court, the only law of which was license and its only limit that of the court's wit, was not a difficult thing when once realized.

Waiving the woman's inquiry, he stepped to the front, and began his arraignment, which was about as follows:

"The prisoner who stands before us tonight is no stranger to this court. On the contrary, he is a familiar figure. Perhaps if I were to ask for a popular vote as to the best-dressed, most comfortable, and most conspicuously independent citizen of color among our people, the answer would be unanimously, 'Napoleon-of-the-plush-rocker.' [Laughter.]

"If I were to ask the name of the most industrious and hard-worked woman, the answer would be, 'Rose Ann, wife of him-of-the-plush-rocker.' [Applause.]

"If I were asked to name the most appealing household among our colored population, a household of helpless children, ofttimes reduced to the pitiful necessity of begging their bread, I could not but name the children of this man, Napoleon-of-the-plush-rocker. [Distant laughter, as if from the gallery.]

"Now, it is one thing to be a peaceable citizen and another to be a useless one. No man can be a good citizen and a bad father, and so I do declare the prisoner Napoleon, in the highest sense, a bad father—a father whose example is pernicious, and inasmuch as he does not support the woman of his choice, I do hereby denounce him as a bad husband. So here we have that dangerous combination, a bad citizen, a bad husband, a bad father."

The words rang out with force, and when he paused there was a wail from the children all along the line, and Rose Ann was heard to exclaim under her breath, "Speak up fer yo' daddy, chillen."

"Ain't no bad daddy!" "Good daddy!" "Loves my daddy!" "Nice daddy!" So the wail ran until stopped by a peremptory "Silence!" from the judge.

"Now, in the name of common decency and justice and sympathy and right-mindedness, I charge this man with what, in the law, we are bidden to call 'vagrancy,' and if

he has any defense, the court would be glad to hear it."

When the judge sat down, Rose Ann rose slowly.

"Ef you please, sir,"—she spoke in a tone of awed respect,—"ef you please, sir, I begs to speak."

"You have the court's permission," said the judge.

"Seein' dat we ain't got nobody to speak fer us," she began, "I stan's up in de presence o' de co't an' befo' Gord, an' I takes on myse'f to defen' Napoleon ag'in' de charges de co't done brung ag'in' 'im. I say dat ef he 's a bad husban', his wife ought to know it; an' I say de way he do suits me, an' ef I 'm suited, I don't see who 's got a right to complain. I married fer love, an' I got it. He married fer love an' labor, an' he 's got it, an' we bofe satisfied. Ain't dat so, 'Poleon?"

The prisoner bent his head. While Rose Ann hesitated, granny thought she had done, and she rose nimbly.

"I stan' witness fer Br'er Napoleon," she exclaimed.

"Let his counsel finish first," said the judge.

"No; age befo' beauty," said Rose Ann, nervously, and she sat down amid the cheers of the court. And granny held the floor.

"How long have you known the accused?" asked Mart, smiling.

"I been knowed him sence his mammy was a baby," snapped granny, teeth against nose-tip.

"Well," laughed Mart, "we can't get back of that. We will admit your testimony. Now, will you please tell the court what you know of the accused that would excuse his conduct—in as few words as possible, if you please." In this, as in all other testimony, there were men writing as if taking it down.

"Yas, sir. Fust an' fo'most, I know 'Poleon don't work beca'se he can't he'p hisse'f. He can't work. His mammy—why, you-all chillen, you 'member his mammy, ole 'Hoodoo Jane.' Ef you don't, you oughter. But Jane warn't no hoodoo. She was a hard worker, an' when she labored so hard fer her marster, Eben Dowds, Jedge Mo'house's Yankee overseer, wha' bought him out, she was so overdriv' dat she swo' dat de chile dat was gwine come to her th'ough all dat endurin' labor should n't nuver lay a hand to a plow. She marked him fer rest. I ricollec' same as ef 't was yisterday, she say she was gwine leave one rockin'-cheer nigger to tek her place when she died, an' she done it. An' I 'm her witness to-day, befo' Gord."

This outspoken testimony was not without effect, as the stillness of the court testified.

"Is that all?"

"No, sir, dat ain't all. I could stan' heah an' talk all night an' not tell all I know 'bout 'Poleon. 'Poleon's daddy he nuver worked. He was ole man Dzugloo. Y'-all ricollec' ole man Dzugloo wha' b'longed to de Sandefurs, wha' dared de overseer to tech him, an' tore up de cowhide in his face lak a rag, an' den went up to de house an' called his marster out an' tol' him he would n't labor hisse'f, but he 'd git mo' work out o' any gang he 'd put him over 'n anybody else could. An' his marster he let him try it, an' he kep' orn addin' to his gang tel he overseed de whole plantation. He was de on'ies' nigger overseer dey ever had on dis bayou. You-all chillen, you, Marse Mart Caruthers, an' Marse John Henry, an' Marse Tom Dilworth" (she recklessly named the young men whom she had recognized through their disguises), "you-all knows all about ole man Dzugloo. He was a' Af'ican prince, so he say; an' I know time he died, his wife she buried him in his feathers. Well, Napoleon heah he 's ole Dzugloo's chile on his daddy's side, an' Hoodoo Jane's on his mammy's side, an' he ain't got no workin'-blood in him. Jane could work, but she was a nachel shirker. I 'm a' ole 'oman, an' I know what 's what, an' I know blood 's blood. I ain't got a drop o' set-down-an'-tek-it-easy blood in me. I boun' to keep a-goin'. I kin dance, an' I kin shout, too, when I 'm happy, but I can't set down lak a' idle-born lady. An' Rose Ann she 's de same way. But 'Poleon, why, jes look at him. He ain't been in dis co't a half-hour, sca'cely, an' see how he got hisse'f spread over dat arm-cheer."

This brought down the house, of course,—and, by the way, the gallery audience had noiselessly increased after the beginning of proceedings,—but yet the appeal of mother and children overworked and neglected was greater than any sensational speech.

But granny had not yet finished her defense. While the court applauded her last sally she was recruiting her wits, and in the pause which followed she began again:

"Befo' I sets down I wants to say dat eve'y chile in dis co't is a witness fer Napoleon. 'T ain't no use fer you to fetch in de baby; he done declared hisse'f. But dey 's a whole litter o' chillen heah,—eve'y one de spittin' image of his daddy,—an' ef you wants to git testimonious answers fer de prisoner,

jes ax 'em any little insides questions 'bout who does de pacifyin' an' cherishin' o' de babies, an' see what dey say. Ax 'em who washes dey little faces eve'y mornin' an' wrops dey hair an' teaches 'em 'ligion an' manners. Dey ain' one o' dem babies but knows dey 'Now I lay me,' an' dey learned it at dey daddy's knees.

"Who learns you 'ligion an' manners, chillen?" she asked, turning to the line.

"Daddy!" cried the chorus.

"That will do now, granny," said the judge, rising, "and unless the accused has something to say for himself—"

At this Rose Ann stood up.

"I ain't finished, ef you please, sir," she said. But her tone was not that of the awed woman who had had the floor a few minutes before. The old woman, granny, had never shared her delusion in regard to the court. For a moment only, when Rose Ann first spoke, she was puzzled, but she was not deceived. Before Rose Ann had spoken a dozen words granny had recognized Mart Caruthers, and while the case had proceeded, she had detected the others whose names she had fearlessly called. And this it was which had jolted Rose Ann suddenly into a knowledge of the truth. The frequent titterings in the gallery had already made her suspicious, and now when she rose a second time, she knew well to whom she spoke.

"Jedge," she began, "I 'm mighty sorry you had it in yo' heart to call my little chillen beggars. We been born an' riz up right heah wid you-all, an' when I sent my little chillen into town to ax some o' de ladies wha' been knowin' us all dey lives to please see ef dey could n't fin' some ole small-sized shoes to fit 'em, I was n't axin' 'em to put dey han's in dey pockets. I was jes bequestin' 'em to please look in de trash-barrel, dat 's all. To give away what you done a'ready th'owed away, well, of co'se hit 's charitable, but it ain't inconveniencin'.

"I sho is hurt to de co'e to have Marse Mart Caruthers, whiskered up tel he favored his pa so he scared me, stan' up in open co't an' call me or mine beggars. My Gord! beggars!

"My gran'daddy worked fer his ole gran'pa, Squire Saunders, f'om de time he was ten yeahs ole, pickin' cotton, tel he died, nigh on to a hund'ed, settin' at de lodge-gate, wid de smoke-house keys hangin' to his belt. When de levee broke, many 's de time, yeah arter yeah, he worked all night. Den, on top o' dat, my mammy an' my daddy dey labored fer Marse Mart's folks, in season an' out o' season. My mammy she nussed Marse Mart hisse'f, when Missus had de miz'ry in her breas',—nussed him each time befo' she taken her own chile, 'ca'se he was white an' her marster's son,—an' her own baby he had to wait, same as a calf has to wait an' tek de strippin's. Yas, an' I often heerd my mammy say dat Marse Mart was sho one invig'rous chile an' a greedy nusser."

This was frightful, but Mart was too much of a man to stop her. The good breeding which kept silence in the gallery was worse than any laughter could have been. There are times when silence cuts like a knife.

"Yas, sir," Rose went on, "dat was my brother Esau, de thin little one, de runt. He allus was a puny chile, an' my mammy she fed 'im th'ough 'is teethin' wid de cow's milk to accommodate Marse Mart yonder, stan'in' befo' us all to-night in jedgment, lookin' so noble. Esau's Marse Mart's coachman now, an' he 's eatin' his leavin's yit. But nobody could n't scald 'im away, an' I don' blame 'im. A gentleman's leavin's is better 'n a po' man's findin's.

"An' den, to come along down, my daddy, eve'ybody knows how he was kilt follerin' Ole Marster into battle.

"An' now, jedge,—Marse Mart,—I ain't got no desire to ac' 'bovish an' to step out o' my colored place an' show no disrespec's, but it sho do look to me lak dey ought to be enough betwix' me an' my folks an' you an' yo' folks to lemme walk in yo' ma's back do' *wid my head up* an' say to yo' ma, 'Mis' Em, honey, ef you got a few ole pair o' shoes or stockin's yo' chillen done wo'e out, 'stid o' flingin' 'em away, please, ma'am, pass 'em on to my little crowd.' Yas, I claim dat I ought to be able to do dat an' not called no beggar."

She hesitated, gathering strength.

"So I say, jedge, ef I does walk in de back gate an' hol' out my han', I claims dat I got some'h'n' to draw on. Ef my gran'daddy nuver drawed out nothin' but his victuals an' clo'es, even fer de time he worked all night on de river-bank an' waited overage at de gate, ef my mammy give her breas', an' ef my daddy faced de gunshot, an' all dey drawed out was dey livin', I claims dat dey 's a little kindness in de Caruthers' bank fer me an' my chillen to-day. I ain't axin' fer money, 'ca'se my black people ain't paid money. Dey paid in life an' service, an' all I wants to draw is 'membrance. Dat 's all. An' I gits it. I gits it f'om ole Mis' Em, yo' ma.

"Ole shoes, gethered up, an' wo'e-out clo'es, helt up to de light an' measured wid

her eye 'g'ins' de size o' my chillen, dat 's 'membrance. All dat white piqué you see in de co't to-night on dis little row o' stair-step niggers, hit 's been wo'e out in yo' ma's back yard befo' it was passed on to my tar-chillen. An' Ole Mis' she nuver cuts off no buttons, nuther.

"No, Marse Mart. I pray de time won't nuver come when my chillen 'll haf to walk into strange back yards wid dey han's out. But no matter how I enters Ole Mis's gate, I hol's my head up."

If Rose Ann had been the center of attraction a moment before, it was Mart now who was in the eyes of the audience. He was having the worst of it, surely, and it was interesting to see how he would come out.

Before rising—or, rather, as he did so—he turned, and quickly removed the long white beard which had been his disguise. His face was as red as a beet, but it was very serious when he spoke:

"Aunt Rosie,"—his voice was as tender as if he were speaking to a little child,—"there has been a mistake made, and I 'm sorry. I beg your pardon. So far as we are concerned, you are never a beggar at our door—you or your children. In my resentment of your husband's course I was thinking especially of you, but I failed to realize your feelings. It was stupid of me, and I 'm mighty sorry.

"But I do here and now, in the presence of this court and of those here assembled, arraign your husband on the charge of idleness, which in our law has no pleasanter name than vagrancy. So far as he is concerned, his family might be beggars. Let us put it that way. In arresting him and bringing him to justice, my colleagues and I were thinking only of his wife and little children. If he were starving alone, through his laziness, we should not be apt to worry much over it, although we might feel obliged to insist upon his earning his grub in the workhouse, even then. But enough. You are working too hard, though, Aunt Rosie, and it is not right."

There was a strange expression on her dark face when the woman rose to answer this, and her voice exhibited some timidity, overcome with emotion.

"I have knowed some mighty fine gen'lemen, Marse Mart," she began, "gen'lemen wha' lived on dey wives' fortunes, an' driv' fine horses an' spo'ted roun' wid biggity manners, an' nobody 'rested 'em or called 'em 'vagrams'—but, of co'se, dey was white."

There was a laugh at this, which was not a barbed thrust, as it was aimed at no one present, though all recalled notable instances of the kind in the community.

"No, sir," the wife continued; "my ole man he s'po'ts his family jes as much as most o' de cooks' husbands does along dis bayou, ef I ain't mistooken. I ain't tellin' no tales when I say de moes' mos' of 'em does is to tote home de heavy baskets or buckets dey wives packs fer 'em in de kitchens whar dey works. 'Poleon ain't nuver walked in no white back gate 'cep'n' to tek home clo'es, an' he goes in an' comes out wid manners an' behavior. An' dat money he fetches it home to me. He nuver stops to match nickels wid it on de roadside, lak some of his criticizers does, an' he nuver swallers a nickel in no saloon, neither. De on'ies' diff'ence I see as to workin' is dat most o' de men loafs in workin'-clo'es, an' 'Poleon he ain't disguised in no laborer's dirt. He got a wife dat keeps him clean an' sets him up in a cheer dat fits his comfort, an' it 's her pleasure to do it. He got a passel o' chillen dat scrambles to see who can wait on him fust, an' it 's dey pleasure to do it. An' for him, 'twix' de risin' an' de settin' suns, dey's a heap o' lovable services he perforhs one way an' another fer me an' de chillen.

"Yas, sir, life is pleasu'ble to we-all 'ca'se we jes nachelly lives in love an' trus'. I been married gwine on fo'teen yeahs, an' 'Poleon ain't nuver lied to me, an' I ain't nuver lied to him. We don't come f'om dat sort o' stock, thank Gord. My folks is been gatekeepers an' key-toters f'om 'way back, an' I ain't afeard to look nobody in de face."

"It seems to me, Aunt Rosie," Mart interrupted, "that perhaps Napoleon would like to say a word in his own defense."

Turning then to the man, "Suppose you come up, Napoleon, and give your good wife a little rest. You keep her working for you; don't let her do all the talking for you, too."

As Napoleon rose slowly, he added, "Speak up, now."

The black man bowed courteously, in some embarrassment, which added rather than detracted from his appearance, as, fanning with his hat, he said slowly:

"I—reelly, Marse Mart, I 'm 'feard I ain't got nothin' to say. In de days gone by, I often 'cused myse'f whilst I 'd be tekin' it easy whilst Rose Ann stood on gyard, but arter listenin' to her an' granny, what dey done witnessed fer me to-night, I think maybe—I ain't sho, but maybe I does de best I kin. Ef I don't, I gwine try f'om dis time for'rd. But ef I fails, won't you gemmen, befo' you gits my little chillen out at night ag'in, please

look a little close-ter, an' mek sho you treed de right possum—mek sho dat whilst you tryin' to tackle miz'ry you ain't jes pesterin' happiness?

"I done walked de flo' wid dis little one asleep on de bench by me purty nigh all night, two nights las' week, an' he 's ap' to ketch col' in de night air."

"You walked him, did you? I am surprised that you did n't work yourself sick with so much exercise." [Laughter.]

"Dat ain't work, Marse Mart. Dat 's my pleasure."

Perhaps it was the sound of his father's voice so near him that waked the child, who sat up straight and, blinking at the light, began to fret. He was a handsome little fellow.

"Well," said Mart, "I think we won't detain you any longer. The boy wants to get to bed. A fine little chap he is, too. What do you call him?"

"Rose Ann she named him. He named fer yo' pa, Martin Caruthers, but we jes calls him 'Jedgie' fer short."

It was a good time to cut short the "proceedings," and Martin, addressing the gallery,—at least, that was the way it seemed,—said quietly, "The case is dismissed."

Napoleon took the sleeping child in his arms. Rose Ann had recovered the baby, which had been sleeping in her lap for some time. Coddling it now while she shifted her position, she rose, and standing back while the others passed out, followed, as she had come in, with granny.

They had reached the door, and the "court and audience" were laughing and talking within, when granny suddenly turned back, and rapping upon the door to attract attention, said, curtsying as she spoke:

"Ax yo' pardon, jedge, but who won de case, please, sir?"

For answer there was a chorus:

"Rose Ann!" "Napoleon!" "You did!" "The piccaninnies!"

"Dat 's jes my 'pinion," she exclaimed—an opinion she held fast against her nose, even shaking it in the face of the court for a moment as a cat does a rat, when, with mischievous courtesy, she ducked out the door.

She left the court-room in an uproar of mirth when she joined her party outside. Rose Ann and Napoleon, although relieved of a weighty anxiety, had not much to say as they walked along. The children were fretful, and in a little while the eldest two had taken up the complaining toddlers, so that granny alone was unburdened, and she brought up the rear with playful jest and satire worthy of a more appreciative audience.

They had reached the edge of the field when the baby fretted, and Rose Ann, to soothe him, began softly to sing:

Oh, heaben 's mighty nigh,—
Yas, nigh, yas, nigh,—
Ef you got a' eye fer visions
In de sky, in de sky,
Ef you got a' eye fer visions o' de glo-ry!

Singing made walking easy, fixing the pace, and one by one the voices fell in, until, when the road turned into the narrow wood, the swelling notes filled the air, even taking on a sort of tender accompaniment as they rose and mingled with the sighing of the pines.

A FEW NEIGHBOR-CHILDREN.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

I. FOOL-YOUNGENS.

ME an' Bert an' Minnie-Belle
Knows a joke, an' we won't tell!
No, we don't—'cause we don't know
Why we got to laughin' so;
But we got to laughin' so,
We ist kep' a-laughin'.

Wind wuz blowin' in the tree—
An' wuz only ist us three
Playin' there; an' ever' one
Ketched each other, like we done,
Squintin' up there at the sun
Like we wuz a-laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway;
But I laughed, an' so did they—
An' we all three laughed, an' nen
Squint' our eyes an' laugh' again:
Ner we did n't ist *p'ten'*—
We wuz *shore-'nough* laughin'.

We ist laugh' an' laugh', tel Bert
Say he *can't* quit an' it hurt.
Nen I *howl*, an' Minnie-Belle
She tear up the grass a spell
An' ist stop her yeers an' *yell*
Like she 'd *die* a-laughin'.

Never sich fool-youngens yit!
Nothin' funny,—not a bit!—
But we laugh' so, tel we whoop'
Purt'-nigh like we have the croup—
All so hoarse we 'd wheeze an' whoop
An' ist *choke* a-laughin'.

II. A GUSTATORY MEMORY.

LAST Thanksgivin'-dinner we
Et at Granny's house, an' she
Had—ist like she allus does—
Most an' best pies ever wuz.

Canned *black*burry-pie an' *goose*-
Burry, squshin'-full o' juice;
An' *roz*burry—yes, an' plum—
Yes, an' *churry*-pie—*'um-yum!*

Peach an' punkin, too, you bet.
Lawzy! I kin taste 'em yet!
Yes, an' *custard*-pie, an' *mince!*

. . . . . .

An'—I—*ain't*—et—no—pie—since!

III. BILLY AND HIS DRUM.

Ho! it 's come, kids, come!
With a bim! bam! bum!
Here 's little Billy bangin' on his
big bass drum!
He 's a-marchin' round the room,
With his feather-duster plume
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his
bim! bom! boom!

Looky, little Jane an' Jim!
Will you only look at him,
A-humpin' an' a-thumpin' with his
bam! bom! bim!
Has the Day o' Judgment come
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um?
Er is it only Billy with his
bim! bam! bum!

I 'm a-comin'; yes, I am—
Jim an' Sis, an' Jane an' Sam!
We 'll all march off with Billy an' his
bom! bim! bam!
Come hurrawin' as you come,
Er they 'll think you 're deef-an'-dumb
Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his
big bass drum!

IV. IN THE KINDERGARTEN OF NOBLE SONG.

UNCLE he learns us to rhyme an' write
An' all be poets an' all recite.
His little-est poet 's his little-est niece,
An' this is her little-est poetry-piece.

V. A DIVERTED TRAGEDY.

GRACIE wuz allus a *careless* tot;
But Gracie dearly loved her doll,
An' played wiv it on the winder-sill
'Way up-stairs, when she ought to *not*,
An' her muvver *telled* her so an' all;
But she won't *mind* what *she* say—till,
First thing she know, her dolly fall
Clean spang out o' the winder, plumb
Into the street! An' here *she* come
Down-stairs, two at a time, ist wild
An' a-screamin', "Oh, my child! my
child!"

Jule wuz a-bringin' their basket o' clo'es
Ist then into their hall down there,—
An' she ist stop' when Gracie bawl,
An' Jule she say "She ist declare
She 's ist in time!" An' what you s'pose?
She sets her basket down in the hall,
An' wite on top o' the snowy clo'es
Wuz Gracie's dolly a-layin' there
An' ist ain't bust ner hurt a-tall!
Nen Gracie smiled—ist *sobbed* an' smiled—
An' cried, "My child! my precious child!"

VI. THOMAS THE PRETENDER.

TOMMY 's allus playin' jokes,
An' actin' up, an' foolin' folks;
An' wunst one time he creep
In Pa's big chair, he did, one night,
An' squint' an' shut his eyes bofe tight,
An' say, "Now I 'm asleep."
An' nen we knowed, an' Ma know' too,
He *ain't* asleep no more 'n you.

An' wunst he clumbed on our back fence
An' flop' his arms an' nen commence
To crow, like he 's a hen;
But when he falled off, like he done,
He did n't fool us childern none,
Ner did n't *crow* again.
An' our Hired Man, as he come by,
Says, "Tom can't *crow*, but he kin *cry*."

An' one time wunst Tom 'tend'-like he 's
His Pa an' goin' to rob the bees;
An', first he know—oh, dear!
They ist come swarmin' out o' there
An' stung him, an' stick in his hair—
An' one got in his yeer!—
An' Uncle Sidney say to Ma,
An' grease the welts, "Pore Pa! pore Pa!"

ELIPH' HEWLITT, CASTAWAY.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,
Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"SELLIN' books, be you?" said the landlord of the Yarnaby Hotel, as his guest dropped into one of the vacant chairs that stood in an irregular line on the sidewalk before the door. "Well, I don't want ter say nothin' discouragin', but I guess you struck Yarnaby 'bout the wust time you could 'a' picked out. S'pose you 've heard o' Walter Scott, ain't you? Thought prob'ly you hed, seein' as you 're in the book business. Well, sir, Yarnaby ain't through Scott yet, an' I don't reckon she 'll take no more books jist now. Scott hit her purty hard."

"Ten volumes, fifteen dollars cloth, twenty half-morocco?" inquired Eliph' Hewlitt.

"Thet 's it!" said the landlord. "Thet 's the ticket! I got a set myself. So 's everybody in Yarnaby, I guess; leastways, I ain't found nobody yet thet got missed. They 's enough Walter Scotts in Yarnaby right now to start up a book business. Yarnaby goes kind o' easy on books generally, but when she does go in she goes heavy. They ain't many towns where you 'll find every livin' soul ready an' willin' to take fifteen dollars' wuth o' Walter Scott, two dollars down an' a dollar a month till paid; but I guess them ten volumes 'll last Yarnaby quite a spell, an', anyhow, she won't buy no more literatoor till she gits paid up on Walter Scott. I figger from my own feelin's thet 'bout the wust time to sell a feller books is when he 's still payin' once a month on them he 's already bought. 'Bout the second time the feller comes round collectin' fer a set o' books, a man feels he 's been foolish, an' he 's got to grin an' pay; but ef another feller comes round 'bout then tryin' to sell some more books, it 's purty nigh an insult."

Eliph' Hewlitt drew his hand over his red whiskers and coughed gently.

"They told me in Davenport," he said softly, "that Yarnaby was the most literary town in Central Iowa."

"Yes," said the landlord; "thet 's what the Walter Scott feller said, an' I reckon it 's so. Ev'ry book-agent thet comes along says the same thing; an' we 're proud of it, too. But they 's other things besides books. Yarnaby 's strong on literatoor, but she 's strong other ways, an' jist now 's the time she 's hoein' another row; an' thet 's one reason I say you 've hit us the wrong time. Ef I was you, I 'd git along to some other place, an' come back later. Jist this minute Yarnaby 's got all the books she kin handle, an' her mind 's off on another tack. They hed a great missionary revival here last week, an' you kin bet thet every dollar thet goes out o' Yarnaby these days, excep' what goes fer dues on Walter Scott, is goin' fer the heathen. The women-folks is havin' a sale this very evenin' ter raise cash ter help along the cause."

Eliph' Hewlitt arose from his chair, and tucked the oil-cloth parcel that had been lying across his knees under his left arm. He was a small man, and his movements were short and jerky.

"Missionary sale?" he said briskly. "I guess I 'll go around and look in on it. Strangers welcome, I suppose? I 'm rather fond of missionary sales, and I think the world and all of the heathen. Think the ladies would like to see a stranger?"

The landlord grinned.

"Ef you 've got any money, I guess they 'll more 'n welcome you, mister. From what I 've saw of mission sales in Yarnaby, I calculate anybody thet 's hankerin' ter buy gingham aprons an' sofy-pillers is purty sure ter hev a front seat, even ef he is a book-

"'I 'M RATHER FOND OF MISSIONARY SALES.'"

agent. I 'd go round with you, but I got my rent comin' due next Saturday, an' I don't really need no tidies an' sich. 'T ain't far. It 's bein' held at Miss Gandell's, two blocks up, an' you can't miss the house. It 's the big yaller one this side the road, an' the gate 's off the hinges an' stood up alongside the fence. But I guess ef them 's your samples in thet package, you might 's well leave 'em here."

Eliph' Hewlitt did not leave them. He hurried away with brisk little steps, and when he reached the large yellow house he found the door open. The sale was well over. The gingham aprons and cat-stitched dusting-cloths were all sold, and only a few unlucky crocheted slipper-bags and similar luxuries remained, and these were being offered at greatly reduced prices, much to the chagrin of the ladies who had contributed them. The cashiers were counting the results of the evening's business, and the other ladies were grouped about the minister, who stood in the middle of the parlor, laughingly explaining the merits of a plush-covered rolling-pin that he had purchased in a moment of folly.

Eliph' Hewlitt tapped on the open door to call attention to his presence, and walked into the parlor. Miss Gandell came forward, a shade of anxiety on her face.

"Miss Gandell, I suppose," said Eliph' Hewlitt. "Well, my name is Hewlitt, Eliph' Hewlitt, and I heard of this sale at the hotel. The landlord said strangers were welcome—"

"Of course they are!" exclaimed Miss Gandell. "I 'm afraid all the best things are gone, they went off so quick to-night; but you 're just as welcome, I 'm sure, an' mebbe you 'll find something you 'd like, though I suppose you 're a travelin' man, an' I don't see what you 'd do with a knit tidy or a rick-rack pin-cushion, unless you 've got a sister or a wife to send it to. But mebbe you ain't a drummer, after all?"

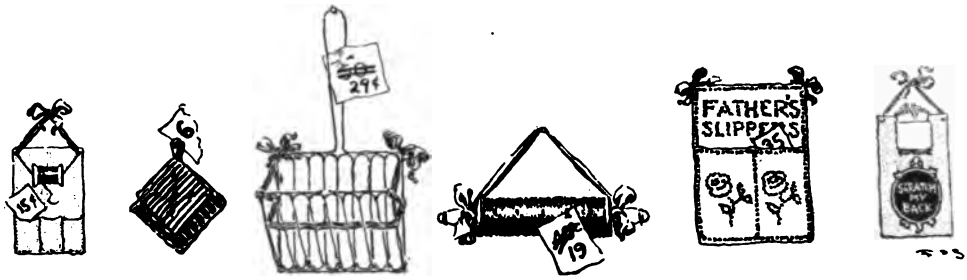
"Well, yes, I am sort of a drummer," said Eliph', tapping his parcel; "book-agent, you know. That the minister?"

Miss Gandell drew back when Eliph' mentioned his occupation. She did not consider a book-agent any less worthy than another man, but she had been obliged to miss the last payment on Walter Scott, and she had an ill-defined feeling of guilt. To miss a payment was almost as hideous in her eyes as to neglect to put a dime in the contribution-plate each Sunday would have been. Her first thought was that Eliph' had come to bear away rudely the ten volumes of Sir Walter before the eyes of all the women of Yarnaby, and she gladly grasped at his last words.

"Yes," she said quickly; "that 's him. Let me introduce you. He—he likes books."

"I 'm not selling books to-night," explained Eliph', for her words seemed one form of the usual reception of a book-agent, and to indicate a desire to be rid of him as quickly as possible; "but I don't mind meeting him."

Miss Gandell led the way to the center of the group, and Eliph' Hewlitt followed her.



"ONLY A FEW UNLUCKY CROCHETED SLIPPER-

When she introduced him she added that he was a book-agent. She may have done this as an explanation, for Yarnaby, and even Yarnaby's minister, craved details, or she may have done it to give fair warning to all concerned. At any rate, the effect was instantaneous, and the smiles of welcome faded. The minister shook hands gravely, and the ladies who had run forward with shoe-bags and tidies turned and walked coldly away.

Eliph' Hewlitt smiled.

"Funny how that name makes a man unpopular, ain't it?" he said, addressing the minister. "But I ain't going to talk books in Yarnaby. The landlord down at the hotel told me it was a bad time, so I 'm going to pass it by this trip. Well, we deserve all the blame we get. Some of us do pester the life out of people—don't know when to stop. Now, when I see a man don't want my book, or when I see a town ain't ready for it, I drop books and go off and leave them alone. I could have stayed down there at the hotel and bothered the landlord into taking my book. He 'd have took it, because everybody that sees this book and understands it does take it; but I said, 'Why bullyrag the life out of the poor man when there 's a missionary sale going on in town, and he don't want a book and I do want to see the sale?' I am interested in missions."

"It is a great field," said the minister, with a sigh of relief; for, as the literary head of Yarnaby, he was always the first and most strongly contested goal of the book-agents. The subscription list that did not bear his name at the head bore few others, and he appreciated the self-denial of Eliph' Hewlitt in passing such a good opportunity to talk business.

"Are you deeply interested in the field?" he inquired graciously.

"Well, you see," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "I was cast away on one of those desert islands myself once, and I know what those poor heathen must suffer for lack of churches, and civilization, and good books to read. I can feel for them."

Some one pushed a chair gently against the calves of Eliph's legs, in gentle invitation for him to be seated, and he took the chair and laid his package across his knees. Those who had drawn away now gathered closer about him, and all gazed at him with interest.

"Well, I never expected to live to see a man that had been shipwrecked," said Miss Gandell, "let alone shipwrecked on a desert island—an' a book-agent at that!"

Eliph' smiled indulgently.

"I was n't a book-agent them days," he said; "it was that made me a book-agent. If I had n't been shipwrecked on that island I would n't be here now with this book on my knees."

Miss Gandell's face flushed.

"I 'm sure I ask you to excuse me," she exclaimed. "I don't know what I was thinkin' of not to ask to take your package. Let me put it aside for you. They ain't no need for you to be bothered with it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Eliph', "but I 'll just keep it. No offense, but I never let it get out of my hands, day or night. It saved my life, not once, but many times, this book did, and I keep it handy. But for this book, that shipwreck would have been my last day."

"Land's sakes, now!" exclaimed Miss Gandell, "won't you tell us about it?"

"Well, as I said, but for this book I 'd be bones in the bottom of the sea. Yes, ladies and gents—bones, of which there is one hundred and ninety-eight in the full-grown human skeleton, composed of four fifths inorganic and one fifth organic matter."

"How dreadful!" cried Mrs. Skinner, the butcher's wife. "But how come you to git wrecked?"

"Five year ago," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "I was a confidence man in New York. New York is the largest city in the Western Hemisphere; population estimated over three

BAGS AND SIMILAR LUXURIES REMAINED."

million; located on the island of Manhattan, at the mouth of the Hudson River. If I do say it myself, I was a good confidence man. I was a success; I got rich. And what then? The police got after me, and I had to run away. Yes, ladies and gents, I had to fly from my native land. I took passage on a ship for Ceylon. Ceylon," he added, "is an island southeast of India; population three millions; principal town, Colombo; English rule; products, tea, coffee, spices, and gems.

"We had a good trip until we were almost there, and then a big storm come up, and blew our ship about like it was a peanut shell, tossing it up and down on the mighty waves, and round and back; and the third day we bumped into a rock, and the ship begun to sink. In the hurry I was left behind when the crew and passengers went off in the boats. Think of it, ladies; not even a life-preserver to save me, and the ship sinking a foot a minute."

"Goodness me!" said Mrs. Skinner, "you was n't drowned, was you?"

"No," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "or I would n't be here to tell it. I rushed to the captain's cabin. I thought maybe I would find a life-preserver there. Alas, no! But there, ladies and gents, I found something better. When I did n't find a life-preserver I was stunned —yes, clean knocked out. I dropped into a chair and laid my head on the captain's table. I sat there several minutes, the ship sinking a foot per minute, and when I come to my senses and raised my head, my hand was laying on this."

Reverently he raised the volume from his knees and unwrapped it, and the Ladies' Foreign Mission Society leaned forward with one accord to catch a glimpse of the title. Eliph' Hewlitt opened the book and flipped over the pages rapidly with the moistened ball of his third finger.

"It was this book, ladies and gents, and it was open here, page 742. Without thinking, I read the first thing that hit my eye. 'How to Make a Life-preserver,' it said. 'Take the corks from a hundred champagne-bottles; tie them tightly in a common shirt; then fasten the arms of the shirt about the body, with the corks resting on the chest. With this easily improvised preserver in place, drowning is impossible.' I done it. The captain of that ship was a high liver, and his room was chuck-full of champagne-bottles. I put in two extry corks for good measure, and when the ship went down, I floated off on the top of the ocean as easy as a duck takes to a pond."

"My sakes!" exclaimed Miss Gandell, "that captain must of been an awful hard drinker!"

"He was," said Eliph' Hewlitt—"fearful. I was really shocked. But there I was in the water, and not much better off for it, neither, for I could n't swim a stroke; and as soon as I got through bobbing up and down like your cork when you 've got a sunfish on the end of your line, I stayed right still, just as if I 'd been some old bait-can a boy had thrown into an eddy, and I figgered that like as not I 'd stay there forever. Then I noticed I had this book in my hand, and I thought, 'While I 'm staying here forever, I 'll just take another peek at this book,' and I opened her. Page 781," said Eliph' Hewlitt, turning quickly to that page, "was where she opened. 'Swimming: How to Swim, Float, Dive, and Tread Water—Plain and Fancy Swimming, Shadow Swimming, High Diving,' et cetery. There she was, all as plain as pie, and when I read it I could swim as easy as an old hand. The directions are plain, practical, and easily followed.

"I at once swum off to the south, for there was no telling how long I 'd have to swim, and as the water was sort of cool, I thought best to go south, because the further south you go the warmer the water gets. When I had swum two days, and was plumb tuckered out, I come to an island. The waves was dashing on it fearful, and I knew if I tried to land I 'd be dashed to flinders.

It knocked all the hope out of me, and I made up my mind to take off my life-preserver and dive to the bottom of the sea to knock my brains out on the rocks. But, ladies and gents, before I dived I had another look at my book, hoping to find something to comfort a dying man. I turned to page 864."

Eliph' Hewlitt found the page and pointed to the heading with his finger.

"'Five Hundred Ennobling Thoughts from the World's Greatest Authors, including the Prose and Poetical Gems of All Ages,'" he read. "There they were—sixty-two solid pages of them, with vingetty portraits of the authors. I read No. 285:

'As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within,' et cetery.

'Whittier, J. G., commonly called the poet of liberty, born 1807, died 1892'—with a complete sketch of his life, a list of his most popular pieces, and a history of his work in behalf of the slave.

"I was much comforted by this," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "and I run over the pages this way, thinking of what I had read, when I hit on page 927: 'Geography of Land and Sea.' I skipped ten pages telling of the five great continents, their political divisions, mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains, their animal and vegetable inhabitants, their ancient and modern history, et cetery, and come to 'Islands, Common, Volcanic, and Coral'; and on page 940 I read that coral islands are often surrounded by a reef on which the waves dash, but that there is usually a quiet lagoon between the reef and the island, with an opening from the sea into the lagoon. When I read that," said Eliph' Hewlitt, closing the book, "I shut up my book and swum round till I come to the opening, swum across the lagoon, and fell exhausted on the beach. I was played out, and I had swallered too much water. I 'd have died right there, but I thought of my book, and I turned to the index, where every subject known to the vast realms of knowledge is set down alphabetically, from A to Z, twenty thousand references in all, dealing with every subject from the time of Adam to the present day, including, in the new and revised edition, just from the press, a history of our war with Spain, with full-page portraits of Dewey, Sampson, Cervera, and the boy king, and colored plates of the battles of Manila Bay and Santiago. I ran my eye down the page till I come to 'Drowned, How to Revive the, page 96'; and what I read saved my life."

"'I WAS N'T A BOOK-AGENT THEM DAYS.'"

The ladies sighed with relief.

"What shall I say about my four long years on that island?" said Eliph' Hewlitt. "I was the only man on it. Oh, the pangs of solitude! Oh, the terrors of being alone! But, ladies and gents, I suffered none of them. I was not alone. He is never alone who has a copy of Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science, and Art, published by Jarby & Goss, New York, and sold for the trifling sum of five dollars a volume, one dollar down and fifty cents per month, the book delivered when the first payment is made. And that, my friends, was the book I had, and the book you see before you."

The minister put out his hand.

"May I look at the volume?" he asked, and Eliph' Hewlitt passed it to him with a nod.

"From the first the book was my friend, philosopher, and guide. I had no matches. Page 416, 'Fire: Its Traditions—How to Make a Fire without Matches—Fire-fighting,' et cetery, taught me to make a fire by rubbing two sticks as the savages do. I had no weapons to kill the fowls of the air. Page 425, 'Weapons, Ancient and Modern—Their History—How to Make and Use Them,' explained how to twist the cocoanut bark into a cord, and to shape the limb of the gum-gum-tree into bow and arrow. Page 396, 'Birds—Tropical, Temperate, and Arctic—Song Birds, Edible Birds, and Birds of Plumage,' with their Latin and common names, and over one thousand illustrations, told me which to kill, and which to eat. Page 100, 'The Complete Kitchen Guide,' being eight hundred tested recipes,—roasts, fries, pastry, cakes, bread, puddings, entrées, soups, how to make candy, how to clean brass, copper, silver, and tin, et cetery,—told me how to cook them.

"Yes, my friends; I went to that island an ignorant, unbelieving man, and I came away well educated and reformed. For my idle hours there was the 'Complete Mathematician,' showing how to figger the most difficult problems easily, to measure corn in the crib, water in a well, figger interest, et cetery, by which I became posted on all kinds of arithmetic. There was the 'Letter-writer; or, A Guide to Polite and Correct Correspondence'; the 'Dictionary of Legal Terms; or, Every Man his Own Lawyer'; the 'Modern Penman'; the 'Eureka Shorthand System'—in fact, all the knowledge of the world condensed into one thousand and four pages, for the small sum of five dollars. Who can afford to be without this book, which will pay for itself twice over every week of the year?

"I was picked up, ladies and gents, by a passing ship, and I decided to devote my life to a great work—to circulating this wonderful book in my native land. I wept when I thought of the millions that had not seen it—the millions that were living poor, starved lives because they did n't have a copy of Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science, and Art; and I gave my life to the cause."

The minister handed the book to Eliph' Hewlitt, and cleared his throat.

"It seems to be all you claim for it," he said; "but I fear the good landlord of the Yarnaby House was right. We are not, many of us, ready for more books at present. If you return in eight months or a year—but Yarnaby has so many books, and—"

Eliph' Hewlitt smiled, and put his hand gently on the glossy black knee of the minister's best trousers.

"True," he said, "true! Yarnaby has books. Yarnaby appreciates books. Yarnaby knows the civilizing and Christianizing influence of books. But," he exclaimed, "think of the heathen! Think of the poor missionaries fighting to bring civilization to those dark-hued brothers! Shall it be said that every house in Yarnaby has a set of Walter Scott, ten volumes with gilt edges, while the minds of the heathen dry up and rot for want of the vast treasures contained in Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science, and Art? Here in this one book is the wisdom of the whole world, and will you selfishly withhold it from those who need it so badly? If I know Yarnaby, I think not. If what is said in Davenport regarding the unselfishness and liberality of Yarnaby is true, I think not. I know what you will say. You will say, 'Here, take this money we have collected this evening and give to the thirsting heathen as many volumes of Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science, and Art as it will buy at five dollars per volume.'"

He glanced around the circle of faces.

"That is what you will say," he said; "but Eliph' Hewlitt will beg a chance to do his little for the noble work. He will, seeing the good cause, make the price four seventy-five per volume, and throw in one volume free for the Yarnaby Sunday-school library, where one and all can have ready reference to its helpful and civilizing pages."

When Eliph' Hewlitt returned to the hotel the landlord was asleep in the chair before the door. He arose with a yawn, rubbed his eyes, and led the way into the office, where the single kerosene-lamp was burning dimly. He stretched his arms as he glanced at the clock that stood above the dusty pigeon-holes behind the desk.

"'Leven o'clock!" he yawned. "I must have been asleep two hours. Guess you 'll want ter go right up ter bed, won't you? I reckon you found out Yarnaby don't want no books this trip; an' ef you want ter git the mornin' train west, you 'll need all the sleep you kin git."

Eliph' Hewlitt tossed his package on the desk.

"Why, yes," he said; "I wish you would call me in time to catch that train. I 'll be ready for bed in half an hour or so. I done a little business up yonder, and I want to write up my report. And, say," he added, "if any feller comes this way selling books the next month or so, just tell him Eliph' Hewlitt 's been here. There ain't any use for a raw hand to waste time in a town when I 've got through with it."

WATCH-NIGHT AT TRINITY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

KEEPING the watch-night in the somber church
Still wreathed with green and of the forest smelling,
The hollow of the dark new year I search
For shadows in its wide recesses dwelling.

What phantoms hide there, and what portents loom,
With outlines gathering to no shape or seeming,
But mantled in a mystery of gloom,
And vast and vague before my slender dreaming?

Out of the dusk, with honor and with bliss,
With fluttering plume and innocent beguiling,
To bend and greet me with her honeyed kiss
Rises Great Fortune, rosy-red and smiling?

Or waits me Ruin in that awful land,
Casting a cloak about his formless fashion,
With dust and ashes falling from his hand,
And glamour lost before his pallid passion?

Is it white Death in that cold void I see,
Veiling with mist and tears his unknown being,
Or is it lovely Life that comes to me,
Glad wings and perfumed airs about her fleeing?

Nay, I am waiting in the church. The lights
Twinkle like stars among the sweet pine branches,
The midnight peals, and close to heavenly heights
On tides of song the joyous spirit launches.

And through dim aisles and dome I feel the breath
Of unseen hosts within the music swelling,
And know for peace or pain, for life or death,
A hand will lead, a presence be indwelling!

POLICEMAN FLYNN'S ADVENTURES.

HE GUARDS A CROSSING—PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

XVI. HE GUARDS A CROSSING.

HOW Patrolman Barney Flynn happened to be put on "crossing duty" was a mystery to every man on the force, but why he was taken off was well known to all of them. The "crossing men" are usually large and of imposing presence, while Flynn is small and would not attract the attention of any one who did not know of his prowess. But he was given the work, nevertheless.

"'T is me size," he said by way of explanation. "Th' big ma-an is a fine thing on para-ade, but f'r wur-rk give me th' little felly ivery time. Th' big ma-an can hold up his shtick an' get ga-ay with th' dhrivers, but 't is th' little felly that dodges in an' pulls th' lost childher out iv har-rm's wa-ay. Ye 'll always find it so. Did ye niver hear that th' most val'able goods comes in th' shmallest packages? 'T is a fac'. What ye get at th' ninety-nine cint bay-zaar has to go home in a dhray, an' what is ray-presinted be th' five hunderd dollars ye spind in a jew'lry-shtore ye can carry awa-ay in ye-er vist pocket."

Whatever of truth there may be in his assertion, the fact remains that he was put on crossing duty, and he went about his work with the same energy that characterized him in all that he had previously undertaken. He was the supreme ruler of that crossing, and he did not intend to have any mistake about it. He was exceptionally jealous of his authority because his size tended to induce some of the more thoughtless of the drivers to treat him with condescension, if not with contempt, and nothing is so galling as that.

"Th' guardeen iv th' la-aw," he said to a burly driver one day, "sh'u'd be threated with ray-spict."

"Don't get foolish, little man," returned the driver, patronizingly, at the same time showing a disposition to ignore the policeman's uplifted club.

"Oho! ye 'd get ga-ay with me, w'u'd ye?" cried Patrolman Flynn. "Come down out iv that high-chair seat!"

The driver only laughed, whereupon Flynn, by a quick movement, caught hold of the reins and jerked them out of the driver's hands.

"Now will ye be good," he asked, "or will ye dhrive me over to th' station?"

The driver realized that he was at the policeman's mercy, and surlily promised to show all proper respect in the future.

"'T is not me own dignity, but me po-lis dignity I 'm upholdin'," Flynn explained afterward. "Ye ca-an't r-rule at a crossin' onliss ye insist upon r-rulin', an' 't is th' injane-yus ma-an that 's th' boss iv things."

Policeman Flynn certainly was ingenious, and he held the drivers who regularly passed his corner in subjection by his reputation for resourcefulness and the uncertainty as to what he would do next. When he finally humbled the contractor who was always in a hurry and cut in and out of the line of teams in a most hazardous way, his authority never again was questioned. Another policeman would have caught the horse by the bridle some day, thrown him back on his haunches, and cursed or arrested the driver; but Patrolman Flynn never does things as others would do them. He bided his time, and finally, when the contractor was caught in a pocket and had to draw up, the policeman promptly stuck his club between the spokes of his buggy-wheel.

"I wa-ant f'r to ta-alk to ye," said Patrolman Flynn.

"Take that out of there or I 'll break it!" exclaimed the contractor.

"Ye 'll br-reak th' shpoke iv ye-er wheel if ye-er hor-rse moves," retorted Patrolman

Flynn. "An' I wa-ant f'r to give ye warrnin' that th' nex' time ye go scootin' over th' crossin' I may damage me club, but ye-er buggy 'll go to th' ray-pair-shop. Now, g'wan an' don't be blockin' up th' r-road."

That settled the contractor, and thereafter Patrolman Flynn was the autocrat of

"HE WAS THE SUPREME RULER OF THAT CROSSING."

his crossing. But he had other troubles, and his methods were not always those that would be approved at headquarters. The advice that he gave on various occasions, while undoubtedly good, was too sharp and pointed. A man from the country secured his attention one day and told him he had been asked to cash a check for a stranger who had to catch a train to go to a sick wife.

"'T was the ol' gag iv th' confidince ma-an," said Patrolman Flynn in telling about it, "but th' felly from th' counthry was sorry f'r him, an' he says to me, bein' in a bit iv doubt from all he 'd hear-rd iv city wa-ays, 'If you was me,' he says, 'what w'u'd ye do?' An' I says to him, 'If I was you,' I says, 'I 'd ha-ave a guardeen ap-p'inted, an' thin hire a guide.' An' he wint awa-ay ma-ad.

"But 't is th' women gives me th' most throuble. Oho! th' women! Nine out iv ivery tin iv thim is lackin' ner-rve or ilse sinse. Wan iv thim shteps out a fut or two an' thin r-runs back. Thin she thries it wanst more, an' 't is up to me f'r to iscoort her acrost. Th' next wan ducks her head an' goes like a chicken crossin' a r-road. I caught wan iv that kind yisterda-ay whin she was r-runnin' r-right under a pair iv prancin' hor-rses. 'D' ye think ye 're a bir-rd,' says I, 'that ye can shpread ye-er wings an' ma-ake a shtraight line?' An' instid iv tha-ankin' me, she wint awa-ay ma-ad, too."

Of course, in time the fame of Patrolman Flynn's methods and comments reached headquarters, owing to some complaints that were made, and he was given a quiet reprimand. "Above all things you must be courteous," he was told, and, with his customary desire to master completely anything that he undertook, he went out to buy a book on etiquette. This was his undoing, for it is indeed a wise man who knows how to utilize the information in such a volume. He followed the instructions implicitly, and many a woman wondered at the elaborateness of his bow and the tactful nature of his reply when he was asked to do some absurd thing entirely out of the line of his duty; for women are occasionally unreasonable in their requests of the guardians of the law. He even kept his temper and acted with creditable discretion when he was asked to run back a block or two and see if he could find the lap-dog a woman had dropped out of her victoria. But the etiquette book was responsible for his Waterloo, nevertheless, and the night he was sent back to patrol duty he threw it in the fire before even explaining the matter to his wife.

"'T was all along iv thryin' to be po-lite an' tac'ful," he finally explained. "What 's po-lite an' complimint'ry to an akel is pray-sum'tion to a supeer-yer. Ye see, 't was this wa-ay: a gir-rl—oh, a fine-lukkin' gir-rl iv nineteen or twinty—got mixed up bechune two teams, an' was like to be r-run down

whin I saw her. 'T was no time to think iv th' wa-ay to get her out. Anny wa-ay at all was a good wa-ay, an' I gr-rabbed her r-round th' waist an' carried her to wan side. 'Oh, sir,' she says whin she got her breath back, 'how can I iver tha-ank ye?' 'Ma'am,' says I, liftin' me helmit an' thinkin' iv th' book on manners, 'th' pleasure,' I says, 'is all mine.' 'Sir,' she says, givin' me a hity-tity luk an' shpeakin' cold, 'I will see that ye are ray-warded.' 'Ma'am,' says I, 'th' mim'ry iv th' ray-ward I 've already had will go with me to me gra-ave.'"

"What ray-ward had ye had, Barney?" inquired Mrs. Flynn.

"She asked me th' sa-ame quistion," said Patrolman Flynn.

"And what did ye sa-ay to her?"

"I says to her, 'Ma'am,' I says, bowin' low like th' pictures in th' etikit book, ''t is wor-rth more than th' r-risk I r-run,' I says, 'f'r to have had sich a beautiful bundle in me ar-rms.'"

XVII. PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

PATROLMAN BARNEY FLYNN had just settled himself for a quiet and thoughtful smoke when his wife interrupted his meditations.

"Barney," she said, and there was reproach in her tone, "have n't ye f'rgot something?"

"Ha-ave I?" he asked, with an assumption of ignorance, for he well knew to what she referred.

"Iv coorse ye ha-ave, ye aggravatin' ma-an," she answered, with asperity.

"M-m-m, now, what can it be?" muttered Patrolman Flynn, thoughtfully knitting his brow.

"Did n't ye dhraw ye-er sal'ry to-day?" demanded Mrs. Flynn. It may be said here by way of explanation that Mrs. Flynn is the cashier of the family, and always has pay-day marked on the calendar with red ink.

"Oho! 't is th' money ye 're afther!" exclaimed Patrolman Flynn. "Ye 're like all th' r-rest iv th' women. If ye-er good ma-an do be ha-avin' a bit iv th' coin in his clo'es ye 're worried till ye ha-ave ye-er ha-ands on it. Ye wa-ant to be shpendin' iv it all ye-erself. Ye 're like th' confidince ma-an, ye are that. 'Give me ye-er ca-ash,' says you to me, 'an' I 'll give ye something that 's worth more,' f'r all th' wur-rld like th' ma-an that 's sellin' th' gold br-rick. I give it to ye, bein' innocint an' unsuspectin', an' what do I get f'r it? I ask ye that, Mary—what do I get f'r it? Why, hash f'r breakfast."

This impressed Patrolman Flynn as being so good a joke that he laughed over it himself, but his wife replied, rather warmly, that if he did not give it to her to care for they would be begging for things to eat within a week after pay-day, and Patrolman Flynn knew that this reflection on his financial management was justified. However, he was in a facetious mood, and did not intend to surrender his temporary advantage at once.

"An' what 'll ye do with it if ye lay ye-er ha-ands on it?" he asked. "Ye tell me I 'm no ma-an f'r to be handlin' iv money, but what 'll ye be afther doin' with it ye-ersilf? Oho! I know ye. 'T is like as not ye 'll be shpendin' it on Mrs. Flaherty over be th' mill."

"She 's a deser-rvin' woman!" asserted Mrs. Flynn, with an emphasis that showed her charity in that direction had been the object of criticism before.

"'T is so," admitted Patrolman Flynn, "but ye can't be sup-portin' ivery fool iv a deser-rvin' woman ye come acrost. Ye 'd go br-roke an' shtarve, ye w'u'd that. Ye see, Mary, 't is this wa-ay: marri'ge is a lotth'ry, an'—"

"I 've hear-rd ye sa-ay that befure," interrupted Mrs. Flynn.

"R-right," said Patrolman Flynn; "but 't is th' thruth, an' th' thruth niver grows old. So I tell ye wanst more marri'ge is a lotth'ry, an' ye can't do much f'r th' gambler that loses iverything an' shtill won't dhraw out iv th' ga-amè. Mrs. Flaherty shticks to her ma-an."

"He 's a brute iv a ma-an," asserted Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is so," assented the patrolman, "but while she shticks to him 't is like throwin' wather into a sieve f'r to give to her. He 's th' la-ad that gets th' most iv it. Ye must put up with manny things in marri'd life, but there do be a limit, an' 't is no ixcuse f'r kapin' ba-ad comp'ny that ye 're marri'd to th' ma-an."

"Accordin' to that," said Mrs. Flynn, with biting sarcasm, "I sh'u'd l'ave ye, Barney."

"Th' ma-an sh'u'd be over on th' island," said the patrolman, ignoring this thrust.

"Ye 'll not l'ave me do annything f'r her?" said Mrs. Flynn, inquiringly.

"I will not."

"Ye 're a ha-ard-hear-rted ma-an, Barney!"

"I ha-ave sinse," retorted Patrolman Flynn.

Now, as has been demonstrated before, Mrs. Flynn has a mind of her own, and she is not a woman with whom it is safe to be

dictatorial. In consequence, she was just on the point of issuing a declaration of independence, with incidental remarks on autonomy, when a neighbor suddenly put his head in the door and called out, "You 're wanted, Flynn!" Patrolman Flynn hastily caught up his helmet and departed.

"'THEY 'S TIN DOLLARS MISSIN',' SHE ANNOUNCED."

As they hurried along it was explained to the policeman that things were in a bad way at Flaherty's. The oldest boy had hurt himself, and the neighborhood doctor who had been called in wanted him sent to the hospital. It was clearly the proper thing to do, but Mrs. Flaherty would not hear of it. She was going to have her boy with her at all hazards.

"When Bill sees how things are now," she said pathetically in answer to Patrolman Flynn's arguments, "I know he 'll be good to us. He used to be a good man before—before—"

"I know," broke in Patrolman Flynn. "He 'll be good—maybe," and then he added under his breath, "whin he 's in his gr-rave or th' po-lis station. I know him."

But the woman won her point. Even reason and sense must give way before the assaults of a mother pleading for her child, and the doctor eased his conscience with the thought that it was not a very serious case, and the boy probably would come out all right anyway. He knew that she was unwise, but love and wisdom do not often go hand in hand.

"But she must have assistance," he said. "There is practically nothing in the house, and she has no money. I 'll report the case to the relief authorities at once."

Others who had gathered expressed approval of this decision, and then left, feeling that the fact that the matter was to be put in the hands of the proper officers relieved them of responsibility. But Patrolman Flynn was not satisfied. His was a practical mind, and he wanted to do something.

"I 'll r-run ye-er ma-an in f'r ye, so 's to kape him out iv th' wa-ay," he suggested in the goodness of his heart.

"If you do," she returned, "I 'll scratch your eyes out."

"Luk at that, now!" he commented to himself, as he finally started for home. "She do be an onthankful woman, an' wan without sinse. She sh'u'd be made to l'ave that good-f'r-nothin' ma-an an' sind th' b'y to th' hospittle, she sh'u'd that. Th' only wa-ay with thim kind iv people is to be firm an' ha-ard; but," he added, with a shake of his head, "how ca-an ye?"

He was still soliloquizing in this strain when he reached home and was called upon to tell his wife all that had happened. When he had finished she suddenly asked, "Where 's ye-er sal'ry, Barney?"

He passed her some money, which she carefully counted.

"They 's tin dollars missin'," she an-

nounced; but Patrolman Flynn was apparently deep in a reverie.

"That fool iv a woman," he muttered half to himself.

"I 'm not ta-alkin' iv th' woman, but th' tin dollars," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is all th' sa-ame," returned Patrolman Flynn. "She do be a fool iv a woman, Mary —I'll not go back on that, not wan bit; but" —again thoughtfully—"we like thim that wa-ay, an' ray-lief officers is shlow. Ye 've no idee, Mary, how shlow thim fellies—"

"Th' tin dollars," insisted Mrs. Flynn.

"I lift it with th' fool iv a woman," said Patrolman Flynn, in desperation. "G'wan, now, an' don't be ta-alkin' to me."

(END OF THE SERIES.)

BARBAROSSA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

PART IV. THE JUSTICE OF THE BARBAROSSA.

HOHENZOLLERN ASSUMES THE CROWN.

"THIS is the lord count," said Hans, gravely, as Hohenzollern and his man rode up to them. "You may speak."

"Art thou Count von Hohenzollern, lord?" cried the foot-soldier.

"I am. What would you have?"

"My lord, I come from the army of Henry the Lion."

"A Saxon, then?"

"Nay, sir; a Swabian," replied the man, proudly, "forced to serve in the Saxon's ranks. I was on guard at the king's tent this evening. There came to him a black-visaged man bearing your badge upon his coat. I could not but overhear; indeed, I listened. He said that you were under the ban of the empire."

"'T is true," answered the count. "What then?"

"That you were a desperate man, and intended to seize the emperor at the Castle Voburg to-night; that you were to ride south into the Black Forest with the emperor and the Countess Matilda; that Henry the Lion could easily capture you both to-night; that you should be killed and the emperor held prisoner. They could ride down the cross-road that intercepted this road at the Witch's Dale; behind the rocks they could ambush you. As they spoke the guard was relieved; I was free. I took a horse, the best I could find in camp, and slipped away. He fell dead from hard riding yonder, and then I met these men. I have ridden swift to catch you, that you might not be taken unawares."

"Why did you this?" asked the count.

"I am a Swabian, your Lordship. I love the Hohenstaufen. He is my duke, my king, and my kaiser."

"And my prisoner," said the count.

"That 's as may be, sir," ejaculated the soldier. "Intend you harm to the king?" he questioned.

"Nay, not so, as God 's my witness!" fervently replied the count. "But why ask you?"

"I had killed you where you stand," exclaimed the man, dauntlessly, "had your answer been other than it is."

"By the mass, soldier!" laughed the count, "I like thy courage. Thy name?"

"Dietrick, Sir Count."

"Wilt join my band?"

"Not while the king lives, my lord, and you are outlaw; but I will go with you to the king—save him if I can, avenge him if I may."

"And as the king goes with me—"

"I needs must go with you also," said the man, easily.

"But I charge you, tell not the emperor of this peril," replied the count, "until I give you leave. Nay, thou shalt see all I do. The king's safety before all. Dost hear?"

"I hear, and shall obey, my lord."

"That 's well. Let us return, then, with the news."

The count and the three soldiers soon joined the band. The Swabian instantly made his way toward the stirrup of the emperor. When the men would have interfered, Hohenzollern sharply bade them let him alone.

"Your Majesty," he said, "hath here a faithful servitor, and, as I happen to know, a bold one. He had nearly carried out the ban on me a moment since on the road, but for my assurance that your Majesty was in no present danger, and perhaps a native shrewdness of judgment that should harm come to me your Majesty would inevitably suffer."

"I value a faithful and a loyal heart, even though it beat in the breast of a humble soldier. A man of low degree may set an example to the head that wears the coronet. By your leave, Sir Count, I would have speech with this man—this solitary friend."

"Freely, your Majesty. Lady Matilda, Degerberg, pray attend me. Old Hans, keep watchful guard over your prisoner."

The three withdrew a little from the rest, and were soon engaged in earnest conversation. A word or two put them in possession of their peril. What was to be done? To ride forward meant the capture or death of the party; to ride back meant the same result in the end. On one side lay the army of the false Saxon, on the other the revenge of Barbarossa. They talked in hurried whispers for a few moments, and finally the count resolved the dilemma thus.

"Lady," he said, "our efforts are futile. Heaven smiles not upon our hopes. The end, for me, is certain. I cannot allow the emperor to fall into the hands of the ambitious Saxon. The hope of Germany, nay, of the Roman Empire, is centered upon his head. I did but purpose in the calmer light of to-morrow to appeal to the king; to show him that, while I had the power to strike the crown from his head, I would not use it; to take him into the quiet depths of the green forest and yield myself and you his prisoners; to appeal to that knightly heart that beats within his bosom; beg him to forego the wild passion which has overwhelmed his gallant soul, blinded his judgment, for which you are, indeed, good excuse. But now 't is too late. My duty rises before me. You must return with him. At all hazards, I must save the king. I shall go forward."

"And do you thus lightly part from me?" she cried, in terror at the thought.

"Lightly? As God 's my witness—"

"And would you force me into the arms of the king?"

"Rather would I slay thee with my sword here in the forest."

"And I had rather thus be slain."

"Nay, love; 't is a selfish wish of mine. Perhaps it were best, after all, that you forgot me, and—"

"Forget thee? Wed a man but yesterday divorced? Take a husband wrenched from the arms of another woman? Nay, not for every jewel in his diadem! But this is idle talk, Conrad. Thou knowest I love but thee. I had liefer live an outlaw under the greenwood tree with thee than be mistress of the richest castle where thou art not. I will not go!"

"Nay, say not so. Thou shalt! Thou must!"

"Say you so to me?"

"Aye; 't is necessary."

"Prefer you the king's safety to my happiness?"

"That for the king! 'T is my honor, my duty, that drives me to do it."

"And choose you honor in the place of love? I love not so."

"Lady, I—you—"

The count stopped in miserable uncertainty.

"And say you 'must' to me?" continued the woman. "I 'll not brook it."

"Fair Matilda," cried the count, firmly grasping her hand in his own with a pressure the force of which he was ignorant, as his resolution returned to him, "thou must obey me!"

The blue eyes and the gray eyes flashed fire at each other in the moonlight. The glances crossed and met like two sword-blades.

"There is not another man in all Germany

dare so speak to me!" cried the countess, hotly. "Am I thy slave, sir? Why, I am not yet even a wife! Release me! I shall go with you. You will be killed in the encounter. Earth hath nothing for me where thou art not. Thou shalt not say 'must' to me. I 'll not obey thee—yet. I can wield a sword, though I be but a woman. I can strike a shrewd blow with that arm you grasp so roughly. Let me be by thy side. We shall die together."

"Forgive me," answered the count, releasing her suddenly as she spoke, and kissing her wrist where he had so rudely held it, "but 't is impossible. You know not what 't is you ask. I cannot. As the thought of thee, as the thought of thy love, would turn a caitiff into a very paladin, so thy presence on the field would paralyze my arm. You must go back. At all hazards, I must save the king."

"And break my heart?"

"Aye, lady, it is so. They 'll break together, then, mine and thine. They are broken, anyhow, if we be parted; and with the Saxon Lion before us and the anger of the emperor behind us, all our plans are come to naught. But I think me that the emperor will leave thee to thy sorrow. I have raised my hand against him. When he knows that that same hand hath saved his life again, surely the honor that dwells within his knightly breast will hold thee sacred as the guerdon of my dead hand. He will forgive thee, never me. The potent talisman of thy beauty—"

"'T is gone when thou art absent. When thou art away I am but a dark and haggard sorrow."

"Nay, say not so, dearest."

"'T is true. And hear me swear, with all a woman's faith and upon a woman's soul. I will never wed the Hohenstaufen. He shall have naught of me. I will die by my own hand if he do attempt to touch me."

"I thank thee for that word, but I think thou shalt have no need."

"It may be not. If so, I shall bury myself in a nunnery, and pray for thee and think on thee until that day when we may be together for eternity, with no king to interpose his hand to bar our meeting."

"'Sdeath! sweetheart, I 'll hold thee to that promise, that blessed vow. But time presses. We have talked too long. I must bid thee farewell."

"Oh, Conrad," she cried brokenly, "I cannot let you go! What wouldst thou do?"

"Change places with the king; that is, take the king's armor, wear the king's helmet, cover my breast with the king's surcoat. Then I ride forward with the men and meet the Lion in the path."

"And I?"

"The king goes back to Castle Voburg; he takes thee with him. I think he will molest thee no further when he knows all. See, here," said the count, pulling from his little finger a signet-ring "'T will fit thy thumb, fair one. He gave it to me on the battle-ground when I lay bleeding at his feet from the blow that would have cut him down had I not interposed. He bade me ask a boon when I returned it to him, upon his knightly honor promising it should be granted. Be this thy talisman."

"Why asked you not for a revocation of the ban?"

"I saved it that I might ask a gift for thee," he replied simply. "Old Degerberg," he continued, turning to the soldier who had waited in silence the result of his master's interview with the countess, "we have been long together; and now, good-by."

"What mean you, fair master?"

"You ride back with the king."

"By St. Bennet, master, no, I will not! What, goes a Hohenzollern into danger and old Degerberg not by? Nay, write me down a coward, then."

"Dost thou 'will not' to me, sirrah, when I say no?" cried the count, sternly. "Nay, old friend; we part not thus in anger," he continued, softening his voice to the tones of long affection. "I give thee more precious trust than my poor worthless life. Look to the empire. See his Majesty safe at Voburg; and as thou lovest me, watch the countess, that not a hair of her head be injured. On thine own head be the charge. Nay, no words; thou hast my command. I lay it upon thee by thy years of loyal service. Upon thy allegiance, fulfil this my last behest. Now leave us for a moment. Lady, a word with you, and that an eternal farewell."

They drew off farther in the darkness. The count leaned forward over the saddle, and as he strained her to his iron breast she clung to him in the darkness with the tenacity of despair.

"Your Majesty," said the count, riding up to the group, "our little journey together ends here. The king, when he hath granted a boon to his faithful servant, may ride free."

"I grant no boon to traitors. Keep me in ward or release me as thou wilt," replied the king, contemptuously, being in ignorance of

the altered circumstances and the threatened peril, of which the Swabian sergeant, true to his promise, had not yet told him.

"Sir Count, mayhap it ill becomes a common soldier to speak in the presence of king and lord; but give me leave, since you hold him prisoner, sir, to tell you," interrupted Dietrick the Swabian, boldly, "that had I my way, my master would not be here. Your men drew off a little. I offered to strike down the man that barred the way; I know a path through the wood: but the king refused, saying somewhat of his plighted word. My lord, plighted words and knightly honor be for gentlefolk; give me freedom at whatever price."

"Said I not, your Majesty, that he was a brave soldier? Why, he alone is worth an army!" replied the count. "But it must be that ere the morning break you shall be safe again at Voburg. There, ministered to by the Countess Matilda, and served by my faithful Degerberg, your Majesty may repose after the hardships of the night."

"What mean you?" cried the emperor, in surprise. "Am I indeed free? Hast repented of thy folly? But 't will serve thee nothing. There be offenses—against our person—too deep for repentance."

"Free, your Majesty, as the air, on one condition."

"And that?"

"Before we part I must trouble your Majesty for the surcoat you wear, for the helmet that hangs at your saddle-bow; and I must ask your Majesty to honor my ancient house by allowing my golden stag to range across your kingly breast; and lastly I add this request, that your Majesty will change steeds with me."

"How, sir?" cried the king. "You have played the fool this night, and now—"

"I would fain end it by playing the king," answered the count. "But time presses. I entreat your Majesty to make haste."

"Am I still a prisoner?"

"Yes, until the change be made."

"Needs must, then," answered the king, philosophically, dismounting from his steed. Unbuckling his sword-belt and unfastening his surcoat, he slipped them both off, and put on those the count proffered him in place. The exchange was effected in a few seconds. The king then mounted the count's horse, and the count mounted the king's.

"Sir Count, I love thee not, yet—disgrace not the imperial arms, I pray thee," said the king.

"Sir King, you may trust me. I shall carry the red lions of the Hohenstaufen only where honor leads."

"By the mass! thou art a recreant knight, but I believe thee. Yet I revoke not the ban. And yet, a word of advice. Royalty is a heavy burden, even when worn in play. Have a care!"

"My lord, I know the danger of the crown. Meantime let me return the emperor's sword," said the count, bowing and presenting it.

"And am I free now?" asked the king.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And what if I should use my freedom and this my sword to strike you down?"

"That might be meet, sire; but I suggest a more fitting use for it."

"And what is that?"

"Degerberg shall tell thee at the Castle Voburg. Attend me, sire. I have raised my hand against the emperor, and others of my men and this lady have done the same," continued the count. "Let your Majesty visit your displeasure upon me alone. One of these is an old soldier my father trained, who hath cared for me since infancy—a grim nurse, your Majesty; these others are poor men all, who have known no lord but Hohenzollern. And this last, sire, is but a woman. The emperor needs no knightly admonition, I am sure, to treat her kindly. She bears upon her person that which should move your Majesty to grant any request she might make. And so I leave them all to your mercy."

"And thyself, man?" questioned Barbarossa.

"When next you hear of me, sire, I hope that you will find expiation in the story told you, and that over my dead body your Majesty may revoke the ban. Farewell!" replied Hohenzollern, turning away.

"Explain yourself, Sir Count," the king demanded hastily. "What is it you would do?"

"Play the king a little," answered the count, slowly. "Your Majesty knows 't is a dangerous game."

"But I demand an explanation."

"You shall have it at Voburg. Enough, sire. Press me no further. Degerberg, Matilda, farewell! May God go with you! Ride fast and hard, your Majesty. Spare neither woman, steed, nor soldier. The empire and its fate rides on the saddle with you."

The king turned, and, followed by old Degerberg and the Countess Matilda, the latter looking reluctantly back in dry-eyed despair, galloped rapidly up the road.

THE KAISER JESTS.

IT was later in the night, or early in the morning, rather, when the emperor and his two companions rode up to the unguarded drawbridge still spanning the moat around Voburg. The rapid ride had been made in silence.

Degerberg was naturally taciturn; the emperor was busy with his thoughts; and Matilda was too overwhelmed at the parting to find place for unnecessary words. Barbarossa, who had led the way, reined in his panting horse before the bridge, and the others stopped about him. He looked keenly and curiously at the countess and the soldier in silence for a moment, and as neither seemed disposed to speak, he broke the somewhat awkward pause himself:

"Well, Countess Matilda, Captain Degerberg, what now?"

"That is for your Majesty to say," answered Degerberg, promptly.

"What, am I no longer a prisoner?"

"You heard my master's word, my liege."

"And does my liberty depend upon thy master's word?"

"Yes, sire, when I am by."

"By the mass! thou art a bold villain," laughed the emperor. "I like thee, graybeard. What would you that we now do, Countess Matilda?" he added, turning to where she listlessly sat the steed.

"We are in thy hands, my liege. We must do what pleases the emperor," she made answer, with quiet submission, all the fire gone out of her, apparently.

"Is that true in all things?" asked his Majesty, somewhat surprised, it would seem, bending a keen look upon her as he spoke, the flush of red mantling his face telling of a passion still rampant in his heart. He had not outridden his love in the wild galloping of the memorable night.

"In all things save one, your Majesty," she answered quickly, reviving her spirit as he approached the forbidden topic.

"Art still resolved, then, on thy decision, madam?"

"Yes, sire; more resolved than ever now. I crave your Majesty's permission, after this night, to retire to the cloister to—"

"'T is an ill fate, countess—a poor burying-place for such living beauty as thine."

"Yet I choose it, lord."

"Why, what would you there?"

"Pray for your Majesty's welfare and for the soul of the man I love."

"Is he, then, dead?"

"Alas, I fear so!" returned the maiden, brokenly.

"Truly this is a night of riddles as well as traitors. What mean you?" queried Frederick, anxiously.

"Did he bid me speak—" murmured the countess, hesitatingly. "Dare I tell thee? I—"

"Am I to be met on every hand," cried the king, furiously, "by that Hohenzollern? By the rood! destiny must have laid large reward in store for him in the future, else he had died long since by the hand of some vexed king he beards."

"We are at Voburg, your Majesty; prescription of silence is removed, and I may tell," said old Degerberg. "Apprised of the situation by a traitor from our following, Henry, Duke of Saxony, him they call the Lion, whose power lies to the westward yonder, hath designed to seize thy person at the Witch's Dale."

"This seizing of emperors is a catching disease, Master Degerberg. And what says Count Conrad to this infection of his purpose?"

"He will die in your Majesty's stead," answered the soldier, simply, "at the duke's ambush in the forest."

"And yet, methinks the two rogues have a common purpose," continued the king, sarcastically.

"Rogues, sire!" roared Degerberg.

"The two most loyal gentle knights, I should have said. They should meet in harmony."

"Your Majesty," cried the countess, "you wrong the man I love!"

"Canst not keep thy love out of my face, woman?"

"Nay, sire, and thou shalt hear me!"

"Go on. The king hath been so commanded this night as ne'er before. 'Shalt' is a noble word for thy allegiance. Discourse me this, then. Canst explain the difference between the act of the count and that of the duke? Another riddle for the night."

"My liege, the count is but a simple soldier who loves, and who took arms against thee and the world for the woman he loved, for the woman who hath his heart. No traitor he! It was his purpose to take thee into the forest, and there we would submit ourselves to thy mercy."

"The count hath, indeed, a gentle way of enforcing mercy, and thou, lady, art a noble second. Proceed, I pray you."

"We struck thee, sir, but 't was for love alone."

"Dost think that softens the blow, madam? Well, and thou, old Degerberg? Wert thou a lover, too?"

"Aye, Sir King, the lover of my master."

"'Sdeath! we all play at hearts, it seems. Continue the story, madam."

"I do, in truth, know," murmured the king.

"And because he knows that no hand but thine own can hold the reins of government in this our German fatherland, he hath trusted me to your knightly honor and gone forward to die in your behalf."

"THE KING ORDERED DEGERBERG TO CUT THE BONDS."

"This Saxon, sir," said Matilda, "would snatch thy crown from thy head—"

"And, by the mass! lady, I e'en think he might snatch my head from my shoulder in the enterprise. But is that all? May not he be a lover, too?"

"Alas! sire, it may be. He did say—did ask—"

"I marvel not at his asking, countess; but go on, and forgive my unmannerly interruptions."

"The count hath renounced me; to do his duty, given me up, e'en me. Your Majesty knows what that means, if I may believe your Majesty's word," she continued, with a swift flash of intuition.

"And yet he raised his hand against the king!"

"He did, my liege, and nobly doth he now atone. And now I entreat your Majesty for permission to retire from the world for the little space that is left me, all bereft. There is nothing for me, he being gone. See, sire, a ring upon my finger!" she cried, extending her hand. "Know you it?"

"'T is my signet-ring!" cried the king. "Where got you that?"

"From the count, sire. He bade me give the guerdon to you at Voburg, and ask your mercy, your pity for me; for himself, he seeketh nothing but honorable interment, and

some faint remembrance at your hands as of a faithful friend."

Letting the bridle-reins fall, she clasped her hands and looked at him through eyes denied even the poor relief of tears. Never had she seemed so beautiful to him; never had he so loved her and longed for her as in that moment in the moonlight. Why not, if Hohenzollern were killed, the last obstacle removed—why not? He hesitated, wavered, stopped.

"Give me the ring," hoarsely said the king at last, after staring hard at her and fighting, in the few moments of his gaze, the first and not the least of many battles in the winning of which he became so great. And never did he appear so noble an antagonist as then. "Give me back the ring. I shall know how to deal with thee."

"I thank your Majesty," she replied, handing him his signet. "I trust you, sire. Would it please you to enter the castle?"

"My previous welcome was so warm a one, lady, that I scarce dare venture myself within its confines again."

"Sire, there is but one man in Germany who alone would dare lift hand against the king; and he, I think, will die before the morning. Thou mayest enter safely."

"Let me think," cried Frederick. "The Saxon will overpower Hohenzollern in the forest. That is certain. He will discover the imposture. He will gallop thither in the hope of seizing our unguarded person. His army doubtless will already be on the march. Well, he shall find me here. But I must have a messenger to ride to my camp."

"My lord, take me," exclaimed Degerberg.

"Nay, I have other work for thee. Thou art a good swordsman. I shall need thee here, perchance. Wilt fight for me?"

"Except it be against the Hohenzollern, I am thy man before all the world."

"I believe thee, old man, and I wish no better backing. I think I shall find another messenger in the castle," said the king, spurring his horse over the drawbridge. As he reached the portal he stopped and motioned the countess to precede him.

"Shall I go before the king?" said Matilda.

"Enter, madam," said the emperor, tactfully. "Now I am come again as a common soldier, thy guest, and I would fain have another welcome."

Bowing her head in appreciation of his kindness in reëstablishing his footing so gracefully, the countess cantered through the gate, wheeled her horse, and as the king followed she extended her hand.

"My castle and all that are here are thine, your Majesty."

"With one reservation," said the king.

"Nay, sire; so far as a maiden promised can say it, with no reservations at all."

"And Eckhardt—where is he? The castle hath a lonely look."

"What, ho, my steward! Hither, knaves!" cried the countess, her voice ringing through the courtyard. Presently the old majordomo came timidly round the corner of the keep. In compliance with their mistress' direction, the other servants had sought safety in hiding, and the castle was deserted save by this faithful old man.

"Ah, sirrah," cried the king, "thou art the garrison, it seems. Well, where is the Baron Eckhardt?"

"I think where we put him four hours since, my sovereign lord, in the great hall of the castle."

"Let us go thither," said Frederick, dismounting, and lifting Matilda from her saddle.

They found the unhappy Baron Eckhardt still fast in the chair to which they had bound him. He had struggled furiously but unavailingly to release himself, inspired equally, perhaps, by desire for liberty and the proximity of a huge flagon of rare old Rhenish as yet untasted. By a sign the king ordered Degerberg to cut the bonds. The baron struggled to his feet, saluted, and then stretched his stiffened joints by a few mighty movements.

"Saving your Majesty's grace," he cried, next reaching for the flagon and taking a prodigious draught. "Ah," he said, as he put the bottle down, "the caitiff knaves seized me from behind, and tied and gagged me, leaving me here alone like a trussed fowl, curses on them! And then, sire, to make the punishment doubly damnable, they left that flagon within reaching distance of my very nose, and yet I could not drink. By the mass! your Majesty, 't was fearful punishment for a thirsty man!"

"To it again, man!" roared the king, bursting into laughter. "Refresh thyself. I need thee now."

The thirsty baron needed no second permission, and when he dropped the huge flagon it was considerably lighter than it had been when he lifted it up.

"Now, sire," he cried, "where be those that tied me thus unmannerly?"

"Nay, baron; 't was but a jest."

"Whose, sire? By St. Boniface! I like not such pleasantries. Let me see the man

that hath ta'en such liberties with me. I would fain argue the matter with him at the point of the sword. There 's wit in that."

"Thou canst not do it, baron. 'T was a lady. She stands here," answered the king, pointing to the countess.

"By St. Boniface! madam," exclaimed the hard-bitten old soldier, in wrath at this feminine check to his pugnacious and natural desire, "I would thou wert a man and wore a sword! I—"

"Nay, baron," interrupted Barbarossa; "'t was my jest, too."

"A royal jest, indeed, sire, and, like most jests of the kind, the humor is all with the king."

"Enough!" commanded Frederick, changing his mood suddenly. "Thou art free now, and may be thankful to have escaped with thy life. I, too, have been in peril, and yet still am, and I have need of thee. Canst ride?"

"If I may have another draught of the Rhenish."

"Nay, thou shalt not. Thou hast had enough. You could not stick on your horse after another such potation. Come, Henry the Lion is on our path. With over a hundred knights, he rides the Black Forest in search of us, and his power as well advances from the camp to the westward yonder. Ride with speed to the Archbishop of Mainz, in command of our army, and bring hither some five hundred knights and men-at-arms. Let them not stay spur nor spare steed. They must be here by break of day. And bid his reverence break camp and set the army in motion instantly. He will be speedy for a fight, I trow. We will meet this lion in his path, and pluck his claws, and send him back to Saxony as meek as a sucking dove. Canst ride, I say?"

"Your Majesty," answered the baron, all his indifference gone, standing very straight and soldier-like before his king, "I shall be back at the head of your soldiers before you have time to miss me."

"Then go."

"Yes, sire. My lady, farewell. When next you jest, I pray you, choose a merrier subject for your pleasantry."

The baron turned, and, in defiance of etiquette, after one longing and comprehensive glance at the flagon, ran from the room.

"Wouldst retire, lady? Old Degerberg and I will watch. There yet remains a little time before day. Thou shalt be safe, and perchance find rest."

"Nay, your Majesty; there can be no sleep for me until—until—I—hear the news."

"An thou wilt, countess. If I mistake not, we shall have visitors soon," answered the emperor. "Therefore, let us return to the great hall and there wait. I could wish with thee that with the morning may come better tidings of—thy love."

He said this word with a mighty effort, and the grateful woman divined what it had cost him.

(To be continued.)

TO MY MOTHER.

BY JOHN ALLAN WYETH.

DEAL gently with her, Time: these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer-time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 't is the common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

THEIR NATIVE CORRESPONDENT.

BY ARTHUR RUHL.

TUNG KAI LEE had advanced to the last least wall that barred him from the white man's country. Beyond that wall, which, however intangible, was so very really there, he could see himself in linen collar and derby hat, soon and serenely to take on the subtler realities which these material things implied. Little Mrs. Tung, who had been born on the sunny side of Mott street, and who wore with her tiny turned-up shoes the quaintest sky-blue calico white woman's dress, had started him that way perhaps, and the way had been further paved by the fine ladies who came down to his shop in Chinatown and cooed over and paid for the extraordinary things he made out of colored papers, and the images and card-cases he carved in wood.

On Sundays, indeed, he already wore the collar and the hat, and beneath the zigzag characters on the door of his shop he had painted a sign in English, that all might read. And as he pottered away there, with the catchpenny din of the Bowery sounding faintly from a stone's throw away, he saw the time when, like opulent Wong King, he could have a house in Harlem,—"up Cent'le Plak," as he would say,—and only come down to dark-browed, squalid Chinatown when the sun had risen high enough to light its tortuous streets. What seemed the chance at last arrived lightly to scale that last least wall. Tung Kai Lee bit. For those who held the bait it was amusing. It was fun for those who looked on. But it was not fun at all for Tung Kai Lee.

Now, it happened that a newspaper with much enterprise lived in a big news-mill down in Park Row. This paper was separated by a dozen blocks, and, in effect, almost as many centuries of time, from the little slant-eyed man whittling in his shop in Chinatown. By nothing in the plan of things was it decreed that the paths of the two should cross; that the roaring news-mill should touch hands with the dingy cubby-hole of a shop tucked under the waistband of a blackened rookery in Chinatown. Never would the paths have met had not just such crisscross joining been this Big News Devil's special mission and delight. And then very propitiously came to pass a war in China.

All the white peoples suddenly forgot their bickerings in the lift of a common wrath against the dull-breathing Colossus that was awakening behind the Pacific Sea —shut off all their petty clamor, as the last whispers of their brothers seemed to shiver out of the distance from behind the barred gateways of Peking. For those who flourish through the world's sudden distresses,—more particularly for this Big News Devil, —this was a time of unusual propitiousness and joy. As none could prove what was true, none could dispute that which was false. Edition after edition could be shuffled out on the street, head-lines rise, dilate, and glow in ever brighter scarlet, and none could say them nay. But as days went on, with scarce a murmur from the walled-up East, something had to be done. Mere shifting of display heads lost in dramatic appeal. Irrelevant photographs of just any old pagodas began to lack in emotional significance. Presently, one bright summer morning, a reporter sauntered down Park Row and through the strident tangle of Chatham Square. He turned into a crooked little gulch-like alley, and proceeded to a shop on the door of which was the sign of an artist and wood-carver. Forthwith converge the paths of the Big News Devil and Tung Kai Lee.

"Good morning," said the reporter, easily. His name was Ellis, a pale and pert young man, who liked extremely narrow four-in-hand ties of a very vivid red, and always talked as though he had been there before. As he spoke he nodded incisively at Tung Kai Lee, who sat among his bright-colored papers, his sheaves of incense-sticks and painted dragons, with a partly finished sandalwood card-case in his hand. Tung Kai

Lee said nothing, but Mrs. Tung, who was there, too, all in her sky-blue dress with her jet-black hair combed back so wondrously

into forms other than those prescribed by calligraphy were "artists." "Drawee—paintee—makee picture," continued Ellis,

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

"WITH JUST A GLINT OF EXULTATION HE SURVEYED THE BLACK, UNCANNY SPLASHES." (SEE PAGE 458.)

smooth, smiled like anybody, murmured very quietly, and showed her teeth.

"Good morning," repeated Ellis, as he found himself staring at the little lady. "You 're an artist, are n't you?" In Ellis's "shop" all those whose pencil lines strayed tranquilly, with the linguistic confidence that he always felt whether addressing a Yiddish tailor, an Italian café-keeper, or a Greek push-cart man, and making facile motions with his right forefinger on his left palm.

Mrs. Tung showed her teeth again and nodded in placid delight. Tung Kai Lee nodded, too.

"Speakee Engliss," continued Ellis, "say-pell Awnglay—talk English, don't you?"

Again Mrs. Tung nodded and smiled. Thereupon Ellis, with calm insistence, unfolded his scheme. For one thing, he wanted a drawing of the walls of Peking—the way they looked from the outside. Tung Kai Lee had come from Hongkong, had he, and had never seen Peking? Well, he had seen Chinese towns, at any rate, which was more than any one in the office could say, and one wall was probably just like another.

"You can fake a better wall than our man could, anyway," said Ellis, reassuringly. "You 've seen 'em."

Then there must be a sketch of the missionaries' quarter. Tung Kai Lee had n't seen that either? No, of course not; but he remembered the way his street looked in Hongkong, did n't he?

"Draw that," said Ellis; "that 's just the thing."

And, lastly, Ellis desired a nice lively picture of a Chinese torturing scene. If Tung Kai Lee had n't seen any of that sort of thing he must have heard all about it, and Ellis volunteered some cheerful suggestions drawn from a narrative which he had recently read about what happened to a lone traveler in the heart of Persia. Little Mrs. Tung laughed in gayest delight at the droll things the pretty pale young man said, and Tung Kai Lee, after looking from one to the other many times, and answering "No" to many questions he did not at all understand, said that, yes, he could do that "ally light."

An hour afterward the reporter started back to Newspaper Row with a big sheet of cardboard under his arm.

That night Tung Kai Lee went to the news-stand in Chatham Square just as soon as the big automobile whirred up, and he bought—what never in his life he had bought before—a paper yet damp from the press. Tucking it beneath his loose coat, he took it back to proud Mrs. Tung, and spread it out before her on the counter of the shop. Then, chattering and cooing strange exclamations, they peered at the drawing—"sketched on the spot by our native correspondent"—of the wall where So-and-so had made their last stand. They could see even the brush-marks and the little long-tailed bird in the lower corner, which was Tung Kai Lee's (X) mark.

It was a great stroke for the imperturbable Ellis, who had himself got up the scheme; it was a stroke for the Big News Devil, who beat every illustrated sheet in town; and it seemed indeed a stroke for Tung Kai Lee, who now believed himself to be not only beyond the last least wall, but to be starting gaily down the primrose pathway on its farther side. He had quite forgotten the questions which he had not understood, and he did not read down the page to the long interview with one "Tung Kai Lee, a prominent citizen of Chinatown." He did not know that in cold black type he had discussed the causes and effects of the war and the attitude of the local Chinamen, nay, even explained in vivid detail the source and meaning of the mysterious characters that each day appeared on the bulletin-wall just across from the lodge-room in Pell street.

While the sign-painter slept that night two things happened in Chinatown. In a damp subcellar where certain of the merchants were wont to gather about a bowl of chop-suey, the paper in which Tung Kai Lee's "interview" appeared was being gingerly passed from hand to hand. They knew that they were but dozens among thousands; that Peking is very far away and Chinatown very near, and that when people cannot grasp their choice they sometimes choose that which they can grasp. Also it happened, with droll yet somewhat tragic coincidence, that just as the timorous merchants came up from their cellar to scuffle off to their tenement rooms a gang of drunken Bowery roughs took it into their heads to bowl up Mott street, roaring intricate blasphemies, and smashing windows as they went. The noise of them, softened by sleep, tinkled sweetly through Tung Kai Lee's dreams.

When he opened his shop the next morning, the summer sun seemed to take special delight in climbing above the tenements to shine down on him and the little slant-eyed wife. The same mongrel creatures dozed in the drinking-place across the alley, the same ghastly white women in pink and robin's-egg-blue wrappers scurried back to their lairs with food, and the same dull-faced crowd of clerks, waiting at the transfer platform for the City Hall train, stared in monotonous disdain into the squalid street. But little cared Tung Kai Lee. The Big News Devil had come to him and taken him by the hand. His money was passed from behind

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"WIRE-LIKE FINGERS CLOSED AROUND HIS THROAT."

a screen that hung on the wall of his shop, and the work of his hands was on the sheet.

Scarcely had he come out into the day when a tiny blue-coated messenger-boy, with his cap pulled low over his eyes, turned into the alley and came to the shop. He shuffled in just as imperturbably as though he were entering a broker's office with a client's order, and laconically he handed to Tung Kai Lee a long yellow envelop. It was the sort of envelop in which "copy" is sent from substations into the main newspaper office, and across the face of it, in heavy black letters, was the word "Rush." While Tung Kai Lee was laboriously opening it, to find a mysterious unfinished sketch inside, the messenger-boy had removed his cap, and wearily extracted from the lining of it a little blue telegram envelop. This the boy also handed to Tung Kai Lee. In the telegram which the Chinaman read—slowly and painfully, but with the help of Mrs. Tung yet read—the Big News Devil, in his offhand mountain-moving way, which made no more of talking in telegrams than of scratching a match, ordered him to come to the office—to come at once.

Down through the din of Park Row he pattered, in his derby and white collar indeed, but forgetting, in his haste, to slip off his felt slippers with their thick white soles. An elevator snatched him up to a slashing, ink-smelling, paper-littered room where copy-boys were running and young men were writing as though beneath the lash of the foul fiend. Then somebody took him by the arm and shunted him into a sort of closet, behind whose thin pine partitions the shuttle-like roar of the "city room" was softened to a steady hum.

A man in his shirt-sleeves sat at a large roll-top desk. He looked up quickly over the tops of his glasses, nodded, took the Chinaman's thin brown hand in his incisive grasp, and said quietly:

"We 've got some more work for you."

He took the yellow envelop from Tung Kai Lee's hand, and spread out on the desk the half-finished sketch which it contained. The sketch looked like a wall.

"Prince Tuan wants—to kill—all the—white men—in China," said the man in the shirt-sleeves, chopping out his words singly so as to make them perfectly clear. "Is n't that so—killee dead—cuttee dead—all white man?"

Tung Kai Lee nodded blankly.

"Prince Tuan tells Chinaman that—sends letter, does n't he—letter says—kill—dead?"

"Lite on wall," said Tung Kai Lee, showing his teeth.

"Ah, that 's the thing! A message on the wall, 'Kill all foreigners.' That 's great—great stuff.

"Now," said the man, taking off his glasses and drumming with his fingers on the paper, "we want a wall—you see—a wall like this. Then we want the message painted on the wall. Not white man's words." The man seized the pen and slapped some zigzag scratches on the outlined wall. "Chinaman's words for Prince Tuan's message. Chinaman's words for—let 's see, what did he say—kill all foreigners? No, no. 'Kill the foreign white devils'—that 's it—kill the foreign white devils!"

It was by such ingenious inductive methods that this particular Big News Devil evolved many of its most picturesque bits of news. Giving him paper, a brush, and water-colors, they smiled on him as though he was a mandarin, and left him at his work. Tung Kai Lee knew not in the least what it was all about except that he was to paint on a pictured wall something in Chinese about killing the white devils. With the strange roar sounding in his ears, he painted on—rapidly, nervously, and regardless of what was to come. Chinatown was ages and leagues behind him, and he worked even as a boy works for the bully who is his hero.

It was nearly noon when he pattered back through Park Row, and under his blouse was money from the Big News Devil that seemed to put him for the moment beyond the dreams of avarice. He walked two blocks out of his way to a plate-glass window, and bought a big box of French bonbons for Mrs. Tung, and for himself three of the white man's cigars.

Hugging his secret tight, he went out of his way to pass the big merchants' shops in Mott street, and thence round into Pell. It seemed like looking back mockingly from the farther side of the last least wall, and, as far as a mere Chinaman could, he regarded his brothers with quizzical playfulness. The little round, flat-faced children were playing in the latticed balconies above him, as usual, the sign-boards with the scarlet streamers at the top were swinging in front of the shops as they always swing, and those who knew him nodded in their silent indefinite way; for, if a volcano be brewing beneath its streets, the surface of Chinatown must not show a riffle.

Presently he was sitting in the shop with Mrs. Tung, counting out before her awe-struck

eyes—so wide opened that they were nearly round now—the money he had received, and chattering of the magic of the Big News Devil down at the other end of Park Row. All that afternoon gyrated by in a strange, between-the-worlds whirl, with the consciousness ever hot in their minds that even as they waited Tung Kai Lee's drawings were being stamped on the myriad pages that were to whizz out toward nightfall to the ends of the land like so many homing pigeons.

When, finally, the crowded up-town trains began to creep across the junction at Chatham Square, when the lights flashed out along the Bowery, and the pianos began to beat out from the red-light hallways, the paper did come. The news-wagons piled with it darted up-town; it was thrust into people's hands at the stations and the ferries and the corners, and up and down the quiet cross-town streets newsboys were running and shrieking out the sinister threat of the Chinese prince. The glaring sheets showered into Pell and Mott streets, for the Big News Devil had to-day a "special column for our Chinese readers." They were thrown through the open shop-doors and down into basement restaurants; slapped on counting-room desks, and carried up into misty, drowsy chambers where they mixed with the cloying smell of opium-smoke and incense their smell of printers' ink. As narrow eyes narrowed still more over the greasy pages, they saw no white man's type, but words they only too well could read. And as they stared with the fear of the whites growing upon them, they saw what they knew was at that moment in every eye in town, what they felt they would be held accountable for as men of the yellow race—the mocking scarlet characters saying, "Kill the foreign white devils!" A whisper went through Chinatown. It lusted for Tung Kai Lee.

The sign-painter had meanwhile imperturbably watched two long cigars fade into smoke, and the contents of the candy-box diminish before the nibbling, not-quite-certain attacks of cooing little Mrs. Tung. When the smoke hung blue about them, and the unaccustomed smell of tobacco had nearly drowned out the musky odor of the tiny shop, Tung Kai Lee got out his brushes. His head was whirling just a little now. Dizzily he saw long vistas of triumphs that he would share with the Big News Devil. Thinking fast to shape his ideas into definite forms, he began tentatively to sketch.

He saw more clearly as he drew. From the warning on the wall he passed to other warnings. The caressing brush splattered softly on to stranger and more strange signs of crueler ends.

With just a glint of exultation he surveyed the black, uncanny splashes. He could not quite repress a silent, leering Mongolian joy as he thought that he had brought the Big News Devil to his feet by forcing him to throw the fatal decree into the very teeth of those whose brothers it condemned to death.

The alley became quite still except for the whispering tread of some felt-footed yellow man or the distant periodical wail of the brakes on the "L." And still the facile brush drew its sinister trail across sheet after sheet.

Even the alley footfalls ceased, and nothing took their place in the shop but the unceasing, sinuous, liquid footfalls of the brush.

All at once the little wife gave a quick, twittering cry, and closing to him, hid her head beneath his arm, trembling. Tung Kai Lee looked up, stared round him, dazzled by lamplight, until he met, glittering through the dim glow of the room, eyes—wild, mocking, leering, thirsting eyes—above gaunt cheek-bones pressed tight against the iron rods that barred the shop-window, and the grinning, black-gummed mouths of those who watched, peering, jeering, waiting for him there.

Tung Kai Lee, jumping up, leaped forward, as though he were in very truth himself a "white devil," with one arm stretched back to cover his wife, and the other gripping the fragile brush as though it were a club. A snarl gnashed out from the yellow mob, and as he took a step to meet it they sprang from the window to the door, which opened at the corner of the shop, and fell on it just as Tung Kai Lee, diving forward, threw in the bolt.

A louder snarl rasped from them. They beat the window with the crumpled pages of a black-and-scarlet newspaper. A bamboo pole, thick as a club, crashed through the glass, and clattered at Tung Kai Lee's feet. As the alley dinned with their cries, a deeper and hoarser yell echoed from the other side of the rookeries, but in the moment none thought of that. Tung Kai Lee's gaze scurried about the shop in rat-like desperation, a sputter of blind phrases came from him, and the wife shrank up the dark stairway, pressing her hands to her round little face. Even as she did so two bloused fig-

ures, which had entered through one of the crisscrossed upper passages, brushed past her and gripped the painter from behind. Wire-like fingers closed around his throat, as a Chinaman or Malay knows how to close them, and he fell back, clutching wildly.

Again the alley sizzled with hisses and jeers, and the crowd closed in with a smash on the bolted door. While they battered it from without, and the two creatures on the floor pinned their victim down and held him still, the yell that had echoed once before burst out loud and near, and round the corner a tousled mob of whites, roaring in joyous drink-engendered fury, charged into the alley, hurling bricks and cans and swinging clubs and broomsticks as they came.

"Kill 'em! Kill 'em! Down with the Chinks!" they yelled.

The Bowery had again broken into Chinatown.

The two silent things on the floor vanished like rats. The yellow gang scuttled up the alley, and as the little wife lifted her husband's head into her lap a lone policeman lumbered past and disappeared beneath the gas-lamp at the bend, rapping his night-stick as he ran. Then the sound grumbled down and down, and finally, as Tung Kai Lee gasped and struggled up, it died out to nothing.

The sound had gone, indeed, but as the two clung to each other, listening there in the dark hallway, the silence that followed was far more fearful. Every creak was a thing to shrink from; whispers seemed to buzz with every breath that passed their lips, and long fingers to work hungrily in every shadow. The two knew now that it was not merely the quarter's fear they had to dread; it was the malevolent hate of those who hunt down him who has betrayed them. They knew, too, that Chinatown is a strange place, and things happen there at other times than in open daylight and when the stillness is not broken.

There was just one place to go. Slinking down the alley in the black shadow of the wall, they gained the open square. The Bowery lights were burning bright to the north, and stretching southward to Newspaper Row the deserted track with a belated train in the distance was as cheering as a bit of day.

Tung Kai Lee knew not at all that a "beat" lasts but a few minutes, and that it is a very big thing indeed which is worth "featuring" through more than one rising and setting sun. He did n't know that in these affairs the other fellow always pays. And so, in the faith of very little children,—just as though he were a lady bicyclist who had ridden impossible distances on a diet of soup tablets, or a foolish little English duke who liked to see in type the name of the son of a hundred earls,—he and Mrs. Tung pattered down past the dimly lighted pawnshops and bar-rooms of the upper Row to where, at the end of it, the lights of the Big News Devil were flashing out on the night.

Only a moment—only a copy-boy—were needed to open their eyes. Presently they were again in the street—brushed there like the bedraggled sheets, which, hungrily snatched at sundown, lay now in the gutter, squeezed of their life and dead. Even as they stood there, stranded, the great presses far up in the building began their solemn mumbling, as, seriously and not without enthusiasm, they ground out what to-morrow would be news. A squad of "White Wings" showed out in the dark as they slowly pushed their brooms up the Row from Broadway. The dead papers had, at least, some one to sweep them away.

THE morning sun smiled over Chinatown and laughed gaily down into its crookedest alley. At the bottom of the alley, under the rickety waistband of a rookery, it lighted a shop-door on which hung an oddly painted sign. The sign read as it had always read, but the door on which it hung was closed and locked, and the curtained windows of the shop stared out like sightless eyes. While the sunlight jested with the silent shop, a pale and rather pert young man sat beneath a drop-lamp in a steamy, dinning news-mill down in Park Row, luxuriously writing a long and vivid explanation—from the inside point of view—of what the credulous morning papers had called a race war in Chinatown. And while he wrote, two little people, whose world had slipped from beneath them, who cowered when their train swept into a station, and cringed when the newsboys thrust out their papers, were curled up close together in a wooden seat of a second-class coach of that night's Pacific Mail.

(BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.)

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

VI.

MME. and Mlle. Vicaud were at home on Tuesdays, and Damier felt that he would always receive a courteously cordial welcome on these formal occasions; but he felt, too, for some weeks, that the courtesy, the pleasant graciousness of his reception, did not grow in warmth. He was accepted, but no more. Mme. Vicaud treated him as she might have treated him had he been but one habitué of a crowded salon. Her salon was anything but crowded; he soon had numbered its habitués. There was a monotony about these Tuesday reunions; they were rather thin and colorless; thin only in quantity, not in quality, for that was excellent—reminded him of Mme. Vicaud's black silk dresses with their white lawn cuffs and collars, a quality worn but irreproachable. Damier came to find a flavor, an unusualness, in the cool cheerfulness of the Tuesday teas.

The salon in the Rue B—— on these occasions had some vases of flowers, and the tea, brought in by the monastic Angélique, boasted bread and butter and *madeleines* as well as the daily *petits beurres* that Damier had been offered on a more informal visit.

To the teas came old Mme. Dépressier, who was of an impoverished Huguenot family, and who spent her time in works of charity, a serene woman with a large white face—a woman, Damier found on talking to her, of character and learning. She and Mme. Vicaud talked of books, lectures, and poor people, and smiled much together. Mme. Crécy came also, dignified, middle-aged, interested in *le mouvement féministe*, a writer of essays, dark, decisive, a charm in her bright ugliness. There was a dim, devout, and gentle old Comtesse de Comprailles. She had known Mme. Vicaud for years, from before her marriage, and her piety had lifted her above the realization of the secular troubles of her friend, and had, indeed, kept their relation a softly superficial one. With the comtesse came sometimes a tall, thin priest, her cousin, also dim, devout, and gentle in these social relations with heretics.

There was a young Polish art-student, a girl with a thin, ardent face, and an attire manlike from its deficiency of adornment rather than from any pose. She wore very short cloth skirts,—shortened by several years of wear and mending, our acutely sympathetic young man guessed,—a knotted handkerchief around her throat, and a soft felt hat. To this young woman, who, Damier heard, had great talent and was miserably poor, Mme. Vicaud showed a peculiar tenderness. Sophie Labrinska had a look at once weary and keen. She seldom spoke, but her face lighted up with a smile for her hostess, and on Tuesdays she always played to them—and played with an ungirl-like mastery and beauty of interpretation—a ballade, nocturne, or mazurka of Chopin.

Lady Vibert and her daughter came too. They lived in a tiny flat near the Bois, finding poverty in Paris more genial and resourceful than in England. Miss Vibert, a fresh-colored young woman with prominent teeth, studied art also, and for years had gone daily to a studio from which, each week, she brought back to the tiny flat a life-size torso, very neatly painted. She and her mother were cheerful, eager people, taking their Paris, their *abonnement* at the Théâtre Français,—a rite they religiously fulfilled,—their biweekly lecture at the École de France, with a pleasant seriousness. Mme. Vicaud lifted her eyebrows and smiled a little, though very kindly, over Miss Vibert's artistic progress; but she was fond of her.

As for Claire, she showed little fondness, with one exception, for any of her mother's guests. Miss Vibert talked to her in clear, high tones, but Claire spoke little to her, and only answered with her most slumberous smiles. For Sophie she had neither smiles

nor words. She ignored her—but not with an effect of intentional ignoring; it was merely that the little Polish girl made no advances, and unless she were advanced to, Claire, in her mother's salon, maintained an air of indolent detachment—except for one member of it, the only one who could be said to recall, definitely, what there was of bohemia in Mme. Vicaud's past. M. Claude Daunay did no more than recall it, for his bohemianism was of a most tempered quality, consisting in a kindly indifference to smallnesses, a half-humorous choice of the unconventional rather than an ignorant imprisonment in it. He was a man of about fifty, and his massive gray head, Jovian hair and beard, his kindly, wearied eyes and stooping yet stalwart figure, made him a distinguished apparition at Mme. Vicaud's teas. She placed him, sketched him for Damier in a few words, the most open that her reserve had yet allowed her, and it was then only after a good many Tuesdays: "He knew my husband, and was very kind to him, and to me, when we were in need of kindness. He has no genius,—he, too, is a painter, you know,—but a vast appreciation, and a vast generosity in the expression of it, and much distinction of mind and talent."

M. Daunay was married, but his marriage was an unfortunate one. Mme. Daunay had been the reverse of a model wife; she lived, an invalid, a life of retirement in the country, and was supposed to make much bitterness in the existence of her husband, who had his home with a *vieille fille* cousin in Paris. Damier liked the scholarly artist, his mild smile and air of weary unexpectancy.

It was with M. Daunay that Claire was her most vivid self, with him and with their new "young" friend—though, when M. Daunay was present, Damier's relegation to the background bespoke an excellent loyalty to older ties. There was something very nearly filial in her graceful and affectionate solicitude for M. Daunay. She would sweep, in trailing gowns, always a little overperfumed,—it was the point where her taste seemed to fail her,—and always late, into the salon, and, if M. Daunay were there, go at once to him after a formal acknowledgment of the other presences in the room. She did not talk much with him,—she talked more to Damier,—but while he talked to her she smiled at him, an encouraging, responsive smile.

M. Daunay spoke to Damier of Mme. Vicaud as *une âme exquise*, and of Claire as *une charmante enfant*, a term emphasizing his almost paternal attitude, an emphasis made more noticeable by his more formal relations with the mother. Damier saw that he was very fond of Claire, but that between him and Mme. Vicaud there were no bonds closer than a courteous understanding and regard. On Tuesday, after tea and talk, music would be brought out, candles lighted at the piano, Claire would sing while M. Daunay accompanied her on the piano or her mother on the harp, Sophie would play her Polish music, and M. Daunay and Mme. Vicaud give each a solo or a duet. There was not a trace of the amateur in these performances; the pleasure was great, and, for Damier, the charm too deep for analysis in this listening with her, or to her, in the quiet room, among these quiet, subdued, rather sad people.

He was still, in a sense, outside the barrier, but they all were, he fancied, in the sense he meant. These Tuesdays were the nearest, really, that any of them ever came to her. Yet they were more definitely accepted as friends: he was still the onlooker.

It was only humorously that he resented his slow advance to a more individual standing. He could hardly himself measure it; and yet he felt that he was being observed, weighed, thought over, and, almost imperceptibly, that her smile for him gained in meaning.

VII.

It was through a book they spoke of, a book which he said he would bring to her, that they came at last face to face, and, for the first time really, alone together. He found her in the firelit room; her last pupil had gone, and she was sitting before her harp, her hands in her lap, her eyes looking vaguely in front of her. There had been a fall of snow, and the chill February afternoon outside was desolate in its white and gray and black. Within there was the serenity, the flicker of firelight, Mme. Vicaud, and her silent harp.

She turned her head with her smile of welcome, and, as he drew a chair near hers, lightly touched a harp-string. The throb of the vibrant note echoed in the young man's heart. For the first time, after a winter of patient waiting, he was alone with his mystery, alone with the woman he adored; for that he adored this cold, sweet, faded woman, with her fragrant life blossoming on its black background, was as much a fact of his existence as that he had seen her photograph on that distant sunny day.

"My work is over," she said. "I am feeling indolent. Ah, you have brought the book; thank you. Will you read it now to me a little?" She leaned back, smiling still, her eyes, he felt, studying him more openly, yet more kindly, than ever before. "Will you ring for the candles, then, or would you rather sit on for a little while in this blind-man's holiday?"

"I would rather sit on, and have you play to me, if you are not too tired."

"I am tired of teaching—of listening, not of playing." She at once adjusted her foot, stretched her arms, bending to the instrument, and played an old and plaintive melody.

"Exquisite," said Damier, when it ended. "It is so staid in form, yet so melancholy in feeling."

"Yes; like the melancholy of a sad heart, whispering its sorrow to itself under the lace and brocade of a long-dead epoch." She went on to a joyous little pastoral, and said, smiling at him, that that was like a bank of primroses; and, after the next, "And that all innocent solemnity and sweetness, like a nun's prayer." And when she had finished they sat in silence for some time.

"Have you always played?" he asked her at last, seeing her suddenly as a young girl in a white dress, with a green ribbon around her waist, an emerald locket at her throat, sitting at her harp.

"Always; I learned when I was a child." The unspoken sadness of the past seemed to steal about them—he seemed to hear the "sad heart whispering to itself" as they sat there in the firelight.

"I have often thought," Mme. Vicaud said, turning suddenly toward him and smiling with a touch of constraint, "that it was very nice of you to seek us out like this. I have often wanted to speak to you about it. For it was you rather than Mrs. Mostyn who sought, was it not? What made you think of it?" she asked, her smile growing in sweetness as his eyes dwelt on hers.

"It was a very romantic reason," Damier said; "or, no, I won't belittle my reason by that trivial term; it was a very serious reason, rather, a very real one. I saw your photograph in an album belonging to Mrs. Mostyn, and then I wanted to see you."

She looked at him in silence.

"How very strange!" she presently said. "Wanted enough for that?"

"To seek you? Quite enough; more." He smiled. "Yes, it was strange—is strange. I did not know whether you were alive or dead, nor did Mrs. Mostyn."

"And you set out in quest of me?"

"Yes, after a time. At first Mrs. Mostyn could hear nothing of you. I met another old acquaintance of yours—Sir Henry Quarle. He talked to me about you, too, and immediately afterward I got your address from Mrs. Mostyn and her letter to you. Then I set out at once."

Mme. Vicaud looked at him with a grave, speculating look for some silent moments, before saying, turning her eyes away and once more showing constraint in her voice:

"You heard that I had been unfortunate—unhappy? You were sorry for that?"

"Yes; but had you been very fortunate, very happy, I should still have looked for you."

"But why? Did you like my face so much?"

"So much. I felt that I should have known you long ago, and that, having missed you for so long through the stupid accident of the years, I must know you always in the future. I should have felt it had you been dead." His charming eyes dwelling on her with a perfect candor and simplicity, for it was easy at last to speak these familiar thoughts to her, he added: "I needed you; I had always needed you. And so, it seemed to me, you needed me; your eyes in the photograph called to me."

At this she looked swiftly at him with an astonishment that slowly softened to a smile. "You are a strange, a good friend," she said.

"You accept me as such?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, "I accept you as such—gratefully. I don't call you. Those days are over."

She rose, pushing the harp aside, and walked slowly down the room, pausing at the window and looking out. He divined that she was much touched, even that there were tears in her eyes. He feared to show her the depths of his feeling for her, his longing to enter her life, help her, if it might be, in it; but, rising too, he said in a slightly trembling voice: "You don't need my friendship, but I need yours. Let that be my claim."

"Your claim to what?" she asked, her face still turned from him.

"To the hope that I may grow into your confidence—the hope that you will lean on me, trust me completely, and that, with time, I may, perhaps, mean something to you of what you mean to me."

Her face now, as she looked at him,

showed a curious, a vivid look of wonder, humor, tenderness, and sadness.

"What am I, that I should mean so much to you? You don't know me."

"Is that your kind way of intimating that I can mean nothing to you—that you don't know me?" he smiled.

"Ah, don't think that I am so hard and stupid!" she said quickly. "Don't think that I am fencing with you, trying to ward off a friendship I can't appreciate. Don't think that I have no need of a friend. I have; I have—only I had forgotten to feel it. I do not say that I have no friends; you know that I have, and good ones—only you do not wish to rank with them. Is n't it so?" She smiled swiftly, from her gravity, at him. "There is good Mme. Dépressier, and the comtesse, and little Sophie,—who needs me, poor child, in her struggle and loneliness,—and the others, true and good all; but none near. You would be near,—would you not?—and have me share pain with you—lean on you, you say." His fine young face, stern with eagerness, followed her words in silent assent. "But it would be difficult for me to have such a friend. I have never had such a friend. It is difficult, painful to me to show myself, be myself. I am a hard, I fear a spoiled, stunted nature. You heard—of course you must have heard; it is the one thing that anybody must hear who hears at all of me—that my marriage was very unhappy. It warped me; it froze me. There was no one to help me when I needed help, or to hear me, even had I not been too proud to call, and I lost the power of appeal or self-expression. If I had been gentler, less bitter in my despair, less rebellious, I might have kept more in touch with life, been more natural, more responsive. As it is, I can still feel—deeply, deeply; but it is hard for me to respond. I am old enough to be your mother. No? Well, almost." She smiled slightly at his exactitude. "I am very different from the girl in the photograph whose eyes called to you—prophetic eyes they must have been! You must not expect fine things of me; you must not idealize me." She put her hand gently, maternally on his shoulder. "Never idealize me. That is a dangerous—a terrible thing to do."

"Can you look at me," he asked, putting his hand on hers—"can you look at me and think that I could idealize you—see you as anything else than you are? Don't you feel that, indeed, I can see you much more clearly than you see yourself—the girl in the photograph, and the woman old enough, almost old enough, to be my mother? You are shut into your present. I see you in it—and in all your past."

She stood looking gravely into his eyes as he looked into hers. In hers there was—not seen by him and hardly felt by herself—a swiftly passing, an immense regret, an immense sadness. It was like the sweeping shadow of a flying wing, and left only the limpidity of sweetest, most candid acquiescence. In his eyes, too, there was regret, passionate regret, and he felt it, and felt that she could not understand or read it, nor the vague, strong hope that so strangely informed it.

"So I have a friend, a new yet an old friend," said Mme. Vicaud. "You perplex me, but I believe in all you say. You give me great happiness."

He lifted the hand under his and bent his lips to it. She looked down at his bowed head with a smile that was a benediction.

On that first day of their friendship, as they sat together, she again before her harp, it was, oddly, he who leaned and confided. Almost boyishly, under her comprehending eyes, he unfolded for her his life, its deepest efforts and its deepest disappointments. Mme. Vicaud, while he talked and she questioned, drew her fingers softly, from time to time, across her harp-strings. He never forgot the hour, nor the sense of communion that the silvery ripple of the harp-strings made paradisiacal.

"And will you not marry? Have you not thought of marrying?" she asked.

He considered her with what he knew to be a whimsical smile at her unconsciousness.

"I have been too great a coward ever to get further than thinking of it. My love-affairs have rarely passed the speculative stage. My ideals of marriage are of a most exacting nature."

"Ah, that is well," she said. "Never lower them to fit some reality that, for the moment, appeals. I hope," she added, "that you will some day find the woman who realizes them."

No, the silly accident of the years too much blinded her, Damier felt, for her to see, yet, that she was the woman. He himself was too much dazzled to see beyond the fact itself. Any question of love or marriage seemed irrelevant, did not enter at all into this wonderful and happy place where her harp rippled, her eyes smiled, where she understood that he had found her.

VIII.

AFTER this there was no more the feeling of a barrier. It was gone; and with perfect

graciousness and trust she admitted him to the personal standing and nearness he had asked for. She was all confidence now, although she made no confidences. He felt that her trust in him hid nothing from him, and yet that her pride made her past sorrows so poignantly intimate that they must be understood between her friend and herself, not spoken of.

The nearer intimacy with the mother did not bring Damier into nearer intimacy with the daughter, for the simple reason that he was already so intimate. From the first Damier had felt that he understood Claire Vicaud. He could not yet clearly define what he understood, but she could have no revelations for him. Her father explained her, and her mother reclaimed her. That was her history, and he imagined that neither she nor her mother was aware of the history, but the mother less than she. Indeed, he fancied, at times, that he saw her far more clearly than did the mother—hoped that the mother had not his direct vision.

He was rather fond of Claire, with a fondness tolerant, humorous, and pitying. What he saw in her were thwarted energies, well thwarted, yet pathetic in their enforced composure; he saw voiceless rebellion, and the dumb discomfort of a creature reared in an environment not its own. This simile might have cast a reproach upon the mother had it conjured up the vision of an unkindly caged pantheress; but the simile so seen was too poetical for Claire. It was not the wild, fine, free thing of nature that circumstance had caged, but the product of over-civilized senses—senses only, and corrupt senses. There was the point that made her piteous and repellent.

Claire's claim on life was not a high one. Hers was not even an esthetic fastidiousness of sense nor a romantic coloring of emotion; there was nothing delicate or warm or eager about her. Her wishes were not yearnings; they were steadfast inclinations toward all the evident, the palpable, perhaps the baser pleasures of life, pleasures that would most certainly have been hers had not fate—in the shape of a mother to whom these pleasures were non-existent rather than despicable—lifted her above the possible grasp at them: jewels, clothes, magnificent establishments, riotous living. She was cold, but she would welcome passively the warmth of admiration about her. She had not her father's genius to transmute the tawdry cravings of her inheritance from him. She had his quick, clear intelligence, and it seemed only to make harder, more decisive, her centering in self.

Damier could see her as the painted prima donna (never as the sincere and serious artist), bowing her languorous triumph before the curtain; could see her laughing in ugly mirth at Gallic jests among a crowd of clever *rapins;* could horribly image her—most horribly when one remembered who was her mother—rolling in a lightly swung carriage down the Avenue des Acacias, a modern Cleopatra in her barge, alluring in indifference under her parasol, and dressed with the consummate and conscious art that does not flower in the sound soil of respectability. These were, indeed, horrid thoughts, and as absurd as horrid when the mother stood beside them. Even to think them seemed to put a dagger into a heart already many times stabbed. Yet separate mother and daughter,—it was ominously easy so to separate them,—and nothing in Claire reproached and contradicted such images. Inevitably they arose, and, as inevitably, the companion picture of the mother, like a transfixed Mater Dolorosa.

To the mother he felt that in giving interest and attention to Claire he rendered a service more grateful to her than any homage. He proposed that he should take Claire for walks sometimes, and he felt something of the staidness of the girl's upbringing in Mme. Vicaud's acquiescence, in its implied trust—a trust that waived a custom in his favor. It expressed the mother's attitude against all that was lax or undignified in life. Claire could go with him, their friend, but, Claire told him with a light laugh, she seldom went out alone. "Only sometimes with M. Daunay; but he is like a father, almost. And to the dressmaker's; and almost always mama is with me. We are such companions, you know." Damier could not quite determine as to possible irony in her placid tones. He looked upon these walks with Claire—they would cross the Seine, looking up at Carpeaux's jocund group on the Pavillon de Flore, and pace sedately in the Tuileries Gardens or up the Champs-Élysées—as expressions of his identification of himself with Mme. Vicaud's interests, for he always felt that it pleased her that he should ask Claire to go; yet, after each one of them, he could not defend himself from the strange sensation that he had been in an atmosphere disloyal to his friend. The atmosphere was so different, yet so subtly different, when Claire was alone with him, or with him and

her mother. So subtle was the difference that any remonstrance on his part might constitute a stupid rebuff to her unconsciousness; yet so different were her tones, her look, her laugh, so different the quality of her frankness, its *gaillardise*, as it were, and its familiarity, almost insolent in its assurance—so different were all these that he could hardly believe her unconscious of the change. He did understand her; that was the trouble: for she acted as if he did, and as if all pretenses were unnecessary between them, and free breathing a relief to both after a burdensome atmosphere. Damier, while they walked, showed a grave kindliness, listened to her, assented or dissented with a careful accuracy that amused himself. He was not quite sure why—with Claire he seldom felt it safe to be flexible or flippant; some dim instinct of self-protection before this embryotic soul and quick intelligence made him guard himself against all misinterpretations, made him scrupulous in defining the differences between them. Claire referred little to her mother, and then, at least in the beginnings of their intercourse, in the tones of commonplace respect, with something of the effect, he more and more realized, of shuffling aside an excellence that they both took for granted but hardly cared to linger over—she certainly did not, though he might have odd, pretty tastes for the past and done with.

What to him was poetry—for, to a certain extent, she seemed to appreciate his attitude toward her mother—was to her the mere furniture of life. Damier resented, but for some time was helpless; she gave him no occasion for declaration or defense. Once or twice when, *à propos de bottes*, as far as actual comment was required, he seriously spoke of his deep admiration for her mother, Claire listened with a *cela-va-sans-dire* expression vastly baffling. Only by degrees, and only after some definite sharpnesses on his side, did she seem to realize that, in including him in her own casual attitude toward her mother, she not only misinterpreted but irritated and antagonized him. After that realization she never so offended again. Indeed, with an air of honoring his fantastic sensitiveness, yet with gravity, as if to show him that she, too, could appreciate moral charm, the pathos of defeat and finality, she often alluded to her mother's fine and gracious qualities; but, in spite of this concession, Damier was still aware of the indefinable difference that made the atmosphere seem disloyal.

She said one day: "You have really decided to live in Paris—for ever and ever—*hein?* Is it we you are studying? Do you find us interesting?"

"Very," replied Damier.

"But the world is full of so many more interesting people," said Claire, "than two ladies, one almost old and one rapidly leaving her youth behind her, who live the narrowest of lives and give lessons to make butter for their bread."

"I have not met many more interesting."

"Then it is—to study us?" Her sleepy smile was upon him.

Damier had certainly no intention of confiding in Claire the reasons for his stay in Paris, feeling suddenly, indeed, that the young woman herself formed a rather serious problem in all practical considerations of these reasons; yet the attitude implied in her question demanded a negative. "No, it is n't because I am studying you; it is because I am fond of you," he said, bringing out the words with a touch of awkwardness, feeling their simplicity to be almost crude.

Claire was reflectively silent for some moments, observing his face, he knew, though he was not looking at her.

"Vous êtes un original," she said at last, with quite the manner of her race when abandoning, as impenetrable to rational probes, some specimen of British eccentricity.

On another day a little incident occurred, slight, yet destined to impress Damier with a deeper sense of Claire's unsoundness. They were walking down the Champs-Élysées in the windy brightness of a March afternoon, when, in the distance, near the Rond Point, they discerned the easily recognizable figure of M. Daunay. Claire, as this old friend appeared upon the field of vision, put her hand in Damier's arm and, drawing him toward one of the smaller streets that slope down to the spacious avenue, said, smiling unemphatically, "Don't let us meet him."

"Why not?" Damier inquired, surprised, and conscious in his surprise of a quick hostility to Claire and to her smiling look of dexterous evasion.

"He has n't seen us—come," she insisted, though the insistence was still veiled in humor.

"Why should he not see us? I shall be glad to see him."

Her eyes measured M. Daunay's distance before she said, with something of impatience at his slowness of comprehension, "He will be shocked—think it improper—our walking out alone like this."

Damier stared at her, stolidly resistant to the soft pull of her hand.

"Improper? Your mother consenting—you an Englishwoman, I an Englishman?"

"He is a Frenchman, and I am half French; you seem to forget that, both you and mama, at times." If she was irritated with him she successfully controlled her irritation, and M. Daunay was so near that flight before his misinterpretation was impossible. She evidently resigned herself to the situation of Damier's making—let him feel, with a shrug of her shoulders, that it was of his making indeed, but, by a half-indifferent, half-ironic smile, that he was forgiven; he must be strong enough for both of them, the smile said.

M. Daunay approached, doffing his hat, and Damier at once perceived that there was certainly in his eye a cogitation very courteous, but altogether out of keeping, he thought, with the importance of its cause. He himself felt absent-minded, his thoughts engaged more with the analysis of the new and disagreeable sensation Claire had given him than with the sensations she might have given M. Daunay. He replied somewhat vaguely to M. Daunay's salutations, and, not so vaguely, heard Claire saying, "Mama has sent us out for a walk."

"Fine weather for walking," M. Daunay replied, looking away from the young woman up at the vivid spring sky and round at the expansive day, all wind, sunlight, and sauntering groups of people.

"You often walk here?" he continued pleasantly.

"Not so often. I am too hard worked to get a frequent holiday; but Mr. Damier takes us out sometimes."

"Mme. Vicaud is at home?"

"Yes; she has pupils, or she would have been with us."

"She is well, I trust?"

"Very well. We shall see you at tea to-morrow?" Claire laid a gently urgent hand upon his arm. "I have been practising the Gluck; I think you will be pleased with it. You will come?"

"With great pleasure, as always," said the Frenchman, but still with something of unwonted gravity beneath his apparent ease.

They parted, and Claire and Damier walked on.

"He was shocked," said Claire, mildly.

M. Daunay might or might not be shocked, but Damier felt that he himself was, more so than he could quite account for. He fixed upon that wholly unnecessary half-untruth of hers; he could not let it pass.

"We have often come here; your mother has only once come with us," he said, with the effect of cold shyness that his displeasure usually took. It always required an effort of distinct courage on Eustace Damier's part to express displeasure.

"There was no necessity for him to know that," she returned, adding, with a laugh: "Now I have shocked both of you—he in his *convenances*, you in your English veracity. I don't mind fibbing in the least, I must tell you."

"Don't you?" His displeasure was now determined to show its definite coolness.

"Not in the least," said Claire, with perfect good humor, "in myself or in others"; and she added, with a little laugh at herself, "unless other people's fibs interfere with mine; but I think that I mind their fibs interfering less than their truths."

Damier resigned himself to feeling that, after all, he was thoroughly prepared for any such developments in Claire. It was the tragedy in the thought of the other Clara that was knocking at his heart.

IX.

THE arrival in Paris, where she was to pass some months, of a friend of Damier's, Lady Surfex, a charming, capable woman whose husband was his nearest friend, was the means of casting a further and still more lurid light upon Claire's character and Mme. Vicaud's past.

Damier wished to bring Mme. Vicaud and Lady Surfex together. He had plans, and was vastly amused to realize that they were of a quite paternal character. These plans did not go beyond the thought that a widening of Claire's life might be an excellent thing for her, and, as a result, a happy thing for her mother. To see Claire well, safely, happily married, would not this be the lifting of a problem from the mother's heart? As yet he had not gone further and told himself that it would leave the mother's heart freer for the contemplation of other problems. Now Claire's chances of a prosperous marriage would certainly be multiplied if he could bring around her and her mother a few such friends as Lady Surfex. He spoke to her, on his first visit to her, of the Vicauds and of his wish that they might meet. "The charming Clara Chanfrey!" Lady Surfex said. (With what a chime all allusions to Clara Chanfrey always began, to

end with such funereal tolling!) "Ah, you make me feel how old I am becoming, for how often in my girlhood I heard my mother speak of her! She always spoke severely. Mother belonged to the old régime, you know—saw things steadily, and saw them whole, perhaps, but rather narrowly, and only one thing at a time. She could n't take in, as it were, the extenuations of circumstance. And she was a great friend of Lady Chanfrey's. Lady Chanfrey infected all her allies with her own bitterness. But the memory of the daughter's charm came through it. She was like her father, not like her mother. I never liked the little I remember of Lady Chanfrey. But I have heard of Mme. Vicaud since I used to hear of her from mother, and, I am sorry to say, more and more sadly."

"All I hear of her is sad," said Damier; "every echo from her past is a groan!"

"Poor woman!" Lady Surfex mused. "First the awful husband, and then the, to say the least of it, trying daughter."

Damier's heart stiffened. "Trying? In what way—I may ask?"

"Of course you may. You know them so well, and, as I see, your sympathy is all with the mother. Well, I am afraid she is altogether trying, but the instance of which I was thinking deserves a severer adjective. Some friends of mine in Cheshire, nice, quiet people, had always kept more or less in touch with Mme. Vicaud during her stormy life. They did not meet, but they sometimes wrote. Mrs. Barnett and she had been friends in girlhood. Claire, when she grew up, went to stay with them. Very beautiful, very clever, singing wonderfully, yet, from the beginning, she struck a false note. And then there was the ugly little story: a young man, Captain Dauncey, fell madly in love with her; they were engaged; and, within hardly a month's time, she jilted him openly and brazenly for a better match. That was only the beginning. Sir Everard Comber was madly in love, too, but Mrs. Barnett told me that they felt that he knew there was no good metal under her glamour; the glamour was so great that he hoodwinked himself; it was tragic to see him trying not to see. And one day he and Mrs. Barnett found Mlle. Vicaud engaged in a flirtation in an arbor, indolently allowing an adoring young man to kiss her hand, his arm around her waist. Mrs. Barnett said that it was the most unpleasant of situations—poor Sir Everard's face, the girl's look of dismay, followed by an instant assumption of coolness. She was able, almost at once, to show a humorous, half-vexed, half-tolerant smile, and to pretend that she expected them to share her playful anger against the hugely embarrassed culprit. She behaved, afterward, very badly about Sir Everard's breaking of the engagement, which he did most delicately and generously. She had no dignity; she was furious, and showed that she was; she even hinted once—only once, but it was enough—at a breach-of-promise suit and damages.

"Mme. Vicaud appeared in the midst of the commotion, and quenched in a moment the ugly flicker of vulgarity. The Barnetts guessed that there must have been a terrible scene between the two, but Mme. Vicaud carried off her daughter, completely quelled, it seemed. She could not save the situation; she merely made it tragic instead of odious. That is the story," said Lady Surfex, after a pause in which Damier, with a whitened face, kept a sick silence—"only the story, after all, of a vulgar girl who makes her mother piteous.

"I should love to meet Mme. Vicaud. She does not know that I know, nor, I think, does the girl. The best thing, I fancy, would be if the girl could be married off to somebody who understood—and did n't mind. Don't you think so? Could we try to help Mme. Vicaud like that?"

Damier could not think just now of Claire's future; he was thinking, persistently, of Mme. Vicaud—seeing her as a white flower sunken up to the brave and fragile petals in mud. The past clung to her in her daughter—greedy, husband-hunting, lax, and vulgar. What must the tortured mother's heart have felt at this heaping of shame upon her proudest head? How more and more he understood, and interpreted, her silences, her reserves!

In a dry voice he said that he could hardly hope for any possible atonement to Mme. Vicaud.

"Have I been wrong in telling you—ungenerous?" asked Lady Surfex.

"No; right. It makes one more able to help her—or, at least, to feel where she most needs help. It is only in lifting the daughter that one can help her."

"We will lift her," said Lady Surfex, with a glance at his absorbed face; "and then, if we do,—right out of the mother's life,—what will she do alone?"

"She would never allow her to be lifted out of her life."

"Well, only in the literal sense of going away to live with her husband."

"Her husband! It seems a difficult thing to find her one."

"Not so much to find one—she is enchanting in appearance, I hear—as to keep one. But no doubt she is wiser, better, now. And would you, Eustace, live on in Paris indefinitely if the girl married and left her mother alone? Is your friendship so absorbing?"

He was able to look at her now with a smile for her acuteness.

"Quite so absorbing."

X.

YET that very evening Damier was to have his freshly emphasized disgust unsettled, as theories are so constantly unsettled by new developments of fact. Claire did not show him a new fact about herself; she merely explained herself a little further, and made it evident that one could not label her "vulgar" and so dispose of her.

It was, curiously, with a keener throb of pity, in the very midst of all his new reasons for disliking her, that he found her alone in the salon, sitting, in her white evening dress, near the open window—opened on the warm spring twilight. There was something of lassitude in her posture, the half-droop of her head as she stared vaguely at the sky, something of passive, patient strength, a creature that no one could love—even—even—he had wondered over it more and more of late—her mother? The wonder never came without a sense of fear for the desecration that such a thought implied in its forcing itself into an inner shrine of sorrow.

His vision in all that concerned the woman he loved had something of a clairvoyant quality. At times he felt himself closing his ears, shutting his eyes, to whispers, glimpses, which as yet he had no right to see or hear.

That evening he was to dine with Mme. Vicaud, Claire, and little Sophie; and Claire's gown, he felt in prospective, would make poor Sophie's ill-fitting blouse look odd by contrast in the box at the theater where he was afterward to take them. He had, indeed, never seen the girl look more lovely. His over-early arrival had had as its object the hope of finding, not the daughter, but the mother, alone. Yet, sitting there in the quiet evening air, talking quietly, looking from dim tree-tops outside to Claire's white form and splendid head, he felt that the unasked-for hour had its interest, even its charm. Claire did not charm him, but the mystery of her deep thoughts and shallow heart was as alluring to his mind as the merely pictorial attraction of her beauty to his eye.

"The chief thing," said Claire,—they had been talking in a desultory fashion about life, and in speaking she stretched out her arm in its transparent sleeve and looked at it with her placid, powerful look, adjusting its fall of lace over her hand,—"the chief thing is to know what you want and to determine to get it. People who do that get what they want, you know—unless circumstances are peculiarly antagonistic." (Damier, in the light of his recent knowledge, found this phrase very pregnant.) "You, for instance, have never known exactly what you wanted; therefore you have got nothing. My father knew that he wanted to paint well. You rarely hear us speak of my father, do you?—though mama, you see, has his photograph conspicuously *en évidence* up there, lest I should think too ill of him—or guess how ill she thinks of him herself. I hardly knew my father at all. He was, no doubt, what is called a very bad man, but clever, very clever. He determined to paint well, and he did. You know his pictures. I don't care about pictures, but I suppose there are few of that epoch that can be compared to that Luxembourg canvas of his. Mama, do you know, never goes to see it. She has never really recovered from the shock poor papa gave her prejudices—the prejudices of the *jeune fille anglaise*. I"—she smiled a little at him, gliding quickly past the silent displeasure that her last words had evoked in his expression—"I have a very restricted field for choice; but I determine to be well dressed. I have small aims, you say, but with me, as yet, circumstances are very antagonistic. I should like many pleasures, but as there is only one I can achieve, I am wise as well as determined. What I do determine comes to pass. And mama—yes, I am coming to her—mama wanted to be good, and she is, you see, perfectly good. And, even more than that, perhaps, she wanted me to be good, too; but there either her will was too weak or I too wicked—the latter, probably, for she has a strong will."

"Perhaps," said Damier, smiling as he leaned back in his chair, arms folded and knees crossed, listening to her—"perhaps you underestimate her success, or overestimate the Luciferian splendor of your own nature."

"I don't think it is at all splendid," said Claire, composedly. "Some wickedness is, I grant you; but do I strike you as affecting that kind?"

"I must own that you don't."

"Or, indeed, as affecting anything either picturesque or desirable?" she pursued.

Again Damier had to own that she affected no such thing.

"Ah, that is well. I should not like you to misinterpret me," said Claire. "I make no poses." And after a slight pause, in which he wondered anew over her, she added: "I merely like enjoyment better than anything else in the world."

"Yours, you know, is a very old philosophy—a universe of will and enjoyment; but one must have a great deal of the former to attain the latter in a world of so many clashing aims," said Damier.

"Yes, one must."

"And not the highest type of will. The world, so seen, is a terrible one."

"Do you think so?" Her look, from the sky, drifted lazily down to him.

"Don't you?"

"No; I think it wonderful, enthralling, if one attains one's aims. It is all beautiful, even the suffering—if one avoids suffering one's self."

"You are an esthete—

> While safe beneath the roof,
> To hear with drowsy ear the plash of rain."

"Oh, better than rain—the tempest!"

"And how can one avoid suffering, pray?"

"*Mais*,"—Claire had a tolerant smile for his naïveté,—"by staying under the roof, laughing round the fire. Mama, you see, would be darting out continually into the storm."

"Bringing other people back to shelter."

"And crowding us uncomfortably round the fire, getting the rest of us wet," smiled Claire. "For a case in point, don't you find Sophie a bore? She was going to commit suicide when mama, through something Miss Vibert said, found her. Yes, I assure you, the charcoal was lit—her last sous spent on it. And, really, do you know, I think it would have been a wise thing. Don't be too much horrified at my heartlessness. I mean that Sophie will never enjoy herself. Nothing in this world will ever satisfy her. When she has enough to eat she can realize more clearly her higher wants. And—I don't want to seem more ungenerous than I am, but, as a result, we have less to eat ourselves. Don't look so stony; I am not really *un mauvais cœur*. I would willingly dot Sophie, buy her the best husband procurable if I had the money, but husbands and houses and money would n't make Sophie comfortable, and I don't really see that much is gained by making two people less so in order to insure the survival of one unfit little Pole."

"I need hardly tell you that I don't share the ruthless materialism of that creed. Who, my dear young woman, are you, to pronounce on Sophie's unfitness, and to decide that you, rather than she, have a right to survival?"

Claire looked at him for a moment with a smile unresentful and yet rueful.

"How often you surprise me," she said, "and how often you make me feel that I don't, even yet, quite understand you! It is so difficult to realize that a person so comprehending can at the same time be so rigid. With you *tout comprendre* is not *tout pardonner*."

"By no means," Damier owned, unable to repress a smile.

"Well, I would far rather have you understand me completely, even if you can't forgive. I told you that I was wicked. One good point I have: I never pretend to be better than I am."

"And one better point you have, and that is that you are better than you know." Damier spoke lightly, but at the moment he believed what he spoke.

Claire smiled without replying, and said, after a little silence:

"Of course you have seen how good mama is. You both of you have a moral perfume, and recognize it in each other. I puzzle and worry her so because I won't suffer, won't go out of my life into other people's. You asked me how one could avoid suffering. Really, for the most part, it is very easy to avoid. Sympathy is the fatal thing: *to suffer with*—why should one? It is a mere increasing of the suffering in the world, if one comes to think of it. The wise thing is to concentrate one's self—to bring things to one's self; but it is that wisdom that mama will not understand in me."

Damier made no comment on these assertions, and Claire, as if she had expected none,—as if, indeed, she were expounding herself and her mother for her own benefit as well as his,—went on:

"She is very energetic, too, mama, as energetic as I am, but in a different way. She is always striving—against things; I wait. Even if she can't see distinctly at what she is aiming, she is always aiming at something; I never aim unless I see something to aim at."

"What things do you aim at?" he now asked.

"Oh, you know; things that mama despises—things that you, too, despise, perhaps, but that, at all events, you understand." He could not quite interpret the glance that rested upon him. "And mama's aims—I suppose you don't care to hear what I think of them?"

"On the contrary, for you think very clearly. But I know what she has aimed at. What has she attained?"

He asked himself the question, indeed, with an inner lamentation for the one evident, the one tragic failure.

"Well,"—Claire clasped her hands behind her head and looked out of the window,—"for one thing, she has kept herself—she has n't attained it, that was n't needful—*très grande dame.* She has always made herself a social milieu congenial to her, or gone without one. For herself she would not choose and exclude so carefully; but I complicate mama's spontaneous impulses. The social milieu has always been to her a soil in which to try to grow my soul. That is why she is so careful about the soil. If it were not for me she would probably choose the stoniest and ugliest, and beautify it by blooming in it, since her soul is strong and beneficent."

Half repelled and half attracted as Damier had been, it was now with more of attraction than repulsion that he listened, an attraction that had many sources. That she should so finely appreciate her mother was one. It was touching,—meant to be so, perhaps,—for even in his attraction he had these moments of doubt; but a sincerity that could paint herself so unbecomingly, and her mother so beautifully, was a new revelation of her frankness. There was attraction, too, though of a mingled quality, in her strength and in her apparent indifference to his impression of her. These were better things than the glamour, yet that, too, he felt, as when she turned her eyes on him and said that the world was beautiful. At such moments something joyous and conscienceless in him responded to her, half intellectual comprehension and half mere flesh and blood. It was a little swirl of emotion that his soul, calm and disdainfully aloof, could look down on and observe, in no danger of being shaken by it; but it did swirl through him like a tremulous coil of Venusberg music; and Claire, in her transparent white, with her heavy braids and grave, shining eyes, gleamed at such moments with the baleful beauty of the eternal siren. As long as one was human something human in one must respond to that siren call. Even now, when he was feeling, with some bewilderment, better things in her, the glamour looking from her eyes, breathing from her serious lips, confused and troubled the new impulse of trust and pity. Half lightly, half sadly, yet with a very gentle kindliness, he said to her: "Strong enough to make you flower some day, let us believe"; and, as silently she still gazed upon him: "That you should recognize beauty is already a flower, you know."

Still leaning back, her arms behind her head, still looking at him, Claire now said: "I owe that flower, not to her, but to you."

He stared for a moment, not comprehending.

"You mean that you see her, appreciate her, through my sight, my appreciation?"

"Yes—in a sense, I mean that."

"But," said Damier, smiling, "you owe it to her that there is something beautiful to see."

He was mystified, not quite trusting, yet touched.

Claire, without moving, turned her eyes on the door. "Here she is," she said; and as her mother entered, she added, in the lowest voice above a whisper, so vaguely that it was like a fragrant perturbing influence breathing from the twilight and the spring air:

"I like to owe all my flowers to you."

Already, as he rose to greet the mother, he liked the daughter less.

Mme. Vicaud, in her black dress, with flowing white about her wrists and throat,—a throat erect and beautiful,—had closed the door softly behind her, and as she came toward him, Damier, involuntarily carrying further his Venusberg simile of some moments before, thought of an Elizabeth bringing peace and radiance; yet there was, too, a gravity in her gaze, a quick intentness that went swiftly from her daughter to him. Then the smile and the lightness masked her. She took his hand.

"Has not Sophie come yet? Of what have you been talking?"

"Of life, and how to live it," laughed Damier.

"Wise young people! Was it a contest of sublimities?" Mme. Vicaud laid down the evening wrap she had brought in, and, it seemed to Damier, averted her face from him as she took up a box of matches.

"Do I ever fight under the banner of sublimity, mama?" Claire inquired, looking out of the window, showing once more her accustomed lassitude and detachment. "I

leave those becoming colors to you—and to Mr. Damier."

"But don't, even in jest, my dear, assume always the unbecoming ones," Mme. Vicaud replied, still with all her lightness, and bending, her face still averted, to strike a match. "You have discovered, have you not, Mr. Damier, that it is difficult for Claire to assume the virtues that she has?"

She moved about the room, lighting the candles on the mantelpiece and on the cabinet where her husband's portrait stood, and Damier, watching the swift blackness of her girlish figure, the slender white of her uplifted hand,—the black more black, the white more white, as the radiance slowly grew in the dim room,—still fancied that she was mastering some emotion, hiding from him some sudden agitation. There was a faint flush on her face as she turned, gaily and sweetly, blowing out and tossing away her match, to welcome Sophie.

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,

Author of "Some Americans Abroad," "The Four-masted Cat-boat," etc.

HOLIDAYS are instituted and holidays are abolished even as time works its changes, but the passing of the New York New Year's day has not been balanced by the acquisition of any holiday of equal interest.

I call to mind one house where New Year's day, to the younger members of the household at least, was second in charm only to Christmas. Indeed, it was a sort of little Christmas, for there were sure to be one or two gifts for the children and as much feasting as on that great day, although the eatables were sprinkled through the whole of the festival instead of being served at one groaning table in the afternoon.

The early morning had not the charm of Christmas and Independence day. Indeed, it was a little dull, for New Year's day did not really begin until the first caller had come. Still, there was expectancy in the air, and there was the annual conversion of the covered fireplace into an open grate with cannel-coal, that burned with a delicate odor that somehow seemed associated with David Copperfield, although it might be hard to establish the connection.

The first caller was apt to be a rich cousin who was engaged in the tea trade, and who had actually been to Japan. He was tall and thin and distinguished-looking, with humorous eyes, and a way of talking to the two youngsters that each year confirmed them in the opinion that he was the drollest of mortals, although, I fancy, his jests were as cut-and-dried as his tea. He was sure to bring gifts, no less than a penny each for the two boys, and a box of kid gloves for the sister entering on womanhood. One of his jokes is so intimately associated with New Year's day that I am sure he must have made it every time he came, which was only on that holiday. It was in the form of a conundrum, and the query was, "What was Joan of Arc made of?" the answer being, "Maid of Orléans." I remember that one of the boys imagined that Joan of Arc, whoever she was, must be very sticky to be made of molasses; but although he did not see the joke for several years, he always laughed as heartily as his elder brother, and wished New Year's day came oftener.

The rich cousin took his departure, and before there was time to discuss him or to gloat over the pennies, the bell would ring and a gentleman of the old school would be announced. He was short and stout. He had been best man at grandmother's wedding, and the little boys knew that she admired him; but he gave no pennies, and naturally could not vie with the rich tea cousin. However, he was civil to the youngsters and did not seem annoyed at their presence, as Mr. Hewlett did, a little dried-up man with trembling hands and twitching eyes and a nose with the blush of early morning in it. Mr. Hewlett always partook of refreshment, and smacked his lips with a disappointed air at the first taste

of the lemonade, missing the "stick." Grandmother had pronounced views as to the morality of serving anything of an intoxicating nature on New Year's day. As she said, "It would not matter if ours were the only house visited, but when a man sets out to call on fifty people, and takes a little wine at each house, he is none the better for it; and besides, it is a poor example for young men and a bad beginning for the new year." Which was eminently correct and wise, but one of the little boys used to think it would be a very pleasant thing to take a little at every house, so as to compare the flavors.

There were those who called who relied upon none of the conventional forms of speech, and these, to childish imaginations, seemed out of touch with the spirit of the day. One could talk of the opera and Parepa-Rosa and Theodore Thomas and Pauline Lucca any day, but the main thing to be accomplished on New Year's day was a certain number of calls made on one hand, and a certain number received on the other. That being the game, why not play it and compare notes? So the young man who came in and said, "Happy New Year! Lovely day, is n't it? Do you think the custom is dying out? Yes, this is my twenty-fifth call. Jack Bullard and I are going to make fifty, and we 'll really have to be going. Thanks, I believe I will; I remember your lemonade. Good-by. Happy New Year!" seemed to live up to the requirements of the day, and appealed more strongly to the imagination than the man who came and, without a word about the day or the customs or other calls, plunged into an animated talk with grandmother upon the comparative excellence of Campanini and Mario, or the charms of the Jenny Lind of years gone by. Jenny Lind —she or her counterfeit presentment—was inside the cover of a trunk in the attic, and she had very soft eyes and queer clothes; but she seemed hardly a fit subject of conversation on a day that came but once in a whole year.

So the hours passed. In the afternoon the two boys would call upon six or seven in the near vicinity, and the length of their calls was to be gaged by the breadth of the lunch-table. There was one lady whom they disliked exceedingly, and who hated children, but, oh, what delicious wine-jelly she had, and her sponge-cake would make a boy forget home. She generally told the boys when she thought they had eaten enough, and she never by any chance hit it right; but after several hints they would take up their hats and go to call on some one whose charm of manner, great as it was, did not make up to them for the paucity of her New Year's offering.

As the boys grew older they called with their father on various families, and heard *ad nauseam*, "How much that boy does look like his mother!" or, "I 'll venture that they are a handful," when they were not, by any means, or at least one of them was not; I do not know but the other was.

There was one house much beloved of the youngsters, and aside from the excellent luncheon that was set there, it had another point of interest, for it was rumored that the hostess, who was a very intellectual woman and a lover of children withal, was in the habit of saying, "The devil!" when occasion warranted, and the boys always lived in the hope that she would say it while they were present. But she never did, although they called there for years. How little some people try to live up to their reputations!

There was a place to which one of the lads once went with his father, and as the talk was dull and the table small, he soon felt it was time to depart, and told his father so. Never will he forget his inward rage nor his outward mortification when Mrs. S—— said, "It is not your place, young man, to say when it is time to go." It took at least two lunches to fetch his spirit back, and he never called there again. The next year he waited outside while his father went in. So great an impression does an unpremeditated speech sometimes make upon the wax-like mind of youth.

Once, to the great joy of the children, a gentleman came who had called not wisely, but too well, and when he entered the house he did not know that he was unacquainted with any one in it. The loss was his, but he did not know that either. In fact, the boys' father did not think it worth while for him to stay long enough to enunciate the usual commonplaces, although I am sure that his enunciation would have been a delight to all. He took his departure with many incoherent murmurings, and an anticipated excitement was quashed.

Bedtime followed, and the children lay, too excited to sleep, and listened to belated callers as they rolled either in their carriages or their gait over the rough cobblestones, for New York at that time was not noted for perfect paving. At last they slept, to dream of calling at a house where the lunch-table was a mile long and where one had to eat everything in sight or be considered rude.

One of the children once spent his Christmas vacation in Boston, and he well remembers his shock on finding that New Year's day was not observed even as a legal holiday, much less as a time for making friendly calls. It seemed a profanation to him for men to go to their places of business on a day that might have been made so delightful. But even for New York the day was doomed, and although it has not ceased to be a legal holiday, the peculiar bouquet which it formerly held is departed forever, nothing but the fragrance of old associations remaining.

This result was brought about by the creeping in of abuses—abuses on the part of both callers and "callees," if one may be pardoned a coined word. It often happened that young business associates, clerks in the same office, would decide to go calling together—a beautiful fashion, if they had possessed in common the same circle of acquaintances. But Clarence Vanderpenter had one set of friends, while Terence MacHanahan had a different set, and Otto Müller knew no one that the others knew. Nevertheless, Clarence and Terence and Otto, and sometimes Tammas, Ricardo, and Henri, would hire a coach and would stick to one another like burs, and throughout the long day they would make calls that, fortunately, lasted only long enough to enable them to be presented to people whom all but one were seeing for the first and, in all probability, for the last time, and then with a sextet of hurried "Happy New Years," languidly responded to by bored and tired ladies, they would depart to make their "one hundred and sixth."

One receives the call of a friend with joy; it is possible to accept the call of the friend of a friend with equanimity, and there have been instances where the latter has been promptly advanced to the position of friend; but when it gets to be the friend of a friend of a friend, patience ceases to be a virtue, and hence the wicker basket.

The wicker basket might mean that the people who had caused it to be hung on the door-bell were out of town,—although in those days people were not in the habit of going out of town in the winter as much as they do now,—but it was more likely to mean that they were merely "not at home" to the Amalgamated Callers. Of course, if you were on terms of close intimacy with the owners of the wicker basket, you could pull it and the bell, and be admitted to the drawing-room, where, behind closed blinds, they were receiving those of the inner circle; but just as the Amalgamated Callers had given offense, so the Sign of the Wicker Basket, unless it were hung with mourning, often frightened or piqued away real friends, and thus two disastrous blows were dealt to the pretty custom of giving and receiving calls.

To reach a house where one had been wont to pay annual calls, and wherein dwelt a maiden whose charms of face and manner lingered in the recollection throughout the four seasons,—a house wherein a feast fit for the gods had been spread,—to come to such a house and to see the tantalizing wicker basket dangling mockingly from the bell-handle, was to receive a dual thrust—at the heart and at its reputed entrance.

I have heard of mischievous youths who exchanged the cards in baskets on different blocks. Imagine, then, the wonderment of those in a house when the maid took in the basket and they found the calling-cards of dozens of unknown persons! Abram Suydam Rapelje's card would mean much to the Van Twillers, at whose house he had left it, but to the Bills it meant nothing, while Eliphalet Worthington's card was equally without meaning to the Van Twillers. A broken friendship might well have traced its source to this unauthorized exchange of cards.

The mania for adding names to one's calling-lists was strong in the minds of young girls who were receiving with their mothers and aunts, and who compared notes with their nearest neighbors by sending an accommodating brother to find out who had made the greatest progress in the game of receiving calls. With these thoughtless youngsters all were fish that came to their net, and callers even to the sixth degree of dilution were jotted down on their penciled lists.

In those days New York and Brooklyn were not cities of magnificent distances, and a man's acquaintances generally lived within a radius of a few miles, easily covered by foot or by four wheels—"wheels" being then unknown. It would have been a sight for the gods if a young man, clad in a frock-coat or in evening clothes, had made calls on an old-fashioned "ordinary" (how extraordinary they have become!), high-wheeled and perilous. But riding the bicycle was then a very serious sport, and one not to be entered into lightly or by the many. And it was the many who paid calls.

It was in Brooklyn that the custom held on longest, and there a young man's social

acquaintances lived either on the Heights or on the Hill, and he could attend to the latter in a short forenoon, and give afternoon and evening to the Heights. As for the New-Yorker, he need not travel much above Fifty-ninth street or far below the beginning of the numbered streets to reach all his calling acquaintances.

As Brooklyn became more and more attached to New York, pending the wedding that later joined them, and as New York pushed northward mile after mile, and Brooklyn spread out in all directions, a man needed most of the day for traveling from place to place, and the cozy, intimate call became an impossibility. So, for one reason after another, the day fell into disuse.

Here and there on New Year's day delightful old tea-merchants and gentlemen with iron-gray "Burnsides" pay their courtly calls as in the days of long ago, and here and there, in old-fashioned localities, sweet elderly ladies walk into ancient parlors with words of New Year greeting, and perhaps fall to discussing old-time opera favorites, comparing Jean de Reszke with Brignoli, and Mme. Sembrich with Signora Parepa-Rosa; but for the youth of New York the day is one impossible to bring back, and its charms are incommunicable.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Tone of Lincoln.

ON the 1st of January a local government comes into power in the city of New York under very interesting circumstances—circumstances of national and, indeed, international interest. Municipal government, under the modern tendency toward the aggrandizement of cities, is a question that is being very seriously studied in Europe, with the advantage of contemporaneous examples which may be called scientific. The study of the same subject in America loses its precise character from the fact that some of our principal cities afford examples which may be called not so much scientific as criminal. When, four years ago, New York became "greater," it was fondly hoped that its era of good, that is, scientific, government would begin. Instead of which, through the outrageous sacrifice of the community to the supposed interests of national politics, the government of the second city of the world fell into the hands of an organization dominated by a gross and grotesque group of corruptionists and blackmailers. The outcome of the recent election was the defeat of this group and its "respectable" allies, and the election to the principal offices of a fusion ticket containing candidates representing various political alliances, all pledged to non-partizan and, of course, to honest administration.

In the campaign which brought about this happy result the appeal was largely, and necessarily, an attack upon Tammany Hall. It would be interesting indeed to review the campaign in a way that would show the many-sidedness of that appeal—on the part of speakers of national fame, or of local reputation purely. It would be instructive to sketch the great variety of talents and individualities brought into play, in a purely disinterested spirit, on the side of good government, and to show how the religious, philanthropic, educational, and literary resources of the city, its public-spirited women, its bright and earnest young men,—of all callings and situations in life,—its business associations, the great body of the press, and other agencies and individuals, worked together with good will to end a civic, a national shame.

As long ago as February, 1901, THE CENTURY published an editorial entitled "A Humorist to the Rescue," in which prediction was made as to the part that our chief humorist was likely to take in this very struggle, closing with a reference to the solemn appeal made by Bishop Potter to the better public opinion of the community. As we have said, it would be interesting to speak of the part played not merely by political and other organizations as such, but also by Bishop Potter; by Mark Twain; by R. Fulton Cutting, Dr. E. R. L. Gould, and the other members of the "old guard" of the Citizens' Union; by J. B. Reynolds of the University Settlement, Jacob A. Riis, Carl Schurz, Ex-Mayor Hewitt, Ex-Secretary Fairchild, James C. Carter, Wheeler H. Peckham, Mrs. Lowell, and scores of others, with special reference to the intelligent and righteous citizenship of our Jewish fellow-citizens. But this is not our present object. We wish to speak now mainly of the two candidates who were the principal speakers on the reform ticket—Mr. Low and Mr. Jerome, but especially of Mr. Jerome, candidate for district attorney of the county of New York.

Seth Low brought to the candidacy for the mayoralty that enormous influence in a free coun-

try—a life of pure, honorable, and helpful citizenship. If he had not uttered a word on the political platform, his career, devoted to the highest interests of his fellow-men, would have spoken for him in trumpet tones. But he was always a "good campaigner," and in this conflict he spoke with his usual directness, wit, good sense, and knowledge of public sentiment and public affairs, ending the campaign at Cooper Union with an appeal in the tone of, and indeed in the very words of, Abraham Lincoln.

The Lincoln note, however, was struck most frequently by a speaker hitherto not known as such, namely, Justice William Travers Jerome. His personal campaign was the novelty and sensation of the hour. Mr. Jerome was well known in the community as a former assistant in the office of the district attorney, as an associate of Mr. Goff as counsel for the Lexow Committee of Inquiry, and as a judge conspicuously daring and efficient in bringing "protected" criminals to justice. His professional occupation had brought him into contact with the darker side of New York life, and his special knowledge and known energy and fearlessness made him a living terror to the semi-criminals in office, and to their criminal allies. Himself "a scholar and a gentleman," he went into the strongholds of Tammany and challenged the wrong-doers in a phraseology, at times in a dialect, thoroughly "understanded of the people" to whom he spoke and to whom he alluded. "Alluded," indeed, is not the word, for he did not deal so much in allusion, after the manner of the cautious politician, as in immediate reference: naming the ungodly and describing their ways with a directness and precision that produced audible anguish on the part of the victims, to the edification of the public, and the valuable and intended elucidation of existing conditions.

But he did more than this: he presented the unusual spectacle of a candidate who dodged no issue whatever that had to do with the subject in hand, no matter how delicate and difficult the questions hurled at him from the audiences he addressed. So, by the time the campaign was well under way, in his various speeches he had clearly and solemnly committed himself personally not only to the thorough following up of all "trails" that should come to his office pointing to criminals, poor or rich, without regard to private "pull" or to corporate interests inimical to the public welfare, but he had also formulated radical remedies for various evils that exist in our metropolitan life—remedies, some of them, which have been taking shape in the minds of wise men and women during the last few years, but which no responsible person has hitherto had the combined fortitude, sagacity, requisite special knowledge, and opportunity to argue in favor of, and unequivocally stand for, before audiences of both sexes and every sort in every section of the city.

Those who were convinced by our argument in the December number on "The Philosophy of the 'Too Much,'" where it was held that no one could have enough of a trait to do great things with it without having an overplus, will not have been surprised that this speaker at least once frightened his supporters by statements that required some qualification. But if he erred, he erred in a way that convinced the community of his honesty and bravery; in a way, indeed, that made the "plain people" believe that in him there had arisen a champion who would battle against political corruption and stolen franchises, not merely in the office to which he sought election, but in the wider field of national discussion and decision. So the phenomenon was witnessed, on the one hand, of extraordinary personal popularity (it is not often that a political speaker has to wait seven minutes, more or less, for applause to subside in order that his voice may be heard), and, on the other hand, of severe criticism from many allies and confident predictions of defeat.

The note of Lincoln, which was sounded by Mr. Jerome more and more distinctly as the political battle went on, was heard with peculiar clearness at the close of the campaign in the great meeting at Cooper Union to which we have already referred. We here present passages from this speech taken from the manuscript of a special report:

The people of the city of New York on the 5th of November, watched by the eyes of every hoping, trusting American from Maine to Oregon, are going to vote on the question of whether democratic institutions, whether the government of a free people by a free people, has been a success or not. If you could look at the papers of other cities than New York, you would be startled to see the importance that is given to the election in the city of New York; you would see that it was no question of whether this man or that man was elected; you would see that over the whole width of these great United States the people are waiting to know whether the plain people of a great American city can be trusted. Every man on the fusion ticket (and I have followed it closely) has submitted his case plainly and frankly to the people of this city. Every man on that ticket has appealed to the suffrages of the people of this city, not on the ground of race, not on the ground of creed in religious matters, but as one American citizen asking another American citizen whether money and "pull" and corruption shall prevail over those moral principles which the Lord God Almighty put in the hearts of every man irrespective of race or creed.

There was never before this a campaign, in my recollection, fought on such lines; and I believe that if the plain people, whom Abraham Lincoln loved and trusted, do not respond true to that note at this election, there is no man before me to-night that will live long enough to see a campaign fought on these lines again. There has been an implicit faith put in the plain people. There has been not one single word uttered that was not true, and we have fought our fight, every one of us, plain, and it is for you to say what you will do with it.

I am a man who has come to what is looked upon as the full maturity of life. I am neither a young man nor an old man. I have studied the writings of those who have lent honor to our national history; and they have taught me one thing that I will rest upon in this campaign,—and if it is necessary I will rest upon it in other campaigns,—and that is that the essential rules of rectitude that were laid down amidst the thunders of Sinai mean something I have been taught, as child, boy, and man, that rectitude meant something; I have been taught that it was something that human beings could trust in in their hour of trial; I have been taught that

it was not something to believe in ten months in the year, but to repudiate two months before election. And I have made my fight on those lines, and whether you are false to them or not, I will be found right here after the 5th of November, fighting on those lines so long as I live in this community. I believe in right; I believe in truth; I believe in honor and honesty—it may be Puritanism, but it is the salt that saves humanity. And I am not made of that light stuff that can't look any result in the face. I care little for your plaudits in one way, grateful as they are to me in another; I care little what the public press may say or not say. I have pinned my faith to God Almighty's truth, and I will be here doing business at the old stand— [The rest of the sentence drowned by thunderous applause.]

I want your votes—not so much that it makes a great difference to me personally: the office of the district attorney, pledged as I am to follow every trail, whether it leads into a high place or not, will be no bed of roses. It is a little thing to follow a mere knock-down-and-drag-out felony. The man that goes up against certain interests in this great city has a task that he needs back of him not only the support of public interests in this city, but he needs a higher help. It is a little thing to follow the gambler or the thug into the places where he hides. It is something in this city to follow every trail that you cross, even if it leads into the office of the Metropolitan Traction Company. I care little whether a few millions of dollars, more or less, are stolen; I care a whole lot whether American manhood and American institutions are debauched.

We have only had about one hundred years of so-called "self-government." The hour of our trial is coming; and if it be that hope and faith in honor and integrity die in our midst, then indeed are democratic institutions dead, and then indeed is hope in the future black. But I have that faith in time and Him who shapes it to a perfect end—I have faith to believe that American manhood lives in the breasts of nine men out of ten, whether they be foreign-born or American-born, and when election day comes I think that I will hear those things that will put heart and hope and trust into the hearts of every American citizen throughout this broad land.

Justice Jerome's campaign, with its decided victory at the polls, ought to set a standard of frank truth-telling on the part of political candidates which will be a benefit to the whole country.

"Respectable" Support of Rogues.

THE fact that the recent redemption of New York city from the rule of the banditti of Tammany Hall was accomplished by the coöperation of large numbers of its former supporters in the tenement-house districts is hailed as the best feature of a victory full of good omens for republican institutions everywhere. Not that the masses have risen to any higher level of political philosophy: they have simply discovered the hollowness of the pretense that any political organization can be a "friend to the poor" which levies upon them a grinding system of blackmail, and behind the mask of a national political party hides a ravenous greed from which neither man, woman, nor child can be secure. That there is room for a further permeation of this knowledge into the mass of the East Side is shown by the comparatively small majority for decent government in old New York, where a vote of 145,079 was cast in support of the Tammany candidate for district attorney against Justice Jerome, the most popular county candidate on the ticket headed by Mr. Low.

Now that the rout of "the people's enemy" is for the time complete, men are asking themselves why it was so long delayed—why, with all the American reputation for practical sense, a matter of ordinary business administration has been so long left to be the foot-ball of opposing factions; why the body of voters in a great city should insist upon having a Republican water-supply or street-cleaning system or a Democratic police or fire department any more than a citizen should insist upon having a Democratic furnaceman or a Republican cook. What have been the obstacles to so obvious a reform?

First, though not chiefly, has been the reluctantly abandoned fallacy that the fortunes of a political party are tied up to the errors and shortcomings of any part of it. For thirty years the Tammany freebooters, in spite of their repeated disloyalty to the interest of their alleged party, have preserved their "regularity" in Democratic conventions. The clear-headed leaders of that political faith long ago perceived that misgovernment of New York was no recommendation to the suffrages of the country, and gradually fewer and fewer reputable men from other sections of the country have consented to speak from the Tammany platform. The Southern press has increasingly contained evidences of right thinking on this subject, until it would probably be impossible to find in the whole South a parallel to this remarkable paragraph from the Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel" of October 19, 1901:

> None of Seth Low's intimate friends regards his election to the mayoralty in New York as probable. This shows that in spite of the tremendous clamor of the anti-Tammany press the people of that city still prefer a conservative democratic administration to any government of theory.

A conservative democratic administration, indeed! We commend to the editor of the "Sentinel" the apothegm made by Mr. George Haven Putnam during the campaign: "What Tammany Hall needs is not whitewash, but quicklime." Long-suffering New-Yorkers listen with impatience to such anachronistic utterances as the paragraph we quote, for they know that it is just such innocent and purblind partizanship that has given aid and comfort to those in this city who have preyed alike upon vice and virtue till their greed at last has overreached itself to their destruction.

Heretofore another count in the indictment of partizan responsibility has lain against those who could have ended this state of affairs four years ago by the support of Mr. Low. To their credit it must be said that they realized the blunder that was almost a crime, and this year, by their hearty support of the principle of non-partizanship, have brought forth fruits meet for repentance. All honor to men who acknowledge a mistake and manfully repair it. In this respect the Republi-

cans of New York have the honorable companionship of thousands of independent Democrats, whose conviction of the fundamental need of non-partizanship in municipal affairs will be an indispensable force in maintaining the advantage already gained. In the face of this new manifestation of public conscience, it will probably be many a long year before we again see in New York a respectable reformer, misled by his own casuistry, marching at the head of a clan of thieves whom he has himself denounced, and who are laughing in their sleeves at his folly in thinking he can control them when they reach the "swag."

But there are others who have virtually upheld this iniquity for whom a day of exposure and reckoning is sure to come. We refer to the officers of insurance companies and other corporations who, alike with dive-keepers and gamblers, have submitted to the exactions of blackmail by Tammany Hall. It is a subconscious conviction in the public mind, confirmed by such articles as "The Price of Peace," by Joseph B. Bishop, in THE CENTURY for September, 1894, that in this way enormous sums are contributed by respectable gentlemen, not (let it be admitted) to obtain unlawful legislative or municipal advantages, but to secure immunity from attack by organized bands of "strikers," who are in league with professional politicians in either party. The present inability of Tammany to offer a *quid pro quo* will probably make it seem to these leading citizens a good time to turn over a new leaf in their political morality, and to cease a practice so discreditable alike to their commercial integrity and their courage.

And this word courage brings us, by contrast, to another very considerable obstacle that has for years stood across the path to a better day —the helpless cynicism of the "timid good." Yesterday these faint-hearts told us that Tammany was invincible. To-day they tell us that its defeat is only temporary. But even the apathy of those who took counsel of their fears could not fail to be touched to finer issues by the contagious spirit of altruism of the late campaign. The call of Cherry Hill to Murray Hill has at last not been in vain, and the response has taken on a significance embodied in the motto of one of the East-Side settlements:

MY NEIGHBOR IS MYSELF IN ANOTHER BODY.

So inspired, the administration of Seth Low is sure to be a memorable epoch in good city government, and will still further encourage our rejoicing countrymen to the overthrow of all the lesser tammanies in the land.

The President and the Offices.

"THIS is my rule: if I am in such doubt about an applicant's character and fitness for office as would lead me not to put my private affairs in his hands, then I shall not put public affairs in his hands."

So said President Roosevelt in private conversation in reference to a case that was recently brought to his attention. It was interesting to see how anxious he was, on the one hand, to get the best possible service for the people in the particular office in question, and, on the other hand, not to do injustice to any individual. In the particular case referred to, we believe he finally gave the country the benefit of the doubt.

A good many semi-good people still think that "civil-service reform" is the hobby of a few overrighteous souls altogether too fine for the rough affairs of this world. These semi-good people are semi-informed. Now here is a President familiar, if any man alive is, with the actualities and roughnesses of this world: rough ranching, rough riding, rough fighting, rough politics. And he is, and always has been, a civil-service reformer all the way through, because he knows that civil-service reform means the merit system, and the merit system means the death of the spoils system, and that civil-service reform therefore is founded not only in common sense and what the President is always calling "decency," but in common honesty and the true spirit of American institutions; and that if the country is to live and flourish and accomplish its mission, the merit system must prevail in every branch of our government, either by rule or in the spirit.

The new President had not been long in the White House before the whole world knew that he would not throw away in the highest office the principles that he had cherished while holding lesser offices. Not only did he show this by strengthening the National Civil Service Commission by the appointment thereto of Mr. William Dudley Foulke of Indiana, one of the most prominent leaders of the reform connected with the dominant party, but in his early Southern appointments, in his decided and most praiseworthy attitude toward the great scandal in the State of Delaware, and in his action regarding officials who had treated the civil-service laws with contempt.

The President's attitude in this respect is undoubtedly good politics, but it is something better: it is good citizenship, and full of inspiration for those who are fighting for better things in the political life of the nation.

William Carey.

WE record with deep sorrow the death of William Carey, for many years connected with the editorial department of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Mr. Carey was an active member of the University Club and of the Authors Club, and he was prominent among the young men of our city interested in the work of boys' clubs. With children he had a very charming way, knowing instinctively how to amuse and interest them. He was widely known for his wit, which was as genial as it was bright, and for his friendliness and his many deeds of kindness. Few men have enjoyed a wider or more interesting circle of acquaintances, including writers and others of prominence. To him Austin Dobson dedicated the following verses,

which were printed in THE CENTURY for December, 1890:

TO A FRIEND ACROSS THE SEA.
(W. C.)

BUT once or twice we met, touched hands.
To-day between us both expands
A waste of tumbling waters wide,
A waste by me as yet untried,
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

Time like a despot speeds his sands:
A year he blots, a day he brands;
We walked, we talked by Thamis' side
But once or twice.

What makes a friend? What filmy strands
Are these that turn to iron bands?
What knot is this so firmly tied
That naught but fate can now divide?—
Ah, these are things one understands
But once or twice!

We quote from a highly appreciative article on Mr. Carey by Mr. William H. McElroy, printed in the literary supplement of the New York "Times":

Brotherly kindness of the practical sort had in him a good and faithful exponent. Naturally, therefore, all sorts and conditions of people found him congenial. He loved to magnify the merits of those of whom he was fond, and was not to be accounted a "good hater" of anybody. Disparagement was not to his taste—such was the generosity and tolerance of his nature that he rarely spoke of his dislikes. His golden heart was reinforced by an uncommonly alert and brilliant intellect. He was a wit of the first order, a keen and racy commentator on men and things. His admirers used to say that not infrequently he made more bright remarks of an evening than your professional fun-maker accumulates in a lifetime—and made them, too, without posing, as artlessly as the brook sings. Many of his mots are the delight of the clubs, mots free from the alloy of malice. He was constantly hitting the bull's-eye, but none of his arrows were poisoned. Because of his abundant social gifts society made incessant demands upon him, and not unlikely some who met him only casually may have concluded that he was simply a very hail-fellow well met. But he was infinitely more than that. William Carey was one of the most helpful of men, constantly lending a hand to worthy causes, constantly ministering to the happiness of his friends, constantly going to the relief of the friendless. For many years he labored in a mission school for boys over on the East Side, labored so strenuously and with so much tact and sweet temper that his influence for good was potent.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Christmas News from the North.

Lapland is taking to automobiles.— *Daily Paper.*

AUTOMOBILES in Lapland! Alas, then the end is near!
Good-by to the old-time Santa, his cutter and prancing deer;
Good-by to the blithesome jingle over the sleeping roofs;
Good-by to the welcome clatter of horns and eager hoofs;
Good-by to Donder and Blitzen and comrades fleet, good-by—
They yield to the brake and lever and thumbscrews X and Y!
Cometh the Christmas presents brought in a patent way;
Cometh the modern Santa, guiding his motor-sleigh!

Automobiles in Lapland! Those artist and writer folks
Have predicted all too truly in pictures and rhymes and jokes,
For, lo! from S. Claus a message—filed at this very hour:
"Send me one large snow auto of forty-reindeer pow'r."
In vain will his steeds, impatient, their antlered foreheads toss;
In vain may they stock their stomachs on frozen fish and moss:
Their ardor avails them nothing; their craft is termed passé;
Their master has eyes for only the callous motor-sleigh.

Automobiles in Lapland! Beware, O seal, beware!
Out of the path, O walrus, and shuffling polar bear!
There 's a shape on the sharp horizon, cleaving the arctic night,
And the wond'ring borealis upleaps to see the sight!
There 's a brisk staccato rattle, a rasping and piercing whir—
Hurrah! 't is the doughty Santa, A No. 1 chauffeur!
'T is his brand-new deerless bob-sled, piled like a loaded dray—
The biggest and best creation in line of a motor-sleigh. . . . . .

Twenty-fifth of December—and stockings empty hang!
Never of horn a tootle, never of drum a bang!
And trees in a million households are simply funeral pyres

Surrounded by weeping children who lack their
hearts' desires!
For somewhere, far to the northward, marooned
and lone, I ween,
His battery out of order,—exhausted his gaso-
lene,—
Scanning the plain for reindeer, doomed to a
long delay,
Is a moody and wrathful Santa, stalled in that
motor-sleigh!

Edwin L. Sabin.

Kentucky Mountain Dialect.

I. THE FELLER AND THE FARMAH.

"THIS heah weatha is a chamah,"
Sez ther feller teh ther farmah,
"But yeh cawn thar—d' yeh mind?—
Looks small: don't b'lieve th' meller
El find much thar teh grind."
Sez ther farmah teh ther feller,
"Yas, I planted thet thar kind."

"It 's a-gittin' a mite wawmah,"
Sez ther feller teh ther farmah,
"An' yeh cawn thar, sure 's yeh bawn,
Is a-lookin' kinder yeller,
Kinder yeller an' fawlahn."
Sez ther farmah teh ther feller,
"Yas, I planted yeller cawn."

"Sahten suah, I 'ze no alahmah,"
Sez ther feller teh ther farmah,
"But yeh 'll git, as thet cawn b'ahs,
Erbout half a crap er yeller."
"I don't 'spect no more; who cahs?"
Sez ther farmah teh ther feller.
"Sah, I planted it on shahs."

II. FOOLING UNCLE REUBEN.

"SAM, hes yeh weekly paper come?"
"Yes, Uncle Reub, it air to hum."
"Air them fellers up at Congress yet?"
"Yes, Uncle Reub, they air, yeh bet."
"Whet air they doin' thar thes time?"
"Wal, uncle, I 'd call it a crime.
I swan to man, it 's shorely queer;
They 've gone an' added to the year
Two months, two winter months fer true,
Two winter months, th' unrightchus crew."
"Rot 'em!" cried Reuben, looking blue,
"An' me so short uf fodder, too."

III. NOT SO SLOW.

YEH don't live round heah, yeh say,
But kim down ther New Yawk way?
I 've heerd tell by them thet knows
New Yawk 's quite er place: I s'pose
Thet thar 's sunthin' goin' on
Most ther time en thet thar to'n.
Wal, we ain't so blamed slow heah:
Hed er circus-show last yeah;
Lynchers 'bout er month ago
Killed old crazy Niggah Joe;
Our folks down from Stony Creek
Hung two niggahs Monday week;
On Satehday, at Rocky Ridge,
In ther school-house nigh ther bridge,
We all danced ther hull night through,
Hed a turkey raffle, too,
An' next day with praise an' pra'r
Begun protracted meetin' thar.
So yeh see thet though yeh town,
In its way, hes some renown—
Wal, we ain't so blamed slow heah
As what et fust it mout appeah.

J. Carter Beard.

Bal Poudré.

DEAR LADY, through the dance's maze,
And in the throng of powdered faces
That would assume the pictured ways
Of bygone times and olden places,
Thy laughing eyes alone, upcast,
Reanimate the sluggish fancy
Until the present seems the past,
Changed by some subtle necromancy.

Again I see the ribboned crooks,
The Trianon's capricious folly,
The Watteau shepherd's pleading looks,
(And understand his melancholy!)
The king who played the churlish boor,
The queen who aped the village poses,
The swains who gave their *gages d'amour*
In unfrequented garden closes.

But though I catch the light refrain
Of mocking laugh, of witty sallies,
Of twinkling feet that tread again,
In masquerade, Arcadian valleys,
Fair Conjurer, 't is not enough
For me to see the Past's procession:
I own I want, without rebuff,
The Future, too, in my possession!

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

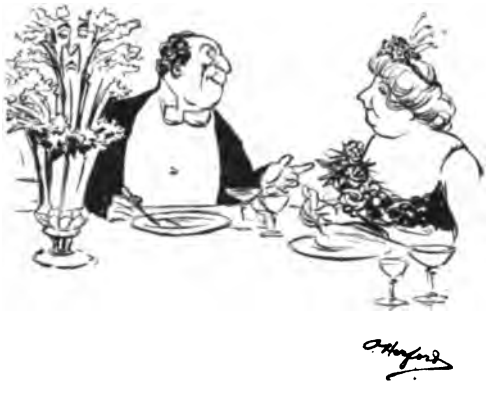
Hints on Table Etiquetté.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

With Pictures by Oliver Herford.

TO CUCUMBERS.

WHO rashly gives way to his temper is often considered a fool;
Although they may call you a green one, just try to keep perfectly cool.



TO A SALAD.

THE lady whose costume is smartest may not be the most honored guest;
Don't think you are better than others because you are very well dressed.

TO THE BUTTER.

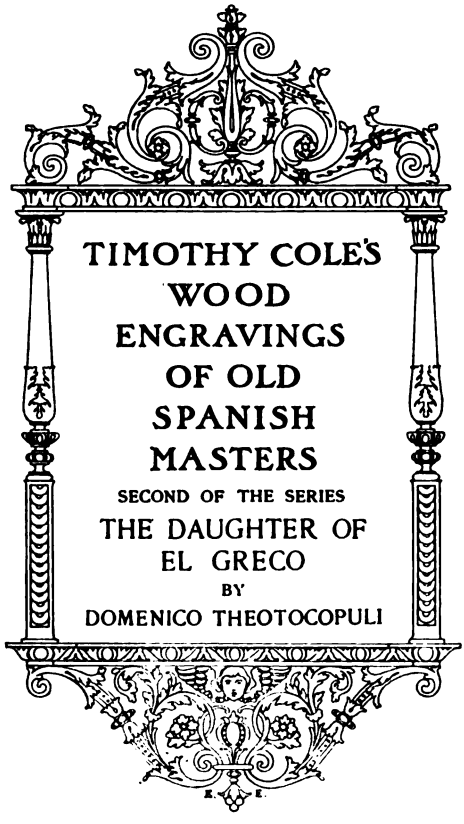
To exercise just before meal-time the doctors declare is quite wrong;
So don't run when dinner is waiting, especially if you 're not strong.

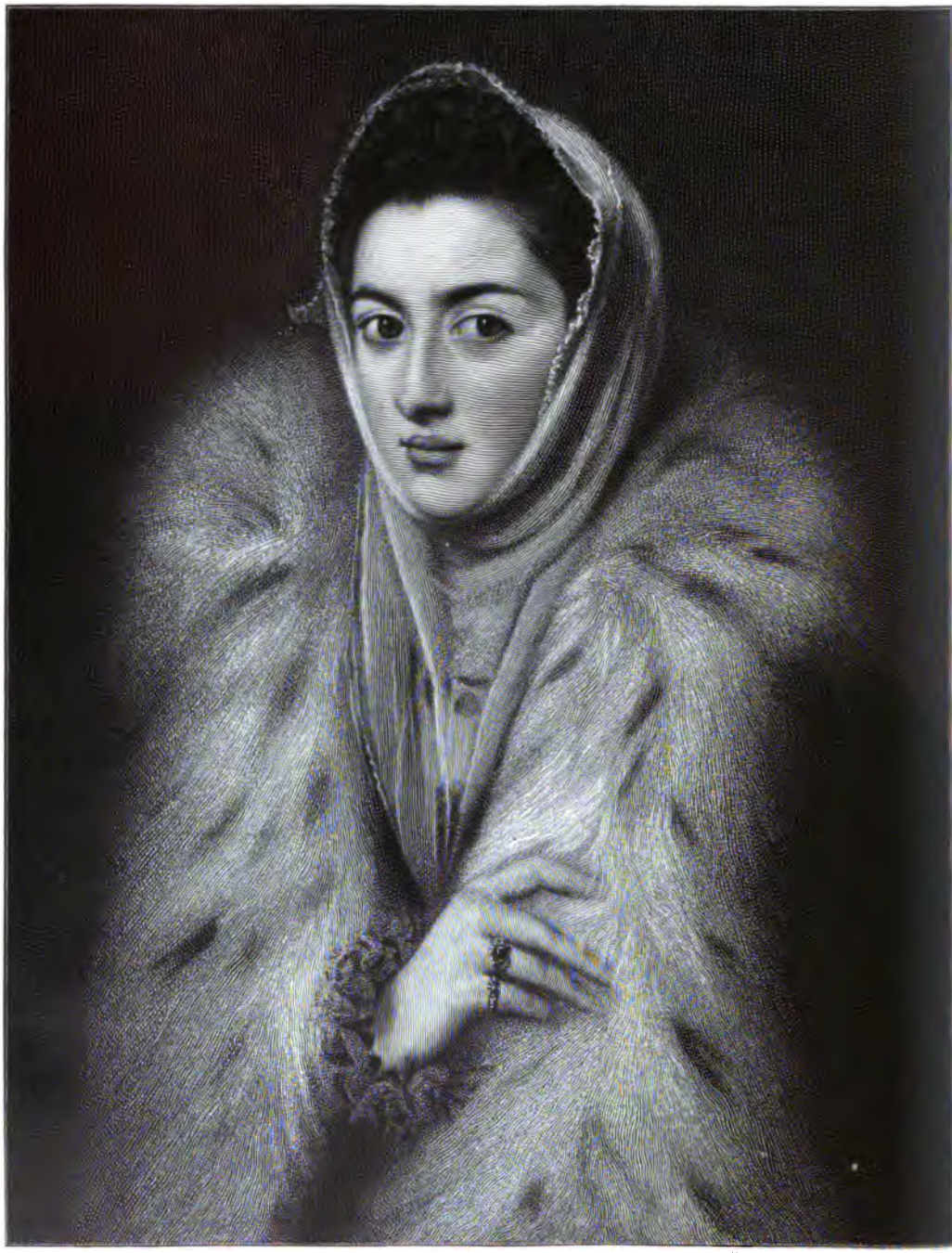
A NARROW ESCAPE.

CELIA: "I came as near marrying that man as any man I ever knew."
GLADYS: "Lord Heartworthy! Oh, my dear, do tell me about it. What happened?"
CELIA: "He never asked me."

K. McD. Rice.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
SECOND OF THE SERIES
THE DAUGHTER OF
EL GRECO
BY
DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR JOHN STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART., M.P., LONDON. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE DAUGHTER OF EL GRECO. BY DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SECOND OF THE SERIES.)

MIDWINTER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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CHICAGO'S GREAT RIVER-HARBOR.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

WITH PICTURES BY H. REUTERDAHL.

"THE Cinderella of Navigable Streams" is a title that may well be given to the Chicago River. Doubtless to those who never have heard anything good of it, including many who live in Chicago, this will seem humorous, but for that very reason it fits. The Chicago River has been maligned, neglected, in fact, shamefully treated in every possible way. For fifty years it was a drudge, receiving the most contemptuous treatment from those it served. They made it a dumping-ground for their refuse; they stole from it; they disputed its right of way; they blocked it with center-pier bridges; they limited its depth by putting tunnels under it; they created sharp angles in building their docks; and then they complained of the annoyances for which they themselves were responsible, and insisted that there ought to be no river. Yet, in spite of all these discouragements, the stream did its work as faithfully as circumstances would permit, and awaited the coming of the fairy prince. He has come in the person of Uncle Sam, who purposes to see that justice is done and that, as soon as may be possible, this neglected and hard-working river shall appear in raiment befitting its rank as one of the greatest harbors in the world.

In truth, the Chicago River has a fine future before it, not alone in the way of commercial importance, but also in the way of beauty. It is not an attractive stream now, but it is destined to be one. It has improved greatly since the United States government took charge of it, and the improvement is going on steadily. It has been clarified by the opening of the drainage-canal; it has lost many of its kinks; it is being widened, and its most unsightly features are slowly disappearing. Old buildings are being replaced by better structures, the docks are neater and more substantial, the factories and warehouses are becoming more presentable—in brief, the Chicago River, both as to its water and its banks, is being cleaned up.

Before long the river will be one of the great sights of the city, a characteristic panorama, showing in a most favorable light more that has conduced to Chicago's commercial greatness than can be seen in any other way in the same length of time. Indeed, already there are excursion steamers that make daily trips to the drainage-canal, carrying passengers along this great artery of trade that, until very recently, was considered by all but vesselmen an unmitigated nuisance.

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A few steam-launches have appeared as well, and not long ago a house-boat was launched—a house-boat on the Chicago River! And yet, why not? With a house-boat or a launch one can go from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico, and vacation-trips of this description are certain to grow in popularity.

The progress made and the promise for the future seem the more remarkable when one stops to consider that previous to 1890 this Chicago Cinderella had no guardian worthy of the name, and even then it secured one only by accident. Like the other Cinderella, it always has done the work, but it has not been treated with even ordinary decency and respect. It has been a joke, a reproach, and a subject for imposition. The news that it occasionally caught fire has been more widely circulated than the fact that it ranks well up among the greatest ports of the world. That a river should burn has been considered a huge joke, but of course it never could have burned had not those who most maligned it used it as a dumping-place for refuse from the gas-works and oil-refineries. Then its odor has received great notoriety, and here again the fault was due to lack of proper guardianship. It became a reproach through no fault of its own, for it never was permitted to clean itself up; on the contrary, everything possible was done to make it, and keep it, thoroughly disreputable. Why, during these days of neglect and imposition it even lost its shape, and sharp angles appeared where there had been gentle curves before. The dock-builders were responsible for this, as well as for some other objectionable features. When they wanted a little more room, they took a few feet from the river, and if it happened to be on a curve, they made a corner of it that has resulted in many a troublesome blockade.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A FIRE ON THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER.

There were few friends or protectors to interfere, for even some of its legal guardians have been its enemies in the past. The elder Harrison, when he was mayor, considered it of so little importance that he wished to have it filled up, and Mayor Cregier favored the same course. As a result of this and the short-sightedness of other officials, much has been done that now has to be undone, although, as the whole city shared in the errors, it is hardly fair to place the blame on individuals.

The truth is, the magnificent future of the Chicago River has not been appreciated until lately. It has grown commercially beyond all expectations, and the improvements

have not kept pace with it. When the tunnels were built, they answered all the requirements, while now they are such a menace to

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"NOTHING DOING"—A STRIKE ON THE RIVER.

the larger boats that many of the latter dare not go up the river. Hardly a week passes that some vessel is not stuck on one of them, and this invariably means a blockade and consequent delay. In the matter of bridges the city has been no more far-sighted. The modern two-story steam-bridges are a vast improvement over the old wooden structures that were turned by hand, but the increase in the size of boats and in the amount of shipping makes them as

much out of date as the old bridges were when they were taken down. They are center-pier bridges, and progressive Chicagoans, who appreciate the needs and importance of the shipping, know that such bridges must disappear with the tunnels.

It may be said, however, that the bridge problem is nearer to solution than the tunnel problem. Many experiments have been made with bridges, and several are now in use that to replace all the old bridges, but the need of leaving the middle of the river free from obstructions is so apparent that there can be no doubt that it will be done.

The tunnel question is more complicated. The bridge problem is almost entirely a financial one that has no bearing on traffic; but the removal of the tunnels means the loss of that method of getting from one side of the river to the other. True, they may

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A VARIETY OF CRAFT, INCLUDING A PASSENGER WHALEBACK.

obviate the necessity of the center-pier that interferes so seriously with the movements of vessels. The lift-bridge at South Halsted street is one of these, but it has not proved entirely satisfactory. Boats with tall masts cannot pass under it, and occasionally it has a most annoying way of getting stuck. The spectacle of a bridge hung some distance up in the air, where it disobligingly insists upon remaining, is not pleasing to a man who is in a hurry to cross the river to keep a business engagement. The jack-knife bridge has been tried with better success, however, and relief from existing conditions may be found in this. It will take time, of course, be lowered, but past experience makes it reasonably certain that that would be only a temporary makeshift. Either they must be rebuilt entirely, with longer approaches, or they must be abandoned and ultimately destroyed. There is a very strong sentiment in favor of the latter course, but the street-railway companies, which use them almost exclusively, naturally object. Such action would mean a change in the motive power, for the cable cannot well be used on swing, lift, or jack-knife bridges. They also have a fair proportion of the public on their side. Their patrons have no objection to the lowering or the rebuilding of the tunnels, but they

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

TUGS PULLING OFF A VESSEL AGROUND ON A TUNNEL.

do not look with favor on a change that would not obviate the possibility of being "bridged." In consequence, the traction companies have been strengthened in the position of independence that they have assumed, and so far the solution of the tunnel problem has been mostly talk. Yet it is absolutely essential that that problem should be squarely faced and solved.

These are some of the troubles that have beset, and are still besetting, the Chicago Cinderella in the struggle for prestige and personal adornment. The former, in spite of obstacles, already has been secured, and it may be interesting to note in what measure. In the total tonnage of arrivals and clearances Chicago ranks fourth among the principal ports of the world, leading all but London, New York, and Hamburg. The figures for the year ending December 31, 1900 (except in the case of New York, for which the figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, are given), are as follows:

City.	Tonnage.
London	16,529,085
New York	16,020,290
Hamburg	14,198,817
Chicago	14,186,100
Antwerp	13,573,472
Liverpool	11,818,000
Marseilles	9,629,114

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

AN OLD BOAT-SHOP UNDER THE WELLS STREET BRIDGE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A JAM AT THE LIFT-BRIDGE, SOUTH HALSTED STREET.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER. THE PADDLE-STEAMER IS THE U. S. S. "MICHIGAN," THE SOLE GUARDIAN OF THE GREAT LAKES.

So far as the United States is concerned, Chicago leads all ports except New York in tonnage, and leads even that port in the number of arrivals and clearances, the annual report showing 17,017 for Chicago and 14,019 for New York. It handles more than three times the tonnage of Boston, almost four times the tonnage of Philadelphia, and more than four times the tonnage of Baltimore. In the thirty years since 1870 this tonnage has more than quadrupled, but it is a singular fact that the annual total of arrivals and clearances has decreased by nearly 8000, due, of course, to the increase in the size of vessels. Fewer boats are used than formerly, but they carry much more, and this has modified what is known as "the bridge nuisance." Bridges are not opened so frequently, nor are they kept open so long.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE STEEL-WORKS AT THE NORTH AVENUE BRIDGE.

While prestige has come with virtually no outside assistance, the feature of attractiveness has required encouragement, as was to be expected after so long a period of neglect. This encouragement has come from Uncle Sam, and the story of his action in the premises is interesting. A certain Western congressman—his identity is of no importance—wished to have a river in his district improved, and he experienced some difficulty in securing the desired action. A railroad-bridge was in the way, and the company refused to remove it or to make it conform to his idea of what was right and proper.

After trying various other methods

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THREE-STORY TRAFFIC—THE WELLS STREET BRIDGE.

to attain his purpose, he introduced a bill in Congress placing all navigable streams under the control of the national government. As a matter of personal accommodation, in order that he might carry out his plans with respect to this one river, other congressmen voted for the bill, and it was passed. Then it was discovered that the bill applied to all navigable streams, and that the Chicago River was one of them.

So it happened that Uncle Sam took charge of it about 1890. He went at his work in a businesslike way, too, and he has been busy ever since repairing the damage previously done, and encouraging improvements of all kinds. His interest has aroused the interest of others, until Chicagoans themselves are beginning to awaken to the advantages and possibilities of their stream. His respect for its work and its needs has compelled the respect of others. His championship has given it a dignity that it did not possess previously.

When Uncle Sam sent a board to Chicago to see about straightening out the kinks and removing some obstructions, one Chicagoan had the hardihood to assert that "the Lord never intended large boats to go above Canal street," to which General Ludlow, the chairman, replied, "There is no evidence as to that before this body." Thereupon the Chicagoan subsided.

In the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge case the question as to whether the river was primarily for navigation again came up. The company held that the bridge was a satisfactory and suitable one when it was built, and that, if the size of the boats using the river had increased since, it was the fault of the vesselmen and did not concern the road; but the Secretary of War took a different view of the subject, and the bridge had to come down.

Then came the opening of the drainage-canal, which furnished an unanswerable argument for further improvement, and the watchful guardian, Uncle Sam, made the most of it. The law distinctly specified the rate at which water must be emptied into the canal. "But where the river is narrow that will make a dangerous current," said Chicago. "Then the river must be widened," answered Uncle Sam. "It is not deep enough for such a flow, either," urged Chicago. "Then it must be deepened," retorted Uncle Sam. The canal gave him just the

leverage he desired. He had done much without it, but he could do much more with it. "Either shut off the flow entirely or make it what the law requires," was the rule he laid down.

As previously explained, all this has had its effect, both moral and physical. It is no longer safe to treat the Chicago River with contumely; it now has a guardian who demands respect and fair treatment for it, and its improvement under his care has made it an object of interest and pride to others. They are beginning to see what it may become; they are aroused to its importance and its possibilities.

Formerly the Chicago River was merely dirty; now it is becoming picturesque in the magnitude of its industries and the strange and startling contrasts that it presents. Time was when the wise man avoided it as he would a pestilence (which it closely resembled in some ways), but it has become a panoramic spectacle well worth seeing.

Beginning with the lighthouse and the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE GREAT ARMOUR ELEVATOR ON THE NORTH BRANCH.

life-saving station at its mouth, there is not an inch of space wasted until one gets well beyond the navigable point for lake vessels, and it has a life peculiarly its own. In the business part of the city the buildings crowd so close to it that there is frequently less than three feet of dock between them and the water; but this narrow passage is a street for the river-men—not a safe one at night, but one that sees much travel during the day.

Near the entrance from the lake, men have built out toward the Michigan shore to secure additional dock-room, and the lumber-yards and big grain-elevators are reached by slips in which half a dozen or more boats may lie without being disturbed by the rush and hurry of the river traffic.

Even the space under some of the bridge approaches has been preëmpted by modest boat-builders and others who cater in a minor way to the needs of the river-men.

Where the stream passes through the business district the cost of the land precludes the possibility of slips, but there are still elevators on ground of almost fabulous value, and, in addition to the business blocks that back up to the river, there are manufacturing establishments and wholesale houses that have use for the lake boats. The railroads also find it convenient to have ready access to the water-frontage. Farther out along the South Branch one comes to the lumber-yards and the coal-yards and the factories that require more room than they could get, or could afford, nearer the heart of the city.

In this lies one of the great advantages of Chicago's river-harbor. Goods can be shipped with less handling than would be required in other circumstances, for the boats can go where they are wanted—almost to the stock-yards, in fact. There is an extent of dockage on the stream that is invaluable.

Nor is it all to be seen on one trip. The South Branch will take one to the drainage-canal, and in the smaller boats one may continue on that to the interior Illinois towns and even to St. Louis and New Orleans. But of course that is not a part of the Chicago harbor. The North Branch, however, is a most important part, and to see that one must return almost to the mouth of the river and take a fresh start.

The North Branch is far less attractive than the South Branch, but it is decidedly important commercially. The drainage-canal, reversing the ordinary current of the river, draws water from the lake into the South Branch, while the North Branch has no such advantage. The latter boasts of many industries, but perhaps its most unique distinction lies in the fact that its growth has been almost in direct proportion to the local demand for brick. The brick-manufacturers have been dredging it, not to secure additional shipping facilities, but to get clay for the bricks they make. Their efforts have lengthened it, widened it, and deepened it, until, where it formerly was naught but a brook, it now is a considerable stream—a growing stream, it might be said.

The North Branch, too, is the only one that ever burns nowadays, and it is abandoning the practice, much to the relief of the people of Chicago.

So Chicago's Cinderella is coming into her own again. Those who have taken from her are being compelled to restore all that they have taken; those who have treated her shabbily dare do so no longer; those who have scorned her are beginning to appreciate that there is much of beauty as well as of utility in her: with the aid of Uncle Sam she has compelled recognition. True, in the matter of raiment there is still much to be desired, but she is more attractively attired than ever before, and there is promise of a really satisfactory wardrobe in the future.

When rehabilitated by her new guardian, Uncle Sam, with the aid of the awakened pride of her people, Chicago will be worth going miles to see.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY.

VIEW ON THE SEINE. PAINTED BY HOMER D. MARTIN.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL BERTHIER, PARIS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

THE SALON OF THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

BY VICTOR DU BLED.

FRENCH society is an assembly of people who have leisure, who go to the same places and dress in the same fashion, who seek one another with the purpose of creating happiness, or the semblance of happiness, and of establishing a sort of mutual insurance against the risks of ennui. It has had a thousand meeting-places. Before 1789 it was centered about the court, and now, as then, is to be sought in Paris, at the châteaux of the great noblemen and gentleman farmers, in the cities where parliament has met, in every spot where the amiable genius of woman has been able to attract and hold distinguished men. It has as its parade-ground the salons, as its principal bond of union written or spoken conversation—the French conversation, so universal in scope, so liberal in sympathy, so profoundly human; as a means of diversion it has amateur theatricals, balls, clever games, music, gallantry; as a passport, courtesy and the desire to please.

Chameleon-like, it takes color from its surroundings. It is occupied, as the mind is, now with the human, now with the divine, now with the serious, now with the trifling side of life. It gathers its honey from every flower. It has existed since the sixteenth century, and continues uninterruptedly like a living organism, a perpetual growth. It has its own domain, upon which other moral and social forces—politics, art, and literature—constantly encroach. These, in turn, are penetrated by it. To determine their mutual influence would require volumes. Suffice it to remember that the Reformation was brought into notice in France by the women of the sixteenth century; that in the seventeenth the salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet improved both manners and language; and that not only did the Revolution originate in the salons of the eighteenth century, but that, through the public opinion there formed, Louis XVI was forced to aid the American colonies during their struggle against England.

Many people maintain that there is no more society in France, that there is no more conversation, that the sense of grace and civility, of delicacy and perception, has been lost. Nothing could be falser. The hearth is always unchanged, and it keeps its flame—that flame which could no more go out than could civilization itself, whose very breath, as it were, polite society is. Conspicuous among the hundreds of Parisian salons or pseudo-salons where dinners and parties are given, there are perhaps thirty or forty élite gatherings which still represent French society, and where the atmosphere of moral beauty and intellectual power is still felt.

In the foremost rank of these is the house of the Princess Mathilde, who for fifty years has held the scepter of clever and artistic refinement. Her high position facilitates this supremacy. She is the own niece of Napoleon I, daughter of King Jerome, cousin of the King of Rome (l'Aiglon) and of Napoleon III, sister of Prince Napoleon, and aunt of Prince Victor and Prince Louis. In the early part of the Second Empire her salon was really the court club. From 1852 to 1870 she exercised a decided influence over the emperor, who had at one time wished to marry her, and who appreciated her merits, and was indebted to her for having mollified many artists and writers and prevented their reverting to the violent opposition party. Even after the downfall in 1870 she maintained the prestige of rank, sustained by recollections of the past and by the group of eminent men whose friendship she commanded, and who created around her a halo of admiring gratitude.

Thus, advantages and virtues, both personal and social, combined to make the princess an irresistible and sympathetic person. She had a sort of brilliant beauty which recalls the quatrain to an old-time duchess:

> Nature, wise and prudent,
> Forced Time to dispute
> The charms of this beautiful face,
> Which she could not repeat.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE READING TO THE PRINCESS MATHILDE AND HER GUESTS.

"Yes," she confessed gaily at a dinner of intimates, "I had an extraordinary complexion. I remember that once in Switzerland, when I was fourteen, they put a rose-leaf on my cheek, and it was impossible to detect it." She has always understood her type of beauty, and possessed an art for dress, a taste for color. Her clothes are those of a colorist.

She has a spontaneous nature, impulsive, passionate, frank to rudeness, with traits of an impetuous violence worthy of her uncle. She says all she thinks, and has learned only with great difficulty the art of control. She is a true *grande dame*, very much of a princess when she wishes to be; capable of making those who forget it an instant feel that she has the blood of Cæsar in her veins, and that, to her mind, Napoleon I is the most extraordinary man who ever lived. Usually, like all thoroughly intelligent people, she is very simple. She is merry, hail-fellow even, a wonderful listener, knowing how to talk with each the language of his tastes and interests, and to draw from her companion both thought and feeling. She enlivens the conversation with brilliant flashes which reveal a situation, a character, or an epoch. She defends her opinions as one defends a home and one's life. She is active and diligent, an optimist, finding existence good, and deeming that many things in this life are worth enjoying. She does not like politics or priests, and is doubtless too much inclined to confound clericalism with religion, although she is a deist and even a spiritualist. She does not ask her neighbor what to believe: she is never a reflected light, always a direct ray. She is unable to endure tiresome people, and her face grows leaden when she is bored.

"Nothing could have been more comical," said Goncourt, "than her crucified expression on a certain evening as she tried to listen to our conversation with the great and charming scholar Claude Bernard, while at the same time she was obliged to answer two women who were uttering polite nothings. When they had gone, she exclaimed: 'Really, thirty years' apprenticeship to the world should suffice; then one should go on the retired list, and no longer be called upon for the boring duties of society.'" Her lamentations on the usual mediocrity of women are very amusing. "Imagine it! When a woman enters I am obliged to change the subject of conversation. The intelligent women of the day, yes, I am ready to see them again. I would receive Mlle. Rachel or George Sand." She talks readily and well. She makes no mystery of her tastes or antipathies, expressing herself with absolute frankness in short, nervous, Napoleonic sentences. I know no better judge of her character than herself. One day, for example, the conversation turning upon children, every one said something beautiful or quoted the inspired verses of our poets. Somebody recalled those by Émile Augier:

> We exist in reality only through these little beings,
> Who establish themselves as masters of our heart,
> Who take possession of our lives unconsciously,
> And who need only seem happy to show they are not ungrateful.

"Don't go on!" exclaimed the princess. "Who has not been a mother? One must always descend to a child's level, make one's self ridiculous, talk baby-talk. Children dwarf one's intelligence. But I have philosophic ideas about education, the consequence, perhaps, of my bringing up. Oh, no, my mother did not spoil me. 'I would give all my children,' she used to confess, 'for one of Fifi's fingers.' Fifi was my father." Whereupon followed an avalanche of recollections. "I had eighteen piano-teachers and seven writing-masters. Ah, how funny they were! The English teacher was an Irish priest, a cunning little abbé. We used to amuse ourselves by making him jump off the chairs, his cassock turned up and held out in front of him. One writing-master had a big round head and short frizzed white hair, and was always accompanied by a poodle. As soon as he had given me a page to copy, he spent his time taking the pen out of my hand, throwing it into the middle of the room, and replacing it by another perfectly new one. When he left there were pens enough cut in the house to last until my marriage."

Her handwriting is unintelligible. She writes quantities of short illegible notes. Even her invitations she almost always writes herself, arguing, with reason, that it takes no more time to do this than to direct some one else.

She has an adoration for France which is carried to a terror of exile—a terror that seizes her even now from time to time, without reasonable cause, without even the shadow of a pretext: but exile, like regicide, is the reverse of the medal for princely families; it makes part of their hazard of fortune. And, moreover, politics are often based upon reasons which reason and justice

ignore. The princess remembers that her brother was exiled by the Third Republic, and that she lived in a foreign land when she was young, and she realizes that in France birth itself is sometimes a crime. Thus she is haunted by the vision of exile.

"All I ask," she sighs at such moments, "as I once wrote M. Thiers, is the security of my person and my individual liberty, and of St. Gratien [her country-seat about thirty minutes by rail from the city]. As for the rest, I am blasé. In reality I like only what is genuine."

During the war of 1870, and during the Commune, she suffered much, for she loves Paris, and resembles Mme. de Staël in being homesick for the gutters of the Rue du Bac. Her own "ruisseau de la Rue du Bac" was situated on the Rue de Courcelles, but she has transferred her Penates to 20 Rue de Berri, and divides her time between Paris and St. Gratien.

"I need Paris," she said to us. "Its paving-stones, its quays at night, with their myriad lights, enchant me. Think of it! I was brought up in Italy, married at twenty-one to Prince Demidoff, who carried me off to his property in Russia, and I came back to Paris only when I was twenty-three. As my eyes fell upon the first red trousers, my joy was so keen that it was too much for me: I embraced the little soldier at once. What a gala-day for him!"

She is almost as fond of Versailles as of Paris, and wished to build a house there in Louis XIV style. "At Versailles," she declared, "I speak in a subdued tone, as though I were in a church, for, say what they may, Versailles sums up the whole history of France."

She professes an ardent worship of her uncle. In Paris the first floor of her house, where only intimates penetrate, is a museum of Napoleonic souvenirs. The table decoration is a huge imperial eagle, surrounded by a flock of eaglets, one of which is placed before each guest. Her good sense, however, makes clear to her that the return of the Napoleons has become an impossibility. She accepts loyally a government which, she feels, insures happiness to France. One of her friends, present in her box during the dedication of the Palmarium at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, saw her rise before any one else when the "Marseillaise" sounded as President Carnot entered.

It may be said, in passing, that a certain number of Imperialists hope for the mysterious accession of Prince Louis, looking upon the young Russian general as a sort of inspired Messiah, destined to restore the empire by I know not what political miracle, while apropos of Prince Victor they repeat the skeptical saying of M. Philis: "Neither eagle nor eaglet." Others, on the contrary, uphold Prince Victor, whom they claim to be the more capable, to be, in fact, a true statesman. I saw the two princes only once, in the salon of the princess, and I confess that I could not form an opinion of their relative merit. Prince Louis seemed to me more brilliant and clever. His brother is very reserved; he would rather listen than talk; and, after all, silence is a force, but a force not to be abused in times of democracy. And then, besides talent, there are circumstances to be reckoned with—chance, public opinion, and what Frederick II called "his sacred Majesty Luck."

During a dinner at the Princess Mathilde's one night, Prince Louis, who was then about to enter the Russian army, was talking upon military questions with his neighbor, who happened to be a general, while he ignored the pretty woman next him. His aunt several times attempted to recall him to his social duties, and having failed, exclaimed drolly:

"Because there was once a soldier in our family all the Bonapartes think they are great generals."

Over a year ago, during the Exposition, the King of Sweden came to present his homage, and when the princess was asked her impression, "He is a Bernadotte," she said, with an enigmatic smile.

The princess's wit resembles her character, as her character resembles her wit. It brings into relief her moral nature, her tastes, and her breeding; it is like a well-made dress which is becoming only to the one for whom it was designed. Humorous, original, always alert and penetrating, sometimes rather broad, she does not hesitate at bold remarks, or thrusts which cut deep, made now and then with a haughty air that seems to toss at you: "I am a Napoleon, and I go straight to the point where my passion or reason leads, without bothering about convention or etiquette."

When she was still very young she once met Mme. Swetchine, a mother of the church, a friend and confidante of Lacordaire, of the Falloux, and of Dupanloup, all people of the highest merit and great moral force, whom the princess, with as much ease as injustice, called humbugs and Jesuits. Mme. Swetchine, whose interests were centered in re-

ligious and psychological questions (she had a consecrated chapel adjoining her salon), could not refrain from questioning the young princess as to her beliefs, and especially as to the condition of her soul.

"Oh, madame," the latter responded cavalierly, "at my age people don't have souls."

And again, this very pretty answer given to Mme. Camille Doucet, who asked if her Royal Highness loved as ordinary mortals love: "I do not know. I am not a princess of divine descent."

She did not care much for her cousin's court. She felt out of sympathy with the empress, who undoubtedly envied her popularity, her success, the brilliancy of her salon and of her wit. "I am restless at court," she observed. "The language, the sentiments expressed, are so alien, I feel like some one else. I want to hurry back to myself and to my home. How wretched I was at Compiègne when they gave me the Pope's bed! Such a bed! You can have no idea of its size. In order to keep warm I was obliged to put all my gowns over me. I never get on with the emperor, because I go straight to the point. I have never been caught in any intrigue—never, never! I could never be one of those who burst into tears and get their debts paid every month. The emperor! One would think mankind amused him. The other day a servant let off a siphon of vichy in his neck, and he contented himself by holding out his glass on the other side and saying nothing—a man whose greatest exclamation of fury is 'Absurd!' If I had married him it seems to me I would have broken open his head to see what was inside of it." But she kept a true affection for Napoleon III, and was vexed with Dumas *père* for uttering in her presence this discourteous quatrain:

> Dans leur fastes impériales
> L'aigle et le neveu sont égaux:
> L'oncle prenait des capitales,
> Le neveu prend nos capitaux.

"Are you on bad terms with Dumas?" her old friend Count Benedetti asked.

"Worse than ever; he is dining with me to-night," the princess responded, and in speaking to the great author she addressed him as "Monsieur" Dumas.

"Princess," he asked simply, "call me Dumas, since that is what I have been working for for twenty-five years."

Another day she was chatting about the Czar Nicholas and her marriage to Prince Demidoff, the richest although the newest nobleman in the world, one ancestress of his having been a Muscovite serf. Brutal and jealous, he made her life unbearable, and she was obliged to separate from him. When she went with him to Russia after her wedding, the czar greeted her with this remark: "I shall never forgive you." He had wanted her to marry his son. Very affectionate toward her, he never once, in his rancor, uttered the name of Demidoff. Thus two empresses' crowns have all but touched her brow. She does not regret them, and this disinterestedness shows a certain largeness of soul. She realizes that happiness consists in desiring the things we possess, in cultivating to the fullest extent delicacy of feeling, refinement, and moral loveliness.

Happiness also consists in giving of it to others, and, as the princess practises this art to perfection, she has drawn to her and kept many faithful friends. She has lost few.

The fortune of the princess consists of a life-income of forty thousand dollars yearly, which the Emperor of Russia exacted for her from Prince Demidoff when they were separated, besides thirty-two thousand dollars' personal income, the property at St. Gratien, the pictures and *objets d'art*, and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls and diamonds. She has a special fondness for pearls, and the famous pearl necklace given by Napoleon I to her mother, Queen Catherine, is alone estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

"The most winning thing about her," some one wrote me recently, "is her goodness. Where a friend is concerned, she is always on the alert, always active. It was this which led her, surrounded by ambassadors, generals, and people of title, to ask me, in the midst of a reception, how I was going home, and if she should order her carriage for me. During a sitting, when I was posing for my portrait, she noticed that I grew somewhat pale. She hurried into the antechamber, called a servant, and herself ordered a lunch prepared for me. Another time she heard me, in talking with a friend, announce the intention of buying a dress, or a belt, and the following day I received a package containing exactly the thing I wanted. So much for her fairy-godmother side. But far more charming is her perfect simplicity, her invariable good sense, her brusque way of speaking like a surly benefactress."

Instances of this kind could be cited by thousands. She goes much to see her sick friends, those who are unfortunate as well as those who are well and happy. One day she was paying a visit to Dumas *fils*, whose

health had occasioned some anxiety. "Ah," he exclaimed admiringly, "princess, you belong to a family who do not fear entering the room of a man stricken with the plague!"

Every year for Christmas she used to organize a lottery of presents. One of these lotteries contained thirty-two prizes—bracelets, velvet dresses, traveling-cases, rugs, lamps, etc. Her intimate friends, at that time, who were invited to this fête were the two Princesses Primoli and Gabrielli and their husbands, the Du Sommerards, the Reisets, Mme. de Lespinasse, Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, the artists Marchal, Baudry, Hébert, Boulanger, Protais, Saintin, and Giraud. Those for whom she obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honor dined at her right, and found under their napkins at table a small cross set with diamonds.

She appointed Théophile Gautier her librarian, a pretext for offering him an agreeable sinecure; and, as the author of "Émaux et Camées" asked somewhat uneasily whether she had a library, Edmond de Goncourt responded: "Act as though she had none."

She had announced to the latter that she would leave him in her will some original drawings by Gavarni, whose intimate friend he had been. One day she changed her mind, and putting the precious album in his hands, "Here," she said. "I am in perfect health. I should keep you waiting too long. I don't know what idea has possessed me to sell these this winter. Now I shall be free from temptation."

She knows how to defend her absent friends, to speak of them as though they were present. There is nothing more rare. It happens sometimes that the princess is touched, and weeps before her intimate friends, begging them to "mother" her a little. She has an exquisite graciousness of heart in regretting her absent friends. She speaks sweetly, without affectation, about the sorrows of parting, and forms dreams for a sort of *phalanstère* impossible to mankind—a community where all could spend their lives united until death. Then, as she talks on, her words die away, and her face is darkened by an expression of melancholy. "Yes," she sighs, "those who depart from us should always leave some charge behind them; in that way we should remember them longer and better: it would seem as though they had not gone from us altogether." To Goncourt's 'Adieu" on leaving St. Gratien after a several days' visit, she answered almost brutally: "Not that word; I cannot endure it. Say 'Au revoir.'"

She is generous in making allowances for an unfortunate expression used by a friend in the heat of an argument. M. Franck, an Israelite, a man of unusual merit, had just been elected to the Academy of Moral and Political Science. Some one was criticizing him, and the princess took up his defense with such warmth that Goncourt, no longer able to control himself, said sarcastically: "Indeed, princess, why don't you become a Jew and marry him?" He had no sooner made this discourteous remark than he repented it bitterly. After dinner he begged forgiveness, which was granted him cordially, and the scene ended in a peaceful but feeling silence. Perhaps the princess had more difficulty in brooking an answer of the same Goncourt which touched her pride as an artist.

One of Queen Victoria's daughters begged the princess to paint her a fan. She was not in the humor for it, and it had to be done quickly, so she sent out and bought the promised gift. (Let it be said, in passing, that at certain shops one can find extremely pretty fans painted by society women who have true talent and who wish to increase their incomes.) Before sending it, the princess showed the fan to Goncourt for his criticism. After examining it critically, he said very innocently: "Princess, I present you my sincere compliments. This is certainly the best thing you have done." When he had gone she could no longer contain her ill humor. "That imbecile calls himself an art critic!" she exclaimed. Pride is, at the same time, a great medicine, a great poison, and a great consolation.

She occupied herself with painting, and even worked very hard, at one time, under the direction of Hébert and Giraud, whom she called familiarly "my old Giraille." To tell the truth, she never had more than an amateur talent; she was totally lacking in imagination and artistic originality. Giraud made the models, the outlines, but she was none too docile, and he observed maliciously, "When I want her to make a mouth bigger I tell her to make it smaller." This suggests Boileau's response to a royal highness who asked, "How do you think I write verse?" "Like a prince, monseigneur," replied the aristarch. Let us not complain of the princess's passion for painting. Art and artists profited by it. Not satisfied with having the latter at her Wednesdays and Sundays in Paris, nor with offering them hospitality at St. Gratien and recommend-

ing them to the state, she formed the public opinion about them, and exerted herself to inspire the emperor, the empress, and fashionable society with her own tastes—"so successfully," she says, with justifiable pride, "that to-day every one has his own painter. My lawyer has his, positively; it is Corot."

She is a devoted friend and expects reciprocity. Friendship she considers a sort of contract which binds both parties, not one alone. In referring to certain cases of ingratitude, she lets forth her bitterness without restraint. Sainte-Beuve, whom she had overwhelmed with kindness, having accepted a position on the "Temps," she could not control herself. "A newspaper which insults us daily! The editors are my personal enemies. It is not the princess who speaks, but the woman, the woman!" And she shook her hearer by the lapel of his coat as though to bury her indignation in his breast.

And the adventure with Taine! The illustrious historian, who went often to her house, announced one day that he was going to devote several articles in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" to Napoleon I, and that he would be obliged, out of respect for historic truth, to pass censure on certain acts. "You are the foremost writer of our day, you are my friend," responded the princess. "I am sure you will find some way of smoothing things over."

The first article made an enormous stir. The princess read it, frowned, but said nothing. The second contained some rather stiff pages, which the press quoted. The princess began to show her displeasure. After the third she burst forth, exasperated: "Ah, I know what I shall do! I owe Mme. Taine a call. I shall leave my card with 'P. P. C.,' which will mean that I take leave of him forever. I cannot allow a friend to attack violently the head of my family, the man without whom I should perhaps be nothing but a little orange-vender on the bridge at Ajaccio."

She carried out her threat. Taine, somewhat stunned by this rupture, went to tell Renan of his misfortune. Renan listened to him silently, and then said, with his delicious smile:

"My dear friend, I have quarreled with a much greater lady than the Princess Mathilde."

"With whom?"

"The Church."

Having broken in this way a friendship of twenty years, one can imagine that she does not hesitate to reprove mere acquaintances, no matter how much talent and wit they may have. Edmond About was once invited to her house, and before dinner, seated beside the princess, he was sending off a brilliant display of fireworks. Looking up, he noticed that the Count Nieuwerkerke was coming over to join in the conversation. "Go away," he called to him familiarly. "Leave us alone, you great jealous person!" At which the princess rose, touched her finger to the bell, and said to the servant: "Conduct M. About to his carriage. He is not dining here to-night."

The people about the princess adore her. They live and die in her service. She no longer has a *chevalier d'honneur* nor a *lectrice*. Her last lectrice was Mme. Defly. I have been intrusted with two precious pamphlets which the princess has distributed among a few intimate friends, and which do honor to her sentiments. In one she writes with touching simplicity the life of Mme. Defly, a remarkable person, who, after much adversity, found a happy retreat with her. The other little work is called "History of a Dog." The princess is devoted to her dogs. She always has several, and she has consecrated a cemetery to them on her property at St. Gratien. It is a large circle surrounded with big trees. Every dog has a column on which are engraved its name and the date of its death—a graceful idea, which, however, was not original with her. In the sixteenth century Mme. de Villeroy did something of the sort for her favorite dog Barbiche. The poets who frequented her house raised a literary monument to the memory of Barbiche, and each one composed a verse in his honor. Thus the princess's dogs Dick, Mie, Nina, Mouche, etc., are, or were, important personages, of almost as much consequence as Mme. Helvetius's eighteen cats, and she has told the story of Didi very prettily: Didi, who had already visited the park at St. Gratien before the death of his first mistress, and who, after it, sought refuge with the princess, and found a paradise; Didi, who was lost, and recovered again in an unhoped-for way—Didi also, like Barbiche, had his material and literary tomb. Judge of it by the last page of the little volume:

In the beginning of the winter, when I was leaving St. Gratien for Paris, Didi was attacked by a cough which seemed serious. He did not eat, and began to grow weak. Didi, who every morning, when I rang for my maid, used to follow her into the room and spring up boldly on the bed, now could no longer move from his basket. The veterinary concluded that it was a lack of

circulation and a wearing away of the organs, which would soon carry him off. The very next day, hearing my bell, he gathered all his forces together and came to find me as he had before his illness. He was trembling; his paws were cold and stiff. He still wagged his poor little tail, but his sad expression showed the effort this last visit cost him. He had come to say farewell. It made me feel very sad. I caressed him gently. Soon he showed that he wanted to go back and find his cushion again. He was exhausted. In the afternoon he died. I wished to see him once more. He was lying relaxed; his beautiful silky hair concealed the thinness of his poor body. This was all that remained of the little creature who had occupied me so long, and whose extraordinary character had increased my love for him. I gave him a long parting look, and I thought that, if faithfully guarded affection counts for anything, Didi might well have his share of welcome in the world where sentiments are weighed and judged. I wanted, so far as I was concerned, to dedicate this little memorial in order to extol the virtues of dogs, and not to let pass unnoticed that which is humble, but good and loyal, here below.

Let us add that the princess has compiled her memoirs. She did not wish to, but Popelin persuaded her by observing that if she did not write them, false ones would be published which would pass for authentic. They begin with her childhood, and among other curious things in the first chapters is a striking portrait of Lætitia, mother of Napoleon I.

Mlle. Marie Abbatucci, who spent nineteen years with the princess, a person of the greatest merit, whom Ernest Renan called *la grande résignée*, has lent me a diary which is rather interesting. It contains the list, made day by day during the year 1887, of those who dined at the Rue de Berri and at St. Gratien. After 1870, more particularly, the salon became literary and artistic —a place to dine, and you know the saying of George Sand: "Dinner is one of the four aims of existence. I forget the other three." It was a place to talk, and are not conversation and friendship the two great luxuries of maturity?

The Wednesdays and Sundays at home are known to all Paris, and one could fill a library with the wit they have called forth. Under the Empire they dubbed the hostess "Notre Dame des Arts." Now they speak of her as the "good princess." These are charming passports to posterity.

Among the guests and friends of the year 1887 I notice Blanchard, Riffault, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, Comte Benedetti, Comte Vandal, Bapst, Lavoix *père*, the Ganderax, the Houssaye, Faye, Baron Larrey, Conneau, Goncourt, Charles Yriarte, Grandjean, Gautier, Mouton, Luchaire, Cain, Maréchal Canrobert, Dubufe, Bonnat, De Bonnières, Comtesse de Baulaincourt, Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand, Jalabert, Boulanger, Gérôme, Dieulafoy, Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, Halévy, Strauss, Maupassant, Robin, Zeller, Daubrée, Duc de Morny, Frédéric Masson, Renan, Ressman, Duruy, Comte de Turenne, Camille Doucet, Anatole France, Lavisse, De Nittis, Mézières, Lambert les Chats, Claudius Popelin, De Hérédia, De Porto-Riche, Alexandre Dumas, Sardou, Marquis Roccagiovine, Adelon, Paul Bourget, Paul Hervieu, Comtesse Walewska, Primoli, Prince Victor, Prince Louis, Dubois de l'Étang, Coppée, Détaille, Hébert, Guillaume —all celebrated people, or personalities well known for their talent or wit. Death has swept away a number, and others should be added who, for various reasons, do not appear on Mlle. Abbatucci's list—Émile Ollivier, Comtesse de Vogué, Prince Roland Bonaparte, Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, Mlle. Valentine Franck (one of the distinguished women of our times). When Brunetière dined at St. Gratien in July, 1900, the illustrious orator held every one under the spell of his original and powerful conversation, and called forth as much applause as at his lectures.

For the glory of French society, for the happiness of her friends, all must hope that the Princess Mathilde will keep her perfect health and her wonderful mental activity, and that this flame of radiant goodness will not be extinguished for a long time to come. She is now over eighty years old, though one can scarcely believe this when he hears it. She has merely been a very long time young, and one could apply to her the amiable verse:

Son acte de naissance est vieux, mais non pas elle.

One of her friends, who is of the same age as the princess, wrote to her gallantly: "You have taken only the springs, and you have left me the winters." It is for rare people like her that one longs to suspend the inexorable laws which weigh upon humanity, and to make real the myth of the fountain of youth.

POEMS OF THE WEST

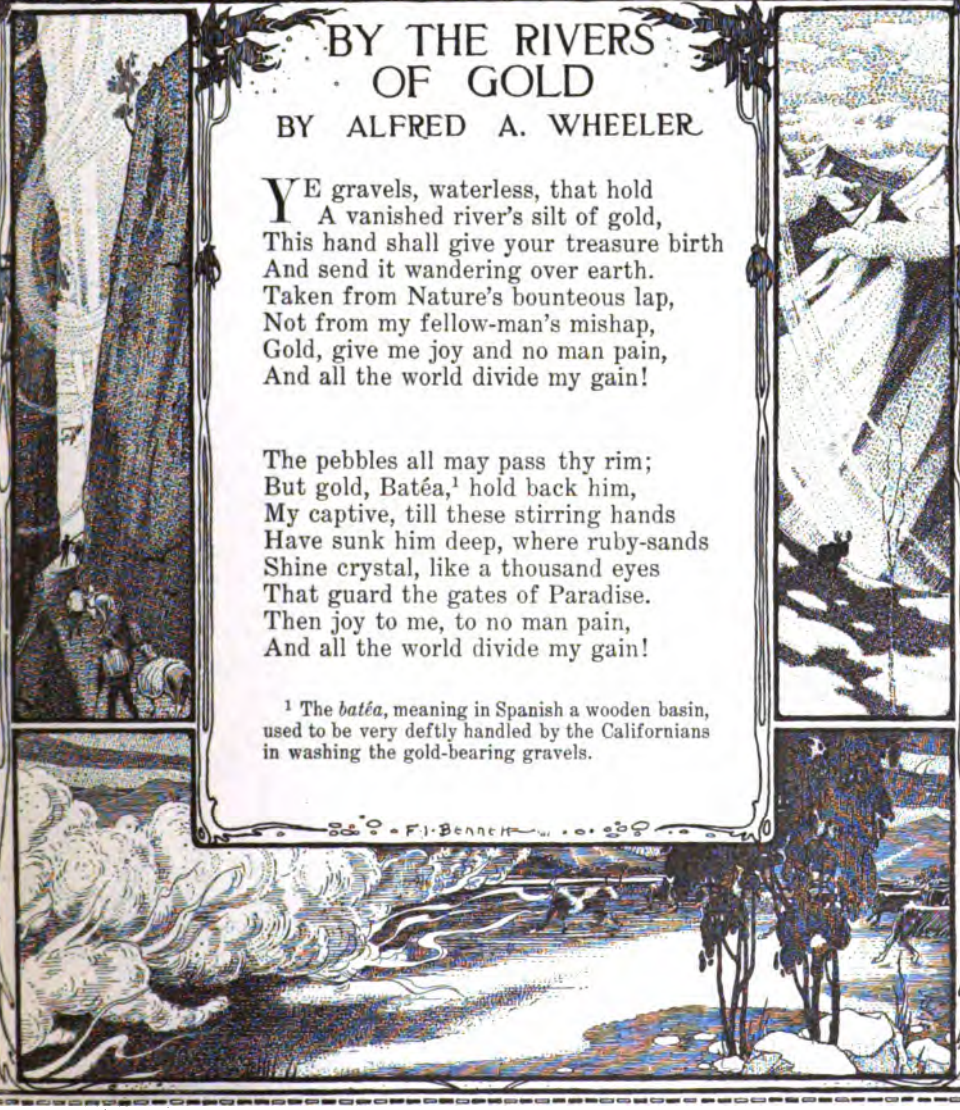
BY THE RIVERS OF GOLD

BY ALFRED A. WHEELER

YE gravels, waterless, that hold
A vanished river's silt of gold,
This hand shall give your treasure birth
And send it wandering over earth.
Taken from Nature's bounteous lap,
Not from my fellow-man's mishap,
Gold, give me joy and no man pain,
And all the world divide my gain!

The pebbles all may pass thy rim;
But gold, Batéa,[1] hold back him,
My captive, till these stirring hands
Have sunk him deep, where ruby-sands
Shine crystal, like a thousand eyes
That guard the gates of Paradise.
Then joy to me, to no man pain,
And all the world divide my gain!

[1] The *batéa*, meaning in Spanish a wooden basin, used to be very deftly handled by the Californians in washing the gold-bearing gravels.



THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

IT wound through strange scarred hills, down cañons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

To-day the steam-god thunders through the vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past:
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.

SIERRAN LULLABY.

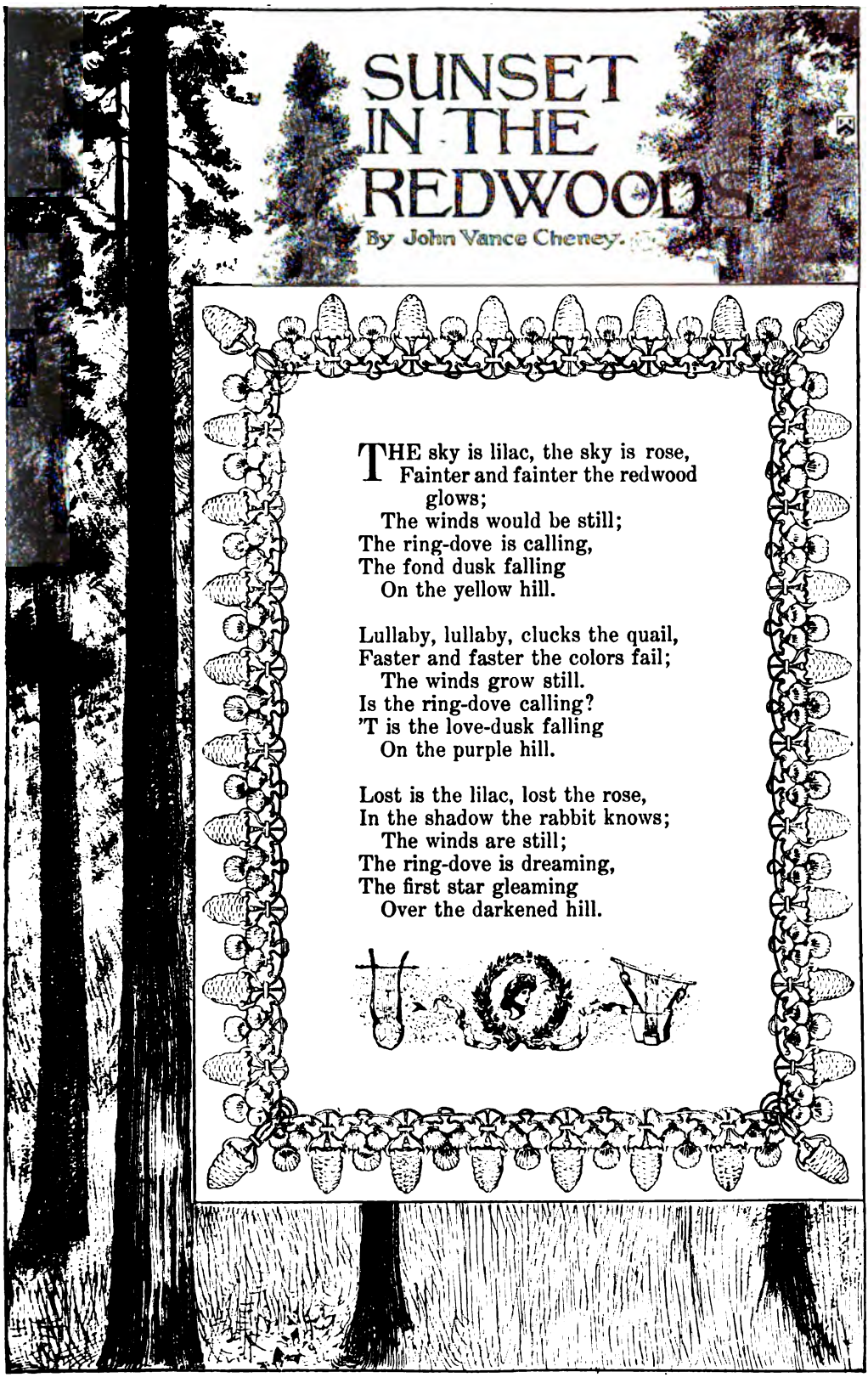
BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

SLEEP, oh, sleep!
By a trail that is wild and steep,
The last red sunbeams climb,
Little child, from the purple vale
At sunset-time.

Steep and wild,
Up the forest-clad heights, O child!
The manzanitas gray
And the birches along the trail
Have lost the day.

Rest, ah, rest!
Now afar on the highest crest
Great pines have caught the light;
Now they darken, the gold rays fail
And fade to night.

Hark, oh, hark!
How the wind in the pine-boughs dark
A wild, sweet music thrills!
Sleep—sleep, till the stars grow pale
Above the hills!



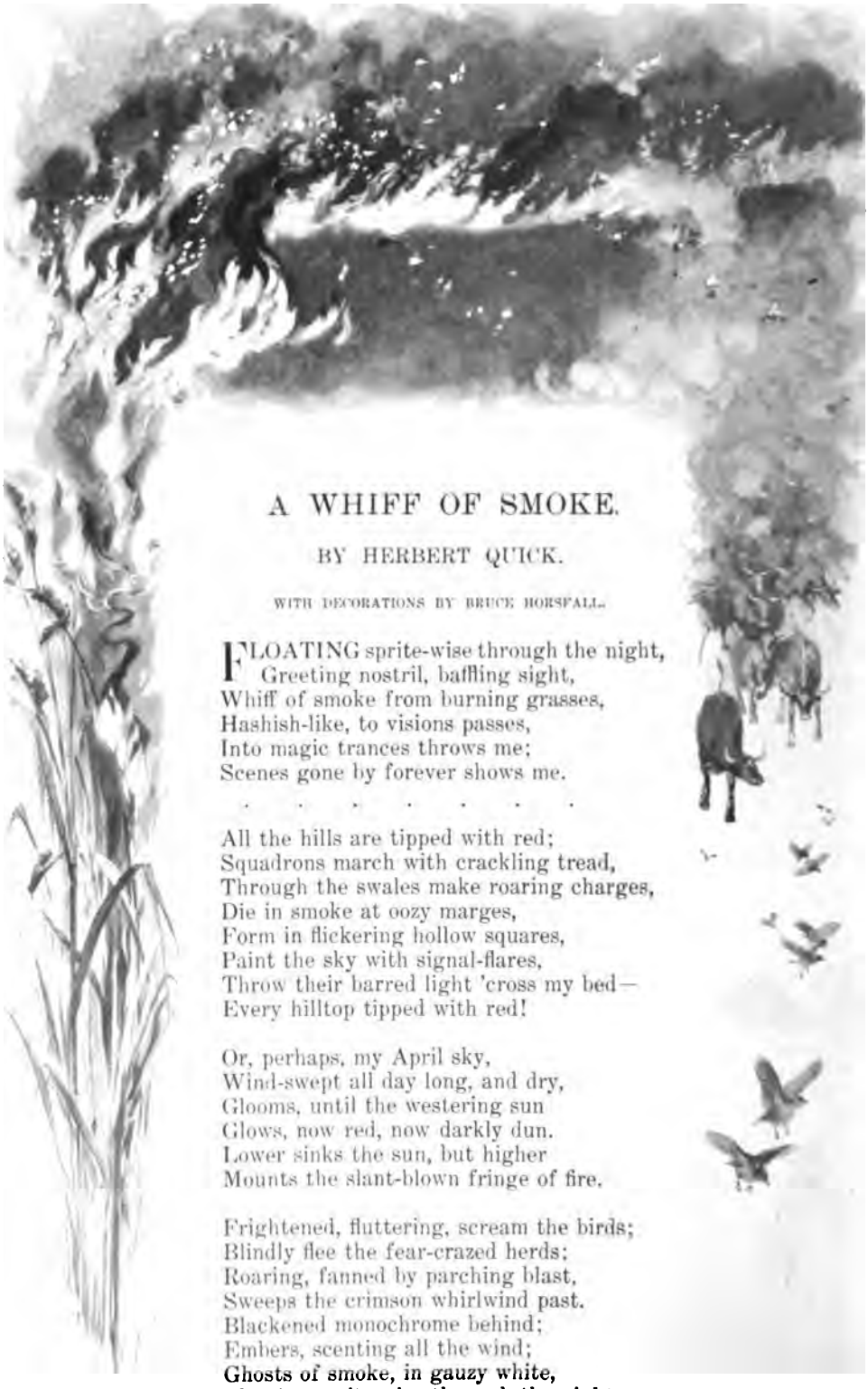
SUNSET IN THE REDWOODS

By John Vance Cheney.

THE sky is lilac, the sky is rose,
Fainter and fainter the redwood glows;
The winds would be still;
The ring-dove is calling,
The fond dusk falling
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail,
Faster and faster the colors fail;
The winds grow still.
Is the ring-dove calling?
'T is the love-dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The ring-dove is dreaming,
The first star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.



A WHIFF OF SMOKE.

BY HERBERT QUICK.

WITH DECORATIONS BY BRUCE HORSFALL.

FLOATING sprite-wise through the night,
Greeting nostril, baffling sight,
Whiff of smoke from burning grasses,
Hashish-like, to visions passes,
Into magic trances throws me;
Scenes gone by forever shows me.

. . . . . .

All the hills are tipped with red;
Squadrons march with crackling tread,
Through the swales make roaring charges,
Die in smoke at oozy marges,
Form in flickering hollow squares,
Paint the sky with signal-flares,
Throw their barred light 'cross my bed—
Every hilltop tipped with red!

Or, perhaps, my April sky,
Wind-swept all day long, and dry,
Glooms, until the westering sun
Glows, now red, now darkly dun.
Lower sinks the sun, but higher
Mounts the slant-blown fringe of fire.

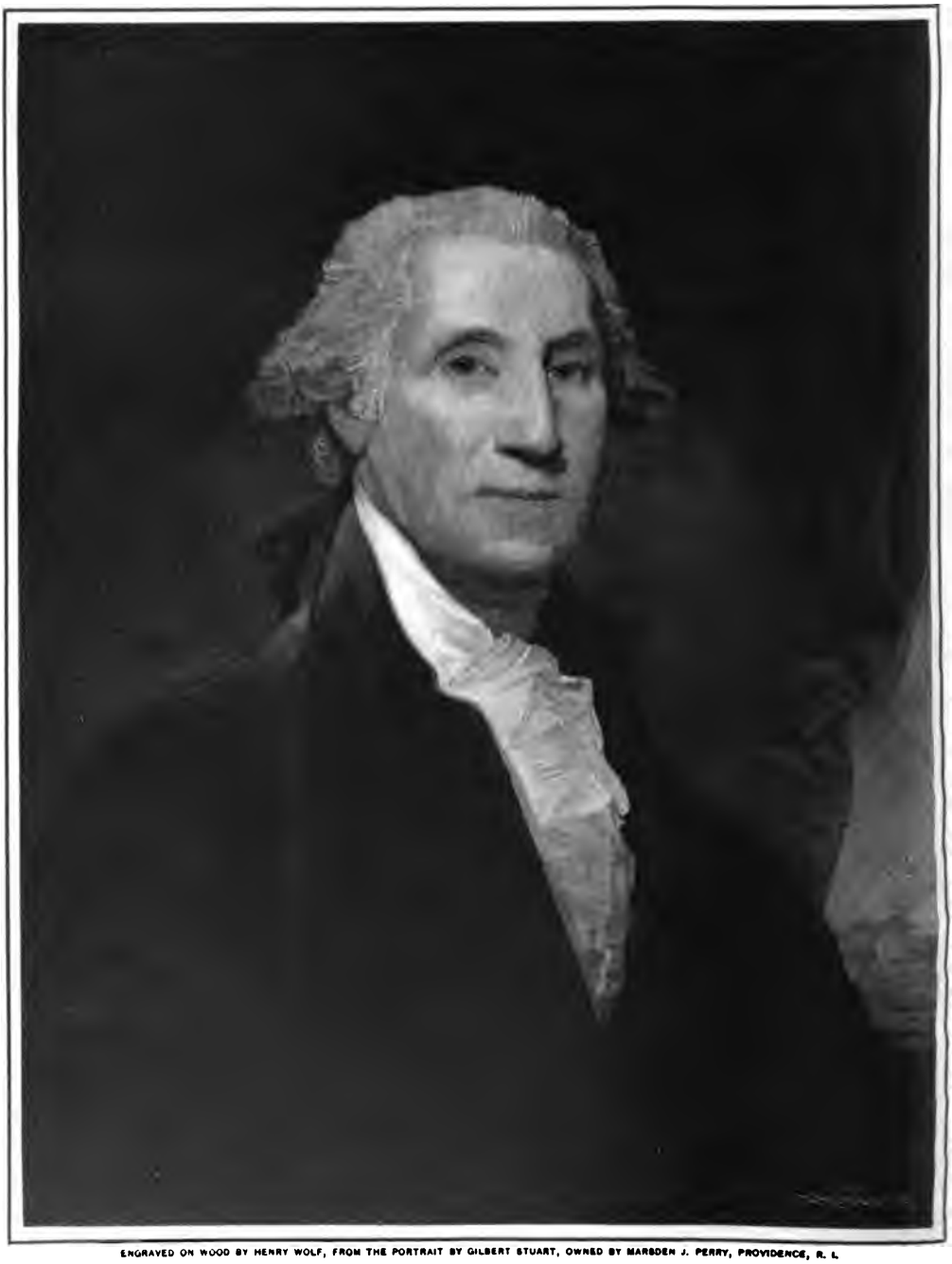
Frightened, fluttering, scream the birds;
Blindly flee the fear-crazed herds;
Roaring, fanned by parching blast,
Sweeps the crimson whirlwind past.
Blackened monochrome behind;
Embers, scenting all the wind;
Ghosts of smoke, in gauzy white,
Floating sprite-wise through the night.

Searching over each swart knoll,
Whistling, forth at morn I stroll.
Half her secrets, stripped of cover,
Nature lays before her lover.
See that tortoise, stolid loafer!
Yonder darts the wooing gopher.
Down from out the speckless sky
Falls the soaring crane's wild cry.
Hark! that cheery roundel, hark!
Always blithe, the meadow-lark!
From the peat-bed calls the drake;
Basking lies the glistering snake;
Like a hunter to his hound,
Pipes the curlew, circling round;
Clasping both her wings above her,
Whistling clear, alights the plover;
Unscorched cowslips gild the bog,
Bower of the prating frog;
Thoughtless, thankless, careless, I
Watch each shape of plain and sky;
See the prairie wild-folk, see
All, and feel its mystery.

Yet my quest is not for thrill
Running down from cloud and hill.
Where the prairie-hen has laid
Pearly treasures, now betrayed
By the white glints which attest
Burnt-up shelter, ruined nest,
Here I fill my basket up;
Cook my meal in tiny cup;
Singing, stray from knoll to knoll,
Nature speaking with my soul.

. . . . . .

Pavement, street, and city pass,
At the whiff from burning grass,
Greeting nostril, baffling sight,
Sprite-wise, floating through the night.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART, OWNED BY MARSDEN J. PERRY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN.

I. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

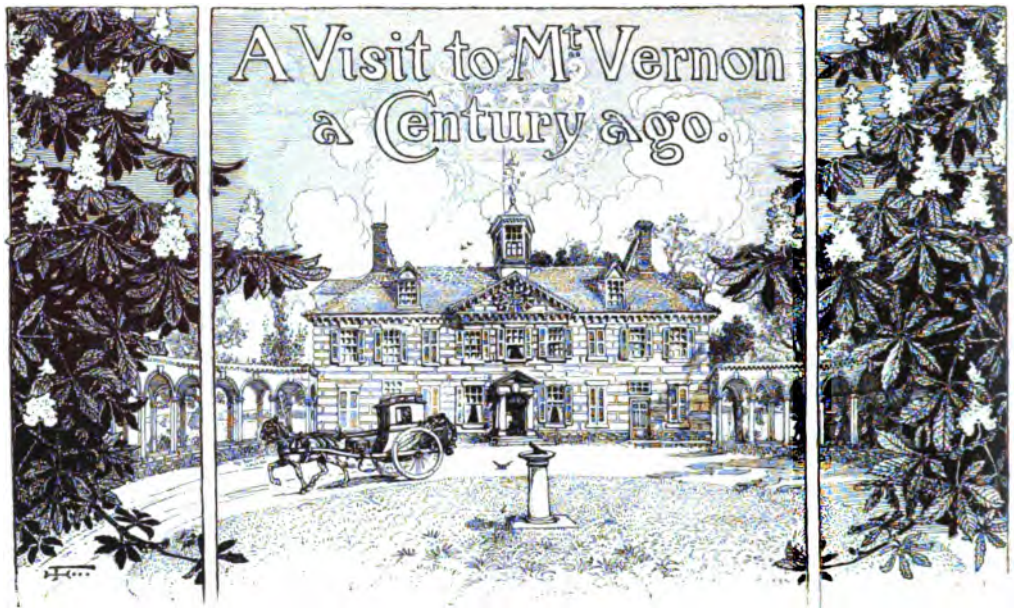
IT is not only eminently appropriate that the first portrait presented in this series should be that of the Pater Patriæ, but it is also entitled to first place for the reason that the portrait here given, leaving out all consideration of the importance of the subject, is, in my opinion, from the finest picture Gilbert Stuart ever painted, and I say this only after a long and mature study of Stuart's works to the number of several hundred. It is also, in point of time, the first portrait of Washington that Stuart made, although it is the least familiar, Stuart's late pictures, known as the Lansdowne and the Athenæum heads, being the popular portraits of Washington, particularly the latter, which has become the household Washington of the world. This has occurred by reason of the last-named portrait having hung for seventy years in a public gallery, easily accessible for reproduction, while the first portrait has never been out of private hands and so remained comparatively unknown until recently. But for this, the ideal Athenæum head could never have usurped the rightful place of the real first portrait. A study of the Stuart portraits of Washington, with the Houdon life-mask, that belonged for many years to the sculptor-poet W. W. Story, gives a very remarkable confirmation of the view here expressed as to the realism of this first portrait and the ideality of the later ones.

The picture, reproduced with infinite skill by Henry Wolf, preserving its simplicity, character, and color-sense in a marked degree, was painted in Philadelphia in 1795, and became the property of William Bingham, senator in Congress from 1795 to 1801, a patron of the fine arts and a friend of Stuart, for whom Stuart also painted the whole-length portrait of Washington, now in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, from which the painter made a replica for Bingham, which that gentleman presented to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and which is now owned by Lord Rosebery in London.

William Bingham's home in Philadelphia was noted for its elegance, hospitality, and for the regal beauty of its mistress, who, before her marriage, was Ann, daughter of Thomas Willing, and here the eldest daughter, Ann, was married to Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, of the Webster-Ashburton treaty. She went to reside in England, and there Bingham repaired, in shattered health, at the close of his senatorial career, and died at Bath in 1804. His mansion-house in Philadelphia remained intact until 1807, when the contents were sold at public auction, and Stuart's original first life-portrait of Washington was bought by James Kitchen, proprietor of the Merchants' Exchange Coffee House, located but a block distant from Bingham's house, and who was a personal friend of Bingham. Kitchen's coffee-house was the place of meeting for all the first men of the town, merchants, lawyers, bloods, and blades, and this portrait of Washington was its chief ornament. Upon Kitchen's death, in 1828, the picture was inherited by his son, of the same name, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, who lived to his ninety-fourth year, and from whom it was purchased in 1892, after having been in his family for eighty-five years. It is now owned by Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island.

What makes this portrait particularly interesting is that it is an entirely distinct type from the commonly known "Stuart Washington," and of it there is no exact replica. Stuart did make perhaps half a dozen copies from it, but all exhibit some variation from the original, showing that Stuart was experimenting. The best-known and most important variant is the Gibbs-Channing picture, which has a green curtain in the background, where in the present painting it is red. This work is a superb exemplar of the art of portrait-painting, and is itself sufficient to make and preserve forever the name and reputation of its masterful limner. Now that we know George Washington as a man we want also to see him as a man, and this we do in the great canvas before us.[1]

[1] For additional notes on Stuart's portraits of Washington, see the author's articles in THE CENTURY for April, 1889, and September and November, 1899; in "Harper's Magazine" for August, 1896; and in "McClure's Magazine" for February, 1897.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A FEW PAGES OF AN UNPUBLISHED DIARY OF THE POLISH POET J. U. NIEMCEWICZ.

BY W. M. KOZLOWSKI.

INTRODUCTION BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

"MY house," wrote Washington to his mother in 1787, "may be compared to a well resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from north to south, or from south to north, do not spend a day or two at it." And he added that "those who resort here are strangers and people of the first distinction." The description was even more true after his election to the Presidency, and hardly a day passed without his entertaining one or more visitors. His recording in his diary the fact that "this day Mrs. Washington and I dined alone," as one of importance, is evidence of the heavy tax imposed upon his hospitality.

Among the most welcome of his guests were his former companions in the war, and those who brought letters and intelligence from the foreign officers who had served with him. In the first years of the war his headquarters had been besieged by hungry adventurers from foreign armies, demanding the highest appointments in the Continental service. This experience had aroused in him a dislike for the French and German mercenaries, and only his affection for Lafayette and his high opinion of Steuben and De Kalb overcame this feeling. With the advent of the regular troops under Rochambeau all distrust disappeared, and cordial relations existed during the combined operations, relations that continued after the peace. With Kosciuszko he was never intimate, but the dashing officer attracted him and gained his good opinion. Even Jefferson wrote of him, on his visit to America in 1798: "I see him often, and with great pleasure mixed with commiseration. He is as pure a son of liberty as I have ever known, and of that liberty which is to go to all, and not to the few or the rich alone." His unsuccessful struggle to obtain the freedom of Poland would have made him welcome at Mount Vernon, but he was not to visit his old commander, and his companion Niemcewicz was to go alone.

Julian Ursin Niemcewicz is still held dear in Poland for his part in the rising of 1794, and for his literary qualities. Born in 1758, an inhabitant of Lithuania, he early entered the Polish Diet, where his influence was thrown on the side of the patriots. When Kosciuszko raised a revolt against Russia, Niemcewicz served as his aide-de-camp, and being taken prisoner at the same time with his general, he was sent to St. Petersburg, and remained in confinement for more than two years. Upon his release he accompanied Kosciuszko to America, and made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. The record of his stay with Washington is a surprise, as it shows how far the latter overcame the usual reserve of the man and the habit of caution which many years of public life had cultivated. The ardent Polish patriot drew out utterances which were usually confined only to Washington's most intimate friends, and opinions on foreign and domestic politics stronger than are to be found in his private correspondence.

The visit made so deep an impression upon Niemcewicz that he was led to publish, some years later, an essay on "Traits of the Life of General Washington." He returned to Europe and indignantly refused a public appointment offered by the Czar Alexander, who doubtless hoped by that means to win an important ally among the leaders of the Poles. A second visit to America resulted in his marrying an American, a native of New Jersey, with whom he again returned to Poland, where he served as secretary to the Senate until 1830. In this public life he enjoyed much leisure, and was a voluminous writer of poetry, plays, histories, and political manifestos. Through translations he made "Rasselas" and "The Rape of the Lock" known to the Poles, and attempted to turn into Polish verse the odes of Pope and Dryden on music. As president of the Royal Scientific Society he served more as a figurehead than as an active scientist, and he is better known as a man of letters than as an administrator. The revolution of 1830 again brought him forward as a political agitator, and as senator he served in the national government, to be exiled on its failure. He passed to London and to Paris, spending his last years in composing verses and dramas. He died in 1841, and was buried at Montmorency, followed to the grave by many Americans.

FROM A PRINT.
J. U. NIEMCEWICZ.

A somewhat awkward translation of two verses of his poem on America and General Washington may properly supplement the record of his journal.

His features are still on my memory defined,
With the fadeless and delicate colors of mind.
Full, noble, majestic, with a crown of swan-hair
And a brow deeply writ with the finger of care:
Old Roman simplicity marked his fine face,
Expressive of dignity, grandeur, and grace.

How oft on his accents with rapture I hung,
While wisdom and kindness distill'd from his tongue;
And whene'er the sad tale of our fall I 'd relate—
How brilliant our struggle, yet awful our fate—
A sweet tear-drop of sympathy stole down his cheek—
Better pledge of affection than language could speak.

In order to verify further this remarkable record, I made a search in a copy of Washington's diary (Vol. XXXVI of the Toner Collection), where, under dates from June 2 to June 14, 1798, occur the following entries, which completely assure the genuineness of the journal, and, furthermore, supply some of the names of the visitors, McClenahan and Nelly Custis in particular.

WASHINGTON'S DIARY, JUNE 2–14, 1798.

2 Morning clear & warm—Mist but little wind —Mer 62.—at Night 70 Mr Law & a Polish Gentleman, the Companion of General Kosciaski came here to dinner, as did Miss Lee of Greenspring with Nelly Custis who returned to day

3 Morning—Calm & Warm Mer 65 warm all day with very little wind & that Southerly—Mer 76 at Night, & in the Night thunder Lightning & Rain —Mrs Law came down to dinner & Mr & Mrs Mc Clanahan dined here. & returned afterwds

4 Morning heavy—Wind Southerly—Mer 64.—In the afternoon Easterly & a great [deal] of Rain Mer 70 at Night.—

5 Morning, Mer 65—but little wind & that Southerly —appearances of Rain in the afternoon but none fell—

6 Morning—Mer at 65—Calm & thin clouds;—thunder abt 10 oclock & Showers at a distance.—In the afternoon Rain for near an hour Mer 64. at Night.—Mr Law went away this morning & Dr Stuart Mrs Stuart & three daughters came to breakfast & dinner

7 Morning clear—Wind westerly Mer 60 appearances of Rain in the afternoon but none fell—Mer 70 at Night Wind Westy

8 Morning—Clear & calm. Mer 65. Clear most all ye day & towards evening appearances of Rain but none fell.

9 Morning—clear calm & warm Mer 66—Much the same through the day—Mer 74 at Night

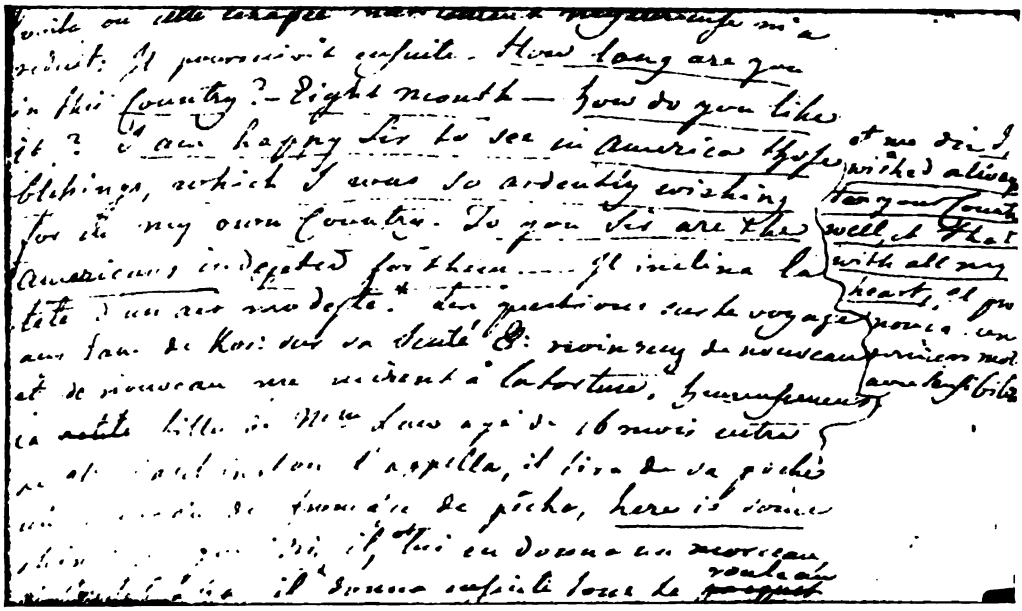
10 Morning—Wind pretty fresh from No Et but clear—Mer 70—Very lowering in the Evening —Mer 66—Doctr Stuart returned, & Mr Lear dined here—

11 Morning very heavy & misting—wind at No Et —No rain had fallen Mer 64—Fine Rain from 8 oclock through the day Mer 64 at Night —Mr Tracy came in the evening.—

12 Morning Misty—Mid day clear & afternoon moderate Rain wind Easterly all day—Mer 64 in the Morning & 70 at Night—Mr Law returned in the Evening

13 Morning, Mer 68 & clear—Clouds but no rain all day Mer 72 at Night—Mr Fitzhugh, Lady & daughter—Mrs Beverly Randolph, with her daughter & Son in Law Randolph & his Sister dined here

14 Morning Clear—Mer 64. Wind at East—So Westerly afterwards—at N Mer 76—Mrs Stuart & her family & Mr Law Mrs Law and Mr Niemcewitz (the Polish Gentn) went away after breakfast.—



FACSIMILE (SLIGHTLY REDUCED) OF A PORTION OF NIEMCEWICZ'S JOURNAL, SHOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

CONVERSATIONS WITH WASHINGTON.

ON the point of leaving America, after having sacrificed seven years of his youth to the war for its independence, Kosciuszko wrote to a friend:

"If the state of my country remains always the same, I will say to my countrymen—come, pass over the seas, and insure to your children liberty and property. If my countrymen do not listen to me I will say to my family—come. If my family refuse, I will go by myself and die free with you."[1]

That promise he kept. Twice he had the opportunity to use the experience acquired in the American war against the enemies of his fatherland—once in 1792, in defending the constitution of the 3d of May, 1791, against Russia, when he was commanding a corps of the Southern Army; the second time as commander-in-chief of the army and supreme magistrate of the people in the revolution of 1794, tending to put into life principles of the democratic republic. Wounded and taken prisoner at Maciejowice, he was transferred to St. Petersburg, and kept confined until the death of Catharine II, Empress of Russia. Her successor, Paul I, whose character was a strange mixture of despotism and chivalry, was a great admirer of Kosciuszko. As soon as he ascended the throne he set free the Polish patriot, and, at his request, all other Polish prisoners who languished in the dungeons at St. Petersburg or in exile in Siberia.

Among them there was an officer and poet, Julian Niemcewicz, who served in the war of 1794 as the aide-de-camp of Kosciuszko. When the latter, after being set free, decided to go to America, Niemcewicz offered to accompany him. Another young officer joined them, as Kosciuszko was still suffering from his wounds and required great care. They journeyed through Sweden and England to Philadelphia. They traveled together in America, and after the departure of Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz visited a large part of the lands then forming the United States. All the time he kept a diary, written, for the most part, in Polish and French. It was never published, and his biographer considered it as lost. Happily it was not so. The author of these lines succeeded, after painful researches, in finding the manuscript in one of the libraries of Poland.

It is full of interest, especially to American readers, as it represents the view of the country in the first stages of its independence, taken by a stranger who cautiously commented on the impression which this New World made upon him. We meet here many fine observations which cannot be

[1] From a letter of Kosciuszko, written in 1783, probably to General John Armstrong.

found in American memoirs of that time, because certain characteristics of the new republic appeared to native authors as a matter of course, not worthy of mention. The differences between the young democracy and the old states of Europe in public and private life are often represented in lively colors.

We extract from this diary a few pages of peculiar interest, and offer these to our readers in a faithful translation. They contain a description of the author's first meeting with George Washington and his family, as well as of his visit to Mount Vernon. But before we come to the point from which the description begins, we owe to the reader a few explanations about the wandering of Kosciuszko and his fellow-poet on the American continent.

The ship *Ariadne*, Captain Lee, on board of which were Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz, arrived at Philadelphia August 18, 1797. We extract from a newspaper of that time the description of the reception of the Polish general by the people of Philadelphia:

"In the ship *Ariadne* captain Lee, arrived here last evening from Bristol, cabin passenger that illustrious Defender of the Rights of Mankind, the brave but unfortunate Kosciuszko the Polish General, accompanied by two Polish gentlemen.[1] On the arrival of the vessel at the Fort, the commander of the garrison, being informed that the veteran General was on board, welcomed him with a Federal salute, and when the vessel came to anchor in our harbor, the sailing master of the frigate had its barge manned with 8 masters of vessels and waited on the General, to take him on shore. On his landing he was received with three cheers, and as farther mark of the popular respect for this great character, the citizens insisted upon drawing him to his lodgings."[2]

Yellow fever was then raging in Philadelphia, and at the earnest solicitations of his old friends, Kosciuszko decided to leave the city. He spent a few weeks at General Gates's house at Rose Hill,[3] and afterward visited at General White's, being all the time confined to his chair, a result of his wounds.

About the end of November he decided to reside in Philadelphia, while his friends, especially General John Armstrong, looked after a farm which Kosciuszko was thinking of buying, with the intention of settling in America.

These plans, however, were soon overthrown. One morning Kosciuszko received a packet from Europe. It contained the news of the organization of Polish legions in France, which was then at war with the two powers which divided Poland. Kosciuszko was summoned to take the chief directorship of the organization.

These tidings startled him so much that he suddenly left his chair and walked a few steps in the room. The emotion produced one of those miraculous cures often effected in local paralysis.[4] He decided to leave

[1] The one was Niemcewicz, the other Libiszewski, a young officer and good musician, who willingly accompanied Kosciuszko during the voyage, but parted with him in Philadelphia.

[2] The "Daily Advertiser," New York, August 21, 1797. The copy is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society.

[3] The house stood on what is now the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Second Avenue, New York. Kosciuszko remained here until September 29.

[4] The fact is told by A. W. W. Evans (in his "Memoir of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, Poland's Hero and Patriot," etc., New York, 1883) as follows: "In the spring of 1798 he received a packet of letters from Europe; in reading one he became greatly excited and sprang from his couch into the middle of the room. Until then he had not moved without assistance, and then he had to call for his valet to help him back to his couch." We could not give importance to this, were it the only proof, as the pamphlet of Mr. Evans is full of statements which certainly are not exact. As, for instance, the episode above mentioned is related as having happened at General White's. But the dates of Niemcewicz's diary, which coincided perfectly with those of Kosciuszko's letters of that time of which we are in possession, show that both had left White's home in the last days of November, 1797, and that the news reached Kosciuszko in Philadelphia. But we have indisputable evidence in the letters of Niemcewicz to Jefferson. In one dated September 3, 1798, at Elizabethtown, he writes: "I was told that Major Touzard, having passed here about ten days ago and having stopped at Mr. Dayton's, the speaker, assured everybody of having seen a letter sent from Virginia which announced that General Kosciuszko had left this country alone and in the greatest secrecy; that he was supposed to have gone to Ireland in order to take command of the rebels. All this is credible. But what was my indignation and astonishment when I learned that Major Touzard had the boldness to say that the cruel invalidism of the general was only assumed and that he was seen to walk in New Castle. I denied the calumny as absurd and humiliating to the character of the general, and I assured all these gentlemen that on the day of the departure of the general for the springs I saw him brought into the carriage in the arms of his servant, as usual." In another letter of January 19, 1799, he mentions a note received from Kosciuszko: "The note of G. K. contained only a compliment of four lines, without mentioning a single word of his health, his *mysterious and wonderful recovery*, or any private or political affairs." Then, in a letter of Jefferson's to Niemcewicz (Washington, January 11, 1801), we read: "It is, I believe, a twelvemonth since I have had a letter from Gen. Kosciuszko. But I had an opportunity of hearing some particulars of him from General Davis, one of our envoys lately returned from Paris. He says the general is in tolerable health, is considered as the head of

America quickly and in secrecy, fearing, not without reason, that he would fall into the hands of one of the numerous enemies of France, whose vessels crossed the seas in all directions. Jefferson procured him a pass from the French consul in the name of Thomas Kanberg.

Niemcewicz was engaged to spread the tidings that Kosciuszko had left Philadelphia for some health-resort in the South.

The following letter, written by Niemcewicz to Jefferson, informs us how he carried out that commission:

"FEDERAL CITY, May 27, 1798.

"SIR: In the disquiet and anxiety which you experienced on the loss of your friend, exposed to more than one shipwreck, perhaps you would like to know what has happened to one who was during so many years his companion in misfortune and in travels. I am eager to satisfy you on this account.

"Following the instructions of G[enera]l K[osciuszko], I have taken the way of the South, as if I intended to follow him. I have been in Baltimore, and now for the last two weeks I am staying in the Federal City[1] at Mr. Law's home. Everywhere I was overwhelmed with questions. I do not know how I extricated myself from them; all I know is that the profession of liar is as difficult as it is mortifying to one who is not accustomed to it. Nevertheless, you can be sure that the secret is strictly preserved; nobody suspects the truth: some suppose he is really on the way to the springs, others imagine that we have quarreled, and have separated for that reason. Some assume that you have concealed him at Monticello. You are thus accused of rape and violence, and have to defend yourself the best you can. . . ."

In another letter, dated at New Brunswick, where he stayed at Mr. Law's, he wrote:

"General Washington and his wife have been in the city to see their granddaughters, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Law. I was introduced to them. He received me very politely, asked about the health of G[enera]l K[osciuszko] with some interest; but he was generally too much reserved and still less curious and inquisitive than I supposed."

The following extract is taken from a letter dated June 9, 1798, at Mount Vernon:

". . . I was invited by General Washington to come to see him; I went there with the family of Mr. Law. We shall leave the day after to-morrow."

We find a more detailed account of these occurrences in Niemcewicz's diary. The following is the account of his first meeting General Washington at Mrs. Peters's:

"We like the details, the anecdotes, and even the smallest incidents which Plutarch gives us in his lives of famous men. All that interests us so much. Perhaps the reason is that the man connects everything with himself; perhaps it is that in reading his works one willingly puts one's self in the place of the hero of the history, and then, in spite of all one's opinion of one's own powers, not being always able to compare one's self with him in lofty deeds, one likes to resemble him in private life. One tries to find a likeness between himself and his hero, and if the extraordinary talents, the superiority of the latter, have often humiliated him, he consoles himself and derives great pleasure in seeing that the hero was often human like himself.

"It is as much in order to justify this assertion as to give myself a very great pleasure that, not being able, like Plutarch, to describe with a master hand the character and deeds of one of the greatest men of this century, I content myself with giving a few particulars of the character of this person.

"It was Monday, May 21, 1798, that my respected host Mr. Law, on returning from Georgetown, where he had business with a good-for-nothing speculator who had cheated him, announced to us that General Washington was at Mr. Peters's house. Mr. Peters married Miss Custis, the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington by her first husband.

"It was decided immediately that the same evening we should go to present our respects to him. Consequently we set off, Mrs. Law with Mr. Charles Freiré in the cart, Mr. Law and I in a wagon.

"Mr. Peters's house is at the extreme point of the city, quite near Georgetown. We arrived there between six and seven o'clock. One can guess how my heart was beating. I was to see the man for whom

the Polish corps in the service of France, keeps a table as such, and is the regular organ between them and the government of France. He is able to walk about."

The Polish biographer of Kosciuszko, T. Korzon, submitted the question of the possibility of such a recovery to a committee composed of a physician and a surgeon. The opinion, reprinted in his life of Kosciuszko (Krakow, 1894, p. 677, note 768), was that it was not in opposition to the present state of medical knowledge.

[1] Washington, D. C., was called so formerly.

since my youth I had had great respect. I caught sight of him through the window and recognized him at once. About a dozen people were coming toward us. I saw only him. I was presented to him by Mr. Law. He held out his hand to me and clasped mine. We went into the parlor. I sat down beside him; I was moved, dumb, and could not look at him enough. It is a majestic face, in which dignity is united with gentleness. The portraits that we have of him in Europe are not like him at all. He is nearly six feet high and very strongly built; he has an aquiline nose, blue eyes; his mouth, and particularly his lower jaw, are large.

"He wore a tail coat, black stockings, satin waistcoat, and breeches of the same color.

"He began by questioning me about General Kosciuszko. I was extremely embarrassed and confused. The first word I said to this great man was a lie. That was what this mysterious departure brought me to. He put to me the following questions:

"'How long are you in this country?'

"'Eight months.'

"'How do you like it?'

"'I am happy, sir, to see in America those blessings which I was so ardently wishing for in my own country. To you, sir, are the Americans indebted for them.'

"He bowed with a modest air, and said to me:

"'I wished always to your country well, and that with all my heart.'

"He uttered these last words with much feeling.

"The questions on Kosciuszko's journey to the springs, his health, etc., turned up again and renewed my torture. Happily, Mrs. Law's daughter, aged sixteen months, came in. General Washington called her to him, and drew a peach-cheese from his pocket.

"'Here is something for you,' said he. He gave her a piece and kissed her. He then gave all the rest to her mother.

"'Take it, madam, for your little Law,' he said.

"The conversation turned to agriculture, a favorite subject with the General. They talked about the drought, which there was at this time, of how tobacco was suffering through it, and also the maize and barley.

"I then went up to Mrs. Washington. She is the same age as the General; both were born in 1732. She is short, has bright eyes, a gay manner extremely good. She had on a gown of white stuff, drawn very tight, or rather attached on both sides with pins; a bonnet of white gauze with ribbons of the same color, showing the outline of her head very much, leaving the forehead uncovered and only partly hiding her white hair, which was done up in a little pigtail. She was one of the most beautiful women in America, and even to-day she has something very charming about her. She never had any children by General Washington; she had four by her first husband, Mr. Custis.

"We spoke with Mrs. Washington of the small likeness that there is between the General and his portraits. She asked Mrs. Peters at last to play the piano, which she did, and played the eternal 'Battle of Prague' (a favorite piece of music in America) very well. Tea was served. I found an opportunity to be beside the General. He praised an address that the town of Norfolk had given to the President.

"'Did you know Mr. Jones,' Mr. Law asked him, 'who was just killed in duel by Mr. Livingstone?'

"'I believe I did see him, but I did not know him intimately. They say that the shot he fired at his opponent cut a piece off his nose. . . . How could he miss it? You know Mr. Livingstone's nose, and what a capital target it is.'

"I was delighted to see the good father in good humor. He turned toward me, and asked me if I had traveled much in the United States. I replied that I had not been farther than New York, that I was surprised at the progress which such a new country had made in culture and population.

"'There are the Eastern States,' he said to me, 'that are the most advanced in culture and population.'

"'They were,' said I, 'the first in which the Europeans settled.'

"'On the contrary,' he replied, 'the first settlement was in Virginia, and then in New England. But it is the division into townships which is so favorable to the maintenance of order, police, and public establishments. The population there is very industrious; every farmer, even the poorest, lives in independence.'

"'More independent,' said I, 'than many gentlemen in other places. You are the happiest people in the world.'

"'Provided that we do not spoil our happiness.'

"The company rose to depart. . . . The General conducted us; in leaving he said to me:

"'I shall be very happy to see you at

Mount Vernon; I shall be there in a few days; I hope you will come.'

"He kissed once more Mrs. Law's little child. Mrs. Peters invited us to dinner the next day. We took our departure after eight o'clock in the evening. I was well satisfied with my day.

"I dined next day with Mr. Peters. We talked of the offices that they are going to build for all the departments; the expense is estimated at $96,000. They spoke of the difficulty that they will have to get enough houses to lodge all the members.

"'Very well,' the General said jokingly, 'they have only to camp out: the representatives will be placed in the first row, the Senate in the second, the President with his suite in the middle.'

"Wednesday, the 23d, he came with Mrs. Washington to stay two days in Mr. Law's house, where I was. All the time he was sincere, polite, attentive, but spoke very little; sometimes of agriculture, natural history—all you could wish, except politics, on which subject he observed a discreet silence and was absolutely reserved, to such an extent that he never questioned upon the subject of our unfortunate revolution, nor upon the least thing connected with it.

"Once at dinner the conversation turned upon the account of a voyage that the Duke of Liancourt had just published. The General said:

"'Mr. Liancourt will be vexed with me. When he came into this country he brought me letters of introduction from some of the most distinguished people in England. He had no need of them, because, owing to what Mr. Lafayette said to me, as well as his reputation and conduct, I knew the respect which was his due. Yet I did not receive him at my house; I was in the administration, and I made a rule not to admit any Frenchman who was considered an emigrant and who should not be presented by his minister. I had Mr. Liancourt informed by my friends of the motives which obliged me to deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing him, an advantage which I desired so much, and that as soon as I should be out of the administration I should want to see him. But it appears that he took it badly.

"'And, after all,' he added, 'I read in Mr. Monroe's book that the French government reproached me with having received French emigrants.'

"On the 24th I went with him to see the sugar-refining factory, an immense house situated near the wharf of Mrs. Barry, where there was then a three-masted ship, which they were loading with tobacco.

"It is wonderful how much this one sugar factory gave life and movement to the little place, which was still rising.

"Billiards were the General's amusement. He played, . . . and although he has not played at all for twenty-five years, attention and skill made up for want of practice. Each new game was played better than the preceding one. He left us on the 25th between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, in a great hurry to see the effect that the last rains had had on the fields. He and Mrs. Washington pressed me very much to come to see them at Mount Vernon. I shall certainly keep my word to him."

He kept it, of course. The following pages of his diary give the account of the twelve days which he spent with Washington and his family.

"June 2, MOUNT VERNON. After many distractions and delays, we took the route to Mount Vernon[1] about eleven o'clock. We crossed the river on a ferry-boat, and followed the Maryland bank. The Federal City (or rather the grounds destined to be the city) is seen therefrom in the guise of an amphitheater. After having traveled about four or five miles we arrived at the point opposite to Alexandria.

"I saw there a formidable-looking field covered with the most beautiful corn one could wish. I asked the reason of that fertility, unknown in America and very rare anywhere. I was told that the ground was fertilized with herrings—with the heads and entrails of these fishes.

"We spent twenty-five minutes in recrossing the Potomac. I stopped in Alexandria in order to buy a pound of tobacco. It is sold at one dollar a pound, which is far too much for a country which is the motherland of all kinds of tobacco. While paying for it, I murmured against a habit expensive, unclean, and unhealthy; but the position in which I found myself, denied of every joy, as it were, appeared not a proper moment for renouncing it.

"We followed the way through a country intersected by heights and covered with forests. After having gone over seven miles, we arrived at the foot of a hill where G[enera]l Washington's possessions begin. We entered a way newly hewn through an oak-forest, and soon discovered another hill, on whose top a spacious white mansion was

[1] Niemcewicz was accompanied by Mr. Law, at whose house in Georgetown he was staying.

situated, crowned with a little cupola, with attics and blinds painted in green. It is surrounded by a ditch and a brick wall with beautiful little turrets at the corners. Two grass-plots are situated at the front of the house.

"The nearest way is round and small, the other is large and irregular. Many kinds of trees, shrubs, and plants in flower adorned the two sides of the yard. Near to the one end of the house two thickets of locust [*sic*] are planted—charming trees with a smooth trunk and small trembling leaves. The surrounding grass was of the brightest green. There were a few catalpa- and tulip-trees. Entering the house, we found G[enera]l Washington was at his farm. His lady appeared in a few minutes, welcomed us most agreeably, and hastened to serve punch.

"At two o'clock the General arrived on the back of a gray horse. He descended, shook hands, and gave a lash to his horse, which went alone to the stable. After a short conversation he retired in order to change his dress. We then inspected the interior of the house. One comes in through a peristyle which divides the house in two halves and ends on the piazza. It is decorated with a few engravings from Claude Lorraine. A kind of crystal lantern contains a true key of the Bastille:[1] this relic of despotism was offered to the General by Lafayette. Under the key hangs a picture representing the destruction of that formidable castle. One sees its model on the piazza, made of a stone which was formerly a part of its walls.[2] It is a foot and a half high and reproduces exactly all the details of the castle. It is a pity the children have spoiled it a little. On the right we enter a parlor. Here we see a picture of G[enera]l Washington at the time when he was in the English service: a blue coat, a brown vest, and breeches of the same color, all adorned with narrow silver lace, and wearing a small bonnet of the shape of a mushroom.

"Washington is represented as on the march, and in order to prevent any doubt on this subject, a paper is represented emerging from the group of posts with an inscription, 'March Order.' He has a gun and a violet scarf thrown across his shoulder. Mrs. Washington forms the pendant to that picture. She wears a blue gown, and a headdress about half an inch high, with both her ears uncovered, and a flower in her right hand. This picture, always bad, is also much damaged in addition. There is, too, a picture representing Lafayette with his family. The marquis is dressed in an American uniform; he presents to his wife, who is represented as sitting, his son, four years old, dressed also in American uniform. Two daughters of nearly the same age complete the group. The picture is well composed and well painted, but the colors have faded in many places.

"There were two other pictures of the General and Mrs. Washington made with 'pastels'; one of young Custis, one of young Lafayette, and one of the divine Miss Custis, with her hair blown about by a storm; one allegorical picture in enamel in honor of the General, and two very beautiful ones embroidered with a needle.

"From this room we passed into a large one newly added by the General. That is the most beautiful room in the house. The fireplace is of white marble and is adorned with beautiful bas-reliefs. A few pictures are hanging on the walls. Engravings made after Trumbull represent the death of G[enera]l Warren and of G[enera]l Montgomery. Next to this there is another parlor, adorned with rare engravings representing sea-scenes, and here one sees the excellent harpsichord of Miss Custis. On the other side of the peristyle are the dining-room, the bedroom and the library of the General. The upper hall contains the rooms of Mrs. Washington, Miss Custis, and the guest-chamber. They are very neatly and prettily furnished.

"On the side opposite the front is a very large open gallery, supported by eight pillars. The most beautiful sight is seen from it. The Potomac, rolling its waves pompously, is visible for four or five miles, and the boats going to and fro give life and movement to the picture. A splendid grass-plot extends to a declivity covered with a dense wood. There were formerly deer and roebucks on the place; but not long ago they broke the inclosure and escaped. Very many birds animate the thicket.

"This gallery is the place where the General and his family spend their afternoons with their guests, enjoying fresh air and the beautiful scenery. I enjoyed myself that evening immensely. I found the scene to be similar to that of Pulawy. The opposite bank, the course of the river, the thicket of the wood—all this combined to increase the illusion. What a recollection! . . .

"About three o'clock a carriage drawn by two horses, accompanied by a young man on horseback, stopped before the door. A young

[1] It is still to be seen in Mount Vernon. [2] This is preserved, too.

lady of the most wonderful beauty, closely followed by an elderly attendant, descended. She was one of those celestial beings so rarely produced by nature, sometimes dreamt of by poets and painters, which one cannot see without a feeling of ecstasy. Her sweetness equals her beauty, and that is perfect. She has many accomplishments. She plays on the piano, she sings and designs better than the usual woman of America or even of Europe.

"After dinner we adjourned again to the gallery in order to read newspapers. In the evening G[enera]l Washington showed us round his garden. It is well cultivated, perfectly kept, and is quite in English style. All the vegetables indispensable for the kitchen were found there. Different kinds of berries,—currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries,—a great quantity of peaches and cherries, but much inferior to ours; they are destroyed by robins, blackbirds, and negroes before they are ripe. There were very many beautiful trees: the tulip-tree with flowers like the tulips, white with an orange touch at the base; magnolias with flowers whose scent is almost as strong as the smell of an orange-tree, but not so pleasant; the sweeter scent—the small violet flowers have the pleasantest smell I have ever noticed, a mixture of strawberries and pine-apple; the splendid catalpa is not yet in flower; the New Scotland spruce of beautiful dark green, and many other trees and shrubs, covered with flowers of different hues, planted so as to produce the best of color-effects. The weeping-willows were deprived of their best decoration: the amount of snow was so great last winter that their boughs were broken under its weight.

"The whole plantation, the garden, and the rest prove well that a man born with natural taste may guess a beauty without having ever seen its model. The General has never left America; but when one sees his house and his home and his garden it seems as if he had copied the best samples of the grand old homesteads of England.

"At the hour of sunset we saw the General's herd coming home. A superb bull was noticeable, and had cost him some two hundred dollars. We went then to see the donkeys. Lafayette has sent him two stallions, one from Malta, another from Spain, with their females. They are tall and beautiful in their way. The General has about fifty mules, these animals being very good for work.

"June 3. The next day was Sunday. The General kept his room in order to write his mail, that day being sacred to this occupation. I went out with Mr. Law. He showed me a hillock covered with old chestnuts, oaks, weeping-willows, cedars, and other trees. It was the burial-ground, where the inhabitants of Mount Vernon sleep quietly after having closed their eyes forever. Mr. Law was present at the burial of the teacher of Mrs. Washington's granddaughters. The ceremony took place in the evening of an autumnal day. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills and the thick oak- and bay-tree woods; its rays were falling obliquely on the smooth surface of the Potomac. A soft breath moved the leaves, whose color began to take a yellow hue. A preacher whose appearance was very venerable, whose silvery-white hair made him look still more saintly, read a prayer for the dead, while around stood the assembled family, the young ladies with bowed heads weeping bitter tears.

"'I had never seen,' added Mr. Law, 'a more affecting and majestic spectacle.'

"About one o'clock we had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Law coming with her girl. Then a gentleman farmer from the neighborhood arrived with his wife, big and red-haired, wearing a waistband with a buckle of a Bohemian green color. In the evening no music, not even a game of chess: it was Sunday. We retired at nine.

"June 4. We rode on horseback with Mr. Law to see the General's farm. Mount Vernon was already a large estate when Washington inherited it from his half-brother. When he married Mrs. Custis she brought him £20,000 of Virginia value money, which is equal to $70,000. The larger part of this money was used to buy lands at twenty or thirty shillings the acre. He would not care to sell them at ten times as much. His estate at Mount Vernon contains now 10,000 acres. He has just sold 23,000 acres on the Kanawha River at eight dollars (which amounts to $184,000), and at six dollars the lands which were offered him by the crown for his services in the expedition of Braddock. He possesses, besides, lands on the Shenandoah River in Berkeley County, which he has let by lease at forty dollars per hundred acres; moreover, he has also possessions in Frederick County.

"We saw this morning vast plains covered with different kinds of corn: pea, rye (which is distilled into whisky), Indian corn, wheat, a large meadow sown with lucerne. All these lands are divided into four farms, with a corresponding number of colored men to each and a colored overseer.

"Mr. Anderson, the chief steward, is a Scotch farmer. We saw a very large mill built of stones, and an American engine invented by Mr. Evans (who has written a book on mills) for the ventilation of flour. Besides different kinds of corns which are ground for the use of the family and for the negroes, about a thousand barrels a year are sold, which amounts to at least $5000 (five bushels making up a barrel, and five dollars being the lowest price). A stranger who brings corn to the mill pays one eighth of the product.

"Next to the mill there is a distillery, which is under the charge of Mr. Anderson's son. It produces yearly about 12,000 gallons of whisky, and can give about 50 gallons daily, if the season is not too hot. As the price of a gallon is four shillings of Virginia gold, it must have made £2400 instead of the £600 mentioned by Mr. Anderson.[1]

"If the distillery produces poison for men, it gives fine food for the pigs, of which there are about 150 of the Guinea kind, with short legs and hollow back. We saw here and there herds of sheep: the General keeps about 600–700 sheep; they are not as big as those in England. A kind of rose-bay very prevalent in the woods of the country contains poison, and many of these animals die from it.

"We entered some negroes' huts—for their habitations cannot be called houses. They are far more miserable than the poorest of the cottages of our peasants. The husband and his wife sleep on a miserable bed, the children on the floor. A very poor chimney, a little kitchen furniture amid this misery—a tea-kettle and cups. A boy about fifteen was lying on the floor with an attack of dreadful convulsions. The General had sent to Alexandria for a physician. A small orchard with vegetables was situated close to the hut. Five or six hens, each with ten or fifteen chickens, walked there. That is the only pleasure allowed to negroes: they are not permitted to keep either ducks or geese or pigs. They sell the chickens in Alexandria and buy with the money some furniture. They receive a peck of Indian corn every week, and half of it is for the children, besides twenty herrings in a month. At the harvest-time those who are working in the field obtain salt and meat. They receive a cotton jacket and a pair of breeches yearly. The General possesses 300 negroes, excepting women and children, of which a part belongs to Mrs. Washington. Mr. Anderson told me that there are no more than a hundred working in fields. They are working all the week, and have no days for themselves except Sundays. One sees that the position of our peasants is infinitely happier. The mulattoes are generally chosen for personal services. The laws of Virginia direct that children shall follow the condition of the mother: the son or the daughter of the mulatto woman and a white man are slaves, as well as the children of her daughter, although they may be white.

"General Washington treats his negroes far more humanely than the greater part of his Virginian countrymen, who generally give to their negroes nothing but bread and water and lashes. Be it use or natural temper inclined towards gaiety, but I never saw negroes sorrowful. Last Sunday there were about thirty divided in two bands playing at the bar. They were springing and gamboling as if they were at rest all through the week.

"June 5. This morning the General rode with us in order to show us another of his farms. We saw there a plow of his invention. In the middle of the axle a hollow cylinder is fitted. It is filled with corn. When the plow moves, the cylinder turns, and the grain falls in the hollow made by the share. A flat piece placed behind covers the grain with earth.

"The General is often censured for his reserve and taciturnity. It is true that he does not talk much; but he does not avoid conversation when one advances a subject worthy of remark.

"We talked about the French Revolution, and he said:

"'The acts of the French in Holland, in Italy, in Switzerland must be a warning to other nations as to their intentions, and must show that neither the freedom nor the happiness of men, but unbounded ambition, the desire of conquest and of empire, are the only motives of their striving.'

"At table, after the ladies' departure, or when sitting under the portico, he often talked with me for hours. His favorite subject is agriculture; but he answered with great kindness all the questions put to him on the Revolutionary War, armies, and so on. He has a remarkable memory. He enumerated for me once all the rivers, lakes, and other waterways from Portsmouth to the Mississippi.

"He may have committed errors during

[1] The difference is due, no doubt, to the fact that the writer calculated in Virginian pounds and Mr. Anderson in English ones.

his administration, he might not be free from certain faults connected rather with his age than with his heart; but he is a great man, whose virtues equal his services to his fatherland. He has exhibited valor and ability in battles, disinterestedness at all times. He served without remuneration, and at the time of the greatest enthusiasm of a grateful nation he declined to accept any kind of reward. He has shown that he was not eager for glory; for being in the position to stay for his whole life at the head of the government, he voluntarily renounced the office of President. The device accepted for his arms is most applicable to himself: *Exitus acta probat.*

"Since his retirement he pursues a quiet and uniform life. He rises at five in the morning, and reads or writes until seven. He takes his breakfast-tea with a cake of Indian corn (because of his teeth), cutting it in slices, which he covers with butter and honey. He goes on his horse to see the work in the fields; sometimes he stops in the middle of a meadow in order to hold a consultation with Mr. Anderson. He comes back at two, changes his dress, and is ready for dinner. If there are guests, he likes to talk after dinner, with a glass of Madeira wine by his side. Afterward he reads very speedily the newspapers, of which he receives quite ten of different kinds, and answers letters. Tea is given at seven; he talks until nine, then he goes to bed.

"Mrs. Washington is one of the most delightful persons one can meet. Good, sweet, and exceedingly pleasant, she likes to talk, and talks well, of old times. She told me she remembered a time when there was only one carriage in the whole of Virginia; the ladies invited to an entertainment rode on horseback. All the trade consisted in a few exported tobaccos. The English correspondents did not fail to send from time to time one or two pounds of tea, which was considered as a special favor.

"I was considered in this home not as a stranger, but rather as a member of the family. They cared about everything which concerned myself.

"Mrs. Washington was born on the North River; her maiden name was Dandridge.

"June 6. Mr. Law has gone to Baltimore. About four o'clock Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Washington's daughter-in-law, came with her four daughters and her husband in a carriage drawn by four horses, with two postboys and two negroes on horseback.

"June 7. I went a long walk to the herring-fishery. April is the time of fishing. It happened that about a hundred thousand were caught at a time. It is the best food for negroes. I have copied a few birds from Gatesby's 'Natural History.' It is an excellent book, giving birds, fishes, plants, etc., from Florida, the Bahama Islands, Georgia, Carolina, etc. The pictures are very true to life.

"June 8. The roebucks disappeared three years ago from the General's park. This afternoon we discovered three of these animals browsing in the grass at a short distance from the house. The General proposed to me to go and see them nearer. We went. He walks very quickly. I could scarcely follow him. We made a turn in order to lead them to make a retreat toward the fields. However ingenious it was, it did not succeed. The bucks disappeared into the woods.

"June 9. Mrs. Washington presented me with a china cup bearing her initials and the names of the States of the Union. Miss Custis offered me my cipher composed of flowers prepared very well by herself. The same evening I received a letter from Borg . . . and another from Most[owski]: these were the first answers to my many letters sent from America. My emotion was so great that I felt almost in a fever. I thought at once of my only friend—my country. I would have flown there with the speed of thought. This night I dreamt I was in Poland, and, strange to say, I felt a regret to be there: indeed, it was only a dream! . . .

"June 10, Sunday. The weather is cool. I took a turtle weighing at least twelve pounds. We retired at nine o'clock.

"June 11, Monday. I had a talk with Dr. Stuart. He told me: 'Nobody knows better the cruelty, the inconvenience, and the uselessness of slavery than the Virginians. Their existence is expensive; their work is of little profit if they are not whipped; the overseers cost much and steal far more. We all would consent to make them free. But how to do it, since they are so numerous? They tried to let them lands by lease: with the exception of a few, they would neither work nor pay the rent. Then the unhappy black color makes such a wide difference between the two races. It will always make the black one a separate class, which will be considered as an inferior one in spite of all the enlightenments of philosophy, and can never mingle with the white race. These difficulties will increase from day to day because the blacks multiply; only

a large increase of the white population by immigration from Europe could prevent the evil.'

"Mrs. Washington has shown me a small collection of medals coined during the Revolution. There is one with the head of General Washington, of great likeness, coined at the occasion of the evacuation of Boston; it weighs at least 100 ounces. Another for General Gates after Burgoyne's surrendering; others for General Greene, General Morgan, Colonel Howard, Colonel Washington at the occasion of the battle of Cowpens, one for Franklin, one for M. de Fleury, one for Paul Jones, one representing Liberty's head on one side, on the other France covering America with her shield (ægis) against Great Britain. There were besides a Cincinnati's order set with diamonds, presented by the French navy; a golden box of a very inferior workmanship offered by the city of New York, together with the citizenship.

"In the evening the General went to the warehouse in order to see the goods coming from Europe, in the same way as is the custom with us for wares brought from Danzig.

"Every day I see new birds coming to make their nests in these woods: turtle-doves; cardinals, all red; Baltimores, orange with black bands. They sing very sweetly, they are very beautiful, but I prefer a simple nightingale from Poland. I read to-day Gresset's 'Ode to the Fatherland'; it moved me to tears. I copy a stanza:

Heureux qui des mers Atlantiques
Au toit paternel revenu,
Consacre à ses dieux domestiques
Un repos enfin obtenu;
Plus heureux le mortel sensible
Qui reste citoyen paisible,
Où la nature l'a placé,
Jusqu'à ce que sa dernière heure
Ouvre la dernière demeure
Où ses aïeux l'ont devancé.

(Happy he who, coming back from the Atlantic seas to his father's house, devotes to his domestic gods the rest at last obtained; but happier is the sensible mortal who, a peaceful citizen, remains in the place where nature put him, until his last hour opens the last abode where his ancestors have preceded him.)

"June 12. We spoke about authors who have written the history of the Revolution. Gordon has given more details than any other; he went to see the General's archives. They consist of from thirty to forty boxes, containing all the papers concerning military expeditions, reports, journals, the correspondence with Congress and with the generals. Such a rich collection of materials, and Gordon did not stay here more than three weeks in order to read them over and to take notes. The General intends to build a separate house to keep them in, for the collection is very voluminous.

"June 13. Mr. Law came back from Baltimore, where he had gone in order to consult lawyers in a case. In the morning we went fishing with Mr. Anderson and some negroes. Coming back, we found a large party arrived from Alexandria. The table was laid in the great hall for twenty persons with a service of porcelain of Sèvres. The General was in good humor, polite, and full of attention to everybody. Among them were the young Randolphs, whose ages taken together scarcely come to thirty-eight years, and who have, nevertheless, three children. Mrs. F——, who in point of amplitude is inferior only to the late Semiramis, was of a gay disposition and had a good appetite; while she swept away the dishes one after the other, her husband encouraged her, saying, with a smile: 'A little more, Betsy, a little more.'

"In the evening, when the company retired, the General, Mr. Law, and I retired to the gallery. Washington read a letter which he had just received from a friend in Paris. It was written reasonably and in cold blood, with a good knowledge of the situation of France, and of the policy of those who direct it. It gave opportunity for a conversation on the wrongs which America suffers from France and the bloody conflict about to break out between the two countries.

"This conversation aroused the indignation of the old chief and citizen; I never heard him before speak with so much fire and candor:

"'Whether we consider the wrongs and the plunder which our trade is suffering, which amounts to fifty million dollars, or the outrage to the independence, to the dignity of the nation, in ejecting our ministers, or whether we think at last of the oppression, ruin, and destruction of free nations produced by this military government, we always see the necessity of arming ourselves with a power and cunningness equaling the danger which threatens us. Patience and submission will not avail us any more than it did Venice. Submission is cowardice. Rather than that, America will arouse; every one of us, myself, in spite of my age, will give all the blood that remains in my veins.

"'Mr. Adams is censured for too much passion in deeds and too much boldness in speech. From the moment I left the admin-

istration, I have not written a single word to Mr. Adams, neither have I received from him anything except the despatches which we have seen in public papers; I do not know where his other sources of information are from. But I am persuaded that as a reasonable and honest man and as a good American he cannot act otherwise. I myself should be perhaps not less emphatic in his place in words, but certainly I would prepare not any less steadily and energetically.'

"The keen and noble words of this man filled my heart with great respect and emotion.[1]

"In the evening Miss Custis sang and played on the harpsichord to me for the last time. Next day (June 14) I was awakened before sunrise. Once more I walked around the green woods of Mount Vernon and glanced my last upon the wide, open view, on the waters of the Potomac. At six o'clock, more with silence than with words expressing my gratefulness for the hospitality and my sorrow on leaving that home, I bade farewell to General Washington and his worthy wife and the beautiful Miss Custis. In the company of Mr. and Mrs. Law, as well as their pretty baby daughter, we went back through Alexandria to Georgetown."

A DESERT ROMANCE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

OCHOA water-hole is in no way remarkable, and not regarded as such by people in Arizona, but if the waters could speak and tell about what happened at their sides in the long ago, men would listen. Three generations of white men and Mexicans have fought Apaches since then, and one generation of Apaches has walked in the middle of the big road. There have been stories enough in the meantime. Men have struggled in crowds over similar water-holes throughout the Southwest, and Ochoa has been forgotten.

With the coming of the great war, the regular soldiers were withdrawn to participate in it. The Apaches redoubled their hostilities. This was in Cochise's day, and he managed well for them.

Volunteers entered the United States service to take the places of the departed soldiers, to hold the country, and to protect the wagon-trains then going to California. A regiment of New Mexican volunteer infantry, Colonel Simms commanding, was stationed at Fort Bowie, and was mostly engaged in escorting the caravans. There was a military order that such trains should leave the posts only on the 1st of every month, when the regular soldier escort was available; but in enterprising self-reliance the pioneers often violated this.

One lazy summer day a Texan came plod-

[1] Washington, as is known, belonged to the party which was opposed to France, considering the principles of the French Revolution as too far advanced. The French minister Genet was dismissed during his administration, which gave rise to difficulties that continued during all the time of Adams's administration, and increased through his inability to remove them. It seems that it ought to be put to the credit of Jefferson's and Kosciuszko's services for the progress of freedom in the United States to have removed this danger. It was very likely done through Kosciuszko's personal influence upon the French Directory, through his representation of the overwhelming probability of the election of Jefferson, who was known as a friend of France and of freedom. We find a reference to it in Jefferson's letter to Kosciuszko, dated February 21, 1799:

"Mr. Gerry's communications, with other informations, prove that France is sincere in her wishes for reconciliation. If we are left in peace, I have no doubt the wonderful turn in the public opinion now manifestly taking place [i.e., from Federalists to Democrats] and rapidly increasing will in the course of this summer become so universal and so weighty that friendship abroad and freedom at home will be firmly established through the influence and the constitutional powers of the people at large."

ding through the dust to the sentries at Bowie. He was in a state of great exhaustion, and when taken to Colonel Simms he reported that he had escaped from a Texas emigrant caravan, which was rounded up by Apaches at Ochoa water-hole, about forty-five miles east and south of this point, and that they were making a fight against great odds. If help was not quickly forthcoming, it was death for all.

Immediately the colonel took what of his command could be spared, together with a small cavallard of little hospital mules, and began the relief march.

These Americo-Mexican soldiers were mountain men and strong travelers. All during the remainder of the day they shuffled along in the dust—brown, blue-bearded men, shod in buckskin moccasins, of their own construction, and they made the colonel's pony trot. There are many hills and many plains in forty-five miles, and infantry is not a desert whirlwind. Night settled over the command, but still they shuffled on. Near midnight they could hear the slumping of occasional guns. The colonel well knew the Apache fear of the demons of the night, who hide under the water and earth by day, but who stalk at dark, and are more to be feared than white men, by long odds. He knew that they did not go about except under stress, and he had good hope of getting into the beleaguered wagons without much difficulty. He knew his problem would come afterward.

Guided by the guns, which the white men fired more to show their wakefulness than in hopes of scoring, the two companies trod softly in their buckskin foot-gear; but the mules struck flinty hard against the wayside rocks, and then one split the night in friendly answer to the smell of a brother mule somewhere out in the dark. But no opposition was encountered until occasional bullets came whistling over there from the wagons. "Hold on, pardners!" shouted the colonel. "This is United States infantry; let us in."

This noise located the command, and bullets and arrows began to seek them out in the darkness from all sides, but with a rush they passed into the packed wagons and dropped behind the intrenchments. The poor people of the train were greatly cheered by the advent. By morning the colonel had looked about him, and he saw a job of unusual proportions before him. They were poor emigrants from Texas, their wagons piled with common household goods, and with an unusual proportion of women and children—dry, care-worn women in calico shifts, which the clinging wind blew close about their wasted and unlovely frames. In the center stood a few skeletons of horses, destined to be eaten, and which had had no grass since the train had been rounded up. What hairy, unkempt men there were lay behind their bales, long rifles in hand, bullets and powder-horns by their elbows—tough customers, who would "sell out" dearly.

Presently a very old man came to the colonel, saying he was the head person of the train, and he proposed that the officer come to his wagon, where they could talk over the situation seriously.

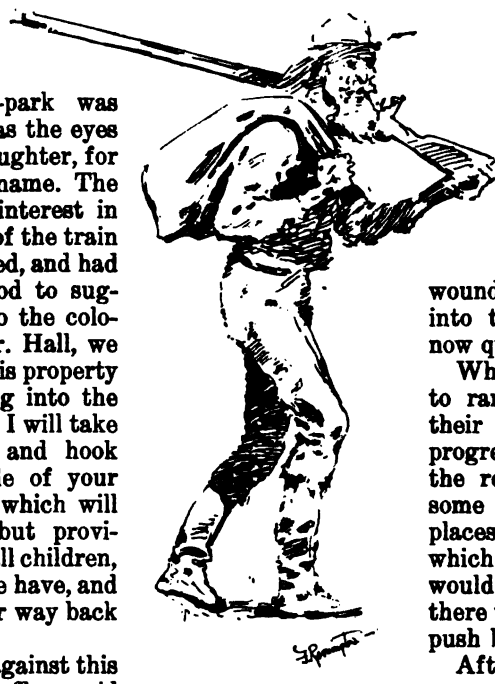
The colonel was at the time a young man. In his youth he had been afflicted with desk-work in the great city of New York. He could not see anything ahead but a life of absolute regularity, which he did not view complacently. He was book-taught along the lines of construction and engineering, which in those days meant anything from a smoke-house to a covered bridge. Viewed through the mist of years he must, in his day, have been a fair prospect for feminine eyes. The West was fast eating up the strong young men of the East, and Simms found his way with the rest to the uttermost point of the unknown lands, and became a vagrant in Taos. Still, a man who knew as much as he did, and who could get as far West as Taos, did not have to starve to death. There were merchants there who knew the fords of the Cimarron and the dry crossings of the Mexican custom-house, but who kept their accounts by cutting notches on a stick. So Simms got more writing to do, a thing he had tried to escape by the long voyage and muling of previous days. Being young, his gaze lingered on the long-haired, buckskin men of Taos, and he made endeavor to exchange the quill for the rifle and the trap, and shortly became a protégé of Kit Carson. He succeeded so well that in the long years since he has been no nearer a pen than a sheep-corral would be.

He succumbed to his Mexican surroundings, and was popular with all. When the great war came he remembered New York and declared for the Union. Thus by hooks which I do not understand he became a colonel in the situation where I have found him.

As he approached the old man's part of the train he observed that he was richer and much better equipped than his fellows. He had a tremendous Conestoga and a spring-wagon of fine workmanship. His family consisted of a son with a wife and children, and

a daughter who looked at the colonel until his mind was completely diverted from the seriousness of their present position. The raw, wind-blown, calico women had not seemed feminine to the officer, but this young person began to make his eyes pop, and his blood go charging about in his veins.

She admitted to the officer in a soft Southern voice that she was very glad he had gotten in, and the colonel said he was very glad indeed that he was there, which statement had only become a fact in the last few seconds. Still, a bullet-and-arrow-swept wagon-park was quite as compelling as the eyes of Old Man Hall's daughter, for that was her father's name. The colonel had a new interest in rescue. The people of the train were quite demoralized, and had no reasonable method to suggest as a way out, so the colonel finally said: "Mr. Hall, we must now burn all this property to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. I will take my hospital mules and hook them up to a couple of your lightest wagons, on which will be loaded nothing but provisions, old women, small children, and what wounded we have, and then we will fight our way back to the post."



THE OLD TEXAN.

Mr. Hall pleaded against this destruction, but the officer said that the numbers of the investing enemy made it imperative that they go out as lightly as possible, as he had no more mules and could spare no more men to guard the women. It seemed hard to burn all that these people had in the world, but he knew of no other way to save their lives.

He then had two wagons drawn out, and after a tussle got his unbroken pack-mules hooked up. Then the other stuff was piled into the remaining wagons and set on fire. The soldiers waited until the flames were beyond human control, when they sprang forward in skirmish formation, followed out of bow-shot by the wagons and women. A rear-guard covered the retreat.

As the movement began, Colonel Simms led his pony up to the daughter of Mr. Hall, and assisted her to mount. Simms was a young man, and it seemed to him more important that a beautiful young woman should be saved than some sisters who carried the curbs and collar-marks of an almost spent existence. This may not be true judgment, but Simms had little time to ponder the matter.

Now the demons of the Arizona deserts began to show themselves among the brush and rocks, and they came in boldly, firing from points of vantage at the moving troops. A few went down, but the discipline told, and the soldiers could not be checked. Scurrying in front ran the Indians, on foot and on horseback. They had few guns, and their arrows were not equal to the muzzle-loading muskets of the troops or the long rifles of the Texans. A few of the savages were hit, and this caused them to draw off. The wounded soldiers were loaded into the wagons, which were now quite full.

What with having to stop to ram the charges home in their guns, and with the slow progress of the women on foot, the retreat dragged its toilsome way. There were bad places in the back trail—places which Simms knew the Apaches would take advantage of; but there was nothing for it but to push boldly on.

After a couple of hours the command drew near a line of bluffs up which the trail led. There was no way around. Simms halted his wagons at the foot of the coulée leading up, and sent his men in extended order on each flank to carry the line of the crest, intending to take the wagons and women up afterward. This they did after encountering some opposition, and when just in the act of reaching the level of the mesa, a score of mounted warriors dashed at the line and rode over it, down the coulée in a whirl of dust, and toward the women, who had no protection which could reach them in time to save. The men on the hill, regardless of the enemy in front, turned their muskets on the flying bunch, as did the rear-guard; but it was over with a shot, and the soldiers saw the warriors ride over the women and wagons, twanging their bows and thrusting with their lances. The mules turned, tangled in their harness, and lay kicking in a con-

fused heap. The women ran scurrying about like quail. The cloud of dust and racing-ponies passed on, receiving the fire of the rear-guard again, and were out of range. With them went the colonel's horse and Old Man Hall's daughter, stampeded—killed by the colonel's kindness. No arm could save.

When the dust settled, several women and children lay on the sand, shot with arrows or cut by lances. The mules were rearranged, the harness was patched, and the retreat was resumed.

Old Man Hall was hysterical with tears, Simms was dumb beyond speech, as they marched along beside the clanking wagons, with their moaning loads. On all sides strode the gallant New Mexicans and Texans, shooting and loading. The Apaches, encouraged by success, plied them with arrows and shots from every *arroyo* which afforded safe retreat. The colonel ran from one part of the line to another, directing and encouraging his men. By afternoon every one was much exhausted, Colonel Simms particularly so from his constant activity and distress of mind.

Old Man Hall had calmed down and had become taciturn, except for the working of his hollow jaws as he talked to himself. Going to the rear wagon, he took out a cotton bag, which he swung across his shoulders, and trudged along with it. "Some valuables he cherishes," thought Simms; "but to add such weight in this trying march seems strange. Demented by the loss of his daughter, probably."

COLONEL SIMMS.

Slower and slower moved the old man with his sack, falling back until he mingled with the rear-guard, and then even dropping behind that.

"Come, come, camarado, stir yourself! The Indios are just behind!" they called.

"I don't care," he replied.

"Throw away the sack. Why do you carry that? Is your sack more precious than your blood?"

"Yes, it is now," he said almost cheerfully.

"What does it contain, señor? Paper money, no doubt."

"No; it is full of pinole and pemochie and strychnine—for the wolves behind us"; and Old Man Hall trod slower and slower, and was two hundred yards in the rear before Simms noticed him.

"Halt! We will go back and get the old man, and have him put in the wagons," he said.

The soldiers turned to go back, when up from the brush sprang the Apaches, and Hall was soon dead.

"Come on; it is of no use now," signaled Simms.

"The old man is loco," said a soldier. "He had a sack of poisoned meal over his shoulder. He is after revenge."

"Poisoned meal!"

"Yes, señor; that is as he said," replied the soldier.

But under the stress Simms's little column toiled along until dusk, when they were forced to stop and intrench in a dry camp. There was no water in those parts, and the Indians had no doubt drawn off for the night—gone to the Ochoa spring, it was thought, and would be back in the morning. By early dawn the retreat started on its weary way, but no Indians appeared to oppose them. All day long they struggled on, and that night camped in the post. They had been delivered from their peril: at little cost, when the situation was considered, so men said—all except Hall's son and the young commanding officer. The caravan had violated the order of the authorities in traveling without escort, and had been punished. Old Man Hall, who had been responsible, was dead, so the matter rested.

II.

THE people who had so fortunately come within the protecting lines of Bowie were quite exhausted after their almost ceaseless exertions of the last few days, and had disposed themselves as best they could to make up their lost sleep. Some of the soldiers squeezed the *tequela* pigskin pretty hard, but they had earned it.

Colonel Simms tossed uneasily on his rude bunk for some time before he gained oblivion. Something in the whole thing had been incomplete. He had had soldiers killed and

soldiers wounded—that was a part of the game. Some emigrants had suffered—that could not be helped. It was the good-looking girl, gone swirling off into the unknown desert, in the dust of the Apache charge, which was the rift in the young colonel's lute, and he had begun to admit it to himself. What could be done? What was his duty in the matter? His inclination was to conduct an expedition in quest of her. He knew his Apache so well that hope died out of his mind. Even if she could get away on the colonel's swift pony, an Apache on foot could trail and run down a horse. But the tired body and mind gave over, and he knew nothing until the morning light opened his eyes. Sitting opposite him on a chair was the brother of Hall's daughter, with his chin on his hands, and his long rifle across his knees.

"Good morning, Mr. Hall," he said.

"Mornin', colonel," replied Hall. "Ah 'm goin' back after my sista, colonel. Ah 'm goin' back, leastwise, to whar she was."

"So am I," spoke up Simms, like a flash, as he swung himself to his feet, "and right now." With men like Simms to think was to act.

He was refreshed by his rest, and was soon bustling about the post. The day before two companies of his regiment had come into the post on escort duty. They were pony-mounted, despite their being infantry, and were fresh. These he soon rationed, and within an hour's time had them trailing through the dust on the back track. Hall's sad-faced son rode by his side, saying little, for both felt they could not cheer each other with words.

Late in the afternoon, when coming across the mesa which ended at the bluff where the misfortune had overtaken the girl, they made out mounted figures at the very point where they had brought up the wagons.

"If they are Apaches, we will give them a fight now; they won't have to chase us to get it, either," said the colonel, as he broke his command into a slow lope.

Steadily the two parties drew together. More of the enemy showed above the bluffs. They formed in line, which was a rather singular thing for Apaches to do, and presently a horseman drew out, bearing a white flag on a lance.

"Colonel, those are lanceros of Mexico," spoke up the orderly sergeant behind the officer.

"Yes, yes; I can see now," observed Simms. "Trot! March! Come on, bugler." Saying which, the colonel, attended by his man, rode forth rapidly, a white handkerchief flapping in his right hand.

So they proved to be, the irregular soldiers of distracted Mexico—wild riders, gorgeous in terra-cotta buckskin and red serapes, bent on visiting punishment on Apache Indians who ravaged the valleys of Chihuahua and Sonora, and having, therefore, much in common with the soldiers on this side of the line.

In those days the desert scamperers did not know just where the international boundary was. It existed on paper, no doubt, but the bleak sand stretches gave no sign. Every man or body of men owned the land as far on each side of them as their rifles would carry, and no farther. Both Mexico and the United States were in mighty struggles for their lives. Neither busied themselves about a few miles of cactus, or the rally and push of their brown-skinned irregulars.

Shortly the comandante of the lancers came up. He was a gay fellow with a brown face, set with liquid black eyes, and togged out in the rainbows of his national costume. Putting out his hand to Simms, he spoke: "Buenos dios, señor. Is it you who have killed all the Apaches?"

"Si, capitan," replied Simms. "I had the honor to command, but I do not think we killed so many."

"Madre de Dios! you call that not many! Ha, you are a terrible soldier!" And the lancer slapped him on the back. "I saw the battle-ground; I rode among the bodies as far as I could make my horse go. I saw all the burned wagons, and the Indios lying around the water-hole, as thick as flies in a kitchen. It smelled so that I did not stop to count them; they were as many as a flock of sheep. I congratulate you. Did you lose many *soldados?*"

"No, capitan. I did not lose many men, but I lost a woman—just down below the bluffs. Did you see her body there?"

In truth, the poisoned sack of meal had come only slowly into Simms's mind when he thought of the dead Indians about the water-hole, and he did not care to enlighten a foreign officer in a matter so difficult of explanation.

"No," answered the Mexican; "they were all naked Apaches—I made note of that. We looked for others, but there were none. You are a terrible soldier. I congratulate you; you will have promotion, and go to the great war in the East."

"Oh, it is nothing, I assure you," grunted Simms, as he trotted off to get away from

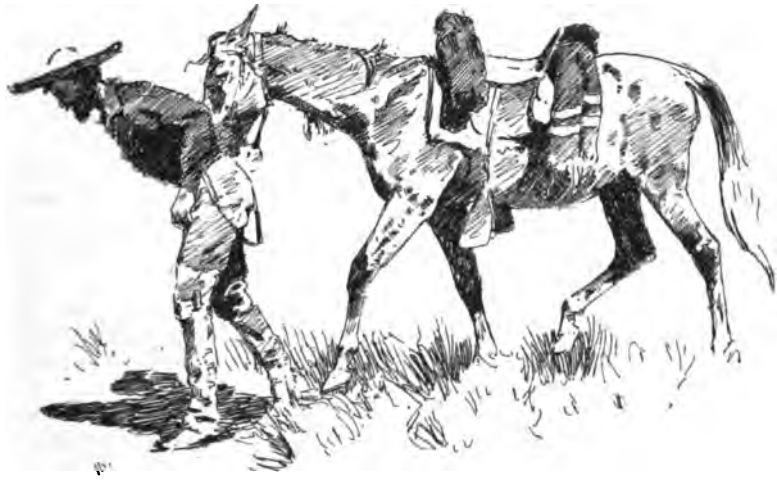
his gruesome glories. "Come, señor; we will look at the girl's trail below the bluffs."

"Was she mounted well?" inquired the lancer, full of a horseman's instinct.

"Yes; she had a fast horse, but he had been ridden far. He was my own."

"She was of your family?"

"No, no; she was coming through with the wagon-train from Texas."



THE TRAILER.

"She was a beautiful señorita?" ventured the lancer, with a sharp smile.

"Prettiest filly from Taos to New Orleans," spoke our gallant, in his enthusiasm, and then they dismounted at the wagon place, which was all beaten up with the hoof-marks of the lancers.

The best trailers among the mountain men of the command were soon on the track of the horsed Indians who had driven off the girl, and this they ran until quite dark. The enemy had gone in full flight.

Simms made his camp, and the Mexican lancer pushed on ahead, saying he would join him again in the morning.

By early light Simms had his troops in motion; but the trail was stamped up by the lancer command, and he could follow only this. He was in a broken country now, and rode far before he began to speculate on seeing nothing of his friend of yesterday. Some three hours later he did find evidence that the lancers had made a halt, but without unsaddling. Simms had run the trail carefully, and had his flankers out on the sides, to see that no one cut out from the grand track. Soon he was summoned by a flanker who waved his hat, and toward him rode the officer. Nearing, he recognized the man, who was a half-breed American, well known as a trailer of great repute.

"Colonel, here are the prints of the Apache ponies; I know by their bare feet and the rawhide shoes. Your pony is not among them; he was shod with iron. These ponies were very tired; they step short and stumble among the bushes," said the man, as he and the colonel rode along, bending over in their saddles. "See that spot on the ground. They had run the stomachs out of their horses. They stopped here and talked. They dismounted." Both the colonel and the trailer did the same. "There is no print of her shoe here," the trailer continued slowly. "See where they walked away from their horses and stood here in a bunch. They were talking. Here comes a pony-track back to them from the direction of the chase. This pony was very tired. His rider dismounted here and walked to the group. The moccasins all point toward the way they were running. They were talking. Colonel, the girl got away. I may be mistaken, but that is what the trail says. All the Indians are here. I have counted twenty ponies."

There is nothing to do in such places but believe the trail. It often lies, but in the desert it is the only thing which speaks. Taking his command again, the colonel pushed on as rapidly as he dared, while feeling that his flanking trailers could do their work. They found no more sign of the Indians, who had evidently given up the

chase, thinking, probably, the wagons more important than the fast horse-girl.

All day long they progressed, the colonel wondering why he did not come up with the lancer command. Why was the Mexican in such a hurry? He did not relish the idea of this man's rescuing the girl, if that was to be fate. Long he speculated, but time brought only more doubt and suspicion. At places the Mexican had halted, and the ground was tramped up in a most meaningless way. Again the trailer came to him.

"Colonel," he said, "these people were blinding a trail. It 's again' nature for humans to walk around like goats in a corral. I think they have found where the girl stopped, but I can't run my eye on her heel."

The colonel thought hard, and being young, he reached a rapid conclusion. He would follow the Mexican to the end of his road. Detailing a small body of picked trailers to follow slowly on the sides of the main trail, he mounted, and pushed on at a lope. Darkness found the Mexicans still going. While his command stopped to feed and rest, the colonel speculated. He knew the Mexicans had a long start; it was unlikely that they would stop. He thought, "I will sleep my command until midnight, and follow the trail by torch-light. I will gain the advantage they did over me last night."

After much searching on the mountain-side in the gloom, some of his men found a pitch-tree, which they felled and slivered. At the appointed time the command resumed its weary way. Three hundred yards ahead, a small party followed the trail by their firelight. This would prevent, in a measure, an ambuscade. A blanket was carried ahead of the flaming stick—a poor protection from the eyes of the night, but a possible one. So, until the sky grayed in the east, the soldiers stumbled bitterly ahead on their relentless errand. It was a small gain, perhaps, but it made for success. When the torches were thrown away, they grazed for an hour, knowing that horses do not usually do that in the dark, and by day they had watered and were off. The trail led straight for Mexico.

Whatever enthusiasm the poor soldiers and horses might have, we know not, but there was a fuel added to Simms's desire, quite as great as either the pretty face of Adele Hall or his chivalric purpose kindled—it was jealousy of the lancer officer. When hate and love combine against a young man's brain, there is nothing left but the under jaw and the back of his head to guide him. The spurs chugged hard on the lathering sides, as the pursuers bore up on the flying wake of the treacherous man from Mexico.

At an eating halt which the lancers made, the trailers sought carefully until, standing up together, they yelled for the colonel. He came up, and pointing at the ground, one of the men said: "Señor, there is the heel of the white girl."

Bending over, Simms gazed down on the telltale footprint, saying, "Yes, yes; it is her shoe—I even remember that. Is it not so, Hall?" The girl's brother, upon examination, pronounced it to be his sister's shoe. Simms said: "We will follow that lancer to hell. Come on."

There were, in those days, few signs of human habitation in those parts. The hand of the Apache lay heavy on the land. The girl-stealer was making in the direction of Magdalena, the first important Mexican town en route. This was a promise of trouble for Simms. Magdalena was populous and garrisoned. International complications loomed across Simms's vision, but they grew white in the shadow of the girl, and, come what would, he spurred along, the brother always eagerly at his side.

By mid-afternoon they came across a dead horse, and soon another. The flat-soled tegua-tracks of the dismounted riders ran along in the trail of the lancer troop. The country was broken, yet at times they could see long distances ahead. Shortly the trailers found the tegua-prints turned away from the line of march, and men followed, and found their owners hidden in the mesquit-bush. These, being captured, were brought to Colonel Simms, who dismounted and interrogated them, as he gently tapped their lips with the muzzle of his six-shooter to break their silence. He developed that the enemy was not far ahead; that the girl was with them, always riding beside Don Gomez, who was making for Magdalena. Further, the prisoners said they had found the white woman asleep beside her worn-out pony, which they had taken aside and killed.

This was enough. The chase must be pushed to a blistering finish. As they drew ahead they passed exhausted horses standing head down by the wayside, their riders being in hiding, doubtless. On a rise they saw the troop of lancers jogging along in their own dust, not three hundred yards ahead, while in the valley, a few miles beyond, was an adobe ranch, for which they were making. With a yell from the United States soldiers, they broke into the best run to be got out of their jaded ponies. The enemy, too,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IN THE DESERT—DON GOMEZ AND HIS LANCERS AT THE OCHOA SPRING.

spurred up, but they were even more fatigued, and it was not many minutes before the guns began to go. A few of the enemy's horses and men fell out, wounded, and were ridden over, while the rest fled in wild panic. They had doubtless thought themselves safe from pursuit, and they would have been, had their booty been anything less than Adele Hall. Many lancers turned and surrendered when the tired horses could go no more. The commands tailed out in a long line, the better horses of the Americans mixing gradually with the weaker ones of the lancers. Still well ahead rode Don Gomez and his reluctant companion. These drew up to the blue walls of the long adobe ranch (for it was now sunset), and were given admittance, some dozen men in all, when the heavy doors were swung together and barred, just as the American advance drew rein at their portals.

Finally having all collected,—both Americans and prisoners,—and having carefully posted his men around the ranch, Simms yelled in Spanish: "Come to the wall, Capitan Gomez. I am Colonel Simms. I would speak a word with you." Again he spoke to the walls, now blackening against the failing light. From behind the adobe battlements came excited voices; the inhabitants were trying to digest the meaning of this violence, but no one answered Simms.

Turning, he gave an order. Instantly a volley of musketry started from near him, and roared about the quiet ranch.

Once more Simms raised his angry voice: "Will you come on the roof and talk to me now, Don Gomez?"

At length a voice came back, saying, "There are no windows; if I come on the roof, I will be shot."

"No, you will not be shot, but you must come on the roof."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes, I promise you that no soldier of mine will shoot at you," and in loud military language Simms so gave the order.

Slowly a dark figure rose against the greenish light of the west.

"Don Gomez, I ask you truly, has one hair of that girl's head been harmed? If you lie to me, I swear on the cross to burn you alive."

"I swear, my colonel; she is the same as when you last saw her. I did not know you were coming. I was trying to save her. I was taking her to my commander at Magdalena."

"You lie!" was the quick response from Simms, followed by a whip-like snap peculiar to the long frontier rifles. The dark form of Don Gomez turned half round, and dropped heavily out of sight on the flat roof of the adobe.

"Who fired that shot?" roared Simms.

"Ah did, sah," said Hall, stepping up to the colonel and handing him his rifle. "Ah am not one of yer soldiers, sah—I am Adele Hall's brother, and Mr. Gomez is dead. You can do what you please about it, sah."

While this conversation was making its quick way, a woman sprang up through the hole in the roof, and ran to the edge, crying: "Help, Colonel Simms! Oh, help me!"

"Cover the roof with your guns, men," ordered Simms, and both he and the brother sprang forward, followed by a general closing in of the men on the building.

As they gained the side wall, Simms spoke. "Don't be scared, Miss Hall; jump. I will catch you," and he extended his arms. The girl stepped over the foot-high battlement, grasped one of the projecting roof-timbers, and dropped safely into Colonel Simms's arms. She was sobbing, and Simms carried her away from the place. She was holding tightly to the neck of her rescuer, with her face buried in a week's growth of beard.

THE ADOBE RANCH WHERE THE FIGHT TOOK PLACE.

"A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE."

A STORY OF OKLAHOMA.

BY J. W. PIERCY.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

DIGDALE'S specialty was town sites. Given a particular quarter-section, whether actually accessible or not, he could cover it with a thriving city with accuracy and despatch, locating its public buildings, specifying its industries, and indicating all its valuable franchises, not yet given over to greedy corporations without compensation. He had a regular plan of procedure in his creative work, and practice had made him proficient. Having pinned the center of his metropolis, the public square, to his office table, he led off the streets toward the four cardinal points, named the main thoroughfares after the Presidents or the States, and the groundwork was done. To erect a hotel with electric lights and elevators that might impress visiting capitalists, to build churches and school-houses that would provide the moral and educational atmosphere, and to construct a court-house and jail that would stamp upon the place the character of a county-seat, were the simple and easy technic of his art.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A HOME-SEEKER.

The business in which Digdale was at present engaged, however, presented new and perplexing features. In his whole career he could not recall anything like it. In planning, as he believed, the future capital of Oklahoma, he had found himself at the very beginning without a working basis. The congressional act opening the Territory to settlement had been passed in such haste—it being a "rider" to another bill—that no laws had been framed to meet the needs of the new country.

Digdale had called in Dabney, and they had worked hard over the problem. In their personalities these two men were in striking contrast, but they were complements of each other in conducting real-estate ventures. Digdale possessed the dominating mind. Of slight form and mild manner, he met your gaze directly, and took your hand firmly, but without effusive interest. He spoke softly and agreed with you on all subjects of ordinary conversation, but on more vital matters he took issue, if need be, delicately and insinuatingly, but none the less stubbornly, a stare from his cold gray eyes emphasizing his remarks, while long, slender fingers stroked his well-trimmed beard. But to resolute purpose he added craftiness. He talked compromise when the case seemed to demand it, or assumed the rôle of peacemaker, but in the end he yielded little and secured much. He was a man of considerable self-acquired education, and was well informed about things both past and present, but he wore a

collar of celluloid and a hard, rigid black tie, surmounted by a cross of rhinestones.

Digdale had found a good lieutenant in Dabney, whose mere bulk, huge as it was, intimidated opposition at the outset. Dabney could intrude himself on his victim with a good humor that robbed the act of half its speculation had waned, and the partnership had been dissolved, Dabney adding insurance to real estate in the little Kansas town, and Digdale spelling "Attorney at law" in a half-circle on his office window.

The inviting prospects of Oklahoma's settlement had caused a resumption of their old

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"DIGDALE AND DABNEY HAD BEEN PARTNERS IN SEVERAL 'GOOD PROPOSITIONS.'"

offense, his round face beaming, and his protrusive front shaking with jollity at his own witticisms. Beneath his bald crown grew a hundred schemes, but many of them were visionary and unprofitable until subjected to Digdale's shaping review.

Digdale and Dabney had been partners in several "good propositions," in which investors had yielded to Digdale's glowing prospectuses or Dabney's personal representations. In some of these transactions the reputation of the firm had suffered; later, real-estate relations. The anomalous conditions presented taxed the ingenuity of them both. There being no special provision under which town-site companies could operate, everybody high and low was placed on the same footing, and the gates were shut against all settlers until the opening day. The problem was simplified in one particular: the town's location was definitely fixed—fixed by the government land office and the acre of reservation on which it stood. Here was the focal point. Here would the settlers swarm like bees

about their queen. There was no rival town-site company with a different location to vex or make afraid, and the railroad, even if it should change its course, could not take the town with it.

The city had sprung into existence on Digdale's table, and all the details had been worked out, even to the street-cars that ran out to the cotton-mills and the watch-factory, but the company, after all, had few tangible assets. The plat of the town was only promissory paper; the real estate which it represented was barren and unsurveyed prairie, to be claimed by whomever should arrive there first. What course should Digdale and Dabney pursue? To take chances with the motley elements that would crowd the trains was clearly out of the question. The company, which was enlarged to include a dozen or more of the firm's friends, must occupy the center of the town, not only because the best lots lay there, but because in the advantage thus to be gained lay future power and the assurance of complete success. Plainly, the company must be first on the ground; that it must afterward acquire control of affairs was equally apparent, else the plat, to use Dabney's words, "would not amount to a stalk of corn in a hot wind." Digdale was to be mayor with appointing powers, and Dabney city treasurer, and between them they would attend to the surveying. To gain political control in the confusion that would follow the settlement was, it seemed to Digdale, simple enough; he had a plan for that. The one preliminary step was the hard proposition, How could the company get into the Territory before time?

One morning, about three weeks before the settlement, as Digdale sat in his office perplexed, Dabney broke in in a high state of excitement. He thrust under Digdale's nose a newspaper that he carried, and with a fat finger indicated a marked portion. Digdale took the paper, and read an advertisement of an Oklahoma railroad which called for laborers to help in the additional work that would attend the settlement.

"Well?" said Digdale.

"The very chance we have been looking for! Railroad employees can go into the Territory at any time. We can get jobs as section-hands, and when the opening occurs we will hand in our resignations."

It did not take Digdale long to see the point, which was eminently practical. "We shall be condemned as sooners," he said, as if thinking aloud; "and yet that can be obviated. Collect your men, Dabney, and go ahead. As for me—well, it would be better that I should not enter the country until the opening day."

When the crowds broke from the trains on that eventful day in a wild scramble for town lots, they were surprised to see the most desirable positions already covered with tents. In their eagerness to be first, men had smashed the car windows and crowded out through all possible exits. They had thrown away baggage and personal effects that acted as handicaps, striving to their utmost, only to be confronted with a discouraging situation. The advance-guard alone, however, knew the truth; the rest crowded after like sheep, and in their blind haste scattered and spread over several square miles of territory. Men stopped running when exhaustion or fancy dictated, and wherever they dropped they laid off lots and planted their stakes.

The confusion was magnificent. Where an hour before there had been only vacant prairie, now more than ten thousand men had encamped. The government acre, with its land office, was the only spot that had been laid by chain and needle. It was the north star to these adventurers to whom all else was hid. By it they tried to tell directions and measure distances; but their work was crude and was done, for the most part, by guess. Men found themselves side by side claiming the same plat of ground. It seemed as if capricious fate had raked through the land her promiscuous handfuls and set down her gatherings on this particular spot. Minnesota elbowed Louisiana, and old Virginia borrowed a light from Oregon. But there were not many serious conflicts. After the settler had located his piece of ground there remained nothing for him to do but to sit down and wait. He was like a cicada that had appeared above-ground and had climbed up its stalk of weed or spear of grass, trusting to time for the freedom of its wings and the revelation of its destiny.

Digdale had not failed to be conspicuous in that wild crowd. He had mingled with the invaders on the train, passing from car to car, exchanging greetings with friends, speaking to strangers, and speculating on the chances of getting a lot in tones that could be well heard. By the time the train had reached its destination he felt that to any future charge of being a "sooner" he had successfully established an alibi. He did not break a window in his haste to get out of the car, nor did he throw aside his personal baggage. The stampede swept around him; he had no need to race.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"A WILD SCRAMBLE FOR TOWN LOTS."

The town-site company had been launched on a successful career. In the afternoon, after the turmoil of settlement had temporarily subsided, the two directors met in Dabney's tent to take account of profit and loss.

The figures were on the right side of the ledger. As superintendent of the squatter

brigade Dabney had done his work well, although, as an employee of the railroad, he had been subjected to a severe sweating process. It was organization once more against blind chance, and organization had won. Dabney pointed to the company's plat.

"Would n't you consider that a good piece of property?" he asked.

"The best in the city!" said Digdale, with a dry smile.

"Well," said Dabney, with a flourish, "that piece of ground is under your feet at this moment!"

"And the other members?" asked Digdale, quietly.

"Every one of them is holding down his share of dirt and perhaps a little more. But what a mess it must be for the average man!" Dabney exclaimed, as he held back the flap of the tent. "Look at them out there! Huddled together like sheep in a blizzard! They don't know north from south, and some of them are running their lines across lots. There will be the deuce to pay when the survey is made!"

How chaos was to become order, or how lawful procedure was to evolve from anarchy, was problematical to the boomers at large, but Digdale had foreseen the situation and had made it his own. The people, he knew, must assemble and form some kind of government. Although their acts would really have no legal authority, they must, nevertheless, have force in necessity. Digdale had reasoned further that this government and its acts must later receive congressional sanction in order to avoid endless litigation. He had plainly seen that order could not spring from chance, and that commandments would not be handed down from the skies. So, perhaps, in the very exigency of the situation, Digdale & Company had reason for being, although they wrought in selfishness.

Fortunately for Digdale & Company, the initiative of calling the meeting did not fall to them—fortunately, because the people were suspicious of the leaders in any new movement. This distrust sprang from years of experience with "deals," of which the West was full, and was particularly directed against real-estate agents. Since, therefore, the people had met in towns along the border before the settlement, and had arranged to hold a meeting on the government acre the evening of the first day, Digdale had deemed it another piece of good fortune.

As Digdale stood outside his tent in the afternoon, making mental note of things, a handbill was thrust upon him. The type was large, and the announcement which it conveyed was generously punctuated with exclamation-points. He read:

ATTENTION!! FELLOW-CITIZENS!!!

THERE WILL BE A

GRAND MASS MEETING

at 8 o'clock this evening near the land office, when steps will be taken to form a city government.

Come out and choose your public servants!! Let us make this the greatest city of Oklahoma, and Oklahoma the greatest State in the UNION!!

THIS IS TO BE A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE!

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

As Digdale had surmised, the announcement was not received with the unanimity and fraternal good will that its warm and conciliatory phrases sought to elicit. Who were the committee, and what did they want?

The plan to capture the meeting, like all of Digdale's plans, had been well thought out. The drifting, charterless crowd had impressed him more and more with its helplessness. Its parts were heterogeneous, without leader or purpose. Out of this condition, and because of the fact that they were strangers one to another, the boomers in their ante-settlement meetings on the border had developed the expedient of voting by States, as in a national convention. Acting on this suggestion, Digdale apportioned certain States to certain members of the company. Each member was to be, ostensibly, a stranger to every other member, but, in reality, all were to form a compact organization subject to Digdale's direction. As there were more States than members, Digdale left the more distant commonwealths out of the count, for, at best, they would be represented by few settlers, and could give little trouble. One notable change was made in Digdale's plan. In calling the list of States as the assignments were being made, some one, with a desire to preserve a political phrase current at the time, suggested that Dabney be given to Maine. The idea was received with acclaim. It had been Digdale's plan to make Dabney a lifelong resident of Missouri, but he yielded to the humor of the situation—and lived to regret it.

The response to the call for the meeting was all that the promoters could have desired. To the imaginative temperament it

was a glorious thing to contemplate. Here, indeed, was to be tested the capacity of a free people for self-government. It seemed to mark the culmination of ages of evolution in government and liberty. In what age or country before had ever been witnessed the spectacle of a mob assembling to govern itself? Was it not a vindication of the theory

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"THEY TRIED TO TELL DIRECTIONS AND MEASURE DISTANCES."

of republican institutions and the equal rights of man?

It was a moonless night, and the spluttering lights at each end of the speakers' platform made the outer walls of darkness blacker still. As the pennants of flame lifted and fell, the shadows upon the crowd ran out and in like the shuttles of some mighty loom. It was a strange assemblage that the chairman beheld. Many a face upturned there bore marks of its history—a history of struggle and failure. All ages, conditions, and climes had their representatives—old men, with their pitiful purpose to begin life anew; men of middle age, bent and lined with the toil demanded by the unceasing wants of large families; young men, alert in spirit and filled with the love of adventure. Old soldiers in blue, and an occasional figure in faded butternut, pressed by a foe that never slept, outflanked and driven from position to position, were here to make their last stand. Altogether, the mass seemed debris and wreckage from the great sea without, beaten and tossed and driven inshore, and now drifting with the currents that eddied within this bay.

Digdale employed his forces to fine advantage, stationing the men at different points in the crowd to work as a leaven. It was his theory that a little applause on the part of one determined man who knew his business

was enough to set a hundred others about him to do the same thing. It was a much easier matter here, where ignorance ruled and no purpose swayed.

The first piece of strategy on the part of Digdale & Company was to unhorse the chairman. The latter had been the head and front of the meeting at Arkansas City, and his aspirations were taking wings. With much satisfaction he had stated the object of the meeting, and how it came to be called, when a man, back in the crowd, ventured to suggest that it was entirely in accord with parliamentary usage to elect a permanent chairman. He had no candidate, he said demurely, but he thought that everything should be done in a proper way, especially at the outset.

A form appeared on the government fence to the right, resting a hand on the land office. "I 'd like, if you 'll allow me," a voice began, when cries of "Go up to the platform!" interrupted. The man elbowed his way forward.

"I was jest goin' to say," he remarked, "that I 'm a stranger to ye all, but I want to help in gittin' a good government. I—"

"What 's your business? Real estate?" —this from the crowd.

The intimation was promptly denied.

"I 'm a hard-workin' farmer," he continued, "like the most of you. I 'm from Missouri. I don't know anybody from my own State to put up, but I do know as fair an' square a man as ever lived, just across the line in Kansas. I 've knowed him all my life, an' I want to nominate him fer perm'nent chairman, if he 's down here, an' I heard he was comin'. His name is Digdale."

"Digdale is nominated," said the temporary chairman, feebly.

"Let 's have a look at 'im!" said the crowd.

There was no response for a moment, when, out on the edge of the assembly, a hat was waved. The owner, on tiptoe, tried to make himself heard, when he, too, was hustled forward.

"I 'm not Digdale," he said, when he could get his breath, "but he 's here, for he made the run from the train with me. I think"—and the speaker paused that the full import of his words might not be lost—"I think he 's over the hill 'bout a mile from here settin' on his lot."

The statement provoked general merriment among his hearers; similar ill luck had come to many of them.

"If you know him, go after him," was suggested.

The man from Missouri disappeared.

"Any other nominations?" asked the chairman, who was impelled by the drift of things.

The crowd, entertained by Digdale speakers, was satisfied, apparently, to wait for the nominee, the potentialities of the permanent chairmanship being lost on the great majority. When Digdale finally appeared, a light applause was started, which accompanied him to the platform. There was considerable curiosity to see a man that had proved so popular, but there was little more reverence for him for this reason. Digdale stood before the throng, calm and faintly smiling.

The crowd began its catechism. "Where d' you say ye 're from?" "How long have you lived in Kansas?" "Are you a real-estate agent?" Digdale had begun to speak in answer, when a voice, which he thought he recognized, called from far out in the crowd: "What 'll ye take fer yer lot?"

The question convulsed the crowd, which was amused not only at Digdale's ill luck, but at his persistence in sticking to it. The framer of the question doubtless meant it for an opening, and Digdale was quick to seize it.

"Well, we can't all get what we want," he said. "Some of us must be disappointed, but"—and he raised his voice and gesticulated impressively—"I 've come down here to cast my lot with this Territory, knowing that in the end I shall prosper with it. I will let no little disappointments in the beginning discourage me."

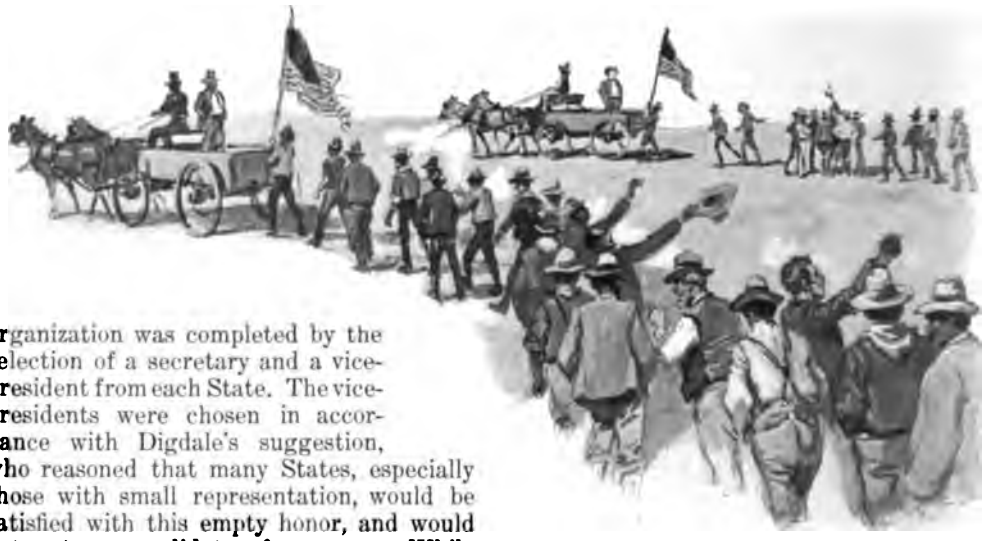
"That 's the talk!" said the people. "He 'll do to tie to."

"This is somewhat of a surprise to me," continued Digdale. "I don't know why I should be called up here, or what may be the intentions of the people who called this meeting, but if I can serve you in any way, you may command me."

"I move Digdale's election as chairman be made unanimous," said a new voice from a new quarter. "Let 's get through the preliminaries and down to business."

There was a chorus of acclaim from the company's representatives, which, as the infection spread, swelled into a unanimous voice. The temporary chairman, thus shorn of his power, withdrew from his own meeting, and, in the history of Oklahoma, was heard of no more.

With a little more palaver the permanent



organization was completed by the selection of a secretary and a vice-president from each State. The vice-presidents were chosen in accordance with Digdale's suggestion, who reasoned that many States, especially those with small representation, would be satisfied with this empty honor, and would not put up candidates for mayor. While only a surmise, the step served to increase the company's chances.

It was through the plan of electing the vice-presidents that Dabney got before the public. When the State of Maine was called there was silence for a moment, when Dabney's huge form, with evident effort, mounted the steps—none too safe from their hasty construction. His patronymic, related, as it seemed to be, to his bulkiness, put him on intimate terms with the crowd at once. He went forward, and said:

"I want to make an explanation. I think I am the only man from my State in these parts, and shall therefore have to nominate myself. Can I get a second?"

The people, delighted at the man's audacity, roared their indorsement.

Chairman Digdale pressed the crowd as to how to proceed with the election of mayor. Various suggestions of an impracticable nature were offered, but Digdale was delighted with the favorable symptoms—the people were becoming interested and less suspicious.

After a little by-play of this kind to establish confidence, the Kansas men set the regular program in motion again. It was the plan to capture all the nominations, the nominees to withdraw at the proper time in favor of Digdale. The roll-call of States began once more. As Digdale had conjectured, the more distant States did not respond. Outside competition being threatened in Iowa and Illinois, the company put up candidates. When Kansas was called, a new face appeared above the crowd and moved the nomination of the presiding officer, "who had already shown that sound judgment and impartiality so much needed in a mayor." Digdale demurred, but his modesty only brought seconding shouts from all points, and he could not put the honor aside.

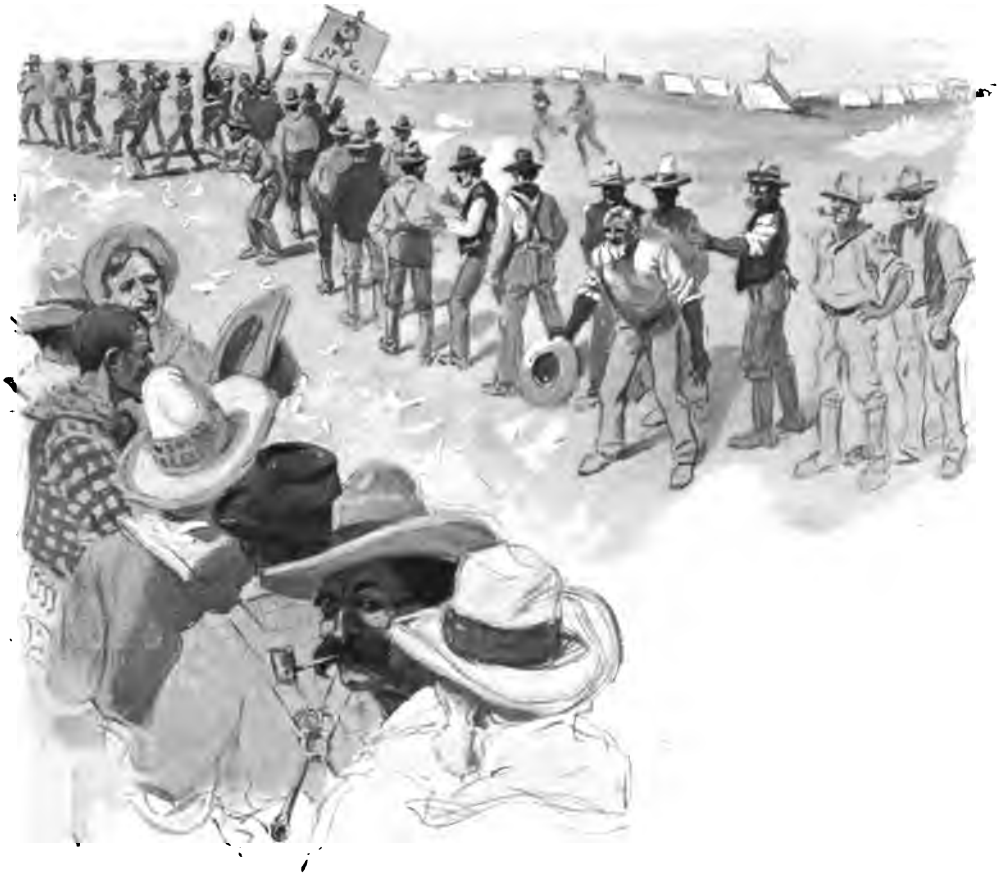
When Maine was called the crowd grew expectant. In compliance with the arrangement to have as few nominations as possible, in order to simplify the process of withdrawing, Dabney did not essay to put himself forward again. But he could not escape so easily; the crowd wanted to be entertained. There were demands for Dabney. An inspiration came to Digdale by which he thought to satisfy the crowd and at the same time strengthen himself in its affections. He said: "We have with us, as you know, a son of Maine, who has already produced such a favorable impression. If he has no brethren here to stand by him, I shall prove a friend to him myself by placing him in nomination. What are your initials?" —turning to Dabney; then to the crowd: "I have the honor of placing in nomination B. H. Dabney, the man from Maine!"

The generous act of Digdale did add to his popularity, but it also had the effect of giving Dabney the center of the stage.

"A speech! A speech!" yelled the crowd.

Dabney came forward quite diffidently under the weight of his new honors. He did not know what he was going to say when he began, and here let it be said, in simple justice, that he had at this time no ambitious thought beyond advancing the interests of the company. He took up the rôle assigned to him, but, in the fervor of his remarks and in his desire to give the crowd a speech, he was led out of himself.

"Strangers in a strange land!" he began, "I will say, strangers that were,—my friends now I shall call you,—I can but be deeply



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"THE SUPPORTERS OF EACH CANDIDATE FELL IN BEHIND THEIR FAVORITE WAGON."

sensible of the honor you have conferred upon me by asking me to address you. That you should take notice of one who is here alone from a far-distant home speaks volumes for your generous hearts. In return for your kindly recognition I shall tell you about myself."

Dabney was warming to his subject, and his imagination ran riot.

"I am a school-teacher—yes, a school-teacher; I have been one all my life. I have never been able to accumulate much property; the salary was small, and—and the needs of an increasing family absorbed everything I could make. I have a wife and—and nine children. [Murmurs of sympathy and admiration.] Realizing that in my chosen profession in my old home I could never be able to insure my loved ones against want when I had passed away, I left my native State and journeyed these many miles to make a new home in this country. As soon as circumstances permit I intend to bring out my family and establish myself among you."

Dabney acknowledged with a bow the applause that followed. It was clear that the people liked him.

"What an admirable liar!" said Digdale under his breath.

When the roll-call had ended there were only five nominations. So far, so good; it seemed an easy matter to give the remaining number of the performance—the resignation of the candidates in favor of Digdale. With all the candidates but one the matter was not difficult. Digdale, with a suddenly acquired sense of propriety and a feeling of exultation at the success of his plans, turned about and magnanimously yielded the gavel to the vice-president nearest him. The trouble came when Dabney got his cue. He arose to resign, but the crowd, anticipating his move from the examples set, blocked him. Amid cries of "Stand pat!" "We're for you!" "We'll put

you in!" Dabney could not make himself heard. He gazed in wide-eyed wonder at this unexpected development. In a moment, it seemed, he had been chosen by the crowd as one on whom the strange and motley elements could unite. He was a lonely stranger like themselves, and this fact in itself was sufficient to create a mighty bond of sympathy. Dabney's helplessness was pathetic.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"'DO YOU ASK FOR PROOF?'"

He turned for some hint to Digdale, who frowned and nervously signed for him to proceed. Dabney tried again, but the audience, little guessing the methods of the machine, would not have it so.

Worse things were to follow. The crowd, awakening to its power, shouted to proceed with the vote. Digdale saw the folly of surrendering his gavel. The new chairman, likewise ignorant of any "ulterior motive," made as if to comply with the crowd's wish. It was a signal for Digdale's followers to throw the proceedings into confusion; doubtful of their numbers, they were not ready for a vote. The chairman tried to restore order, and now, with the elements of passion and turmoil introduced, the sympathies of men were enlisted, and they began to take sides. The era of real politics had begun in Oklahoma. The division along Dabney and anti-Dabney lines had come with a swiftness that confused the usually calm and level-headed Digdale. It seemed that the meeting must break up in a row, when a voice was heard above the din moving that the election be postponed until the afternoon of the morrow, the details to be arranged in the meantime. Glad for a little respite in which to think, the Digdale faction permitted the motion to be carried.

The day following brought new entanglements. There was one contingency for which Digdale had not provided—the growing ambition of the man from Maine. The acclaim with which he had been hailed had, at first, frightened Dabney and almost put him to flight, but the morning broke upon him with remembrances of the meeting that were far from unpleasant. Why not be mayor?

He had acted fairly with Digdale; indeed, he had been borne along on the latter's own scheme. Could he help it if it worked?

To complicate the situation still more, certain partizans of Dabney, who had done much of the shouting the evening before, now sought him out and proposed plans for an active campaign. Again Dabney was startled. Actively to seek his own election meant a permanent break with Digdale, and a possible overthrow of all their combined plans. But the temptation was upon him; honors that a little time before he would have spurned, he now found himself actually coveting. His ambition was expanding indeed, for had not one of his supporters suggested that from mayor to Territorial governor was easy, and from governor to the United States Senate was only a step?

Little dreaming of the thoughts that were passing in Dabney's mind, Digdale called at the tent of his partner, and suggested to him a plan whereby the embarrassing situation could be ended: Dabney could simply send a note of declination to the meeting that day, and, in the author's absence, the withdrawal would be imperative. The suggestion did not meet with the approval of Dabney, who offered several forceless objections. It took Digdale some time to comprehend the truth, but when he did the knowledge came upon him in a flash.

"Can it be possible—" Digdale could not finish the question.

"Well, why not?" was Dabney's blunt reply.

Digdale gasped. For the second time within two days his serenity had departed. "Why, confound it, man, do you mean to play traitor? I 'll—"

"Don't threaten me!" exclaimed Dabney, emboldened now that the plunge had been made. "Don't threaten me, or I 'll—I 'll survey you into the street!"

Having partly recovered his self-possession, Digdale saw the uselessness of further argument until a calmer moment, and strode from the tent. By his threat Dabney had betrayed the confidence he felt in his own election, and Digdale feared it was justified.

The method finally adopted for conducting the election was unique. The place was the open prairie. When the appointed time came that afternoon, each candidate was put in a wagon over which the Stars and Stripes waved proudly. At a given signal the horses were started, and the supporters of each candidate fell in behind their favorite wagon, making two parallel lines across the prairie. Tellers had been placed at certain points to count the men as they passed. No sooner had the line become well straightened than Digdale's followers saw that they would be beaten; hastily they devised new tactics. When they had passed the tellers, they broke ranks, circled about on the prairie, and fell in line again, forming an endless procession. Dabney's supporters discovered the trick, some of whom adopted like tactics, while others ran over to Digdale's lines to protest. The result was confusion and a failure to elect.

On returning to town Digdale went off to think. When he rejoined the members of the company they noted an expression of determined resolve. He sent for the chairman, the vice-president to whom he had yielded the gavel, and asked him to call another meeting. He had a few remarks to make, he said, and if, after that, there was no election, he would withdraw in Dabney's favor. He was tired of trifling. Digdale made another suggestion, coupled with a promise, which made the chairman look joyful. To his friends Digdale said, "I 'll come out ahead or wreck us both."

The excitement was increasing in the town, and the second meeting on the government acre was disposed to be boisterous and unruly. The proceedings, which were expected to be turbulent and futile, came to an end with a suddenness that amazed the crowd into silence. The chairman won attention by saying that one of the candidates had a few remarks to make. When Digdale arose he increased the excitement by going over to Dabney and whispering a few words in his ear. The excitement would have been still more intensified if the crowd had heard what Digdale had said. It was this: "Take my advice and leave this platform. Go to my tent, where they 'll not look for you. Comply, and you shall be treasurer, as we first agreed. I mean business."

Dabney was confounded by Digdale's words and alarmed at the determination of his parting look, as he turned to face the crowd.

"My friends," said Digdale, "if you have any other candidate to whom you can safely intrust the interests of this city, I am willing to retire in his favor, but I make an exception of Mr. Dabney. While he is a candidate I shall serve all our interests best by remaining his opponent."

Dabney was growing uneasy.

"Certain facts have come to my knowledge, which, after serious reflection, I feel it

my duty to give you. They are painful facts, but they are these. In the first place, Mr. Dabney is not a resident of Maine; he has always made his home in Kansas."

The sensation was profound. There were calls for proof. In the momentary confusion somebody behind Digdale slipped from the platform to the ground.

"I can furnish proofs," shouted Digdale, launching his facts like maledictions, "but wait; let me give you more. Mr. Dabney never taught school a day in his life! Let me give you more: Mr. Dabney is not the head of a large family; he is a confirmed old bachelor. Let me give you more: Mr. Dabney is engaged in the malodorous real-estate business. Do you ask for proof? Here it is!" And Digdale pointed to Dabney's vacant chair.

A clamor arose. There was an ominous movement toward the platform, which showed the wisdom of Dabney in deciding not to remain. In the confusion the chairman, remembering a promise, shouted, "All those in favor of Mr. Digdale for mayor, say 'Aye!'"

The Digdale contingent furnished the noise, and the chairman officially declared him elected.

"A government of the people" had been established.

THE SOLITARY.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

GOD said unto the soul:
Go thou thy way alone
And make no moan.

The cup of comradery
Is not for thee,

Nor memory's golden sheaf
Of loves too brief,

Nor tears of sorrow shed
Above thy dead.

A pale impersonal strife
Thine outward life;

Within, thy bosom torn
By thoughts unborn.

The soul said unto God:
Nay, give me joy and woe.
'T is better so.

The seal of commonplace
Upon my face;

No seething strange unrest
Within my breast,

But a dear hand to hold
As I grow old.

God said unto the soul:
This is the common lot,
Thy portion not.

What life and loving are
Know thou afar.

Events beside thy door
Shall pause no more

Than once to give thee cry
And hurry by.

The soul said unto God:
And how, Lord, wilt thou bless
My loneliness?

God said unto the soul:
I will anoint thine eyes
To make thee wise;

Thy vision shall be keen
Of things unseen,

That, even as thou dost brood
In solitude,

This marvelous inner sense
Shall recompense.

Joys thou hast never had
Shall make thee glad,

And love that is not thine
Thy heart entwine.

BARBAROSSA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

CHECK TO THE LION.

OR a moment after the departure of king, squire, and love, Conrad von Hohenzollern sat his horse in perfect silence, his eyes strained out into the night after the three retreating figures. Even after they had disappeared in the darkness he listened until the footfalls of their horses had died away. Even then he seemed loath to move, and might have delayed longer had not the Swabian soldier ventured to address him and point out the need for prompt action.

"What, soldier," cried Hohenzollern, "art still here? Why went you not to safety with your emperor?"

"By the rood! lord, I like a gallant deed, and would fain enjoy a merry sword-play under the advanced banner of a brave knight. It seems to me that the emperor will soon be in safety. His way is the way of peace, while yours is the path of swords. In short, lord, I go with you that I may strike back at the Saxon dogs."

"That were a well day in which I met you, Dietrick, and you shall have a post of honor. You shall ride first and bear me company this night in the vaward of our force. Men," he cried, turning to his listening retainers, "you may have guessed somewhat of the situation from what you have heard me say and seen me do. The black-hearted Italian traitor rode to the camp of the Saxon duke, and then made him ware of our undertaking. Henry the Lion galloped hard to intercept us at the Witch's Dale, me to kill, the king to take. He waits us there. We be masterless men, but not traitors. I sent the emperor back. I wear his armor. I go forward with this Swabian soldier, not to disappoint the Lion. Who goes with me? Let him that will step forward."

Every man responded to the bold appeal.

"I warn ye that there will be hard fighting in the pass."

"'T is no matter, master," said old Hans, the veteran soldier, acting again as spokesman; "'t is no matter to us while under your banner. But, by the mass! lord, 't is not your banner, after all! We miss the golden stag—"

"True, soldier," returned the count; "but mayhap you will fight as well under the king's blazonry as under mine; and remember that, though I wear the crown and sport the lion, it is but your overlord who leads you. I like your spirit, lads! Let him that survives the melley, if he can do so, get speech with the emperor. I warrant ye he will not lack reward. Let him tell the Countess Matilda, an I escape not, which seemeth most like, how Conrad von Hohenzollern died. For the rest, I myself will lead with this Swabian gallant by my side. The rest of you will follow in order by fours in closed ranks. Be in readiness all, and when ye hear my battle-cry, or it may be the imperial call, strike right and left, and die fighting or win through, as God may please. One thing: should any of you see the Italian, cut him down without mercy. And now, helm you all; look to your weapons; loose sword in scabbard; see that the battle-ax swings light to hand; slip firmly the left arm within the circlets of the shields. Now, may God keep us, Christ assoil us. A prayer or so all, and then —forward!"

As the count ceased speaking, after a brief interval of muttered devotions, the men busied themselves in looking to their warlike gear, while, with the assistance of his Swabian squire, Hohenzollern donned the heavy helmet of the emperor, its golden crown gleaming luridly around the black steel in the moonlight. Presently, keeping well together, they all cantered gently down the road.

A half-mile farther the road sloped rapidly down the hill, crossed a brawling little stream, and wound through a narrow, craggy

THE BATTLE.

pass before it began the ascent of the hill on the other side. Beneath the shelter of the rock, and concealed among the trees, were perhaps one hundred and fifty valiant knights and seasoned men-at-arms, commanded by the Saxon prince in person. The escape of the Swabian had not been discovered, and they had no inkling that the soldiers they were waiting for were fully prepared to meet them.

As the count's men drew near, they rode with seeming carelessness, though had it been daytime their readiness for battle would have been discovered as soon as they came in sight. Each man was no less prepared, in fact, than were the liers-in-wait who hid in the pass. Swords were out, lances poised, massive battle-axes ready at the saddle-bow for the grasp of master hands. Shields were thrust protectingly forward on left arms as the whole band pricked gently along.

In the excitement of the coming moment Conrad scarcely even remembered Matilda; he completely forgot the king. The rocks cast deep shadows over the road. The knight and his squire, followed by the rest, plunged forward into the darkness. To carry out the effect of unsuspicion, Conrad laughed loudly, as if at some jest, as he entered the shadow. The hollow laughter from the helmet bars rang wildly among the crags and cliffs about them through the night. At the same instant a soldier on foot sprang out of the darkness and seized the count's horse.

"Halt!" he cried. "The way is—"

There was a shortening of a mighty arm, a swift thrust from a keen sword. The soldier, struck in the throat, uttered no cry, but fell backward, crashing upon the road, dragging the sword from Hohenzollern's hand. Another man instantly sprang up as if by magic out of nothing. He, too, barred the way. The Swabian cut him down. Now the tramp of horses was heard. On each side shadowy forms sprang from the darkness of the wood. The road seemed filled with mov-

ing men. The count seized his mighty battle-ax, an awful weapon for close quarters when backed by so powerful an arm.

"Yield you!" cried the foremost knight, spurring toward the count, sword in hand. "Resistance is useless; you are outnumbered. We want the king!"

"Take him, then!" shouted Hohenzollern, spurring his horse forward. Before the advancing knight could take his guard, the heavy ax whirled in the air and came crashing down upon the flat-topped helmet, fairly beating it into the man's shoulders. He reeled backward in the saddle, and, as his horse reared, fell to the ground dead. Concealment was at an end.

"Hohenstaufen!" roared the count, in a voice of thunder. "On them! The avalanche from the mountains! Forward, the stag! Strike for the king! A Waibling! A Waibling!"[1]

The astonished men in the ambush found themselves instantly beset by the bold attackers. The force of the unexpected onset drove them back from the narrow pass into the open road. Sword rang against sword; sparks flashed from the steel contact in the black night air. Shouting his war-cry again, and followed hard by the Swabian and the rest, Conrad sprang into the very midst of his foes. Whirling the great battle-ax about him as if it had been a toy, he beat down foeman after foeman. Bethinking himself after a while, even in the hurry of the fight, of his assumption of the crown, he changed his battle-cry into, "For the king! Barbarossa!"

The struggling men were not quiet in the darkness, either, and shouts of "The Lion of Saxony!" "A Welf! A Welf!"[1] mingled with the war-shouts of the devoted band; but as the combat continued, especially as the struggling men drifted across a bar of moonlight, the fewness of their numbers became apparent to the Saxons, who had given ground. They took heart, and under the vigorous leadership of Henry himself, who was in the front of his battle-line, they gradually overcame resistance.

When fully one half of Conrad's men had been slain, he himself, his horse being killed, was beaten down by battle-axes in half a dozen hands. The very numbers of his attackers gave him a certain immunity, and proved his salvation, since not one had room or space to get in a finishing blow. As he sank senseless to the ground, covered with wounds, resistance ceased, not because his own men yielded, but simply because they were overpowered by sheer weight of numbers.

Most of those who had survived the fray were bleeding from many wounds, and the number of the dead on the other side about equaled the number of Hohenzollern's men. Strange to say, the Swabian soldier, who had fought valiantly, had escaped all injury; but, with a design of his own, he lay upon the ground as if he were dead, and in the darkness and confusion again escaped notice.

When the battle was over, the Saxon duke sent for lights. One of his men raced back up the road for a short distance, where a fire had been built out of sight, and soon came back with an armful of pine torches. As they were distributed they lighted up a mournful scene. Though short, the mêlée had been fierce, and the ground was covered with dead and dying. The eye of the duke swiftly scanned the panting prisoners securely held by his men. The object of his search was not among them. Eagerly he peered at the bodies on the ground; in the dim light it was difficult to identify any of them.

In his impatience he turned to a man-at-arms standing by his side. This last was a swart, black-haired soldier. At the behest of the duke he preceded him, and the two, followed by the chief men of the duke's party, walked over the field of battle, scrutinizing each separate body carefully in an endeavor to identify them. Most of them the duke passed by as of little note, until presently they came to the spot where the count had fallen.

"Ha! what have we here?" cried the prince, snatching a torch from the nearest man-at-arms and holding it down to the ground. "By heavens, there is a crown upon the helmet! 'T is the Barbarossa—the emperor! and we have killed him! I meant not this. By the splendor of God! sirs, how came this to pass? 'T is untoward. And where lieth the Count Hohenzollern? You should know him; he was your master."

"I see him not, lord," answered the Italian. "He must have escaped. Perhaps he fled the field when he heard the combat."

"Thou liest, thou traitorous dog!" came a voice from the darkness. "He was a brave knight, and had he lived would have requited thy betraying treachery thus!"

The Swabian had sprung to his feet with the quickness of thought, and, before any one could intercept him, had seized the astonished Italian by the throat and struck at him viciously with his dagger, plunging the steel weapon again and again into his

[1] The beginning of the famous parties and war-cries "Guelf!" and "Ghibelline!"

body. Releasing the stricken man, he seized the reeking weapon by the blade, flung it full in the face of the duke, and before any one could stop him, with the shout, "This for the Barbarossa and the Hohenzollern!" he broke through the scattered line of men, and was lost in the darkness. Pursuit was useless, and after a few moments was given over.

The Saxon duke had lowered his head as the missile sped toward him, perhaps to look at the falling figure of the traitor, and the heavy hilt of the dagger struck the steel cap with which he had replaced his massive helmet. The force of the blow stunned him for a moment, and he staggered and would have fallen had not his men rushed to his assistance—all of which facilitated Dietrick's escape. The duke recovered himself presently, however, and bade those nearest him to look to the Italian.

"He 's dead, my liege," answered one of the knights, after a brief inspection. "He hath a dozen stabs upon him, any one deep enough to kill him."

"'T is well," replied the duke, disdainfully. "We use and profit by, but like not, a traitor. The dog were better dead. Look now to the king, and search eagerly for the Count Hohenzollern. I never heard he was a coward. He must be here. These are his men whom we have taken; they wear his cognizance. Know ye aught of your master, men?" he cried.

"He led us into the fray, as was his wont, lord," answered one of the soldiers, "and that 's all we know."

"He must have broken through, then; yet no one came near me in the road. Have you yet unhelmed the emperor?"

"In a moment, lord," cried the knights about the body.

Presently they cut the lacings and drew the helmet from the count's head. Again the duke thrust down the torch.

"By the mass!" he exclaimed, "here 's a strange mistake! We have failed, men. This is no emperor, yet he wears the imperial crown. These are the royal lions. Who is 't—"

"By your leave, sir," said one of the captives, bending forward, "'t is the Count Hohenzollern, whom we serve. Your Majesty sees now that he was no coward."

"No, faith! a stout warrior. But the emperor—was he not with you?"

"He was, sire, but—"

The soldier hesitated.

"Where, then, is he now?"

"Tell not, soldier!" cried a faint voice from the ground.

"Art thou alive, then?" said the duke, bending over the count. "Pity thou hadst not died on this field. The ban is over thee. But the emperor, where is he?"

"Seek, your Highness, and perhaps you may find to your disadvantage," replied Hohenzollern, raising himself slowly on his arms.

"That 's as may be; I 'll e'en be the judge of that," replied the duke. "I thought to take him here to-night; that you—"

"I divine your mind, Sir Saxon," said the count. "You thought, told by a base traitor, that I had taken the emperor; that you could kill me, and perchance him as well, in the hope that others would think that I, a banned man, had done it. And so you would fain wear the crown, sir! But I have beaten you, my lord. The king 's in safety, and I am still alive. By the mass! though somewhat stiff from wounds and weak from loss of blood, I think I could still strike a shrewd blow or two an I had a chance."

As he spoke he struggled to his feet, the faintness having passed somewhat from him; and though he trembled from his wounds, he nevertheless stood bold and gallant, facing the Saxon. The latter was in great perturbation and perplexity. He had made a bold stroke for empire, and it had failed. He shrewdly surmised that he too had been betrayed, and that word had been carried to the count of his enterprise, and that the count had taken this way of saving the king. He had disclosed his hand, made his attack, and got nothing for his pains. Things looked black for him.

He thought hard and intensely for a moment, and finally began to see light in the darkness of the situation. The natural place to which the emperor should have repaired was the castle of Voburg. In fact, the road down which the count had come led nowhere but there. The emperor would never roam the woods alone. He must be at the castle. He knew the emperor's army lay some eight miles away in the other direction. His own was much nearer. He would send a messenger to accelerate its march. If he should push forward to the castle with his present party, which would greatly outnumber any force in the castle or which the emperor had brought with him,—which must, he reasoned, have been inconsiderable, else the emperor never would have been captured by Hohenzollern,—he might yet be in time to seize his royal quarry and win the game. If his army reached the castle first they could easily

hold it and the king against the whole power of the empire. All was not lost!

In any event, it flashed upon him that he held a valuable piece in the person of Hohenzollern. The man had committed the crime of high treason. Actually he not only had drawn sword upon, but had captured, the emperor. It would be easy to say that word of this had come to him, and he had ridden forth that night to rescue the kaiser. The Italian, dead, could not contradict him. He would ride at full speed to the castle of Voburg. If he found Frederick alone he would take him. If, as was scarcely likely, he was surrounded by such force as to make it impracticable, he would win the king's favor by giving him the person of the count, and then bide his time for a better opportunity to strike. Henry the Lion might have been called Henry the Fox, so shrewd, so simple, so brilliant was this little plan that, in either event, did not appear to admit the possibility of failure.

"Art in the mood for riding, count?" he said at last.

"Yes, your Highness. I started out to ride the night, and though I did not count upon this little interruption, I trust I am able still to do my part."

"Some of you bind his hands behind his back with the belts of the dead soldiers there," said the duke.

"My lord," cried Hohenzollern, in surprised wrath, "this indignity to me, a belted knight, a soldier of the empire! My word—"

"Silence, sir! The word of a man under a ban is worth nothing. His Majesty's anger hath absolved you from your oaths. We take you back to Voburg as the most acceptable present to the Hohenstaufen. Mount him upon his horse, knaves. You, Sir Siegfried, ride back on the cross-road to the camp, and bid the Count Eginhard send a party here to bury the dead and look after the wounded, and then bid him carry out my order and move instantly toward the castle of Voburg with all our power, if he be not started, and to go at full speed, too. We go to do honor to the king. Take my signet as your warrant. As for the rest, a dozen of you guard the bound prisoners, and follow with them as fast as you can upon our path. Look to your horses, ye knights and gentles who accompany me; see that none of you take a wounded animal. Exchange them with those of the guard of the prisoners, and he that is not well mounted, let him stay behind. Now, then, form up, men; two of you take the bridle of the count's horse. Forward! Let us gallop."

THE COUNTESS MATILDA CUTS THE BOND.

THE cavalcade swept on in the dark on the track of the emperor, the Countess Matilda, and old Degerberg. They rode at desperate speed, sparing nothing, and many, thrown aside by the killing pace, were left behind. Still, nearly a hundred reached the castle with the king. It wanted scarce an hour before the morning when they clattered over the drawbridge of Voburg. The pale grayness of the dawn laced the east already; the cresset torches burned dimly over the gate. All was silent as they drew rein in the courtyard. The steward and a few frightened domestics again peered out from their different hiding-places at the mail-clad figures as they dismounted from their exhausted steeds, but there was no sign of a soldier.

"This looks well for our plan," said the Saxon to himself, as, leaving a few men to attend to the horses, he led the way into the castle. No one barred their way as they ascended the steps, entered the massive portal, traversed the antechamber, and burst through the arras into the hall.

The Countess Matilda sat, as she had done before earlier in the evening, at the fireplace, gazing into the flames, a broken and dejected figure. By her side, still wearing the tunic of the Hohenzollern, stood the Emperor Barbarossa. Back of him, his ever-ready battle-ax in hand, was old Degerberg. Concealed behind the jutting elbow of the maw-like fireplace, stood the Swabian soldier. Seizing a riderless horse as he escaped, he had arrived a moment since and told the tale as he knew it, including the death of Hohenzollern in his news. By the emperor's order he remained hidden until summoned.

The first man to enter the room was the Duke of Saxony. Immediately following him was the Count of Hohenzollern, his head bare, his hands bound, and men-at-arms on each side of him holding a rope. His face was very pale, but he held his head up, and seemed for all the world like a mighty stag in leash.

After these two came a mixed array of knights and soldiers. They had laid aside their heavy war-helms, but all had drawn the hoods of their hauberks over their heads, and each wore the customary steel cap. Those who had swords had bared them, and those who bore battle-axes held them swinging lightly in hand. The shields of all were advanced as if to meet a foe. The light from the torches and the roaring fire was reflected from mirroring shields and burnished weap-

ons, and the room seemed full of shining blades. The little party halted, by the direction of their leader, at the lower end of the hall. The Saxon duke then motioned to the prisoner, and, followed by him, stepped forward nearer the fireplace.

As they advanced, the light fell full upon the prisoner. The Countess Matilda, absorbed in her own thoughts and filled with misery, had scarcely noticed their advent, and it was not until this moment that she discovered her lover. With a cry that made the black rafters ring, she sprang to her feet and gazed beyond the king at the noble figure of the count.

"Conrad!" she screamed. "Is it indeed thou, and alive? Praised be God!"

She sprang toward him, only to find her way barred by the blade of Henry the Lion.

"Alive yet, thank God! lady," cried Hohenzollern; "but in parlous case, I fear me. Strive not to come nearer. Presently—"

"My lord," said the Saxon duke, turning to the emperor, who had stood in perfect silence during the entrance and this little scene.

"Sheathe thy sword, prince, doff thy cap, and bend thy knee when thou approachest thy emperor!" he thundered forth imperiously.

Henry the Lion hesitated, not from fear, but because the time was not yet ripe for action. He was a wise prince, however, as well as a brave one, and he reflected that the form of allegiance to his emperor cost him nothing.

"My liege," he said, suiting the action to the word, "I bend the knee in homage; as for the cap, it fits my head as tightly as thy crown; and that I carry my bared sword, it hath been drawn this night in your Majesty's service."

"Right welcome news is that, Duke of the Saxons. I had not known thou wert so ready in my service. Whom have you here?"

"The sometime Count of Hohenzollern, my liege, a traitor under the empire's ban, whom I now deliver to your Majesty."

"And he wears the lions of the Hohenstaufen! By the rood! 't is strange! Hast thought of making thyself a Cæsar, Sir Count?"

"Sire," replied the count, smiling boldly, "'t is true that for an hour my head hath worn the circlet of the empire, and I trust the Saxon duke will bear witness that the heart that beat beneath them hath not disgraced the lions of thy vesture."

"He hath, indeed, borne himself right worthily in the fray, your Majesty," answered the Saxon, generously; "but that is to be expected in any of your Majesty's friends, even though they may have of late fallen into disfavor."

"This wearing of the crown, count, is a serious affair. 'T is a weighty bauble, and none but men of proof may essay it even for an hour. Is 't not so, Lion of Saxony?"

"True!" exclaimed Henry of Saxony, in some confusion. "It is indeed a heavy burden."

"So heavy, in fact, that some of my friends would fain relieve me of the pressure, hey, my Lord of Saxony?"

"So it would seem, sire," answered the duke, unsteadily, recovering his self-possession by a great effort, "since this landless, proscribed young man hath sought to do so."

"Aye, 't is true; and he was not alone in his attempt, I fancy."

"No, my liege. He had with him a score of as stout men-at-arms as ever set lance in rest or struck on shield; as many of my brave and loyal men have bit the dust this night and lie cold in the forest yonder—in thy behalf."

"Oh! in my behalf! And what of the other who would fain have taken the emperor?"

"What mean you, my liege?"

"Nothing, if the Duke of Saxony do not understand. But, I pray you, tell me of the adventure. I burn to know the story of your fight for me, that I may well reward your enterprise and prowess aright."

"There came one, my liege, to my camp this night, with news that this desperate adventurer had conspired to seize thy person—nay, that he had even done so, that he and his would seek asylum in the Schwarzwald which stretches beyond the castle wall. I knew a path which intercepted the road that should be taken. Summoning these gentle knights and valiant men-at-arms, I saddled with all speed and galloped forward, thinking to rescue your Majesty at the Witch's Dale. It happened as we had planned, save that your Majesty was not there, and by some yet unexplained chance the count had become aware of our purpose. Not less prepared than we, he boldly dashed into the pass. Our men, surprised, fell back; there was a fierce melley; but when the count was beaten down and one half of his men had fallen, we took the rest, and, glad at thy escape, have brought the traitor hither."

"A loyal tale, a noble deed; be sure that I shall requite it worthily, my lord. And did you not notice that the man whom you struck

down wore the imperial crown, and upon his breast ramped the lions of Hohenstaufen?"

"Nay, my liege, not until later; in the darkness and confusion attendant upon the battle, men struck at random."

"'T were fortunate, prince, that I was not there, then."

"Yes, your Majesty," returned the Saxon, confused again.

"Well, this is neither here nor there," returned the emperor, smiling. "The question is, What shall we do with this man?"

"I submit, your Majesty, that his fate is already decided."

"How so?"

"His life is doubly forfeit, lord, being banned and being traitor, having raised his hand against the emperor."

"And the penalty for this last, think you, should be?"

"Death, my liege."

"How say you, gentles all?" asked the emperor, turning to the knights. "Are ye all agreed to that?"

"Aye, my lord. Down with all traitors! 'T is death to strike against the emperor!" came in a great chorus from the men.

"'T is strange! Ye are all agreed, then? Yet would I condemn no man unheard, however great his crime. How say you, Conrad of Hohenzollern? Canst urge a plea? Wilt sue for mercy?"

"My lord," answered the count, simply, "to sue for mercy implies a fault, a crime. I have done naught but love a maiden, as any man might. And if I wooed somewhat too roughly for thee, yet I stoop not to bend the knee for that to any man—unless it be her father. I, guiltless, ask no mercy from any hand, though it sway the scepter of the world!"

"What wilt thou ask, then? For what dost thou plead?"

"My liege, for justice."

"Justice! A man under a ban? A man who has traitorously prisoned his emperor? Justice—"

"Even so."

"What mean you?"

"An thou dost not know, lord, I cannot tell thee."

"By the mass! count, justice thou shalt have, and so shall every one who asks it of Barbarossa; but before we pronounce sentence against thee for thy offense against our person, we fain would ask, is there any one here to act as thy advocate?"

"I am a man of few words, your Majesty," said old Degerberg, stepping forward. "If your Majesty would let your vengeance fall on me, so that my master go free, perchance justice might be satisfied, and your Majesty as well."

"I will think on thy noble offer," said Barbarossa, gravely. "Hath no one else here aught to urge?"

"My lord," said the Countess Matilda, "you cannot do this thing! The count is guilty of naught but loving me. Bethink you, sir; 't was I who grasped your arm in the hall, else had you ne'er been captured. Love blinds, they say, and when men love, sometimes they know not what they do. Aye, sire, he even blinds the emperor. Grant me that mercy for which the knight could not sue. Recall thy ring, sire. Thy feet have trodden in his life-blood upon the stricken field where he lay weltering before thee from the blow that, had he not been there, might have struck thee down. Wilt walk again in the blood of a faithful servant—nay, in mine? He hath risked his life many and many a time in thy service, and that this very night, as yonder double-dyed traitor, disgracing the Saxon roses on his breast, knoweth well!"

"By the splendor of God! lady," cried the Saxon, furiously, "thou art but a woman, yet were there a man of your blood to take up your quarrel, I 'd make him retract your aspersing words at this my sword's point!"

"Had I a weapon in my hand, nay, were these arms but unbound, with naked fists I 'd force thy words back in thy throat, thou false Saxon!" cried Conrad, struggling fiercely in his bonds.

"Countess Matilda, Henry of Saxony, peace between thee!" said the emperor, sternly. "I have heard all that hath been said. The ban must be carried out. Madam, you may execute our royal will. You wear a dagger at your waist. Approach the count and strike him where you will."

It was a cruel thing to say, yet the emperor smiled graciously at her as he uttered these strange words—a smile that she alone saw, that she alone understood.

With a woman's quick instinct, she sprang forward, her eyes bright with anticipation.

Murmurs arose from the knights and men-at-arms in the hall. Even the Saxon duke stepped forward.

"My liege," he said, "it were not meet to make a woman thy executioner when men are here."

"The privilege is mine, and I embrace it," cried Matilda, as she reached the side of Hohenzollern.

He faced her uplifted dagger, smiling.

"Strike hard and swift, sweet," he said. "Death were welcome from thy hand."

"My liege," said the countess, encircling Count Conrad in her arms, "you bade me strike where I will. I thank thee, and I cut the bonds. Take thou the dagger, Conrad. Now, one blow for me, and then for thee, and we defy the empire!"

"Nay, then," cried Henry of Saxony, promptly, "I myself will do the emperor's will, since the woman fails. Stand aside, madam. Have at thee, count!"

"THE BLADE OF THE DUKE WAS SHIVERED AGAINST THE BATTLE-AX OF OLD DEGERBERG."

He raised his sword and sprang forward. Matilda threw herself across the breast of Hohenzollern to meet the stroke, but like a black thunderbolt a mighty form sprang between, and the blade of the duke was shivered against the battle-ax of old Degerberg.

"No one strikes the Hohenzollern," he roared in mighty voice, "while I am alive!"

He turned and faced the duke, shield out, ax up.

"A sword—for God's love give me a weapon!" cried the count, striving to unclasp Matilda's arms.

"Ah!" cried the emperor. "Well played indeed, Degerberg. Give back, Saxon! I reprieve the count. I revoke the ban. I suspend judgment. He shall, indeed, have justice!"

"And what of me, my lord, who hath periled my life and lost my men to rescue thee? What shall I have?"

"Justice, too. Swabian, stand forth. Knowest thou this man, Henry Welf? Dietrick, what heardst thou at the Saxon's tent this night?"

"I heard the Saxon Lion yonder plan to seize thy person, master, to kill thee, if need be, in the fray, and lay the blame upon the Count of Hohenzollern there."

"Thou caitiff dog!" shouted Duke Henry, in furious wrath.

"Silence!" roared Barbarossa. "And what then?"

"I rode away and warned the count, and the rest your Majesty knows."

"What sayest thou to this, Henry of Saxony? Have a care, sir," continued Barbarossa. "Sully not thy knightly lips with falsehood. Add not lies to treason, for I believe this man. You struck at the royal crown when worn by the count yonder, and if I had been beneath it, I wot well I would have felt the blow. More than this, I learn that the power of Saxony in battle array is marching with all speed toward this place. Thou hast not acknowledged, save by the temporary service of bended knee here in this hall, our election as the emperor of this great realm. I know thou hast been disaf-

fected, recalcitrant, rebellious. Perhaps thou too wouldst wear the crown? I see it all. This knight here did indeed raise his hand against his sovereign; but when the hour of peril came, he forgot his just grievance against his monarch—aye, I said just. He remembered only his duty toward his king, his affection for his sometime friend, and he did but wear the crown to save me from thy sword. What hast thou to say? What canst thou answer? What doth he deserve that raiseth hand against the king? What saidest thou, and ye? Is 't not death? Was it not so, gentles all? I have your words for it, given but a moment since in this very hall. Shalt suffer death, then! Down on thy knees again, Lion of Saxony, and beg, not for justice, but for my mercy!"

"AS HAPPY AS A KING!"

"NOT so, my liege," answered the duke, composedly, having thought quickly while Frederick was speaking. "The enterprise is yet mine. I am still the master player, and these," pointing to his startled men, "are my counters which shall win the game. I deny nothing. I have not acceded to thy election to the empire, and I will not. The rose of Saxony bears nothing but thorns for the Lion of Hohenstaufen. I lie not, on my knightly faith. I did intend to capture thee and lay the blame upon this poor puppet, the sport of kings, when he had been killed. But that Swabian traitor yonder, with whom I shall presently deal, hath balked the scheme. Natheless, 't is not too late. Thou art here alone. I make thee a prisoner, sir. An you surrender peaceably, I may yet spare your life, and if the Lady Matilda seek a spouse, why, the wolf of Voburg may find it not unmeet to wed the roses of my Saxon land—especially when they overshadow the world."

"Thou, too, hast ambitions, then," said the kaiser, calmly smiling, "and art in love as well! Thou seest I am alone—"

"The king is not alone when I am here!" burst out Hohenzollern, suddenly springing to the side of the king and snatching sword and shield from the wall.

"And I go with my master!" cried old Degerberg, suiting action to word.

"And I still can strike a blow!" exclaimed the Swabian soldier, whipping out his blade.

Meanwhile the emperor, who seemed in no way alarmed, had beckoned to the Lady Matilda. He had whispered a word or two in her ear, and, in obedience to a seeming order, she had run unhindered to the window at the other end of the hall. She opened it and stood listening a moment, gazing out into the night, and presently came back smiling and nodding to the emperor, in time to hear Henry the Lion say, as he witnessed the defiant bearing of the three soldiers surrounding Barbarossa:

"Your Majesty is a bold swordsman, and we have tested the mettle of at least one of your defenders this night. If your Majesty persists in defiance, many good men will bite the dust; but the end is not less certain. We are an hundred to four. Your Majesty is a statesman as well as a warrior. Yield, I pray, and I promise fair treatment to all."

"And the crown of empire?"

"Perchance it may lodge upon a worthier head when thou hast lost it, fair lord."

"And that I shall never do!" exclaimed the king, boldly.

"At your peril, then!" cried the Saxon. "My lieges, forward!"

"Stop!" cried the emperor. "Do ye not hear the trampling of horse? Troops approaching! Hark! The thunder of hoofs upon the drawbridge! Now they cross the courtyard. Listen! They mount the stairs—they are in the antechamber! Dost hear?"

Voices outside, growing nearer, roared out the king's name.

"The king!"

"A Hohenstaufen!"

"The Emperor Frederick!"

"The king! The king!"

"To me! To Barbarossa!" suddenly cried Frederick, lifting his powerful voice and sending it vibrating through the castle.

There was a ringing of steel, a crashing of armor, a sound of many feet, without the hall. The emperor raised his voice still higher, shouting:

"Treachery! Treachery! We are attacked! This way, my men!"

As he spoke, a perfect avalanche of men, armed to the teeth, poured into the hall from every door. The Saxons found themselves outnumbered five to one. They were overpowered before they had time to strike a blow, and, with Henry the Lion, they were made prisoners on the instant.

At the head of the emperor's forces came Baron Eckhardt in full armor, helmet down.

"We are in time, your Majesty, thank God! I would I had a draught of wine, sire!" he panted out from between the bars, as he knelt at the emperor's feet.

"In the very nick of time, faithful friend," replied the king, smiling at him; "and the

wine later. What force brought you with you?"

"Five hundred knights and men-at-arms, sire."

"And the main body of the army?"

"They are on the march now at full speed."

"Raise the drawbridge, then. By your leave, Lady Matilda, we take your castle but to hold it for this night. Close the gates and man the walls. Put everything in posture for defense. My Lord of Saxony, I doubt not, will have his men here betimes. 'T is a prudent, far-seeing prince, and we must make ready for them. Well, sir, you have played your game right valiantly and well, and, as you see, have lost."

"Your Majesty is right," replied the Saxon, gloomily. "I have hazarded all upon the throw, and the main is over. I repine not. I tender your Majesty my sword."

"Wouldst not rather wear it in my service, duke, than surrender it to my hand?" asked the emperor, kindly.

"Can that be so, sire?"

"Know, O Saxon," he replied, "that you alone of the electors of the empire have not acknowledged me as emperor. There are other nobles who refuse, but for them I care not much. But you—I would give much to win your puissant sword and cunning brain to my cause—the cause of Germany; and I would fain not begin with bloodshed a reign from which I hope so much. Even though you merit not my clemency, duke, upon my faith, I will extend it, and with it give thee back Bavaria."

"I do not sue for it, sire," said the proud Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Nay, then, I give it freely. Thou hast been my enemy; be my friend, and Frederick Barbarossa and Henry the Lion together shall rule the empire—nay, the world! With thee to help me, and these gallant knights and noble lords to follow on, we will have here an empire so just that the meanest peasant that speeds the plow may not be defrauded of his simplest right. What say you? Wilt be my friend? I will forget all that has passed this night. Speak! the emperor stoops not to offer twice."

"My liege, thou hast a noble and a generous heart," said the Saxon duke, impulsively kneeling at his feet and catching his hand, overcome by this magnanimity. "Thou hast won me. I am doubly conquered. I swear to thee, upon my knightly honor, I will be to thee a loyal servitor and friend. My men, cry with me, 'Life and health to our emperor!'"

"Now thou art a man indeed, fair cousin of Saxony and Bavaria," cried Barbarossa, well pleased at this bloodless victory. "Rise, sir. Unbind them all, Baron Eckhardt; they are our friends. Open the gates; lower the drawbridge. The emperor needs no bars to protect him from his loyal subjects of Saxony. Post men upon the roads, Eckhardt, lest the two armies should unwittingly come to blows. We ourselves, with our brother of Saxony, will presently visit his camp. You see, I trust thee, sir."

"And thou wilt find me worthy, sire," answered the grateful Saxon.

"And hath the king no further word for me?" asked the Countess Matilda.

"Ha, countess! What would you of me?"

"I would have your Majesty remember," she replied.

"What mean you?"

"Recall thy ring, sire. Thou hast it back; wilt not redeem thy knightly pledge?"

"Thou wouldst have a boon of me?"

"Aye, sire."

"What is that?"

"The life of the Count of Hohenzollern."

"Take it freely, lady, and do you keep this ring," he replied promptly, returning it to her with a low bow. "Perchance thou shalt ask of me another favor for, it may be, thy son, in future days. Ho! ho! Comes the red to thy cheek at the thought of that! Count of Hohenzollern, you tore up the ban: the riven parchment lies still within the hall. Bring it hither. See, I put it in the fire. Thou art restored to all thy dignities, and hast place once more in our affection. Thou hast bravely borne the Hohenstaufen lions. Quarter them with thine own arms in memory of thy service. 'T is our royal will. But, count, a word: steal no more emperors; and—it might be well for thee and thy noble wife to avoid our person for a space. By the mass! man, we can control our will, but by no means enforce our heart. An thou wouldst preserve thy wife, sir, take advice: take her away. Far to the north lies the fair city of Nuremberg. Go thou there, and as our burgrave hold it loyally for us."

"Your Majesty speaks like a man, like a friend, like a brother, and not less like an emperor, and I swear to deserve thy kindness. My house is thine, sire, and thou hast no more loyal subject than the Hohenzollern!" cried the count, kneeling in homage to his liege.

"I believe thee, friend. Is there any one else who would ask aught of the emperor?"

His glance roamed about the apartment, and fell upon the form of Dietrick.

"You, Swabian? Wilt stay with me in my body-guard?"

"Nay, lord; hereabout is too near, just now, to the Lion of Saxony, and perchance I might feel his paw. Nay, sire; by your leave, not with thee. But will the noble Count of Hohenzollern take me?" said the Swabian, turning to the count.

"My word, I will, soldier," answered Hohenzollern, promptly; "an thou serve me faithfully, thou wilt serve the emperor well."

"Right," said the emperor. "Take this purse; go with him. Look to his advancement, count. And thou, faithful Degerberg, what for thee?"

"Nothing, sire."

"Tush, man! Thou didst lay hands upon us. Know that no base-born hand may touch the emperor's person. Kneel thou before me! Thy sword, count," he cried.

As old Degerberg, wondering, knelt before the smiling emperor, Barbarossa struck him three light blows over the shoulder.

"Rise," he cried after the royal accolade, "Sir Wilhelm von Degerberg! The same rescript that makes your master burgrave of Nuremberg makes you his lieutenant-governor. I will provide estate to carry that 'von,' and may you live long to serve both me and him."

"By St. Bennet!" cried the delighted old Degerberg. "I never looked to be a noble; but that was well done, your Majesty. Long live our Kaiser Fritz Redbeard!" he shouted, and a great cry of acclamation came swelling through the hall.

"That 's well," said the king. "Now, gentles all, I would be alone awhile. Put out the torches. Leave me. Baron Eckhardt knows where the wine is kept. I bid you away from the room. See! the day breaks; night is over."

One by one, beginning with the least and ending with the highest, the great company withdrew from the hall. Count Hohenzollern and Matilda were at last left alone with the emperor.

"Your Majesty," said the count, "hath dealt very nobly with us, and your Majesty shall find that we are not ungrateful."

"You shall be married in the morning," said the king, "and start upon your way at once. I forget all that has passed, and I forgive as I would fain be forgiven. Lady Matilda, your hand."

"Nay, my lord, for this time, on the lips —thou hast won the right."

The king's face flushed as he bent his head in response to the gracious permission and fervently kissed the countess.

"Farewell," he said, "brave heart and beauteous lady! You little know what I have given up—what this night hath cost me."

As the hanging dropped behind the retreating lovers, the emperor sank down in a chair by the table and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Alone," he murmured sadly, at last— "alone, and as happy as a king!"

THE END.

FOUR NEGRO SONGS.

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE POSSUM AND THE COON.

EF yuh has seed de possum, boss,
  Yuh sho won't trust 'im far:
He looks es gentle es Sister Sal
  When de pahson 's a-leadin' in pra'r;
En all of er sudden he 's up en turnt
  (When yuh 's totin' 'im desso),
En fastened 'is jaws to de calf er yo' leg—
  Den, Sadie, bar de do'!

Den, Sadie, bar de do', my gal!
O Sadie, bar de do'!

"EN FASTENED 'IS JAWS TO DE CALF ER YO' LEG."

'S fer me, I 'd ruther hab de coon,
  'Ca'se he 's jis wut he is:
He don't hab no dog nosin' his ribs
  Whilst he lay still, lak dis;
But all de time, lak Sister Sal
  When de preachin' is over en gone,
He 's es sassy en mean es a hongry cur
  A-gwineter bury his bone.

Den, Sadie, keep de do,' my gal,
En be sho to hol' yo' own!

One day I seed 'em jine in fight,
  Lak Sister Sal en me:
Lord, boss, hit wus de ongawdlies' sight
  Dat eber dis nigger did see!
Br'er Possum he lay dar, 's if he sleep;
  Br'er Coon he sniff 'im er li'l',
En den he snag Br'er Possum lak
  De teeth er yo' ol' sawmill!

O Sadie, lock de do', my gal,
En prop hit wid er sill!

Br'er Possum, fer common, don't lose his head;
  He kin stan' 'mos' any trile;
But he thought he 'us struck by er young slycoon,[1]
  En 'e clean fergit to smile.
Whoop, boss, yuh oughter been dar yusse'f
  When dat possum woke up wide!
Hit 'us *wussen* Sal, when he made his teeth
  Some sockets in Br'er Coon's hide!

O Sadie, stan' ag'in' de do',
En pull de string inside!

[1] Cyclone.

"BUT DAT DEBBLISH POSSUM, ES FAT ES HE WUS, WE NEBER YIT AIN'T FOUN'."

De coon he flounce en flop en flam;
De possum he jis hol' on,
Ontwel I seed ef hit stayed dat way
De coon wus sholy gone.
Lak Sal says, I ain' de man to see
De hypercrite git on top;
So den 's when I turnt ol' Tige erloose
Dat scan'lous fight to stop.

O Sadie, stan' en hol' dat do'
Twell we makes de nex' year's crop.

Tige made er dive into de fray;
Den green eyes, fur, en fuss!
Whoop, turn 'im, Tige!—I kin see 'm now!—
But things allus goes fer de wuss,
'Ca'se, when dat dust 'us settled, dar
War de dead coon on de groun';
But dat debblish possum, es fat es he wus,
We neber yit ain't foun'.

O Sadie, turn de do' erloose.
Hit ain't wo'th while. Se' down.

PROFESSION *VS.* PRACTICE.

AUNT RACHEL JANE AND HER PICCANINNIES.

SCENE: *Small cotton-patch about a cabin.*

Now, Grover Clevelan', here I is
Er-hoein' cotton de whole year roun',
En fas' es I gits hit clean, yuh wants
To roll in de dirt en mash hit down.

I ain' gwine work in no sich style;
I 'd jis es soon hab er storm er hail.
Don't yuh know de winter 'll come some day
En ketch yuh out in yo' same shirt-tail?

Here 's de pills fer yuh, boy—dat en dat!—
Bawl, den! bawl, wid yo' fis' in yo' eye!
Yuh 'll git wuss remedies, 'f yuh don't look sha'p.
Git outer de patch ef yuh boun' to cry!

(*Singing*) Lawd, trus' de chilluns in my han's,
In my han's, in my han's!
Trus' de little chilluns in my han's,
En sweetly dey will rest.
Lawd, let de little uns—

"TO ROLL IN DE DIRT EN MASH HIT DOWN."

Yuh, Benjermun Frankelin General Grant,
  Wut is yuh doin' in de shed?
Done scared dat blue hen offen 'er nes'!
  Well, de po'house 's all I sees erhead.

De mo' yuh grows, de mo' yuh gits
  Jis lak dat triflin' nigger man,
Yo' daddy, loaf'n' all day at de still
  (Es ef he wus er turpentime han'!)

En er-comin' home at night to eat,
  Wid nothin' in his lazy fis'.
Ef yuh don't men' yo' meddlin' ways,
  Yuh 's gwine be lak yo' dad, yuh is!

(*Singing*) Lawd, lemme teach de chilluns how,
    Teach 'em how, teach 'em how
  To honor deir daddy en mammy now,
    Fo' hit gwine be too late,
  Too late, too late, gwine be too late
    To git in de golden—

Dar! dat beats all dat 's happened yit!
  Jis look wut Neebuckineezar 's done
W'ilst I wus down at de yudder eend!
  He pullt up ebery single one

Er dem calamis-roots (de conju' cyore)
  En prince's-feathers en jimson-weeds.
I sot 'em out dat long-pas' year
  When Marse John's cow mire' down in de reeds.

Dar ain' no way but to beat yuh-all,
  Grove en Ben en Neeb, all three.
Come right erlong, now! I 'll tan yo' hides
  Wid de limbs f'om offer dat ol' peach-tree.

(*Singing*) Lawd, let de chilluns come unter me,
    Come unter me, come unter me,
  Let de little chilluns come unter me,
    En dey shall sho 'ceive peace!

THE STOLEN MELON.

"YUH LOW-DOWN COON! TAKE DAT MILLION OUT!"

YUH, Bill! yuh need n' be sneakin' erway,
  Fer yo' mammy 's done seed yuh dodgin' erroun',
Yuh low-down coon! Take dat million out
  En lay hit dar by de crib on de groun'.

Now lemme tell yuh, I knows right whar
  Dat million growed in de squire's fence jam—
Yuh, Bill! don't lie! I *seed* hit dar!
  Don't yuh open yo' mouf, er I 'll hit yuh, bam!

I 's tired er preachin' en preachin', I is,
  En scrubbin' to yearn my honus' bread,
W'ilst yuh 's er-nosin' erbout in de weeds,
  Er-gwine des so wid yo' rat-snake head,

Huntin' er millions in yudder folks' fiel's!
  I 's er good min' to whale yuh, big es yuh is,
En tell de pahson to stan' at de gate
  Wid Peter, en head yuh outen bliss.

Jis gimme dat knife. Does yuh hear me, Bill?
  Han' it right here, er I 'll knock yuh flat!
Not 'ca'se I laks de pesky thing,
  Not 'ca'se I 'm hongry, mind yuh dat—

To make yuh travel fer yo' sin
I 's gwineter eat dis million up,
Es slow en temptin' es I kin;
En yuh stan' dar, lak er sheepy pup,

En hear de juice er-gurglin' down
Clean th'ough yo' mammy's goozle quill,
En watch 'er lick 'er mouf, lak dis,
En shake 'erse'f en grin er li'l'.

I sees hit now, er-layin' dar:
Two ha'ves es red es yo' Sunday tie,
En cool es ice—oh, gimme de knife!
Lawd, boy, be quick, 'r I 'll sholy die!

Now, look at dat! Jis look fer shame!
Did Hanner hab dat triflin' chile,
En raise 'im wid two shirts er year,
En er plug tobaccer once 'n er while?

Wus 't her dat had dat crazy coon,
Dat nigger so ongawdly mean
He stolt er million en fotch it home,
En never knowed dat hit wus green?

Look here, nigger, don't yuh know—
Yuh 's no mo' sense 'en er hick'ry chunk!—
Dat er green un allus will go *plank*,
En er ripe un allus will go *plunk?*

Now, ain't dis here a purty come-off?
W'ilst makin' yuh drink yo' bitter cup,
I 's got so hongry en thirsty, I is,
Dat I 'most could eat dis green un up.

Don't steal no mo'; but ef yuh does,
Show dat yuh 's wiser 'en I thunk,
By fetchin' f'om de 'simmon-tree patch
A million dat won't say nothin' but *plunk*.

THE CATFISH.

(BANJO SONG.)

"EN 'E 'LL HANG TWELL GAB'EL BLOW DE SILBER HO'N!"

OH, de trout am good, but 'e want er live bait,
En de jack 'e 's er leetle bit better,
En de pike 'e 's sweet, but 'e gits dar late
En 'e oon't stay hung on de setter.
But de fish dat bites w'en de moon gits slim
En de possum 's up de 'simmon-tree
Am de catfish—oh, t'ank de Lawd fer him!
Fer de cat am de fish fer me.

De cat am de fish fer me, my gal!
De cat am de fish fer me!
He 'll swaller any bait 'e c'n git 'is peepers on,
He 'll swim all night w'en de udder fish 's gone,
En 'e 'll hang twell Gab'el blow de silber ho'n!
Oh, de cat am de fish fer me!

De goggle-eye he een't noth'n' but ribs,
En de brim een't noth'n' but scales,
De eel 's fust cuss'n to de snek, 'r I fibs,
En de tarpin 's all haids en tails:
So de unly good fish, de unly fat fish,
En de unly fish fitten fer me,
Am de good ol' cat on er tin-can dish,
Wid er onion en sassyfrac tea!

CHARACTERISTIC GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN.

I. LINCOLN'S APPLICATION FOR A RAILWAY-PASS.

Springfield, Feb'y 13. 1856

R. P. Morgan, Esq

Dear Sir

Says Tom to John "Have you
the potter wheelbarrow" "I was broke it, now and"
"I want you never mean to, cause I shall want
to borrow it this afternoon".

Acting on this as a precedent
I say "Have you the chalk hat" "I want you
never take it, and never see a new one; cause
I shall want to use it the first of March".

Yours truly
A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE (SOMEWHAT REDUCED IN SCALE) OF THE ORIGINAL LETTER IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. NELSON ABBOTT.

A LETTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO AND ALTON RAILROAD.

In a brief account of the history of the above letter, Mrs. S. Marion Douglass of Mansfield, Ohio, writes that the late Nelson Abbott told her that as a boy of seventeen, in 1863, he was employed in the general offices of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, at Bloomington, Illinois. One day his duties took him to the company's warehouse, where, in a box of old papers, he found this Lincoln letter, which had been written seven years earlier to Mr. R. P. Morgan, the president of the company. Mrs. Douglass reminds us that "a pass is known to railroad men as 'a chalked hat,'" and she infers that Lincoln was at the time a member of the Illinois legislature, and thereby, according to custom, was favored with a pass. On this point the late John G. Nicolay (Lincoln's private secretary, and, with Colonel John Hay, author of the Lincoln "Life") wrote: "Mr. Lincoln was not a member of the legislature in 1856. He had been elected in 1854, but resigned before it met in January, 1855, and was not afterward a member. It is probable that he was an attorney of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and received his passes on that score. The letter has never been printed, to my knowledge."—EDITOR.

II. LINCOLN AND KENTUCKY.

BY CICERO T. SUTTON.

STATE pride has always been strong in Kentucky, and when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency in 1860, the Kentucky blood, which had become superheated in the preliminary conflict, was cooled in some degree by the fact that he was a native of Kentucky.

Nevertheless, there were violent spirits who said he was a traitor to the land that gave him birth. Removal from the State, though embracing the longest absence, was held not to absolve the Kentuckian from the allegiance which he owes his birthplace. A Kentuckian must always be for Kentucky and stand by her, right or wrong.

Still there were some who held to the

inviolability of the individual, their creed being that Kentucky should stand by the Kentuckian, within certain limits. It was this element which could not repress the feeling of pride that a native had been honored. While they regretted that Lincoln had cast in his lot with the "Abolitionists," he was still theirs by ties that could not be dissolved.

Samuel Haycraft of Elizabethtown was one of those who held to the latter creed. Born in the place of his residence in 1795, he was fourteen years old when, in the same county, Abraham Lincoln saw the light. His father was one of the first settlers of the State, and a man of wealth for that day, and frequently gave employment to Thomas Lincoln, the father of the future President. Samuel, in his earliest boyhood, knew him well, and the acquaintance was kept up until the removal of the elder Lincoln from the State. Mr. Haycraft was clerk of the county and circuit courts of Hardin County from a date soon after his majority until 1850. Thomas Lincoln lived in Hardin County in 1805, and while on a visit to Mordecai Lincoln, in Washington County, met and married Nancy Hanks, an orphan, who lived with a cousin, Frank Berry, a prosperous farmer, whose home was near Springfield. The marriage license was issued in Springfield, June 10, 1805, as appears of record, and the following certificate of return is shown:

I certify that on the 22d of September, 1805, I solemized the rites of matrimony between Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks. JESSE HEAD D. M. E. C.

In the handwriting of the venerable clerk is the indorsement:

License bond dated 10 June, 1805. Why he got his license three months before he was married is a mystery.

After the marriage Thomas and Nancy Lincoln removed to Elizabethtown, and here their first child, a daughter, was born in 1807. Young Haycraft was frequently at their house, and as Thomas, at that day, was not too industrious, the boy found him a genial companion in many of his youthful sports.

Presuming on this acquaintance, Mr. Haycraft in 1860 wrote to Abraham Lincoln, and received the following reply:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS, May 28, 1860.

HON SAM'L HAYCRAFT.

DEAR SIR: Your recent letter, without date, is received. Also the copy of your speech on the contemplated Daniel Boone monument, which I have not yet had time to read. In the main you are right about my history. My father was Thomas Lincoln, and Mrs. Sally Johnston was his second wife. You are mistaken about my mother. Her maiden name was Nancy Hanks. I was not born at Elizabethtown, but my mother's first child, a daughter, two years older than myself, and now long since deceased, was. I was born February 12, 1809, near where Hogginsville [Hodgensville] now is, then in Hardin county. I do not think I ever saw you, though I very well know who you are—so well that I recognized your handwriting, on opening your letter, before I saw the signature. My recollection is that Ben Helm was first clerk, that you succeeded him, that Jack Thomas and William Farleigh graduated in the same office, and that your handwritings were all very similar. Am I right?

My father has been dead near ten years; but my step-mother, (Mrs. Johnston,) is still living.

I am really very glad of your letter, and shall be pleased to receive another at any time. Yours very truly A LINCOLN.

Mr. Haycraft answered immediately, inviting Mr. Lincoln to visit Kentucky as his guest. In reply he received the following:

PRIVATE

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS, June 4, 1860

HON. SAML. HAYCRAFT.

DEAR SIR: Your second letter, dated May 31st is received. You suggest that a visit to the place of my nativity might be pleasant to me. Indeed it would. But would it be safe? Would not the people Lynch me?

The place on Knob creek, mentioned by Mr. Read, I remember very well; but I was not born there. As my parents have told me, I was born on Nolin, very much nearer Hodgins' Mill than the Knob creek place is. My earliest recollection, however, is of the Knob creek place.

Like you, I belonged to the Whig party from its origin to its close. I never belonged to the American party organization; nor ever to a party called a Union party; though I hope I neither am, or ever have been, less devoted to the Union than yourself or any other patriotic man.

It may not be altogether without interest to let you know that my wife is a daughter of the late Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky., and that a half-sister of hers is the wife of Ben Hardin Helm, born and raised at your town, but residing at Louisville now, as I believe. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

The opening sentences of this letter show that Abraham Lincoln understood the fierce passions that even then filled the breasts of his more implacable political opponents; but subsequent statements show that by "the people" he meant only those, and not Kentuckians in general, whom he ever held in

the respect which was their due, and toward whom he showed the kindly feeling which made up so large a part of his great nature.

During the second week of August, 1860, the correspondent of a New York paper arrived in Springfield, Illinois. After a day spent with Mr. Lincoln he wrote to his paper that an attempt had been made to inveigle Mr. Lincoln to Kentucky for the purpose of doing him violence. The statement was made as coming from Mr. Lincoln himself, and its effect in Kentucky may well be imagined. It was a gratuitous insult thrown at a chivalrous people, and was resented as such. Mr. Haycraft was deeply hurt. He felt that he had been misunderstood by Mr. Lincoln, and his opinion of that gentleman was by no means heightened. Frank and open himself, he thought that a suspicious man could not be wholly a good man. Mr. Lincoln had indeed expressed to him a fear of the result should he visit Kentucky, but that had not prepared him for the shock which the newspaper article gave him and his friends. Their verdict was that Abraham Lincoln was not only an apostate, but otherwise an unworthy man.

The instant the New York paper fell under Mr. Lincoln's eye he remembered his Kentucky friend, and lost not a moment in writing him the following letter, which cemented their strong and lasting friendship:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Aug. 16, 1860.

HON SAML. HAYCRAFT.

MY DEAR SIR: A correspondent of the New-York Herald, who was here a week ago, writing to that paper, represents me as saying I had been invited to visit Kentucky, but that I suspected it was a trap to inveigle me into Kentucky in order to do violence to me. This is wholly a mistake. I said no such thing. I do not remember, but possibly I did mention my correspondence with you. But very certainly I was not guilty of stating, or insinuating, a suspicion of any intended violence, deception or other wrong, against me, by you, or any other Kentuckian. Thinking the Herald correspondence might fall under your eye, I think it due to myself to enter my protest against the correctness of this part of it. I scarcely think the correspondent was malicious, but rather that he misunderstood what was said. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

This letter lifted a load fom the hearts of Mr. Haycraft and his friends, but the harm had been done. The newspaper article had circulated far and wide, while the quick and noble denial was restricted to a narrow circle. During the entire war the feeling that the President had slandered the State rankled in the hearts of thousands of its citizens, and the injury was never forgotten.

Another letter quickly followed, which was more personal and more energetic:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Aug. 23, 1860

HON SAM'L HAYCRAFT.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 19th just received. I now fear I may have given you some uneasiness by my last letter. I did not mean to intimate that I had, to any extent, been involved or embarrassed by you; nor yet to draw from you anything to relieve myself from difficulty. My only object was to assure you that I had not, as represented by the Herald correspondent, charged you with an attempt to inveigle me into Kentucky to do me violence. I believe no such thing of you or of Kentuckians generally; and I dislike to be represented to them as slandering them in that way. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

This emphatic letter was accepted in the spirit in which it was written, and Samuel Haycraft, quiet, prudent, and forceful as a Union Democrat, did much to keep Kentucky true to the flag. Mr. Lincoln wrote many times to the Kentucky friend whom he had never seen. One more letter is given to show the feelings of the newly elected President, who, though pressed beyond measure for time, found the opportunity to write:

Private and confidential.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Nov. 13, 1860.

HON SAMUEL HAYCRAFT,

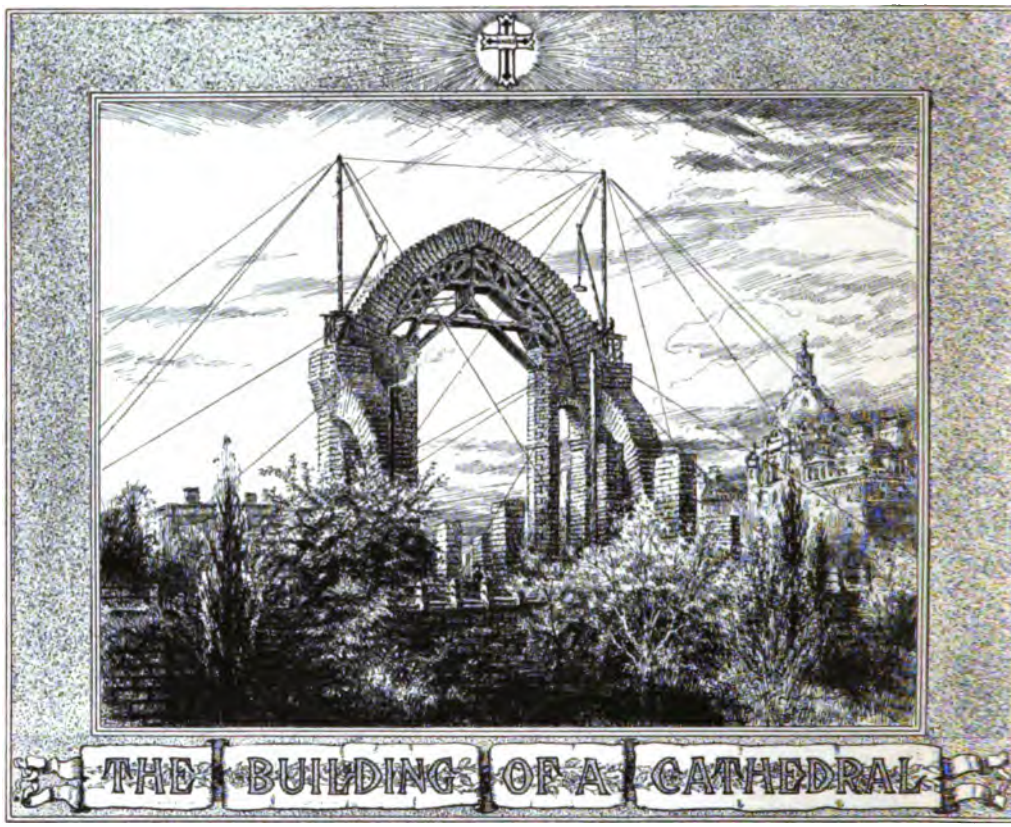
MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 9th is just received. I can only answer briefly. Rest fully assured that the good people of the South, who will put themselves in the same temper and mood towards me which you do, will find no cause to complain of me.

While I cannot, as yet, make any committal as to offices, I sincerely hope I may find it in my power to oblige the friends of Mr. Wintersmith. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

The Mr. Wintersmith referred to was appointed postmaster at Elizabethtown; and this was the beginning of a series of favors bestowed by the President on his friend, or rather on that friend's friends, for Mr. Haycraft never asked anything for himself. His was a character much like Lincoln's—honest, manly, incorruptible. He died in 1878, and his greatest pride was that Abraham Lincoln had reckoned him among his friends.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT COSTER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



BY ROGER RIORDAN.

WITH PICTURES BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

THE position of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, dominating the heights above Morningside Park and, consequently, the entire city, has inspired the architects, Messrs. Heins and La Farge, to create a church edifice at once massive and aspiring. The eternal rock itself will be the base from which tower and pinnacle and spire will soar upward. Even now, seen from the bend of the elevated road, the existing great arch (seen in the heading of this article) seems to take possession of the hill, the other buildings upon it—those of Columbia College, St. Luke's Hospital, the Teachers' College—having almost a subsidiary aspect.

There are to be four of these great arches, which are to support the central tower and spire. The smaller, segmental arches, seen in the illustration, are to serve as buttresses, not for the existing great arches, but for the lateral arches still to be built.

These important structural features will disappear in the finished work, for they will be built into the walls of the nave, choir, and transepts. The arches already built will form part of the walls of the choir, which it is intended to finish in advance of the rest of the building.

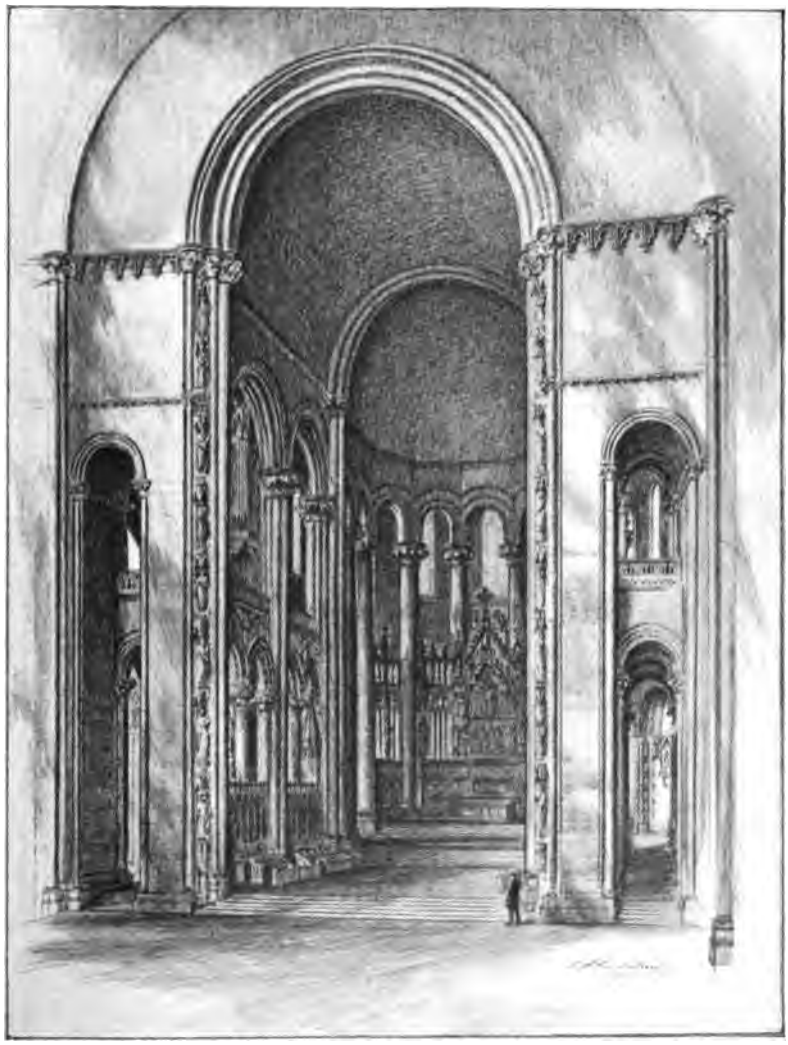
The piers for the other great arches are shown in the foreground of Mr. Vanderhoof's picture; the foundations have been laid between the Belmont Chapel, now nearing completion, at the back of the choir, and the point where the nave begins. A vast deal more work has been done than meets the eye, for these foundations have been covered up to make a level road-bed for the trucks that convey the stone to the part of the work now in progress.

The Belmont Chapel, projecting from the rear of the apse, is seen, though not so plainly as might be desired, in the view of the cathedral from Morningside Park (on page 568). The choir, with its seven-sided

apse, rises behind and above this and the six other chapels yet to be built. The present great arch is at the end of the choir, and is shown in the interior view, reduced by the addition of lighter masonry to the round-headed type which is to prevail in the building.

The big central tower is of a type of which there are very few existing examples, the most important of which is the tower of the old cathedral of Salamanca. It is sixteen-sided, but is made to conform in appearance to its square plan by four massive turrets. Within, it will inclose a domical vault encircled by a gallery, four openings from which, giving upon the interior, will appear from below as dark accents in the decoration of the dome. The rounded ends of the transepts, of which the eastern one appears in this view, are other unusual features.

This transept appears again in the view from the southeast, which shows the broad pathway, with several flights of steps, which will ascend the hill on that side. It is improbable, however, that all of the rock which gives so much distinction to the site on this side will be cut away. It may be possible to include the trees now *in situ* in the garden-like close between the episcopal residence, shown in the view from the southwest,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHOIR FROM THE CROSSING OF THE NAVE AND TRANSEPT. (THE GREAT ARCH SHOWN ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE IS THE SKELETON OF THE GREAT ARCH HERE SHOWN.)

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. VIEW FROM THE SOUTHWEST, SHOWING THE EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE AND OFFICES. (THE LIBRARY WILL BE OVER THE GATEWAY.)

and the cathedral. Both the architects and the landscape-designer, Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., are fully alive to the value of natural features such as these in conjunction with massive architecture. The tower above the gate that leads into the close will be occupied by the library.

In the little exterior chapels services will be held in certain of the various languages spoken by New York's polyglot population.

The bases of the interior walls and of the piers will be faced with polished red jasper, above which will be a deep molding of dark-green serpentine. The rest of the interior will be of a light-buff limestone from Frontenac, Minnesota, a stone which has many of the properties of Caen stone, and, like it, can be delicately carved, though it is much harder and of somewhat coarser texture. Though no system of color decoration has as yet been decided upon, the great bare spaces of the walls, vaults, and pendentives will certainly call for treatment, and will of themselves suggest the use of mosaic as the richest and most appropriate mode of decoration for such an edifice.

THE USES OF A CATHEDRAL.

BY THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER,
Bishop of New York.

WHEN we see a man walking through the streets of one of our American cities with a turban, in flowing robes of rich colors and more or less costly and strange textures, we turn and look at him with unconcealed curiosity. He is an unfamiliar object, and, as such, we feel ourselves at liberty to stare at him quite openly. But when we ourselves are in the great East,—Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, Canton, or Yokohama,—this is not the case. Our costume and aspect are as remote from what is wonted there as would be a Parsee's from the dress of the majority of the people ordinarily walking down Broadway. But there is this difference: the man of the West, being a traveling man, is no longer a novelty anywhere in the East. Its people are largely familiar with him as a more or less accustomed object almost everywhere.

Did it ever occur to us that one of these days this will be true with us—in other words, that the time is coming when people from beyond seas, of many lands and of unwonted customs and costumes, will acquire our habit of travel and increasingly indulge it? Sooner or later we may be very sure that something like this will come to pass.

And, when it does, has it ever occurred to us what will be the impressions which these traveling strangers will derive from what they see? It is not difficult to forecast one of them. As they go about the streets of our

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE TIFFANY CHAPEL IN THE CRYPT.

great cities, these far-away foreigners will note, among other things, with equal awe and wonder, the size and height of our structures. The sky-piercing erections of twelve, fifteen, twenty stories, upon which they will come, the vast warehouses, the colossal railway-stations, the palatial inns, the splendid libraries and art buildings, will all impress them as overwhelming proofs of the tremendous energy, vast wealth, phenomenal courage and ability of the people who have reared them. And then they will ask: "But where are the temples? These people are not without a religion. On the contrary, we know they believe their religion to be so much better than ours that, for hundreds of years, they have spent vast sums of money and sacrificed countless lives in endeavoring to carry their religion to other lands and plant it among other peoples. Surely such a people must have expressed its reverence for religion and its faith in its teachings in some really stately and noble visible structures. Where are they?"

APPROACH TO THE CATHEDRAL PARKWAY AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

Where are they, indeed? The intelligent and inquisitive traveler would at once be shown a great many structures dedicated to religion, in a great variety of styles of architecture, and degrees of dignity and impressiveness. But the impressiveness, it must be owned, would be neither considerable nor noteworthy. Few of these structures, anywhere, could honestly be described as other than ordinary in aspect and inferior in dignity or beauty. True, the inquiring stranger would probably be told by some zealous modern that the American idea of religion did not estimate very highly the value of the *visible* in religion; that it had outgrown the cruder notion of less highly enlightened peoples that the external in religion was of much consequence; and that, as a matter of fact, it showed the higher quality of its religion by a fine disdain of any material expression of the ideas of reverence, majesty, stateliness, or material beauty in its temples.

To which it is just possible that the intelligent foreigner might answer: "True, it is undoubtedly the mark of a high civilization to be superior to mere externalism. True, again, that the era of 'plain living and high thinking,' which, I am told, has dawned in your Western world, calls for a certain noble simplicity: but, if that is the case, where is the evidence of it in the pal-

aces which you call homes, in those other palaces which you call hotels, in your streets dedicated to commerce, finance, and the various interests of the body, or recreation, or culture, or nurture in the arts and sciences? In all these directions your material structures seem likely to surpass anything that, at any rate, the modern world has produced.

"Now, then, if in all, or any, of these there was that fine note of austerity in which you glory, it would be meet that it should prevail also in the structures which you rear to express your idea of religion. But, without presuming to comment upon this curious incongruity, this, my Western brother, you must know: that so long as you or I are here in this world of material things, great ideas, whether spiritual, moral, or social, must have great expression, or sooner or later they will dwindle and die. Undoubtedly the time has been when the value of that visible and material expression has been exaggerated. Undoubtedly there have been ages when the effort to expend religious enthusiasm in the erection of visible structures has issued in a one-sided zeal which has left undone justice, mercy, and the works of righteousness. But the rule of your prophet Jesus is true, eternally, here: 'These ought ye to have done, and *not to leave the other undone*.' One-sidedness is not truth. Truth is a whole. And no truth is more certain than that, to any nation that is content to build greatly, splendidly, costlily only for man, and not for God, the idea of God will sooner or later grow dim and pallid and impotent."

And one day we shall wake up, I am glad to believe, and find out that our Oriental friend is right. Religious ideas in their influence upon the human mind do not act independently of the laws that govern the operation of other ideas. With these environment, material conditions, what we call sometimes an "atmosphere," have a force and place that we all recognize, and that in the domain of art, of letters, of our domestic and social life, we wisely employ.

1. I have said this much in answer to a question which I hear often asked by honest and more or less thoughtful minds: "What do we want, in modern times, with a cathedral?" To that question, in its merely ecclesiastical aspect, I will not now stop to reply. There is a much larger aspect of it with which every one is concerned who believes that "the Best deserves the best"; and what the Best is, in our American civilization, I do not believe any considerable number of people are seriously in doubt. They may not have any keen personal sense of their own need of a religion; but they know that the religion which is inwrought with all the history of the American people stands for certain definite ideals of truth, and purity, and honesty, and loyalty, and self-sacrifice, which, from our first beginnings here, men have always held high aloft. They know that, without the influence of religion to sustain them, these ideals, as history has plainly shown, sooner or later grow thin and pale, and perish. They know, too, that no ideal will long survive some visible expression or symbol of it: that patriotism demands the flag, and marriage the wedding-ring, and human contracts the stamp and seal, and so on all the way through. And they know also that a great idea demands, from the very nature of it, expression, incarnation—visible and material utterance, in a word, worthy of its majesty and grandeur.

2. This is one answer to the question, "What does this modern age want with a cathedral?" But there is another. This is a democratic age. The great truth of the brotherhood of man has wrought, and wrought, down and on, through the ages, and against what enormous odds! That great ideal with which the religion of Jesus began in the world, how soon and largely she lost it! Militarism, feudalism, ecclesiasticism have been almost equally responsible, in the last nineteen centuries, for the disregard or the perversion of what some of them loudly professed.

And in no visible form of expression has this habitual disregard of the teachings of the Founder of Christianity been more conspicuously evidenced than in connection with places of worship. These have all along borne their witness to the law, not of inclusion, but of exclusion. Reserved rights in God's house for kings, governors, peers, plutocrats, privileged people of many kinds, but of one unbrotherly temper, have encroached upon the temple of Him who declared in the beginning, "All ye are brethren," until, as to the consummate blossom of the whole business, we have the modern pew system. Well, in one cathedral, at any rate, there will be no pews, no locked doors, no prepayment for sittings, no reserved rights of caste or rank, but one and the same welcome for all.

3. And this brings me to another note of the true cathedral. There is one characteristic of the days through which we are living of which all thoughtful men and women, and many who are accounted the least

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

VIEW OF THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM MORNINGSIDE PARK, SHOWING THE BELMONT CHAPEL.

thoughtful, are aware: it is a period, in the realm of fundamental beliefs, of *suspense*. The progress of human thought, of scientific inquiry, of critical literary and historical study, has loosened men's hold upon much that our fathers accounted precious, if not essential. The older and the more recent forms in which truths of paramount importance have been stated have alike been challenged or denied. The old moorings in many honest minds no longer hold; the anchors drag; and the mariner who looks out upon the wide sea of human beliefs and speculations is honestly perplexed. At such a moment, what a great many people cannot honestly do is, in the French phrase, to *ranger* themselves.

A recent experience, which came to me in a foreign land, will perhaps at this point make clear both what I have in mind, and its relation to this paper. It occurred one autumn afternoon when I was leaving St. Paul's Cathedral in London. I had been, as some thousands of people had been, to hear a great preacher, and, passing out of the west porch, found myself next an English scholar and teacher of such illustrious fame that if I were to mention his name here it would be instantly recognized throughout the civilized world. "Ah," I said, "do you worship here?" "Yes," he answered; "that is just it. I worship here —as far as I can worship." "For the sake of the music or the preaching?" I asked. "For neither," he said, "so far as they are primarily influential with me; though the service is very noble, and such preaching as we have heard this afternoon eminently worth hearing. But here is the one place where a man can come and say, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!' without the risk, to use your expressive American phrase, of being 'corralled.' I recognize the value of all the methods which usually obtain in a modern parish church; I perceive the propriety of looking after strangers who drift into one's church, and seeking to shepherd and fold them; I honor the great zeal that seeks to know each person in a given congregation, and to bring them into closer relations with the parish: but for myself, I am not ready for that. You know my ancestry" (his father, I knew, was a British rector of a somewhat narrow and intolerant type), "and the traditions in which I was reared. Well, I have— for better or worse I do not undertake to say—parted company with them. I am, so far as many most venerable traditions and beliefs are concerned, afloat. My mind and my faith faculty—if I have such a thing, of which, sometimes, I am not very sure—will, I hope, some day find firm standing-ground. But I have not found it yet, and I am not going to be a liar and pretend that I have by taking a pew and identifying myself with a parish church. Some day, perhaps, all that will come, and I shall be glad if, honestly, it does. But just now I am like one who has been roughly handled by men or events, and who wants just to be 'let alone.' And yet," he added, "the religious instinct in me is not dead. When it is, then I cannot but think that there is virtually nothing between a man and the swine of Gadara. And since there is something in me that, with Ajax, 'cries for light,' I want a place in which to lift my cry; a place in which to be still; a place in which to wait on some higher Voice; and, amid whatever can speak to me through august voice, or sacred song, or stately environment, just to listen. No one notes me here. I come and go; I stand or kneel; I listen or dream or question; and then quietly withdraw as unregarded as I came."

I venture to think that such an attitude as that is, at least, intelligible. And if it is, then I submit that the place of the cathedral rises straightway into very close relationship to our modern life. I am not one of those who believe that religion is losing its hold upon the individual faith and conscience. Dogmatic statements, reactionary exaggerations of particular periods of religious revolt or reform,—hardened, under the stress of intense feeling, into cruel and inexorable forms,—may have done that, and, as a consequence, may have left many honest minds, for the moment, adrift. Such persons are not ripe to be either "corralled" or classified. The deepest in them is passing through a transition stage, out of which one may hope they will find their way to clearer light and a firmer standing-ground.

But in the meantime, and until they can, something larger, higher, wider, roomier, more impersonal for the time being, than the parish church is wanted for them; and that is the place and office of the cathedral: God's house, but with no parish list, no inquisitive interrogation, no parochial enrolment, but just space and silence, the majesty of worship—and absolute freedom to come and *go!*

4. And all this leads up to one other office which a cathedral alone can fill, and which, by many minds, will be esteemed the highest. It is not a "one-voice" or "one-man" church. The ordinary parish church is served by one person, who fills its pulpit all the year round; and even in the churches to

which two or more clergy are attached, the rector is expected to do the preaching, and if he does not, the people who pay their pew-rent look black. Very often the preaching is excellent; sometimes it is exceptionally good; but even then, the better it is, the more individual, usually, it is.

Analyze the grounds on which A, B, or C thinks the Rev. Mr. Screed or the Rev. Dr. Homily "the best preacher in town," and you will, oftener than otherwise, find that it is because one or the other of these reverend gentlemen has some trait of voice, some cast of mind, some characteristic of imagination, which appeals specially to A, B, or C, as the case may be; in a word, that he is individual. But if he is individual it will also reveal itself in his mode of thought; in his bias of usage; in his trend of belief; above all, in his point of view.

Of the best preachers their accustomed listeners, ordinarily, can predicate the mode of treatment which a particular text or topic will receive as soon as it is announced. "The man's mind works that way," we say, and we anticipate its working almost before it is begun.

But, obviously, the consequence of this must be that those who listen only to one such favorite preacher get a fragmentary, one-sided, and often, it must be owned, a very biased view of any subject. Tradition, inheritance, partizan affiliations, a passion for consistency, one of the deadliest foes to truth, a fear of hostile criticism—all these are distinct limitations to the parish pulpit as a voice for God which shall be many-toned, and not *monotoned*, which shall present both the Petrine and the Pauline aspects of a truth with equal candor and with equal fervor.

And so it is well that, in every great center, at any rate, there shall be one pulpit which shall command and constrain to its service the best, of whatever bias or tradition, the ablest, the most fearless, the most persuasive; one pulpit which shall be dominated by no trustees or vestry or plethoric pew-holder—by nobody who can threaten to "give up his pew," for the simple reason that there will be no pew to give up, and who can stifle or strangle no clarion voice that dares to tell men the truth by "cutting off the supplies," because the preacher and the hearer will be, so far as all that is concerned, absolutely independent of each other.

There is much more to be said along these lines, if there were space here to say it. Besides all that I have urged, there still remains the tremendous influence upon thought and feeling—the highest thought and feeling—of environment. We are sensible of this not alone in the presence of mountains, in the grandeur and silence of a forest, in the Colosseum seen in moonlight, but in the most ordinary and familiar surroundings. There are houses and homes that soothe or hush, or irk or irritate us. There are congruities of form and color, of proportion and decoration, that compose and refresh us, just as there are violations and incongruities that insult and exasperate us. There may be many people so insensitive or so uncultivated that they are not keenly aware of this, or, what is oftener true, cannot clearly express what they feel. But that they are influenced by it is shown by the awe and hush which fall upon them when they come within walls and move to and fro under soaring arches the mere proportions of which silence, solemnize, subdue.

No one had less respect for the archaic, whether in architecture or in anything else, than Henry Ward Beecher. And yet, when Mr. Beecher first entered an English cathedral at even-song, he broke down under a flood of uncontrollable emotion, and straightway fell upon his knees. Every instinct of awe, of reverence, of worship, as he afterward wrote of the experience, woke in him under the touch of that august environment. And yet, with heartiest respect for the great uses which it has served in the cause of freedom and righteousness, it must be owned, I apprehend, that neither Plymouth Church nor its like anywhere could produce any such effect.

I do not urge that, in the domain of religion, *feeling* is the factor of paramount consequence; but ah, my brother who art hard pressed by the exacting claims of life's more sordid interests, is it not well to be able to turn aside sometimes from these into some august majesty of space and form and tone, and there, just for a little, to be still, harkening for the Voice that is highest of all?

It remains, as part of the story which the illustrations which go with this will tell, to add a few words as to the history of this particular enterprise, its progress, and its hopes. A corporation known as the Trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was formed in the year 1872, under the presidency of the late Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, which secured one or two considerable pledges, met once or twice to discuss the question of site, and rested.

When the writer, in the year 1887, became

Bishop of New York, he took up the matter, published a letter addressed to the citizens of New York, convened the board of trustees of the cathedral, initiated steps to fill its vacancies, and proceeded, as opportunity afforded, to push forward the undertaking toward a beginning. Liberal gifts were made—in one instance of five hundred thousand dollars, others of one hundred thousand dollars, and others of smaller sums; considerable bequests have been received—in one case of four hundred thousand dollars, and in others of one hundred thousand dollars, and lesser amounts. The noble site formerly occupied by the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum, and comprising the blocks between West One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Thirteenth streets and Morningside Drive and Amsterdam Avenue, has been secured. On St. John the Evangelist's day, December 27, 1891, the corner-stone was laid; and since then, as fast and as far as funds would permit, the work has been pushed, until now a congregation is worshiping in the crypt of the choir, a considerable part of the foundation has been carried up to the water-table, the great arch of the tower entrance to the choir has been completed, and at this writing work is proceeding more especially upon one of the Chapels of Tongues. A word about these may interest the readers of this paper.

New York is, to a degree as yet imperfectly recognized even by its own citizens, a polyglot city. A catalogue of the languages daily spoken by its inhabitants would be to most people surprising reading. A clergyman living in New York called, one day, upon his superior officer to ask that provision might be made for religious services for some Mesopotamian immigrants.

"Really," said the bishop, a little impatiently, I fear it must be owned, "is n't that overdoing it a bit, Mr. J——? Cannot a handful of Mesopotamians be provided for in connection with the services which you are conducting for your Armenian congregation?"

"I don't know what you call a handful, sir," said the young clergyman, striving to hide a smile of compassionate contempt for the ignorance of his chief. "There are some eight hundred families of Mesopotamians within ten minutes' walk of where we are sitting at this moment; and as for the attendance of Mesopotamians upon Armenian services, the languages of the two people are about as remote from each other as Choctaw and Greek."

The concluding statement was doubtless an exaggeration, but it was a sufficient illustration of a large and little-recognized fact. There pour into New York from all parts of the world steady streams of immigrants,—German, Swedish, Russian, Oriental, and all the various tribes and nationalities of which these are typical,—who, for a while, are shut up to the one language with which they are familiar, their own. For them there is needed some provision which shall bridge over the space between their coming and their later acquisition of the tongue spoken in America. And so there has been provided in connection with the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the one feature which it is believed is absolutely unique. Surrounding the great choir the design provides for seven Chapels of Tongues.

In New York to-day the Episcopal Church provides services in nine different languages. In the cathedral the seven Chapels of Tongues will stand for seven of them,—German, Spanish, French, Swedish, Italian, Armenian, and Chinese,—with services in these languages on every Lord's day. These Chapels of Tongues will open directly into the cathedral, and as they become familiar with the tongue of their adopted country, those who have worshiped in them will pass from the services in the chapels to that of the great mother church itself. One's mind turns back at such a picture and recalls, with a strange sense of its new and wider meaning, that cry that broke from the lips of the multitude in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost: "How hear we every man in our own language, wherein we were born, . . . the mighty works of God?"

A VENETIAN GONDOLA.

BROWNING IN VENICE.[1]

BY KATHARINE DE KAY BRONSON.

WITH SKETCHES BY CLARA MONTALBA.

IN a letter from Browning dated in London, speaking of a pleasant experience in Venice, he says: "It has given an association which will live in my mind with every delight of that dearest place in the world." Again, in allusion to an album of carefully chosen Venetian photographs received as a Christmas gift, he says: "What a book of memories, and instigations to yet still more memories, does that most beautiful book prove to me! I never supposed that photographers would have the good sense to use their art on so many out-of-the-way scenes and sights, just those I love most."

Nevertheless, he did not acquiesce when people suggested that he should leave England and take up his permanent abode in Venice. His answer was: "Impossible! I have too many friends in London. I would never forsake them. Still, I admit that for three or four months in the year I should like nothing half so well as Venice."

To this end he once made all arrangements for the purchase of an ancient Venetian palace. Everything seemed propitious. He was charmed with the early fifteenth-century construction, with the arched windows and exquisite façade covered with medallions of many-colored marbles, and pleased himself with plans and fancies of how, with certain alterations, it could easily be made a perfect summer and autumn residence. All was decided, the law formalities were nearly complete, and the purchase-money was ready, when, at the last hour, a flaw in the title became apparent, partly owing to the fact that the property belonged to absentees. So, to the poet's intense chagrin, he was obliged to give up his darling scheme. Perhaps he had never, in his long lifetime, been so thoroughly annoyed by a thwarted project as by the failure of this one. There came a day, some years later, when he saw that all had been ordained for his good. As a matter of fact the foundations of the palace were as insecure as the title, there were many sunless rooms, some of the floors were sunken badly, and an enormous outlay of money would have been required to make the place habitable.

These drawbacks the poet at first refused

[1] See, in THE CENTURY for April, 1900, "Browning in Asolo," a companion paper by Mrs. Bronson. See "Open Letters" in this number.

to consider. He thought only of the beauty and the archæological interest; he doubted that the façade was in a perilous condition; pleased himself by fancying how many windows he could open to the morning sun on the garden, how many balconies could be added toward the south; in fact he may be said to have passed a month, not in building, but in restoring a "castle in the air" hanging over the waters of the Grand Canal. Even when he became convinced that Fate had kept a kindly hand over him, and that the purchase, had it been concluded, would have proved a source of endless trouble and perhaps regret, he still remained offended with the unseen and unknown owners of the palazzo. It was only after his son had bought the Palazzo Rezzonico that the father was really reconciled to the loss of the Manzoni.

The poet's nature was so essentially joyous that one was at a loss to decide where he took the keenest pleasure, whether in his daily walks or his afternoon rows in the gondola. He seemed never to weary of either, but my personal experience of his delight was in the latter, when we floated over the still lagoons. The view of the rose-colored city rising from the pale-green waters, of the golden light of sunset on the distant Alps, of the day as it turned to evening behind the Euganean Hills, never seemed to pall upon his sense.

"Only Shelley has given us an idea of this," he would say, and quote lines from "Julian and Maddalo." "Never say Eugánean," he corrected me; "many people make that mistake, but if you keep in mind that the poet makes the word rhyme to 'pæan,' you will remember to pronounce it Eugané-an."

His memory for the poems he had read in his youth was extraordinary. If one quoted a line from Byron, who, he said, was the singer of his first enthusiasm, he would continue the quotation, never hesitating for a word, and then interrupt himself, saying, "I think you have had enough of this," to which his dear sister and I would give silent consent, lest the effort of memory should tire him. He was very proud of his retentive memory and of his well-preserved sight; the latter he attributed to his practice of bathing his eyes in cold water every morning. He was proud, too, of his strength, of his power of walking for hours without fatigue, of the few requirements of his Spartan-like daily life, and above all he was proud of his son, who was his idol.

Yes, that was his vulnerable point, the heel of Achilles. People who praised or loved or noticed his only child found the direct road to his heart. Even those who only spoke with him of "Pen" were at once his friends and worthy of attention and interest. He said to me many years ago, while awaiting anxiously the result of his son's earnest art studies:

"Do you know, dear friend, if the thing were possible, I would renounce all personal ambition and would destroy every line I ever wrote, if by so doing I could see fame and honor heaped on my Robert's head."

What a proof are these words of an intense nature devoid of all egotism! In his boy he saw the image of the wife whom he adored, literally adored; for, as I felt, the thought of her, as an angel in heaven, was never out of his mind. He wore a small gold ring on his watch-chain. "This was hers," he said. "Can you fancy that tiny finger? Can you believe that a woman could wear such a circlet as this? It is a child's."

The only other souvenir on his chain was a coin placed there years ago, the date 1848, a piece of the first money struck by Manin in Venice to record the freedom from Austrian dominion. "I love this coin," he said, "as she would have loved it. You know what she felt and wrote about United Italy."

He had no personal vanity: it never occurred to him to admire himself in any way, to call attention to the beauty of his hand, which in old age was the hand of youth, nor did he seem to be aware of the perfect outline of his head, the color and brightness of his eyes, or the fairness of his skin, which, with his snow-white hair, made him look as if carved in old Greek marble.

After his disappointment with regard to the Palazzo Manzoni he cherished a momentary—idea, may I call it?—perhaps fancy is the better word—of buying an unfinished villa on the Lido, the sand-strip toward the Adriatic, begun in years gone by for Victor Emmanuel. He would talk of this with great zest, saying, "Thence one could see every day the divine sunsets," and continue with a list of the charms and advantages of the really beautiful place, then pause and wait for the assent and approbation of his sister or some listening friend. He seemed annoyed when no such word was spoken. He could not bring those who loved him quite to agree with so unpractical a scheme, yet all contrary arguments of distance from town and markets, exposure to storms, and so on, seemed to annoy him, until at last every one ended by listening to his enthusiastic plans,

while offering no direct opposition to them. After a time, finding that in this case silence meant the reverse of consent, he ceased to talk and dream of a "villa on the Lido."

He expressed one day a wish to go to the Church of San Niccolò to find the tomb of his hero Salinguerra. On the way he talked of the character and deeds of this soldier prince, who plays so important a part in the poem of "Sordello"; how he was taken by the Venetians at Ferrara, and kept for years an honored prisoner by the republic, and how he died in Casa Bosco at San Tonia, and was buried with great pomp at San Niccolò al Lido. After searching vainly for some time through the lonely church, where no sacristan was to be found, he discovered or rediscovered the memorial tablet in a sort of corridor attached to the east side of the church. It bears in Gothic characters the name and date of death of the renowned Salinguerra, which being translated signifies "leap to war."

The poet looked at the ancient stone with great interest and attention, and on the way back to Venice he seemed lost in thought. Though he said but little, I could follow through that the current of his thought. He was repassing in his mind that complicated bit of medieval Italian history so strongly treated in his own great poem. While he took a vivid and ever-present interest in all he had written, he very rarely spoke on the subject, even to his most intimate friends. In a letter of thanks for a manuscript collection of dramatic episodes taken from Venetian archives, he said:

PALAZZO MANZONI. THE PALACE BROWNING WANTED TO BUY.

> The extracts are all very characteristic and valuable. If I do not immediately turn them to use, it is because of an old peculiarity in my mental digestion—a long and obscure process. There comes up unexpectedly some subject for poetry, which has been dormant, and apparently dead, for perhaps dozens of years. A month since I wrote a poem of some two hundred lines about a story I heard more than forty years ago, and

never dreamed of trying to repeat, wondering how it had so long escaped me; and so it has been with my best things. These *petits faits vrais* are precious.

The poem he spoke of is "Donald." I always fancied that in Venice the poet was more ready to be pleased than elsewhere; everything charmed him. He found grace and beauty in the *popolo*, whom he paints so well in the Goldoni sonnet. The poorest street children were pretty in his eyes. He would admire a carpenter or a painter who chanced to be at work in the house, and say to me: "See the fine poise of the head, the movement of the torso, those well-cut features. You might fancy that man in the crimson robe of a senator, as you see them on Tintoret's canvas."

I would occasionally translate his compliment to the man in question, in milder terms: "The signore says you look like the people in the old pictures"; and it amused him to see the workman change color at words of praise from the one he well knew as the *sommo poeta*. Professor Molmente wrote to him one day with the request that he would write something for a pamphlet published at the time of the unveiling of Goldoni's statue in Venice. He acquiesced without hesitation, and the very next day the sonnet was ready for print. It was written very rapidly; probably it was thought out carefully before he put pen to paper, as I observed there were but two or three trifling alterations in the original copy. He seemed pleased that the committee should have asked him to write, and pleased to accede to the wish. The subject appealed to his taste, and he seemed most happy to show his sympathy with Venice and Venetians.

The saying that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre" was disproved in the case of Robert Browning. He was so gracious and yet so dignified with servants that he was as profoundly revered by them as he was beloved. An exact account of his gentle geniality in this regard might read like exaggeration. He appeared to dread giving his inferiors trouble; it was as though he would fain spare them the sense of servitude, which his own independent spirit caused him to imagine a painful burden. It seemed as if he were ever striving to place a cushion under a galling yoke, and in vain one sought to convince him that service rendered to such as he could only be a source of pride and pleasure to the server. He would always resist the hand of a friend or menial that tried to assist him, even in so small a matter as the adjustment or removal of his great-coat or his hat.

"Nothing that I can do for myself should be done for me," he would say, and brave was the servant who dared hold an umbrella over his head as he stepped into or out of the gondola. "What do you take me for," he would exclaim—"an infant or a man?"

In Venice his memory will live in many a humble heart until its pulse has ceased to beat. "There 'll never be another like him," is still the common saying whenever his name is mentioned to those who served him.

In his immense humanity he refused to make distinctions of manner among those of his own class of life who approached him, always excepting the rare cases where base qualities had been proved beyond a doubt to his mind. The thing he most abhorred was untruthfulness; even insincerity in its most conventional form was detestable to an upright mind which loved and sought for truth in all its phases. His first impulse was to think well of people, to like them, to respect them; they were human souls, and therefore to him of the greatest earthly interest. He conversed affably with all. Lover of beauty as he was, he would talk as pleasantly with dull old ladies as with young and pretty ones. He made himself delightful at a dinner-party; whether the guests chanced to be of mediocre intelligence or of superior brains, his fund of sparkling anecdote for all was never exhausted. In this, as in many other ways, one learned from him the lesson of self-forgetfulness. He never asked, "Do these people amuse me? Do I find them agreeable?" His only thought was, "Let me try to make their time pass pleasantly."

He wrote a few words some years ago in the album of Lia, a daughter of Princess Mélanie Metternich, a lovely little creature, just ten years of age, who died some months later of scarlet fever. Among her books the mother found one containing original verses, some most pathetic lines, bidding her brother farewell, and prophetic of her approaching death. The child had never shown them to any one, not even to her governess. I copied and sent them to Mr. Browning, and he thus wrote in answer:

I want to say how much touched I was by those dear innocencies of the poor sweet child a week before the end. The mother's discovery of that book, those unsuspected yearnings in verse, one cannot venture to try and realize that. I like to think that when the kind little creature asked me so prettily to write my name in her birthday book there went some sort of true sympathy (in the

asking) with a person she had heard was a "poet," not merely a stranger with a name other people told her they had heard of. Perhaps she was meaning to be herself a "poet." Well, she is passed into poetry, for all who knew her even so slightly as I.

besides the adverse floods and bridge-breakings, I was, for the first time in my life, literally lamed by what I took for an attack of rheumatism, which I caught just before leaving St. Pierre de Chartreuse, through my stupid inadvertence in sitting with a window open at my back,—reading

PALAZZO REZZONICO, BROWNING'S HOME AND THE PLACE OF HIS DEATH.

It is on the left side of the palace, at the corner above the little canal, that one may see the memorial tablet erected by the municipality of Venice:

A
ROBERTO BROWNING
MORTO IN QUESTO PALAZZO
IL 12 DICEMBRE 1889
VENEZIA
POSE

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

Some years ago an overflow of rivers, and consequent inundation of a part of the Venetian territory, interrupted for a time all communication between Venice and northern Italy. In a letter written at this fateful time, soon after his return to London, he said:

As for the failure to get to Venice, we, my sister and I, have only regretted it once, that is, uninterruptedly ever since. You must know that, the Iliad, all my excuse!—while clad in a thin summer suit, and snow on the hills and bitterness everywhere; . . . but this was no such slight matter at Bologna, and I fancied I might be absolutely crippled at Venice if I even managed to overcome all obstacles and get there. Of course now that what is done is done, I am tantalized with fancies of what might have been done otherwise. But, if I live and do well, be sure that I will go as early to Venice next year, and stay as late, as circumstances will allow.

A gifted friend of mine, who met Mr. Browning in my house, thus writes of him:

It was evident to me that he always strove to excuse the faults of others and overlook their weaknesses, gathering all, with his large charity, into the great brotherhood of humanity. But his indignation at anything low, base, or untrue was like a flash of fire. His whole face would change and glow as he denounced those who used their talents to corrupt the world, as he thought some of the modern French novelists do. No word was too scathing, no scorn too intense, for that great sin consciously committed.

In this connection I recollect that a certain lady, whom he had known slightly years ago in Rome, met him one day in the street and greeted him with, "Oh, Mr. Browning, you are the very person I wished to see!" This was somewhat embarrassing, as he did not recognize his former acquaintance in the least; so she hurriedly explained to him who she once had been—the wife of an English banker in Rome—and who she then was—the wife of an Italian counselor of prefecture.

"And what, pray, can I do for you?" asked Mr. Browning.

"I have written a poem," was her answer, "and I want you to read it and tell me what you think of it"; so there and then she brought forth a manuscript from her pocket, and was about to read it aloud in the street when he stopped her, saying:

"Not here, not here! Had we not better go into a shop?"

So, as they chanced to be near the library on the Piazza, they stepped into a book-shop, and the title and dedication of the poem were read. It was addressed to a French novelist, whom the author called "the Jenner of literature." Mr. Browning was displeased, but, as he said, he managed to conceal his real sentiments, only saying:

"I think I should be an unfair critic on such a subject. I should rather not hear the poem."

Surprised, the lady asked his reason. "Do you not think," she inquired, "that the portrayal of the evil existing in the world has the effect of making people fear and avoid it?"

"Not in the very least," he explained; "the exact contrary is the case. It tends to make people who sin occasionally consider themselves admirably virtuous as compared with those who commit sins every day and hour." So saying, he took leave of the poetess.

One of his great pleasures was to walk with my daughter through the little Venetian *calli*. He liked to find himself suddenly in one so narrow as to force him to close his umbrella, whether in sun or rain.

"Edith is the best cicerone in the world," he said; "she knows everything and teaches me all she knows. There never was such a guide."

In past years he had known little of the tortuous inner streets of Venice, so all was new to him. He sometimes fancied that he and his young companion had discovered a hitherto unknown bit of stone carving or bas-relief. I remember hearing him give a description of the tablet which marks the visit of Pope Alexander to Venice, which the two explorers had found in a dim, out-of-the-way corner, and he seemed so pleased that I dared not disappoint him by saying that its existence is mentioned in various guide-books. One of his favorite walks was to SS. Giovanni e Paolo to see the Colleoni, which he considered the finest equestrian statue in the world. He remarked that the artist was well named Verocchio, or "true eye," and related to us one day, in his own inimitable terse manner, the story of the checkered life of the great *condottiere*, and why his statue had been erected in Venice. He never passed a day without taking one or more long walks; indeed, his panacea for most ills was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking. He wrote:

I get as nearly angry as it is in me to become with people I love when they trifle with their health,—that is, with their life,—like children playing with jewels over a bridge-side, jewels which, once in the water, how can we, the poor lookers-on, hope to recover? You don't know how absolutely well I am after my walking, not on the mountains merely, but on the beloved Lido. Go there, if only to stand and be blown about by the sea-wind.

His long walks on the Lido were among his greatest pleasures. At one time he went there daily with his congenial friends Mr. and Mrs. Sargent Curtis. He would return full of color and health, talk of the light and life and fresh air with enthusiasm, combined with a sort of pity for those who had remained at home. "It is like coming into a room from the outer air," he said, "to reënter Venice after walking on the sea-shore."

When storms kept him by force in the house all day, he never complained; but one could see that it troubled him to find himself a prisoner. He would stand at the window and watch the sea-gulls as they sailed to and fro, their presence a sure sign of heavy storms in the Adriatic. He remarked upon their strength of wing and grace of flight, as they swept down to the wreaths and long lines of dark-green seaweed floating on the

surface of the canal between the house and the Church of the Salute. One day he observed: "I do not know why I never see in descriptions of Venice any mention of the sea-gulls; to me they are even more interesting than the doves of St. Mark."

Indeed, the white-winged creatures so charmed him that I often thought the world would see a poem from his pen to immortalize the birds. He admired the Salute, the sometimes adversely criticized Church of Our Lady of Health.

"Is it possible," he said, "that wise men disapprove of those quaint buttresses? To me they rise out of the sea like gigantic shells; but then I am not an architect, and only know what is beautiful to my own eyes."

One of his most charming traits was the readiness with which he always acquiesced when asked to read aloud his own poems. He accepted no thanks, saying in a genial manner: "It is very kind of you to wish to hear them; when shall it be?"

He liked especially to read for his friends the Curtises at the Palazzo Barbaro, where he felt at home, feeling certain that hosts and guests were sympathetic. The day and hour fixed, he allowed nothing to interfere with his intention. The sense of honor which showed itself in the smallest matters made it impossible for him to frame even a conventional excuse when his absence might disappoint others. Rather than break a promise he would brave a storm, or force himself to keep his word even when he justly complained that his throat was not quite as it should be. That word, once given, must be held to, despite all obstacles. Let me quote again from my friend's letter:

> His reading of his own poems was a never-to-be-forgotten delight—simple, direct, and virile as was the nature of the man. The graver portions he read in a quiet, almost introspective way, as if he were thinking it all out again. I remember once that in finishing the grand profession of faith at the end of "Saul" his voice failed him a very little, and when it was ended he turned his back to us, who were gathered about him in reverent silence, and laying the book quietly on the table, stood so for a moment. . . . He seemed as full of dramatic interest in reading "In a Balcony" as if he had just written it for our benefit. One who sat near him said that it was a natural sequence that the step of the guard should be heard coming to take Norbert to his doom, as, with a nature like the queen's, who had known only one hour of joy in her sterile life, vengeance swift and terrible would follow on the sudden destruction of her happiness.
>
> "Now, I don't quite think that," answered Browning, as if he were following out the play as a spectator. "The queen had a large and passionate temperament, which had only once been touched and brought into intense life. She would have died, as by a knife in her heart. The guard would have come to carry away her dead body."
>
> "But I imagine that most people interpret it as I do," was the reply.
>
> "Then," said Browning, with quick interest, "don't you think it would be well to put it in the stage directions, and have it seen that they were carrying her across the back of the stage?"
>
> Whether this was ever done I do not know; but it was wonderful to me, as showing the personal interest he took in his own creations.

He had a fund of simple playfulness which often comes with genius. One evening, after dinner at the Casa Alvisi, he was talking on the subject of certain music with the lady whose letter I have quoted, when he said suddenly:

"Come, I will play to you on the spinet in the anteroom."

So they went together, and found the place but partly lighted by one dim lamp. The spinet had no chair, so he knelt on the carpet before it, the light falling on his bent head, its snow-white hair, and on his small, eloquent hands. He played a little fugue of Bach, and finding that one or two of the ancient keys refused to do their work,—for the spinet was a curiosity, and not meant for use,—he said:

"Raise the wooden bar over the hammers; let us see if it will do better."

The lady obeyed, and all going well, he was threading some of the intricacies of the great maestro, when she, thinking still to improve the tone, lifted the bar higher, then all at once the little hammers, tipped with bits of crow-quill, freed from captivity, leaped into the air and fell lifeless on the strings. Then all was lost, and in the midst of suppressed laughter he said:

"Now you have ruined the instrument! Let us cover it quickly and go back."

So they covered over the destruction, and, like naughty children, lifted the portière and went back demurely to the drawing-room, making no confession of the crime. He would refer to this escapade with boyish amusement.

He was on friendly terms with one of the foreign residents in Venice, an old Russian prince, a man of intelligence and varied experience. Born in Rome in the beginning of the nineteenth century and educated in Russia, he afterward represented his country at the courts of Athens, Constantinople, and

Turin. At the latter place he was the friend of Cavour and of good service in maintaining friendly diplomatic relations between St. Petersburg and newly formed United Italy. Between him and Browning, therefore, numerous subjects of common interest existed, and their long conversations were enjoyed equally on both sides.

"I like Gagarin, with his crusty old port flavor," the poet says in one of his letters.

On one never-to-be-forgotten evening the subject of music took the place of old-time politics. To the great surprise of the prince, the poet recalled to his memory, and sang in a low, sweet voice, a number of folk-songs and national airs he had caught by ear during his short stay in Russia, more than fifty years before. First one would sing and then the other; if one hesitated for a note or phrase, the other could generally supply the deficiency, and with great spirit and mutual delight they continued the curious tournament for quite an hour. It was evident that the old music took them both back to the days of their youth. The Russian expressed himself amazed at the poet's musical memory. "It is better than my own, on which I have hitherto piqued myself not a little," he said at the time, and he often referred to the experience of that evening as the most remarkable proof of memory he ever met with.

Browning never failed to read the London daily papers, but seldom found time to look at those published in Venice. When he did take up one of the latter he would smile and say:

"Now listen to the iniquities committed in this wicked city yesterday!"

Then he would read aloud the police reports, which never recorded anything more serious than a petty theft of oars or *forcole, cavalli di gondola*, or, at the worst, some household linen—by a bold thief abstracted from its drying-place—to the value of five francs. Comparison of these delinquencies with those of similar columns in other lands was really a source of delight to the poet.

"How pleasant it is to be in the midst of so guileless a community!" he would say, with a genial laugh. On reading the necrologies, which often recorded the demise of some one "morte nella ancora fresca età di sessantacinque anni" (dead at the still youthful age of sixty-five), "They consider sixty-five an early death apparently," he said, with a smile.

A modern book was brought to his notice during his last sojourn (but one) in Venice. It is Tassini's "Curiosità Veneziane," which gives a history in brief of the old palaces, together with their divers legends; also the origin of the names of the streets and bridges. He was interested in this, and even mentions the book in a letter written after his return to London: "Tassini tempts me to dip into him whenever I pass the bookcase."

He was impressed by a story in this volume, which he afterward told in verse. It is published in "Asolando," and is entitled "Ponte dell' Angelo." Not content with Tassini's version of the legend, the poet looked it up in the "Annals of the Cappucini, by Father Boverio." He said nothing of this to any one until a certain day, when to the question, "Where would you like to go?" he answered promptly:

"To see the house of the Devil and the Advocate."

We rowed quickly to the place where three waterways meet, and where the Ponte dell' Angelo spans one of the narrow canals. Opposite stands the old Soranzo palace, with an angel carved in stone on the façade.

"Stop," he said to the gondolier, "broad-backed Luigi," as he always called him. "Do you know the story of that angel?"

"Si, signore."

"Then relate it."

The boatman at once proceeded to repeat most volubly in the Venetian dialect the tale, familiar to him from childhood.

"Do you think it is true, Luigi?" said the poet.

"Yes, sir, it is really true; it has been printed." The man's faith in the veracity of print amused the poet immensely.

He was much pleased on one occasion when Professor Nencioni came from Rome expressly to see him. Nencioni is perhaps the only Italian who has thoroughly mastered the difficulties of Browning's poetry, certainly the only one who has translated and written essays upon it, and one need hardly say that he is an enthusiastic admirer. Browning was already aware of this through a series of articles in the "Fanfulla della Domenica," published at Rome. Italian recognition of his work was especially gratifying to him for various reasons, and he welcomed this distinguished exponent of it with genuine gratitude and pleasure. "I subscribed to the paper at once," he said, with his usual frank geniality, "after reading your first kind notice of me."

Together with his clever young friend and "fellow-pilgrim" Carlo Placci the professor dined with the poet at Casa Alvisi. Every one was in the best of spirits, but to

recall such conversation is beyond my power. I only remember that in the evening Nencioni, speaking to me in an aside, said: "I have studied Browning since my early youth, when first I saw him in Siena. I consider that his work has qualities not to be found even in Shakspere; in fact in some respects I regard him as the superior of the two." After the professor had gone I said to the poet: "Do you know what your admirer says of you?"

"No; what?"

So I made myself a base tattler and repeated his words. The poet frowned and shook his head impatiently.

"No, no, no; I won't hear that. No one in the world will ever approach Shakspere; never."

So I repented my boldness, but fancied, nevertheless, he must have been somewhat pleased by what, in his modesty, he found an exaggerated expression of admiration. Indeed, this was but one of many instances which went to prove that, although he had a sincere consciousness of his own merit as a poet, he placed others far above himself. Nothing annoyed him more than comparisons so often made between himself and Tennyson, for whom he had a heartfelt appreciation. The slightest word of dispraise or faint praise of his friend and brother poet roused him to positive anger. His admirers frequently displeased him in this way, thinking to flatter him by some such expression of opinion, and his sharp, quick answer always punished their want of tact and discrimination.

In one of his later letters he says:

> Did you get a little book by Michael Field, "Long Ago," a number of poems written to *innestare* what fragmentary lines and words we have left of Sappho's poetry? . . . The author is a great genius, a friend we know. Do you like it?

In speaking afterward to me on the subject of this work, his praise was enthusiastic, and he added to his expressions of admiration for the author's genius his sorrow for the trouble and anxiety she had been lately called upon to bear.

IN Venice, as elsewhere, Browning rose early, and after a light breakfast went with his sister to the Public Gardens. They never failed to carry with them a store of cakes and fruits for the prisoned elephant, whose lonely fate was often pityingly alluded to by the poet, in whom a love of animals amounted to a passion. A large baboon, confined in what had once been a greenhouse, was also an object of special interest to him. This beast fortunately excited no commiseration, being healthy and content, and taking equal pleasure with the givers in his daily present of dainty food. After saying "Good morning" and "Good appetite" to these animals, he gave a passing salutation to a pair of beautiful gazelles, presented to the gardens by one of his friends; then a word of greeting to two merry marmosets, the gift of another friend; then a glance at the pelicans, the ostriches, and the quaint kangaroos: he had a word and a look for each, seeming to study them and almost to guess their thoughts. After this he made the tour of the gardens, three times round the inclosure with great exactness, and then returned to his temporary home in the Palazzo Giustiniani-Recanati.

On a certain day he met one of the servants, whose joy it was to wait upon him, carrying a rather heavy basket of grapes and other fruits on her arm.

"Oh, Giuseppina," he cried, "let me help you!" and seized the basket suddenly from her hand.

The woman, overwhelmed by such condescension, protested, "Troppo onore, signore."

"Nonsense!" said the poet. "You are always helping me; won't you allow me for once to help you?"

Still the woman resisted, saying, "It is not for such as you, O signore!"

This was more than he could bear.

"We are all made of the same clay, Giuseppina"; and gaining his point,—for who could withstand his will?—he held one handle of the basket until they reached the palace door.

This same worthy woman is fond of relating a story of her master which illustrates another side of his character. He had paid her weekly account, and there remained one centesimo as change. The woman showed the little coin, saying shyly, "I cannot offer this trifle to the signore."

"Yes, my good Giuseppina," he said, taking it from her hand; "it is one thing to be just and another to be generous; you do right to return it to me."

"And not long after this," continues the woman, "he made me such a grand present!"

The Giustiniani-Recanati palace was in some respects worthy of a poet's sojourn. It is one of the oldest in Venice, built in the fifteenth century, and has a fine façade, with Gothic windows looking out upon a court and garden, and a southern exposure.

It belongs to a lineal descendant of one of the most ancient and historically interesting families in Italy, the one in which the well-known circumstance of the marriage of a monk, by order of the Pope, occurred many centuries ago. The aroma of antiquity—and we may add sanctity, since many members of the family lived and died in the odor thereof—was a source of pleasure to the poet. He said once, "I am glad to have written some of my verses in the house of the Giustiniani," for his soul rejoiced in the heroic deeds and romantic records of bygone days.

It was curious to see that, on each one of his arrivals in Venice, he took up his life precisely as he had left it. On Sunday morning he always went with his sister to the same Waldensian chapel, in which they seemed to take great interest, especially enjoying the preaching of a certain eloquent pastor, whose name, I regret to say, I have forgotten. On the return from the brisk morning walk he read his newspapers and letters, answering each day a few among the many received from friends and admirers. He was amused, but never impatient, with the innumerable requests for autographs, some of which were written in illiterate and inelegant handwriting, many of them from the Western States and far California. When his instinct told him these were genuinely asked for, and not from the idly curious, he would answer them, unless, indeed, the number of important private letters took up too much of his precious time. When people asked him *viva voce* for an autograph, he looked puzzled, and said:

"I don't like to write always the same verse, yet I can remember only one."

Of course the person addressed replied: "I am grateful for anything whatever that comes to your mind." Then he would take up his pen at once and write:

All that I know of a certain star, etc.

Sometimes, when in a merry mood, he wrote this verse in so fine a handwriting that only such extraordinary eyesight as his own could decipher it, and on one occasion, in the same microscopic calligraphy, he wrote Mrs. Barbauld's lines,

Life! we 've been long together, etc.,

saying, after he had read it aloud, "If she had never written aught but that one verse she would deserve to be forever remembered."

I recollect an amusing incident apropos of autographs. A Venetian banker had asked, through me, an autograph for his daughter's album. Browning said, "I really cannot write always the same thing"; then, after a pause, he exclaimed, "Ah, now I have it," and seating himself at a table, he quickly wrote a verse which I had often heard him quote and laugh at, about pence and pounds, a variety of the well-known proverb. Edith said timidly:

"But will they not find that rather personal?"

The poet thought a moment, and laughing heartily, said: "I believe you are right, my dear; here, keep this for yourself, and I will write something else for the banker's daughter."

He could not possibly have managed to keep pace with his large correspondence but for the aid of his sister, his guardian angel, who helped him in this as in many other ways—not obtrusively, for she knew his strong spirit of independence, but with the fine tact that can be inspired by intense affection only, combined with a high order of intelligence. The most perfect understanding existed between the two, and the devotion of the sister to the supremely endowed brother was appreciated and admired by all who were privileged to observe it. At midday these two dear friends took their second breakfast together, ordering by preference Italian dishes, such as *risotto*, macaroni, and all fruits in their season, especially grapes and figs. They enjoyed their novel menus and tête-à-tête repasts, talking and laughing the while, and approving especially of the cook's manner of treating ortolans, of which "mouthfuls for cardinals" the poet writes so amusingly in the prologue to "Ferishtah's Fancies." About three o'clock they went out in a gondola. To the question, "Where shall we go?" the answer was:

"Anywhere. All is beautiful, but let it be toward the Lido."

They seldom wished to make formal visits, though they were scrupulously exact in returning those which, as he always said, people were "kind enough to make him."

Sometimes, though rarely, they wandered through the antiquity shops. The poet had a keen flair for good bric-à-brac, and had an especial liking for tapestry and old carved furniture. He seldom sought for them, but his eye seized quickly upon an object of interest or value. He never hesitated or changed his mind; his intuition was always correct. A purchase once made, he was as thoroughly delighted as if the particular

object were the first bibelot he had ever had the good luck to acquire. Like a child with a new toy, he would carry it himself (size and weight permitting) into the gondola, rejoice over his chance in finding it, and descant eloquently upon its intrinsic merits. In this, as in every other phase of his character, he was entirely unspoiled. Then he would explain minutely where the object should be placed in the London house, and add significantly, "I never buy anything without knowing exactly what I wish to do with it," which was quite true, as his mind was unfailingly clear from great things to trifles. "You might take this lesson from me, if none other," he said to me playfully; for he disapproved of the habit of buying useless things in a vague manner only because they were old and pretty.

He never expressed a wish to "see sights" in the tourist manner, but would occasionally visit such churches as SS. Giovanni e Paolo or the Frari, and study the monuments with close attention. These seemed to interest him more than old pictures, and he examined carefully, on one occasion, the marble carvings of the Miracoli within and without, which he called a "jewel of a church." The ancient palaces with their strangely varied façades were always interesting and suggestive to him; we see how suggestive in that wonderful short poem called "In a Gondola," in which he pictures Venice, it seems to me, as no one else in prose or verse has ever depicted the sea-city.

About five o'clock, when we returned to the Alvisi for tea, the poet would sometimes say, "Excuse me for to-day," and retire to his own apartments in the Giustiniani. He never gave nor was asked his reason for doing so; it was enough that he wished it. At other times he would join us at the tea-table and talk with equal facility in English, French, or Italian with visitors who chanced to be present. Occasionally, to our great delight, he would say, "Edith dear, you may give me a cup of tea to-day"; but, as a rule, he abstained from what he considered a somewhat unhygienic beverage if taken before dinner. When it so pleased them the brother and sister went together to their own rooms, and punctually at half-past seven returned to dine at Casa Alvisi. The poet, unlike many men of letters, was always scrupulously careful in his dress, especially in his dinner-hour toilet. His sister wore beautiful gowns of rich and somber tints, and appeared each day in a different and most dainty French cap and quaint antique jewels. They were both so genial and content that, puzzle the brain as one might, it was impossible to know whether the quiet family dinner or the presence of guests was the more agreeable to them. In face of the doubt we decided on the latter; it seemed selfish to do otherwise, and we were rarely without common friends to share the pleasure of the poet's conversation. If the direct question were asked on this subject, the invariable answer was, "Do as you please; you know we are always perfectly happy."

Browning's strong dramatic instinct made him take intense pleasure in plays, whether written or acted. Though he was rarely seen at the theater in London, he greatly enjoyed a "short season" at the Goldoni, where he went every night to see Gallina's clever Venetian comedies. He had two boxes thrown into one, and seated in an arm-chair quite at his ease, he followed each play with the deepest interest, never taking his eyes off the stage until the fall of the curtain. Gallina was invited during an entr'acte to come into the box to be presented to the poet and hear from his own lips an expression of genuine admiration for his work. The Italian was pleased and flattered, as may be easily imagined, for Browning's art of praise was as distinguishing a characteristic as was his art of dedication, which caused some one to style him the "Prince of Dedicators." It was a combination of judgment and enthusiasm, so turned that each word should have its due "specific gravity," and of which there should be neither too many nor too few.

Each night after the play Gallina waited at the door of the theater to see the poet pass, and the latter invariably turned a few steps out of his way to exchange a hearty hand-shake with his "brother dramatist," as he liked to call him. Browning's large and genial nature made him always wish to express his thanks, either for favors received, the occasion for which happened rarely in his independent mode of life, or for pleasures procured to him by any one, author or actor; whoever it might be, he always longed to say the words, "I thank you." The following extract from one of his letters, written at Primiero, is an illustration of this:

> The little train from Montebelluna to Feltre was crowded; we could find no room except in a smoking-carriage, wherein I observed a good-natured elderly gentleman—an Italian, I took for granted. Presently he said, "Can I offer you an English paper?"
>
> "What, are you English?"

"Oh, yes, and I know that you are going to see your son at Primiero."

"Why, who can you be?"

"One who has seen you often."

"Not surely Mr. Maledin?"

"Well, nobody else."

So ensued an affectionate greeting, he having been the guardian angel of Pen in all his chafferings about the purchase of the palazzo. He gave me abundance of information, and satisfied me on many points.

The time of year which Browning always gave to his sojourns in Venice was one which all the great Venetian families pass in their country homes, so that comparatively few among them had the pleasure of the illustrious stranger's acquaintance. Among these few the Countess Marcello was a favorite of his, and he accepted, for himself and his sister, her invitation to pass a day at her villa at Mogliano. The day was bright and beautiful, and he seemed to enjoy the short hour's journey by rail, and to admire the smiling country about him. The countess, with several of her children, met us at the little station, and we were quickly whirled away, the younger people with their ponies, the elders in a comfortable landau, through the country road and pretty park to a villa of simple yet imposing architecture. On one side of the house is a sun-dial with the familiar motto (in Latin), "I count only the hours of sunshine," and the lawns near the house bear English mottos in flowers and colored plants, together with the device of the countess, a trefoil joined by letters to form her name, Andriana. After luncheon we all repaired to the tennis-ground, past the deer-houses and through a stately avenue of ancient beech-trees whose great branches met and interlaced far above our heads, making a gigantic arbor. The young people gave up their usual games and seated themselves on rustic benches, listening attentively to every word from the poet's lips. A Venetian sculptor, who chanced to be one of the guests, hid himself behind a group of trees, and peeping through their trunks from his coign of vantage, drew in his album a fairly good portrait of Browning. The countess, who was Queen Margherita's favorite lady of honor, showed the poet a specimen of the handwriting of her royal mistress, which he greatly admired, as being at once forcible and graceful.

Before the hour of departure, the daughter of the house, a young and very lovely creature, asked the favor that Mr. Browning should write in her album.

"With the greatest pleasure," he said, "but I am ashamed to say I remember only one verse."

Every one smiled at this, and the poet, as usual, wrote "My Star." When the *contessina* looked at it, she exclaimed: "This is one of my favorites. See, I have copied it in my book of verses"; and turning over the pages, she showed the poem, neatly written out by her own hand, among many others by the same author. Browning was surprised to find his writings understood and admired by this fair young foreigner, and complimented her on her proficiency in so difficult a language, adding, with a smile: "Even English girls do not find my poems easy to read, you know." Then he said: "Let us compare the verses, the one you have copied and the one I have written; I am sure we shall find some mistake."

There were indeed a few errors, and as he corrected them he said: "See what a service you have rendered me. I should have left the verse full of faults if you had not been able to correct me."

The girl flushed with pleasure, which made her beauty still more apparent. In speaking afterward of this most agreeable visit, Browning gave a glowing description of the beautiful mother and her children. "It is like an English family," he said, which was the highest praise he could bestow.

At the railway-station, while we were awaiting the arrival of the train, a young Italian litterateur asked to be presented to Browning. The countess introduced him as "one who has already distinguished himself in the world of letters," which was of course a passport to the poet's interest. They talked together until forced to part by the shrill whistle of warning, and then came cordial farewells to all who had accompanied us to the station.

"He seems a youth of promise," said Browning, as we sped Venice-ward; "I liked him. I hope he will do well and that I shall hear of him again."

Unluckily, when next his name was mentioned, it was in connection with a series of lectures announced in the papers as "twelve lectures on Zola," which, as may be supposed, the poet expressed no desire to attend.

All who strove to attain in art or literature interested him. Each one struck, with more or less force, his most responsive chord. He was pleased, on the occasion of one of his readings at the Palazzo Barbaro, to meet the novelist Castelnuovo, and mentioned an incident which had long before made the

writer's name familiar to his ear. He related how, on his second visit to Asolo, whither he had taken his sister to bear witness to the wisdom of his early admiration for the place, they found themselves without a book of any sort, an unusual position for book-lovers such as they. The poet went out in search of something or anything readable in the little town, where book-shops are even now unknown. He found one volume only, in a paper-shop I think it was, containing a series of short stories by Castelnuovo, entitled "Alla Fenestra." The brother and sister were both delighted with the book, and ever after procured for themselves each work by the same author as soon as it was given to the public.

Browning's memory is still green in Asolo, where many of the citizens remember him well, where his son owns not only Pippa's Tower, erected after his father's death, but other houses with fine outlooks over the Venetian plain. The small museum in the town hall has the son's bust of his father in plaster, and other relics of the poet who so doted on Asolo. These rambling reminiscences of hours spent with him in Asolo and Venice may have the good fortune to bring him in spirit nearer to his admirers, for I have striven to give an exact report of the man and his character as they appeared to me during an unbroken friendship of many years.

A VENETIAN SANDOLO.

THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

OH, that bend of the road, how it baffles, yet beckons!
What lies there beyond—less or more than heart reckons?
What ends, what begins, there where sight fails to follow?
Does the road climb to heaven, or dip to the hollow?
Oh, what glory of greenness, what lights interlacing,
What softness of shadow, what bounty of spacing,
What refreshment of change—aye, what beauty Elysian
The sweep of that curve may deny to the vision!
Oh, my soul yearns for sight! Oh, my feet long to follow,
Swift-winged with sweet hope as with wings of a swallow!
Though lonely the way, void of song, void of laughter,
I must go to the end—I must know what comes after!

LITTLE STORIES.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

I. A MAN AND A WOMAN.

IT was midnight and very dark. At times the moon shone clear between hurrying storm-clouds. The river was in flood and over the wharves. The waters, checked by the stone piers, rose high, and swept in tumult under the arches of the bridge. Over it a man walked with quick steps, stood still midway, and stared at the black current as it swept on with here and there flashes of foam.

Along the farther footway a woman moved slowly. The man climbed to the parapet and threw himself into the flood.

He rose, aware of the instinctive desire to live. But death was sweeter. He threw up his arms that he might sink, and have his will, and die. A white thing went by him. Something stronger than the longing for death mastered him. He caught at the woman, and held up her head. He must save her—he knew that. He set his skilled strength to the task. The flashes of light on the water went by. The woman made no struggle. At last there were no more wharves, and all was dark. He felt the water to be less wilful. By degrees he neared the shore, touched with his feet the soft ooze beneath, and staggered up a grass slope with his burden. Was she dead? It seemed horrible. No! He felt her heart beat. She was young and slight; more he could not see.

He laid her down, and began to move and chafe her limbs, saying to himself: "Why did I save her? She had a right to choose death." Then he laughed low, and said aloud: "But it is she who has saved me—and here am I with a half-dead woman I have pulled out of the water with no more thought than a dog gives to the stick he fetches!"

As he thus murmured, he did not cease from his efforts. After a little, disturbed at his failure, he remembered what he must do. He set his mouth to hers, and breathed into her the breath of life. A strange joy came to him, as he knew that her bosom moved, and she drew breath after breath. He sat beside her, rubbing her hands, not knowing what more to do. Again and again she moved, and at last the hand he held closed feebly on his—although the woman was still but half alive. The weak grasp was like an appeal, and the man knew that he had here a thing to care for and assist—a woman—another woman!

The night darkened, and suddenly he heard her say:

"Where am I?"

He rose in haste, murmuring:

"My God! it is my wife!"

He turned to leave her, but could not. Then, as she seemed less conscious, he began again to chafe her limbs.

An hour went by while she muttered, wandering in her speech. The man listened, still rubbing her limbs with slow, mechanic action. At last she sat up of a sudden and, seeing nothing clearly, for the night was very dark, said:

"What is all this? Who are you?"

"I am Harry—Stilla, you are safe."

The woman rose to her knees with a faint cry, and fell back into his arms, crying:

"But I wanted to die! Oh, I did want to die! You saved me—why did you save me?"

"I do not know."

"But I know—you tried to save an unknown woman. Thank you for her, but oh, not—not for me."

He told her the truth, and what he had done.

"I am dead—and am alive again. Will you—oh, will you believe me, Harry? As one come from the dead you must, you must."

"Yes, I will believe you."

"I never—did. They lied—"

"I believe you, Stilla."

"Let us go. I am cold."

He helped her to rise, and then, finding her too feeble to walk, took her in his arms.

"See," he said, "the moon is out. There is light—light!"

THE DON'T HURRY CLUB.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

WITH PICTURES BY A. I. KELLER.

AFTER which Chalmers lit a cigarette, and leaned back to puff at it more comfortably.

"And that 's the very last hurrying I 'm ever going to do," he said, with decision. "I 've finished that story and delivered the manuscript on time, but I had to hurry to do it, and I did n't eat right, and I did n't sleep right, and I 've lost twenty pounds of flesh in the operation. Now I 'm through. Hereafter when I undertake a job I mean to allow myself plenty of time and to spare. Hurry, hurry, hurry! I 've been hurrying for thirty-five years. As a child I was hurried to get up, hurried to school, hurried home, and hurried to bed. As a man I 've hurried still more—hurried to catch trains and cars, hurried to meals and appointments. I 've dressed in a hurry, eaten in a hurry, worked in a hurry, and it 's a wonder I did n't die in a hurry. Now I 'm done. I 've hurried for the last time."

He paused and puffed with deliberate luxury, breathing a liberal quantity of smoke and defiance. We had drifted into The Players for luncheon, and a number of congenial spirits had gathered about our table to hear Chalmers talk. Chalmers is convincing when he talks. It is his enthusiasm, I suppose, and his New England conscience, which, among other things, stands for absolute sincerity. Those who had gathered nodded approval. I would not like to say that the fact of Chalmers having a stunning sister, whose favor, though much to be desired, I was by no means sure of, did not influence somewhat the heartiness of my own indorsement. At all events, he addressed his next remarks to me.

"Bob," he continued, "I 'm going to organize a new club. I 'll commence right here, and you fellows can be charter members. There 's a Don't Worry Club already, but this is better. It 's a Don't Hurry Club. If you don't hurry you don't worry, and when people hear of my Don't Hurry Club, they 'll all want to join, and the Don't Worry Club will go out of business. Come, now, who wants to join? Don't all speak at once."

We all did speak, though perhaps I was a trifle in advance of the others. To a man we said it was a good thing, and just what the generation needed. We agreed that the world was moving too fast, and that people were getting no real good out of life, because they did not take time to enjoy things as they went along.

"We must have a badge," suggested Dixon, who drew pictures and saw artistic possibilities ahead—"a badge with a tortoise on it."

Little Crosby dissented. He was an art editor, and his passion for "turning down" Dixon's suggestions was strong.

"Not a tortoise, but a snail. The tortoise has made a record for speed. The snail never has. A snail by all means, or a messenger-boy."

"I know a good motto," put in Merriton, who, like Chalmers, wrote things, but who was notoriously dilatory in his accomplishments. "I adopted it long ago. It 's Latin. 'Lettum wate durnum'—is n't that good Latin, Tom?"

But Chalmers's early training asserted itself.

"There 's a line from the Bible," he said; "it 's in Isaiah, and it covers the ground better than anything I know. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' That 's our motto, and the whole thing in a nutshell. It 's faith that we must have—a sure knowledge that it is unwise to hurry, and an unfaltering trust in the perfect result to follow. Instead of that we are told to 'step lively,' and we jostle and crowd like cattle. 'Step lively' has become the eleventh commandment, and stepping lively is the curse of the generation. I am going to break that commandment and remove some of the curse. I 'm going to begin now, and I want to know how many of you fellows will help me. How many of you fellows will refuse to 'step lively'? How many will pledge themselves not to hurry or be hurried for twenty-four hours? We 'll make that the time of probation. If a man in this city can quit hurrying for twenty-four hours he can quit for good. To-morrow night we 'll meet and report. I invite all who agree out to my house for the evening. There 'll be something to smoke, and other refreshments. How many of this five, besides myself, will be there?"

There was no dissenting voice. We all knew the hospitality of Tom Chalmers's country cottage, and the beauty and accomplishments of Tom Chalmers's sister. I was altogether disgusted at the eagerness with which little Crosby leaped at the opportunity. Only Merriton, the dilatory, asked:

"I suppose there need be no haste in getting there. Any time before next morning will do for a Don't Hurry Club?"

Chalmers regarded him severely.

"There is a difference between haste and promptness, Merriton. It is not the purpose of this club to encourage procrastination or careless indifference to one's duties. Its purpose is to develop forethought and deliberate action under all conditions. Promptness will be one of the first and best results."

Merriton's countenance became rather rueful.

"I thought I was going to be a star member," he said. "Now it begins to look like a dilemma with horns on it. I must n't hurry to get there, but I must get there. I suppose there 's no handicap on starting early, is there, Chalmers?"

"None. You may start now if you like. It takes thirty minutes to get out there by train. By starting now I think that even you, Merriton, might manage to arrive by to-morrow night."

We rose, strong in the faith, and determined in our resolve. I had the usual pile of letters on my desk, and a good many other things. It had been my custom to scrawl something that purported to be an answer to each of these, and so get rid of the mass by evening. Upon my return now I calmly took up one letter, calmly read it, then quietly answered it in full. I had n't done such a thing before for years. I leaned back and approved of myself. Then very calmly I read and considered and answered another. Why, it was bliss. The Don't Hurry Club was to be the greatest boon of the century.

It is true that the pile of letters grew during the afternoon, and had grown still more the next morning. Like Longfellow's turnip, it grew and it grew. Still I did not falter, or at least not much, in my good work. Bess Chalmers usually approved of her brother's undertakings, and I wanted to be in fairly good standing when night came. I had seen none of the others since our agreement, but about four o'clock there came a line from Chalmers at The Players.

DEAR BOB: Come around here when you are through, and I 'll take you out with me to dinner. I want to talk about ways and means before the others get there, and I want you to see how the plan works in my own household. Bess has fallen right in with the idea, and we feel that we 've been emancipated. Last night there was an alarm of fire next door. Usually we should have dashed out half dressed and altogether disreputable, to get in everybody's way and be of assistance to nobody. As it was, I remembered and called out the line from Isaiah to Bess, after which we dressed calmly and completely, and went down as correctly as if we were going to an evening with Browning. It was a false alarm, but it shows what we can do, and as a fire-drill of the Don't Hurry Club was a success. Bess is enthusiastic, and we 've developed a lot of new possibilities. Come, then, and be here by 5:10 sharp, so we can get the 5:28 train. That is, if you can do so without hurrying. Don't hurry! There are other trains, and though Bess will likely have dinner on the table at six, she will understand if we don't get there. Of course promptness is always commendable, while haste never is. The way of promptness is the path to plenitude, while that of haste is the highway to hunger. That 's the sort of thing I 'm turning off now.

Rather neat, don't you think so? Come, then, with promptness, perhaps, but without haste.

Deliberately,
CHALMERS.

I had not expected this, and it made my position somewhat difficult. I did not really hurry, perhaps, at least not in the old way, but a strict regard for the verities wrings from me the confession that during my last few moments in the office I did move about with some activity. Indeed, I felt quite like my former self when, at 5:05, I fell into the elevator, which landed me on the pavement just in time to connect with The Players and Chalmers and the 5:28 and Bess's six-o'clock dinner without missing a move at any point along the line.

"Did you ever see anything work more beautifully?" Chalmers asked triumphantly, as we entered his cozy little cottage at Cloverdale, and found the dinner smoking hot on the table, with Bess radiantly beautiful in the joy of our prompt arrival. "Not a step of hurry—just ordinary promptness and foresight. Allow yourself plenty of time, old man, always plenty of time, and then move with deliberation and calmness. When people try to hurry you, don't allow yourself to be disturbed."

I assented. I would have agreed to any statement made by Tom Chalmers while his sister sat just across the table, yet I could not help wondering vaguely whether matters would have been so perfectly adjusted if I had allowed Chalmers himself to wait long enough to miss the 5:28 train, the smoking-hot dinner, and radiant Bess.

"Tom has made a new maxim," observed Miss Chalmers, "or an axiom, or something. It 's about promptness and plenitude—"

"And haste and hunger," I supplemented. "I have had already a taste of that alliterative wisdom, which accounts both for my being here on time, as well as for my good appetite for a hot dinner."

Chalmers regarded me severely.

"You did n't hurry, of course, after what I said in my note?"

"Oh, no—that is, I could n't, you know, after what you said. But one must move with a certain agility and vigor in order to be quite prompt, don't you see? That was your idea, was n't it, to be prompt?"

"Certainly. Promptness without haste. That is the secret of happiness."

"So I gathered from your note. It is true that in my pursuit of promptness I dipped my mucilage-brush in the ink, upset a card index, and pinched my fingers in closing the desk, but these were mere accidents. I have done the same things many times, with far less inducement."

A surreptitious glance convinced me that Miss Chalmers had not missed this delicate tribute, while her brother Tom, after regarding me rather solemnly for a moment, mounted his new hobby, which he proceeded to ride during what I now recall as a most delightful dinner.

Haste, he said, was against nature. Promptness was its very soul. The planets never hurried in their movements, yet they were always on time to the instant. The world, which in the beginning had made a revolution in twenty-four hours, did not, to keep pace with feverish humanity, revolve now in six, but in the same measured period that had been its inheritance from the ages. Seasons came and went as they had done through all time. The seeds sprouted no quicker, the fruit came no sooner to maturity. Within the earth precious minerals required ages to form. The gold nugget and the diamond crystal were not the product of a moment or a century, but of some vast eon of time. Even animal life, left undisturbed by man, had gone on in the same old fashion that had characterized it in the Garden of Eden. It was preposterous that men alone should have inoculated their veins with a fever to lay waste, destroy, and at last annihilate. It was lack of faith, he declared, an utter and terrible lack of faith in the Great Universal Scheme, and he concluded by quoting once more the line from Isaiah, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

I feel that I have not presented the case as well as Chalmers did. Tom talks well, as I have suggested, and then his manner carries you along. Miss Chalmers and I listened and nodded assent, and altogether entered into the spirit of her brother's enthusiasm.

I confess that I should have done so whatever had been his doctrines. I was in that state of mind which indorses anything advanced or approved by the one fair she across the table, whose every look is rapture, whose every word is joy.

Yet I was anxious not to appear too eager, too clearly personal, in my indorsement of her brother's philosophies. I even raised a mild objection here and there, suggesting that, in order not to disturb the existing scheme of things,—in the matter of catching trains, for instance,—it became necessary at times to act with an expedition which might, by certain thoughtless persons, be misconstrued as haste.

"'MERRITON,' HE SAID MOURNFULLY, 'YOU 'VE BEEN HURRYING.'"

But Chalmers would not concede a point. It was all wrong, he maintained. Two wrongs never made a right, and in any scheme there was nothing worth preserving if it depended on haste. As for trains, he would show me, in the morning, something definite in that line, and how taking a suburban train might be made an esthetic recreation instead of the disgraceful, nerve-destroying scramble it only too often became. There would be no sense of haste or anxiety anywhere. I should see.

In the parlor we held a sort of preliminary meeting. Crosby and Dixon had not arrived as yet, while Merriton, the dilatory and irresponsible, would come very late, of course, or, still more likely, not come at all.

We agreed that, for the present at least, the organizer of the new club should be its president; also that I would probably be acceptable as temporary vice-president, the office of secretary naturally falling to Miss Chalmers.

Knowing that our headquarters were to be the Chalmers cottage, I suggested that, in the beginning at least, meetings of the officers should be held as frequently as possible, to which both secretary and president heartily agreed. Altogether the prospect was delightful, and we fell to discussing ways and means and possibilities with an ecstasy and extravagance that were the natural result of Chalmers's ample imagination, and my own mental fervency, born of love.

When the clock struck nine we suddenly remembered that Dixon and Crosby were still to come, with Merriton as a possibility. For my part, I should have been glad to know they were not coming at all; but Chalmers was not quite in my condition, besides having a New England conscience, as I have said.

When the half-hour struck he showed signs of impatience.

"It 's all right not to hurry," he said, "but they can't get here now before 10:30. I did n't expect anything better of Merriton, but Dixon and little Crosby, I thought, would at least be—"

There was a step on the piazza, followed by a ring.

"They 're here now," he added. "They 've been loitering from the station. They have n't caught the true spirit of the movement. I shall recite to them my maxim about promptness and plenitude, and haste—"

The servant's voice was greeting some one in the hall. Then there was another voice and what seemed to us considerable delay. Then the door opened—rather hesitatingly, it seemed to us—to admit—Merriton.

Yes, it was Merriton. We felt sure of that, though I don't remember now by just what features we identified him. Not by his face, certainly, for that was streaked and bespattered beyond the line of semblance. Not by his clothes, for they were still fur-

ther disfigured. There were large stains upon both knees. Deep rents began at the hem and extended upward. Dismantled pockets gaped and hung wretchedly, while mud and the stains of mud possessed and dishonored the fragmentary remains. The attempt made outside to remove it had been well for the carpets, but had been of no special benefit to Merriton.

I suspect that it was by his attitude that we knew him. That outline of humiliation and penitence we had seen before. Merriton meant well, but his good intentions had most frequently paved a pathway to remorse. As he stood there blinking in the full light of the parlor, we knew not whether to laugh or to commiserate him. Chalmers was first to find speech.

"Merriton," he said mournfully, "you 've been hurrying."

The figure in the doorway nodded miserably.

"I—I 'm afraid I have a—a little," he said weakly. "You see, I—I wanted for once to be on time. So I started in good season and did n't hurry. I got to the station all right, just on time—worked like a charm. Then I took the train. There 's where I first fell down—figuratively, of course, that time. It was the train that branches off at Oakwood. I saw people running, so I suppose the Cloverdale train must have been on ahead somewhere. I would n't run, of course, and I got on the car that stood there handy. When we passed Oakwood I waited and waited for them to call Cloverdale. I knew that it ought to be only a minute or two. When the fellow did call, it was John's Bay, and I was seven miles from this house. There was no way to get here by train before 10:30, so I walked across country. I suppose I forgot myself sometimes and ran. I—I did n't mean to, but it 's dark and cloudy, and twice I got off the road. Once I got into some brush on a side-hill and fell into the brook at the bottom. I did n't seem to be able to get back up the hill through the blackberries, so I followed the brook quite a distance till I came to an open place. Then I had lost a good deal of time, and maybe I hurried a little to catch up. Brooks and brush, after a rain, are not very good for evening dress, so perhaps I 'd better get back to town by the next train—"

He stopped, seeing that Chalmers was about to speak. For my own part, I had only pity and sympathy for the delinquent, while the face of Miss Chalmers was filled with the spirit of forgiveness. Tom, however, regarded the matter somewhat differently.

"Merriton," he began, with dignified severity, "I regret exceedingly to see you before me in this plight. As president of the Don't Hurry Club, whose main object is that serene calm and deliberate attention to details, the result of which is perfect peace of mind and dignity of bearing, I am obliged to reprimand you before the members present. Merriton, you are—"

"Here," supplied the offender, in weak triumph. "I 'm here, and that seems to be more than the others are. I don't see Crosby and Dixon present."

There came a clang at the door-bell as he spoke.

"You shall see them immediately," said Chalmers, and there was a shade of triumph in his voice. "As I was saying, Merriton, you are—"

But the door opened at that instant, and instead of Dixon and Crosby, the servant entered with two telegrams. Chalmers reached for them, and with an expedition that was hardly consistent with his office, pulled off the covers. Then he read them aloud. The first was from Dixon.

CITY HOSPITAL, Ward 26.
Refused to step lively. Dragged two blocks. Laid up for ten days. Will sue company.

The other wire was from Crosby.

JEFFERSON MARKET JAIL, Cell 7.
Would n't step lively. Altercation and arrest. Trial ten to-morrow. Want bail to-night.

No one spoke. Chalmers's eyes wandered from the telegrams to me, thence to his sister, finally resting on the pitiful object in the doorway. The sight of Merriton recalled his immediate duty.

"As I was saying, Merriton," he resumed sternly, "you are a disgrace to the organization."

The victim of brook and brier nodded humbly.

"And I suppose you consider *those* fellows shining lights," he said.

"I do. They have had the courage of their convictions, and are martyrs to a cause."

Beneath Merriton's splash and stain there flickered a smile.

"Yes, that 's so," he said, "and I suppose it does n't take courage or convictions to get in my fix; but I know one thing, I 'd rather be in jail than here."

Then the tension broke. Bess Chalmers

went forward and gave the unfortunate a welcome that was as cordial as conditions would permit, while her brother, relenting, suggested a change of raiment supplied from his own wardrobe, and began immediate plans for the release of the noble but incarcerated Crosby.

Merriton said: "I can fix that, I think, if I can get back to town. I knew all those Jefferson Market people when I was on the 'Shiner,' and they 'll take me, if the bail is n't too big."

"You can get a train back to town in thirty minutes," rejoiced Chalmers. "Bob and I 'll help you dress, so you won't need to hurry, and I 'll take you to the train, so you can't miss it. Tell Crosby I 'll be on hand at ten to-morrow sure, and you 'd better call on poor old Dixon to-night, too, if you can."

We got Merriton into some things with a promptness that, under the circumstances, could hardly be called undue haste. Then with Chalmers he disappeared into the night, and the vice-president and secretary of the Don't Hurry Club were left to continue its first meeting alone.

I cannot furnish a full report of this part of the meeting. If the secretary made any minutes of it, she has thus far failed to produce them. I knew that Chalmers would be back in twenty minutes, and there seemed a good deal to be done in the interval. Still, as I have said before, under the circumstances, I don't think there was undue haste—that is, not much. Indeed, fully ten minutes of the precious time had elapsed before the secretary was obliged to call my attention to the fact that I was vice-president of the new Don't Hurry Club. I may have been holding her hand at the time, or perhaps I took it just afterward.

"Yes, I know," I argued, "but I am not hurrying. I have known Tom for ages, and I feel as if I had known you as long. I have loved you ever since I first saw you more than a year ago. You must have seen that."

"But what about Tom? He would be alone, don't you see?"

"Not at all. He has said dozens of times that he and I ought to have a place together. I will take one in town, and we will come out here summers. So, part of the time Tom will live with us, and the rest of the time we will live with him."

"But we ought not to hurry, you know. We ought to—"

"Be prompt—yes, of course. That is what Tom says, and I agree with him."

"But we really should consult Tom first; and I ought to have time to think—"

My ear caught the sound of a step on the pavement—a quick, firm step like that of Tom Chalmers. My heart had completely forgotten that this was a meeting of the Don't Hurry Club, and that, like Dixon and Crosby, we were supposed to be two of its shining lights.

"Yes, oh, yes, of course," I urged feverishly. "But, Miss Chalmers—I—oh, Bess, Tom will be here in another second! Say yes, now—quick, sweetheart, and let 's do the thinking and consulting afterward!"

And then I don't remember just what did happen,—there are no minutes,—but when, a few seconds later, the president of the Don't Hurry Club arrived he found the secretary rather flushed from stirring a grate wherein there had been no fire for weeks, and the vice-president altogether triumphant over the club's first meeting.

"THERE are trains up to 9:38," said Chalmers, as we met in the breakfast-room next morning. "We 'll have to take an earlier one to get to Jefferson Market by ten. There 's one at 8:39. We could get that without any difficulty, but it 's a way-train, while the next one at 8:50 is an express that gets there almost as soon, besides giving us eleven more minutes here. We must n't fail to get that one, though. I would n't miss being at Jefferson Market at ten o'clock for considerable. I 'm going to have something to say on this question of being made to step lively and rush and tumble through life. The Don't Hurry Club is going to get some free advertising. I was awake half the night preparing a little address to the court. It 's a defense of Crosby, and incidentally a plea for more deliberate action—more complaisant lives.

"I keep my watch exactly with railway-time," he added, "so that by starting right I need never hurry the least bit, but may walk along leisurely, listening to the birds, and drinking in the real bloom and joy of suburban life. In fact, since we 've begun the new régime my walk to the train has been a positive luxury, instead of the unhappy exhibition of former times. It is no longer a question of 'catching' or 'making' the train, but of calmly selecting the one desired, and of leisurely walking to meet it; then of boarding it without eagerness and without haste. It was so last night, when I walked over with Merriton. We had no time to waste, of course, but we did not hurry.

I called Merriton's attention to the pleasures of deliberate promptness as we went along. He seemed a good deal impressed, and I hope will remember the difference between our quiet walk and his own disgraceful experience."

Chalmers spoke as if the new system had been in vogue for months. I did not have the heart to remind him that less than a week before he had been living and working and catching trains at the pace that kills. He seemed so very established, somehow, in his reformation. Bess came in just then, more radiant than ever, in her fresh morning attire. She greeted me with a quick, firm hand-pressure that was delightfully different from any former greeting, and that set my pulse a-going. Chalmers now consulted his watch.

"It 's just eight," he said. "We will leave the house at precisely 8:40, which gives us ten minutes for the walk. In the old days I often covered it in five. I have done it in three. It was a spectacular performance."

"Are you sure of your watch?" I asked.

"Oh, Tom's watch is all right," laughed Bess. "He compares it every day, and all the neighbors regulate theirs by his."

"It 's a great thing to be sure of," Chalmers added. "One never need be uneasy then, or disturbed. He that believeth in his watch doth not make haste."

We set out after a delightful breakfast and another thrilling hand-pressure from Bess, accompanied by a beaming look which Chalmers must have noticed had he not been so absorbed in the demonstration of his new system as applied to the matter of catching trains. It was 8:40, precisely, when we closed the gate.

The sweet spring air brought increasing satisfaction, and on my part an exhilaration that was but poorly restrained. With each step I became more eager for the moment when I should lay before Chalmers some new domestic possibilities in which he was more or less concerned. There is something about the rhythm and swing of a railroad-train that makes a proper accompaniment to confidences, and I decided to begin my confession the moment we were in our seats.

There was a little rise of ground just ahead from which, in winter, when the trees were bare, Chalmers said, one could see the train for some distance. In the old days he had often run from this point to the station, after the train had been in sight, and had usually succeeded in catching it. He regretted now that wasted energy. He wondered how he had ever lived at such a tension.

We made no haste. The country was at its best, and Chalmers paused once or twice to point out homes of people I knew or had heard of, and sites where others were about to build.

"You 'll have to come out this way, Bob," he said. "A lot of your friends are out here, or planning to come."

It seemed an auspicious moment, and I was about to plunge into confidences forthwith. But we reached the rise of ground just then, and I saw Chalmers pause and hold up his hand, as if listening. I also paused, and then I realized that his practised ear had caught the sound of a faint puffing over among the trees to our right.

"Wonderful how far we can hear that train on a still morning like this," he said. Then, consulting his watch, "It must be at Ringside now, nearly three miles away. I did n't know but we 'd spent more time than we thought looking at those houses."

We walked on with restored confidence, but I noticed that Chalmers did not point out any more houses, and perhaps unconsciously quickened his step. Then, as the puffing among the trees grew ominously louder, he once more consulted his watch, and there was another definite increase of speed, until presently we were moving at a pace not wholly consistent with Chalmers's faith in his timepiece or with our offices of president and vice-president of the Don't Hurry Club.

"Do you suppose the hands of that infernal watch could have caught in the night?" he demanded presently, with great annoyance. "We 've got to move up, Bob. That train 's our last chance, and it 's nearer than I thought."

I was on the point of quoting the text from Isaiah, but resisted the impulse. It did not seem altogether wise in view of the situation.

"Perhaps the train 's ahead of time," I suggested.

"No, they 're never ahead. It must be this watch—" But at that moment there came a white puff of smoke from among the trees ahead, and we broke into a run without further ado.

Now, I know something about running myself, and once held the school record for a three-hundred-yard dash. But not being a suburban resident like Chalmers, with the advantage of continuous training, I was not in perfect form. Still, I held my own fairly well, until suddenly from the trees ahead there came a brisk, mellow whistle.

At that Chalmers leaped forward and passed me as if I had been walking. He leaped square into a large pool of water, the result of recent showers, and the turbid fluid splashed in every direction. A good deal of it went on my trousers, and a still larger quantity on Chalmers himself, extending upward as high as his tie and collar.

He was not dismayed. The train had left the trees and was pulling into the station. It would rest there for a brief impatient instant, and then away. We must make it —there was no alternative. I did not pause to hear the birds sing.

With a mighty bounding effort I regained my lost ground, and was neck and neck with Chalmers, splashing down the soft street that led to the station. It was a race worth watching, and I regret that some of the old class were not there to see me "do up" Tom Chalmers and lower the record. Still, we were not without appreciation. From the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"HE LEAPED SQUARE INTO A LARGE POOL OF WATER."

little shops on both sides of the way the butcher and baker, with their clerks and delivery-boys, tumbled out to cheer and to encourage us to yet further effort. Chalmers running alone they had seen and applauded before, but to see two semi-professional sprinters racing neck and neck against time was unusual, even for Cloverdale.

When the train began to move we were still a short block away, and on the side opposite the platform. The train-handles were high from the ground, and the footing beneath looked poor.

"We—we 'll never make it," I panted. "Let 's take—next train and—telegraph."

If any struggle took place then between that New England conscience of Tom Chalmers and temptation, it was instantaneous, and the former triumphed.

"Can't!" he panted back. "Crosby—ten o'clock—must."

Then did we accomplish the impossible. Although at the utter end of our strength, we actually increased our speed for the few remaining yards, each caught a pair of handles as they swung by on a level with our chins, and at the risk of life and limb dragged ourselves up to soiled, crumpled exhaustion, but to safety and triumph.

We had neither strength nor breath for speech, at first, nor to totter inside. When we did, the conductor was just coming through. He knew Chalmers, and paused to look us over. We were worth looking over.

"Why," he commented, "what did you do that for? Why did n't you wait for the next train?"

"Could n't—important business—ten o'clock!" gasped Chalmers.

"But you 'd have made that all right on the 8:50 express."

Chalmers gaped up at him.

"Is n't this—the 8:50?"

"Oh, no. This is the 8:39. Five minutes behind time this morning."

I DID not make my confidences to the rhythm and swing of the train as I had intended. The time did not seem auspicious.

Neither did Chalmers make the address he had lain awake to prepare. He did address the court, however, and had some good things to say about the rights of citizens, the duties of corporations, and the arbitrary discourtesy of their employees. What he said was true and forcible, but it was not a free advertisement for the Don't Hurry Club. In the end little Crosby paid his fine, and Dixon paid his bill at the hospital. Chalmers generously offered to make good their losses, on the ground that they had been incurred through his well-intentioned but somewhat misdirected zeal.

Not that the Don't Hurry Club has gone out of business. Chalmers would never consent to that so soon. Besides, as he says, his own lapse only proves the folly of losing faith. The membership pledge has simply been modified.

For instance, we are all going to Cloverdale again to-night, and there have been no injunctions issued against "stepping lively." Indeed, we are ordered by the secretary to step as lively as need be to arrive in season.

As before, I am a favored guest; also Merriton—the dilatory and irresponsible Merriton.

He is going with me as best man.

"'AND NOW, SEE, SHE COMES HITHER.'"

CAPTAIN ENGLAND.

AN ANTIC OF THE OCEAN.

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,
Author of "Tom Beauling."

WITH PICTURES BY GERTRUDE PARTINGTON.

You gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon
The danger of the seas!

WHEN the stretch of waves between the white coast of Britain and the oaken sides of the *Hynd Horn* had widened to an impassability for the most enduring swimmer, the two mariners with pistols in their sashes quitted the presence of Mr. England, to which they had clung with pertinacity ever since the elegantly buckled shoe of that gentleman had first touched the deck. Mr. England smiled with sweetness after the last disappearing hall-marks of his various misdemeanors, and seated himself on the rail, where he balanced with niceness and behaved so alluringly that the ship's cat leaped to his knee, purring. Thence the cat climbed to his shoulder and rubbed against his cheek.

"O cat," said Mr. England, "in the course of your nine lives, have you ever been hanged?"

The cat yawned, from the sea-freshness, and elevated his ample tail.

"And was it painful?" said Mr. England. "And were you, despairing, made to leave the most beautiful of all tabbies to the machinations of other toms?"

Mr. England's delicate hand passed in caress the whole length of the cat from his nose to the tip of his tail.

"In the midst of life, O cat," said he, "we are in need of the poets, and

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?

But to be hanged, puss!—a dolorous priest —a knot under the left ear—a drop—kingdom come, and be damned to you!"

The cat purred loudly.

"What is life?" said Mr. England. "A shoe too tight to wear. What is death? An ineptness of nature. Let us die cheerfully, puss, the stem of a rose between our teeth, and our feet clad in easy stockings."

Mr. England sighed and looked back on that fast-sinking shore where he and his crimes and the law had all met in the same ale-house.

"Feline," said Mr. England, "I am to be judged where I was born, hanged where I was bred, and buried where four roads cross, with a stake through my susceptible heart, and a devil to make me dream. But you, lamented sir, will die of an indigestion,—cat, 'ware rat!—and be hurled by the tail into some corner; and our respected talents will die with us. Do you draw a lesson from that? Then down with you, sir, for an ignoramus!"

Mr. England shifted his shoulder so suddenly as to send the cat scrambling to the deck. There he gradually lapsed from an attitude of surprised indignation into the first position of washing.

Mr. England mused with half-shut eyes.

"Ah, Mr. England," said the captain, "you are comfortable, I trust, in body and mind?"

"The sea does not make me sick in body," said Mr. England, "neither do my thoughts make me sick in mind. But I *am* sick at heart, for I have not yet been presented to Lady Pelham, and on that straight, short road which is between me and the gallows there is no other petticoat in view."

"Mr. England," said the captain, "when I agreed not to put you in irons during good behavior, but to give you the run of the ship, I made it clear that you were not to seek the society of the other passenger, and you promised a ready obedience to my wish."

"But I thought the other passenger would be a male," said Mr. England.

"I had not made the proviso," said the captain, "if it were to have been a man."

"But, captain," said Mr. England, "think of the lady! How may we find it in our hearts to oblige a lady—a beautiful, an accomplished, a fashionable, a *young* lady—to endure a voyage of inestimable length and dullness, which might be rendered a shadow less disagreeable by the society of one who, though not to the manner born, has been to court, mastered the graces, the languages, the poets, the game of piquet, and other arts, which, while not to be mentioned before honest men, have in no wit detracted from his knowledge of the world or his powers of conversation?"

"To the point," said the captain. "But how can I present to this lady, whose guardian and protector I am for the time being, a man who, however accomplished, is for all that a—"

"Spare me!" said Mr. England, with an assumed shudder.

"You see," said the captain.

"But she is so beautiful!" said Mr. England.

"I deplore," said the captain, "that duty which causes me to disoblige a gentleman whom I frankly like, and to deprive a lady, whose loneliness I myself can do little to alleviate, of his charming society."

"But surely," said Mr. England, "there would be no harm done. Has crime pockmarked me? Am I loathsome? Is not the great sweetness of this lady proof against contamination? I ask only to be allowed to render her those delicate attentions which are her due, and to bend such small talents as I may have to the shape of her amusement. And can you not, sir, consider me at all? A few weeks—a short trial—a speedy hangman—a dead England! How gaily could those weeks be passed in the nearness of a beautiful lady! How one could disregard the savage judge in the memory of those weeks! How featly one could tread the scaffold, imagining it a well-pitched deck beneath an August moon! Would you send me onward, my captain, with no gentle memories? Must I grave it to the recollection alone of murder and of sudden death? Oh for a gentle memory at the last—perchance a tender word to cling to, perchance a kerchief given in jest, the memory of a sweet profile against the moon, the memory of eyes that gave back stars to heaven! Such memories are fresh garlands hung upon the dying tree, to which, in the very clutch of death, I could whisper with the poet, 'Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die.'"

Mr. England turned half away with some show of bitterness.

"Mr. England," said the captain, moved, "my duty is as plain as the north star on a clear night. You are a passing cloud which obscures that star. In utmost sincerity, your sentiments are tearing my mind."

"Let me appeal to *her* great graciousness," said Mr. England. "Let me tell her who and what I am, and then, if she stand for me—"

"TOM ENGLAND AND HIS CRIMES AND THE LAW THEY MET THERE."

"You *will* tell her who and what you are?" said the captain, weakening.

"My word!" said Mr. England. "At the worst, she can but spurn and despise me, and I shall have played the story-telling Moor."

"You shall have your chance," said the captain. "And now, see, she comes hither."

"Her eyes are like the morning," said Mr. England. And he added: "Captain, in the constant and diverting repetitions of history, it often occurs that when Mohammed cannot go to the mountain—you know the anecdote? I will lay my best gilt buckles against a half-dozen of your Burgundy that the lady takes the part of the pirate."

. . . . . .

"MR. ENGLAND," said Lady Pelham, jestingly, "the time is come when you did promise to confess your manifold sins and wickedness before all men."

The time was night. The full moon, like a round of mottled marble, hung in the heaven. Her sweet light radiated across the dancing sea, and the white sails of the *Hynd Horn* were lighted by it.

PRISCILLA, LADY PELHAM.

Mr. England held up his head proudly, and Lady Pelham clasped her pretty little hands attentively.

"Lady Pelham," said Mr. England, "it is a poor thing that boasts of its own gallantry, but I have been no stranger to the giving and taking of blows, nor to encounters with

wild beasts, of which some were lions and serpents, and some men. I ask you to believe that, whatever the fear that has tugged at my heart, I have never run away. But now I would fain run from *you*, for what I have to tell will lower me unspeakably in your gracious sight."

"Mr. England," said Lady Pelham, gently, "your voice sounds tired and melancholy, like that of *Prince Hamlet* in the play when he becomes sickened of his part in life. If what you are about to say can in any way sever an acquaintance so prettily begun, I pray that you will leave it unsaid. We are two young people in a wide ocean, cut off from each shore, with weeks of weary sailing before us. Let us leave behind those things which have been, and be content with what is. If you are truly gallant, you will not leave the queen of this ship without a solitary courtier."

"Such a mantle were a cloak to any sin," said Mr. England. "But such shreds of honor as I may lay claim to require that I speak. Our queen must know her courtier for what he is."

"I will pardon my courtier in advance," said Lady Pelham, "for I need his service."

She looked up at him with a wonderful girlish sweetness.

"I am beyond pardon," said Mr. England, "and forgiveness. I dare not hope that those gentler elements of which I am at this moment composed can secure me toleration after the monstrous composition that I have been. Will you listen, lady, from the bitter beginning to the bitter end? It may be that no woman will ever listen to me again."

"I will listen," said Lady Pelham.

"We are to understand," said Mr. England, "that all those littlenesses, such as tears and laughter, and crime and goodness, which go to make up the Almighty's universe were established by some primal cause. In this way it is possible to conceive of a man who is not answerable for what he is. But I am answerable for what I am. I think I had no primal cause. I adhered to my will when it was good; I clung to it when it was wicked. I cannot say in my defense, 'Had my parents not beaten me, I had not done thus and so.' Therefore, Lady Pelham, you are to judge of a life which was not made for a man, but which a man made for himself.

"Down to the southward," continued Mr. England, "there was an island of the sea. Seen from above, it was like an outstretched hand upon the waters: long, safe harbors were between its fingers, and the five knuckles were redoubtable mountains, susceptible to rare defenses—to the overwhelming of narrow gorges, to the rolling down of irresistible rocks. But from the ocean that island was more sweet; for frothy blue waves lapped the white sands on the one side, and to the other came troops of trees and greenery that knelt and bowed like worshipers. In the harbors of that island was a great safety and hiding-place for a certain ship, and on the shores were deep-thatched homes for men. Plantains and many manners of trees gave fruit; other trees, deep shade; swift brooks, cold water; the mountains, game. There were storehouses full of silks and satins and brocades, and spices, and all manner of good things. Many a chest of gold and silver was in the secret keeping of the strong sands. Dusky women of the island made welcome with soft voices, and the captain of the ship, who was a leader of men, gave good rule to that calm place."

With a little sigh of approval Lady Pelham settled deeper to the mystery of listening.

"There was a ship," said Mr. England, "so shapely above and below the water, and served with such cunning sails, that not one other ship in all the world was so swift upon the seas. This ship was manned by a crew of a hundred men, and captained by a devil."

Lady Pelham shifted uneasily.

"The men," said Mr. England, "were men of Devon in England and of Portugal and Holland and Spain and of the Americas. In only two things was there similarity among the men: each had the heart of a lion and the cruelty of a snake. But the captain!—oh, the captain! He was a rare bird—a pretty gentleman to look upon, if you like; a man of letters and breeding; a man of easy language, who could pin a compliment to a heart and slap his Maker's face in the same breath; a sweet swordsman, a sure shot, and"—Mr. England's voice rose almost to a note of command—"a leader of men."

A look of aversion began to creep into Lady Pelham's eyes.

"Now, what manner of kingdom was that, Lady Pelham?" said Mr. England. His voice was almost fierce. "Whence came those satins and brocades, those chests of gold? What manner of men lived in those deep-thatched homes and sailed that ship? What manner of man was their captain? I will tell you, Lady Pelham. We were bloody pirates, and *I* was our captain. We robbed

and murdered on the high seas. Those who despised us we shot; those who were for us we hanged; those who besought us we hauled down the barnacled keel. We made coffins of ships—"

He paused, sweating from the energy of his discourse.

Lady Pelham shivered.

"Right," she said—"right; you have said enough."

She rose and swayed slightly.

"To the bitter end—to the bitter end!" cried Mr. England. The sweat was on his forehead and upper lips. "I have your Ladyship's promise."

"'BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS,' SAID MR. ENGLAND."

And, as it was in the beginning, the woman listened to the serpent. He spoke in a lower, less shocking voice.

"A wave of us," said he, "went up and over the side of a rich ship. When all was

finished, and while the sea, sucking at the shattered bows, was dragging her down, two brothers stood in the cabin. One was honorably, one basely, born. One was Henry, Lord Clearwater; one was Thomas England, pirate. One was a kingly boy with golden hair, and the pride of honor and innocence set like a crown upon his brow. The other was a hard man, whose heart was set upon grimness.

"'Sir,' says my Lord Clearwater, 'if you are truly my brother, I shall be obliged to take my life, which has become unendurable to me, now that I am connected with such vileness. I beg, in view of this, that you will retract your statement, in which case I can consent to live.'

"The boy was white, and he shook, for it was in his mind to take his own life, because I was his brother, and he loathed me, yet he feared to die.

"'Henry,' says England, 'you *are* my brother, and I will save you in spite of yourself.' Oh, the horror of it, Lady Pelham! The words were not free of my mouth when he shot himself—here in the forehead he shot himself, through the very crown of his pride and his innocence. I knelt and kissed the blood from him, for he was my brother, and a kingly boy."

Though Mr. England's voice broke at the tragedy of its own conjuration, he sighed with relief when he saw the look of aversion go from Lady Pelham. He went on falteringly.

"I cut a lock of his yellow hair, and we committed him with honor to the deep. Then I bade haul for England, and I laid the lock upon his mother's knee, and I said, 'Do not weep, lady, for he was a brave and kingly boy.'" Mr. England controlled his voice with effort. "I turned at the door and, looking back, saw the gray head bent over the yellow hair."

Lady Pelham was crying. Mr. England watched her furtively.

"Lady—lady," he said almost piteously, "does the bitterness of that atone a little? As I rode down the long avenue from the castle, I repented of my shudderable life, and said over and over again, 'God help me! God help me!'"

Mr. England's hand lay upon the rail, white in the moonlight and frail like an appeal. Lady Pelham touched it with her fingers.

"God help you!" said she.

Mr. England turned from her so that she might not see his face.

"There is more," said he, presently. "It is the bitterest part, for it is the death-blow to the new life then begun. In London is an ale-house where, it is said, if you sit for a year and a day you shall see all the people in the world. There are famous meetings in that ale-house. And who do you think met together there one day? Why, Tom England and his crimes and the law they met there, and, so help him God! he is being taken to the place where he was born, to be tried for all of his crimes, and for any one of them to be hanged by the neck until he is dead."

He leaned toward Lady Pelham.

"It was to lay a lock of hair upon a mother's knee that I went to England," he said. "Gracious, merciful, and beautiful lady, have I spoken my last word to a woman this side of the grave?"

"No," said she, and hot tears coursed down her sweet cheeks, and she ran below without another word.

Mr. England was joined by the captain, who had been prowling about in the night.

"Well?" said the captain.

"Captain," said Mr. England, with the utmost cheerfulness, "I am your creditor for six bottles of Burgundy. With your agreeable and esteemed acquiescence we will open one of them."

And he added to himself:

"That was a saving invention about the brother."

INFINITE compassion of woman; infinite forgiveness; infinite desire to mold and make new; infinite power to leave her great, tender, true, beautiful, silly heart in the most brambly places.

Those eyes of Lady Pelham's, which Mr. England himself had said were like the morning, looked into the eyes of Mr. England, and saw nothing there of all that horribleness which she had forgiven. She saw there only the purity and nobility of purpose with which he had promised her to live until he died; and in the bottom of her silly, golden heart, she said: "He has repented. He loves me—he must be saved."

Behind them were three weeks of fair and foul weather, a thousand pages of the poets, a hundred games at piquet; conversations wherein were laid down the laws of life, the meetings and partings of true lovers. Sometimes they had spoken of death, but more often of the beginnings of happy lives; sometimes of the delicate perfections of

verse, sometimes of predestination, sometimes of the champ of war, but mostly of love.

A bright sun was in the heaven, a following wind was on the sea, and between the *Hynd Horn* and her port was an ever-narrowing distance. But between Priscilla, Lady Pelham, and Mr. Thomas England was no distance at all, for her elbow touched his arm, and a wisp of her hair brushed his cheek.

"Beautiful princess," said Mr. England, "I see now, when it is too late, that the gods have loved me all along, for, through circumstances too horrid for another to contemplate, your favor has caused me to be happier than the heir of a kingdom about to mount the royal throne. I make it my hourly duty to thank God for the wealth of peace which he has given me. The end, which had presented itself to my view amid surroundings of such boundless dishonor, seems now like the gentle coming of night. I shall bid you 'good night,' and fall asleep to dream of you. But there will be no morning, my princess, after that last good night."

"There must be morning somewhere," said Lady Pelham.

"Do you wish it?" said Mr. England.

"I wish it," said she.

"Ah, lady," said Mr. England, "there is such bitterness in brief days! How can you, looking back upon the glory of this time at sea,—when I am gone,—believe, in your heart of hearts, that I was a true penitent? How easy it were to play any part for so little a space! There is scarce a difference between my case and that of your sinner who, feeling the tides of life run agonizingly out, the sweat on his brow, the rattle in his throat, turns with an ecstatic valedictory from his sins (which he can commit no more), and writhes to be forgiven. There is such doubt. Tell me, lady, that you believe—that you believe me other than that."

"I have given you my trust," said Lady Pelham.

"Golden heart!" said Mr. England, and a real tear ran down his cheek. "Oh," he cried, "for a full fragment of life wherein to step from the slough that was into the broad thoroughfare of a true knight! To march prospering, with her kerchief on one's sleeve, with her eyes looking upon one from the high tower, with her trust in one's keep, with her love to return to! I tell you, if I had a year to live I would prove before all men and such a lady that chivalry is not yet gone from earth, and that dragons are still to be found in the enchanted forest."

There was such a deep ring, as of gold, in England's voice, and such an undercurrent of pain and missed opportunity, like the tolling of a dirge, that Lady Pelham's heart was torn, and became bursting with a desire to help that same rebirth of chivalry and knightly deeds upon earth. She laid her hand on his arm.

"If I were Tom England," she said, "I would not yet give over. Rather a plank in the ocean, a gallant struggle, one last fight for that same year of life. If I were a leader of men, I would not suffer myself to be led meekly like an ox to the slaughter by men."

"A plank?" said Mr. England, looking at the great waves. "Ah, lady, not a plank!"

"The plank was a figure," said Lady Pelham. "Can you not think out some stratagem—some desperate chance?"

"And leave you?" exclaimed Mr. England. "Ah, beautiful princess!"

"At the end of such a year as you spoke of," said Lady Pelham, "you could seek me out, and come before me, haling the dragon after you."

"And the reward?" said Mr. England.

"The year were its own reward," said Lady Pelham.

"True," said Mr. England, dolefully. "Then you wish me to escape?"

"Oh, I do!" said Lady Pelham, vehemently.

"I bless you for that," said Mr. England. Then he looked into her eyes for some moments.

"Thank God!" he said at length. "My lot is happier than that of kings and emperors, for in my life I have found one person I can trust."

Lady Pelham's eyes filled with tears.

"And you will try," she said, "for my sake?"

"Listen, dearest lady," said Mr. England. "It has come to my mind that when I am cut off from the sight of your bright eyes I must have leisure wherein to turn back my heart and recollect them. Therefore, being a man of some resource,—the result of experience, not boasting,—I did decide to essay one desperate chance."

"Ah!" said Lady Pelham. "And that—"

"I have some power over nature," said Mr. England, mysteriously, "and I have altered the course thereof."

"Altered the course of nature!" said Lady Pelham.

Mr. England took from a pouch a piece

of heavy stone, the color of lead, and the size of a thumb-nail.

"I had two of these," said he. "You have heard how the coffin of Mohammed was raised from the floor of his tomb by the power of the roof, which was lodestone. This is part of the roof of Mohammed's tomb, and so was the other piece. The other piece is now playing ducks and drakes with the mariner's compass by which our good captain confidently thinks he is steering the *Hynd Horn* direct for the port where I am to be hanged. As a matter of fact, she has been running in a somewhat southerly direction. Strange ports offer strange chances to those who are willing to chance it."

Mr. England laughed softly out of pure satisfaction.

"And now," said he, "observe our astute captain and his able officers. It is twelve o' the clock, and they are about to take the sun with the sextant, and locate our exact whereabouts upon the face of the waters. But they will not do this, because our prying skipper shall find within a minute that his instrument—by the way, the only one now on board—has been irreparably deranged."

Mr. England smiled blissfully at Lady Pelham, and hummed from the ancient ballad of Sir Patrick Spens the lines:

> O whare will I get a skeely skipper
> To sail this new ship of mine?

"And, thank God," said Mr. England, "there is one person in the world to whom I can tell this thing."

"You trust me like that?" said Lady Pelham, a tender light in her eyes.

"I trust you," said Mr. England, "more than I trust myself."

The captain and his officers stood for a long time scratching their heads.

"At any rate," the captain had said to his officers, "we can trust to our compass, which is an excellent instrument of the latest pattern. At night we must watch out with redoubled vigilance, lest we fall a prey to some uncharted body of land. But it 's God's own pity that so pretty a sextant should have met with so untimely an end."

Though the nights were cloudy, the weather held to the satisfaction of all on board, especially to that of the captain and Mr. England, for each was holding himself responsible for the navigation of the ship. Each spent several hours a day in reassuring Lady Pelham. The captain told her that the piny shores of Massachusetts were dead ahead. Mr. England spoke of palms and guavas.

"It is so warm," said the captain, sententiously, to Lady Pelham, "because we are approaching the New World, where it is warmer than with us."

"It is so warm," said Mr. England, "because we are approaching the equator, where it is hotter than in the infernal regions."

"O Lord," said Lady Pelham, on her knees, "make it right for me not to betray his secret, for he is thine own true penitent, and I am thy daughter that adores thee."

One morning the fan of a palm was seen by Mr. England to pass to leeward in the boil of waters. A little later he showed Lady Pelham a school of flying-fishes, and about noon the lookout cried to those on deck that he beheld land under the port bow. The two faces which Mr. England wore as the *Hynd Horn* bore down on that island—for island it now showed itself to be—were of an exact oppositeness. To the captain he showed a drawn lip,—a beginning-of-the-end face, as it were,—to Lady Pelham the most dancing of eyes, the most radiant of smiles. But if the expression of his face was joyous when he turned it on Lady Pelham, what must have been the feeling in his breast when the dim bluish cloud on the horizon began to assume a familiar shape?

"By the splendor!" cried Mr. England's heart, "I have hit the nail on the very head."

The *Hynd Horn* ran nearer and nearer to the island, and the captain, who was forward, glass at eye, suddenly lurched like a drunken man. He made a new focus and looked again.

"My God!" he cried—"palms!"

Mr. England was at his elbow.

"The tropics!" said he, sweetly.

"This is the devil, Mr. England," said the captain.

"I begin to think it is," said Mr. England. "Sir, the loan of your glass."

Mr. England looked long and eagerly, and his heart leaped and bounded, but he kept countenance.

"Sir," said he, "these waters are familiar to me, and we are in imminent danger of our lives; we are in the midst of shoals and reefs—"

"Condemn that sextant!" cried the captain.

"Sir," said Mr. England, "I beg you to let me take the wheel before all is lost."

"We will turn back," said the captain. He was dazed at finding his ship so far to the southward.

"It were foolhardy to turn back," said Mr. England. "We have no sextant, and the compass has proved as fickle as woman. I beg you, sir, let me take the wheel. There is not a moment to lose. We can talk as—as we save our lives."

The two gentlemen hurried aft, and Mr. England snatched the wheel from the helmsman's hand.

"Ah!" he sighed, as if relieved of a great burden.

"And now, sir, what do you intend?" asked the captain.

"That island," said Mr. England, "is a great putting-in place for ships short of water and supplies. It is inhabited by a gentle race of—of islanders, who will treat us with courtesy. I propose to conduct the *Hynd Horn* to a safe anchorage, and there we must lie until some other ship touches and we can beg a sextant. Sir, I pray that you will send a safe man forward to take the soundings."

"I will do it myself," said the captain. "Sir, you are proving yourself a man of spirit and resource."

"I think I am," said Mr. England to himself when the captain had gone forward. He patted the wheel, and added: "Oh, the simplicity of steering through imaginary shoals and reefs!"

Presently the captain cast the lead.

"Mr. England," he cried, "there is no bottom."

"Thank God!" Mr. England called back. "Then we are in the channel."

The *Hynd Horn* was now skirting the shore of the island within three cable lengths. Mr. England still steered, and the captain still cast the lead and found no bottom. Lady Pelham was standing close to Mr. England.

"It is a sweet place," said she.

"Sweeter than you know, lady," said he. "Do you notice anything particular about the scene?"

"Only that it is fresh and green and beautiful—a blessed island!" said Lady Pelham.

"Mark," said Mr. England, "how the frothy blue waves lap the white sands on the one side, and to the other come troops of trees and greenery that kneel and bow like worshipers."

"Mr. England," cried the lady, in excitement, "it is not—it cannot be *your* island?"

"In the midst of doubt," said Mr. England, "we must turn to the poets."

He raised his shapely head proudly, and turned his eyes on the lady.

"Princess," he said,

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.
> From the center all round to the sea
> I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

"You terrify me," said Lady Pelham, "when you look like that."

"Oh, my lady," cried Mr. England, "my good, my blessed angel, how can *I* terrify *you*?"

"I have given you my trust," said Lady Pelham, "and I will not fear you any more."

"My people shall be your lambs," said Mr. England.

The shores kept unfolding great beauties, so that it was a sheer delight to look upon them—on the surpassing freshness of the green, the wonderful whiteness of the sands, the slender perfections of the palms, the bright-colored flashes from the flowers. The extreme coquetry of nature ornamented those shores.

Now and again the captain's voice arose from the main chains, where he was using the lead:

"There is no bottom."

Now and again Mr. England spoke reassuringly to Lady Pelham.

NATURE had done much to conceal the narrow mouth of the tortuous harbor into which Mr. England steered the *Hynd Horn*. Conceive a bottle from which a fragmentary and rotten cork has been three parts drawn. The cork, a dozen little islands, as round as coins, and densely wooded, was in, and projected from, the neck of the bottle. These islands were so placed and related that the channel, in any direction, was blocked by some one of them; and so close were they to one another and the main island that to even a near glance they gave the appearance of being one unbroken shore. Their inanimate deceits and contrivances so tricked the eye that it was as if that Providence which watches over the evil-doer had taken a handful of everlasting dust and thrown it in the face of Justice.

The channel itself was like a narrow tidal river: the trees on each bank were exceedingly well grown, and formed, with the various flowery and thorny creepers which bound them together, an unbreached and impenetrable wall; for, whereas the top of the wood

waved energetically in the wind off the sea, the waters of the harbor were as still as death, and the *Hynd Horn* seemed to be advanced less by the impulse of moving air than by a kind of delectable wafting.

A quiet came over the *Hynd Horn*, and only those men who were preparing the anchor spoke at all. Mr. England, his lips pressed tightly together to keep back any show of that eagerness and triumph which was almost bursting his sides, turned the wheel to right or left with delicate and precise movements of his white hands. Lady Pelham stood close beside him. She was very pale.

For a long time that ribbon of still water continued between its twin vegetable hedges, and then came a turn, beyond which everything spread. The channel opened into a great placid fan, dotted thickly with wild fowl. The matted trees stepped back from one another, and halted at stately distances, as in an English park. The shore ahead rose to the dignity of a hill, and discovered among its waving plantains and traveler's-palms a well-ordered village of deeply thatched cottages. But no atom of humanity was stirring, and that landlocked, fan-shaped basin, with its park-like shores, had been as peaceful as paradise, save for the intrusion on its shining surface of the shape of an ominously powerful ship, painted as black as the pit.

As when, at a game of pure chance, it is suspected that a certain player is causing the intrusion of skill, the other players begin to look at him askance, so the officers and crew of the *Hynd Horn* began to eye Mr. England. There was as yet no handle to seize upon; but the inhuman silence of that place, and the sardonic power and blackness of the vessel at anchor, worked upon the imaginings of men like unexplainable sounds in the night season. All faces became long and grave, save only that of Mr. England. Alert and flushed, his eyes glittered coldly over the captain, the officers, and the crew; even over Lady Pelham, from her head to her feet, for he knew what the others began to divine, that they had been betrayed.

Lady Pelham, poor dove, stood close to the snake and trembled.

"Mr. England," said the captain, in a deep voice, "what place is this?"

"A harbor," said Mr. England, sweetly.

"Sir," said the captain, "I would feel safer on the high seas without rudder or compass than in such a harbor."

"The tone of your statement," said Mr. England, "makes the issue personal rather than geographical. I brought you here. Am I to understand that—"

"You are to understand," said the captain, "that I have trusted the lives in my care to dangerous hands."

"Ah," said Mr. England, contemptuously, "and your final judgment?"

"I reserve that," said the captain. "And in the meanwhile I will run no risks. We will turn about and make for open sea."

Mr. England stepped back from the wheel, releasing the spokes.

"You are too late, captain," he said jauntily. "The channel up which we have come is now divided by an indivisible chain of iron, retreat is cut off, and, furthermore—furthermore, we—are—aground."

It was true. The *Hynd Horn*, either from being left to her own guidance, or from some last subtle impulse which Mr. England had given to the wheel, ran, with a scrunch, upon a submerged bank of soft, clinging sand.

Instantly all was bustle and menace, but before the latter had taken the shape of an attempt to arrest the person of Mr. England, that gentleman had found time to kneel at Lady Pelham's feet, kiss both her hands, say in his most tender voice, "Farewell, charmingest," to mount lightly on the rail, leap gracefully overboard, and swim leisurely ashore. Not a gun or pistol could be fired, for none was loaded; not a marlinespike was thrown, for the thought came to no one.

Mr. England stood dripping on the beach, in easy view from both vessels. He stood so for a moment, and then, turning, disappeared among the trees.

Instantly a port opened on the pirate ship, a gun was run out, there was a thunderous discharge, generating thunderous reverberations, and a ball screamed between the masts of the merchantman. The water-fowl rose from the surface of the harbor with a terrific roaring of wings, and swung over the trees with terrified cries.

The captain of the *Hynd Horn* hauled down his flag.

And Lady Pelham sank sobbing to the deck.

The afternoon passed without a sign from the pirate ship or the land. Long and short strings of water-fowl returned to the harbor, and all was as before. That island world stood still waiting until Mr. England should give it command to move.

He might have been seen pacing moodily in a glade of the forest. For the first time in his adventurous life he did not know what

he was going to do next. He was possessed of a magnificent devil which was tempting him to act like a gentleman.

ABOUT ten in the morning a small boat was rowed to the *Hynd Horn*, and Mr. England came over the side. He was white and drawn, and there were blue circles under his eyes, but he had been at some pains to dress himself according to the latest mandates of fashion. To the captain, who greeted him, he bowed shortly, and said:

"I have come to speak with Lady Pelham. Where is she?"

"If you have come to insult her, which I doubt not," said the captain, stoutly, "you shall have the pleasure of doing so across a number of dead bodies. I may have hauled down my flag of commission, but you shall find my flag of honor nailed to the mast."

The men of the *Hynd Horn* began to close in.

"For God's sake," said Mr. England, "don't make me angry! Where is she?"

"I demand your intentions," said the captain.

Mr. England pursed his lips and looked the captain over.

"My good man," said he, "I spent last night in hanging you for safety's sake and sparing you for courtesy's sake. I did each about nine hundred and eighty times. I have barely reached a decision comfortable for all concerned, when you begin to annoy me and make me wish to retract. Now I want to speak with Lady Pelham. Where is she?"

"Sir," said the captain, "whatever decision you may have reached as to hanging me or not hanging me, I stand in the place of a father to that young lady, and I ask why—"

"Why in ——," said Mr. England, fiercely, "don't you act as if you were grown up?"

"I 'm condemned if you shall stand there insulting me!" cried the captain.

"I 'm condemned if I sha'n't!" cried Mr. England.

"I tell you—" began the captain, hotly.

But just here came an interruption in the lovable form of Lady Pelham herself. The very exquisiteness of her sudden apparition upon the deck—for she was all in white, and her eyes were like the morning—cooled the glowing tempers of the two men, as sweetly as rain cools parched ground.

"Speak to her if she wishes," said the captain, with a bow.

"Captain," said Mr. England, with a flourish, "I am under many obligations to you already. I should like to place myself under one more. I desire to speak with Lady Pelham alone."

The captain and crew of the *Hynd Horn* went forward in a body. Mr. England removed his hat and advanced slowly to Lady Pelham.

"What are you to-day?" said Lady Pelham, not coldly, but with deep sadness.

"Do you mean am I penitent or pirate?" asked Mr. England.

Lady Pelham's head drooped in acquiescence.

"I think that for to-day and for many days," said Mr. England, "I shall be neither pirate nor penitent, but only a common man—with a broken heart."

"How well I know you now!" said Lady Pelham, with even more sadness.

"Lady," said Mr. England, "I did not think you had found me out. But since it is so—"

"It was yesterday," said Lady Pelham, "when your eyes glittered so, and you looked me over as if—oh, the shame of it!" A great blush rose on her cheeks.

"Oh, lady," said Mr. England, "I want you to listen to me *so* much!"

"Yes," said Lady Pelham; "and for what reason?"

"For these," said Mr. England—"for the sake of the moon, and the freshness of the sea."

"I think that you are only going to make me one of your speeches," said Lady Pelham. "But I will listen to you for the last time."

"You are right," said Mr. England—"for the last time."

"And for afterward," said Lady Pelham, almost piteously, "I have a pistol, which I have been shown how to use."

"You have the right," said Mr. England, "to hurt me more than you are hurting me now—if that is possible. But there will be no afterward, for I shall never see your face again."

"What!" cried Lady Pelham.

"Will you listen to me, most gracious lady?" said Mr. England.

"I am listening," said she.

"I am all that you think," began Mr. England, "and worse. I have done nothing but lie to you. But until we sighted this island I had no evil design. Then it came to me like a flash that I could have my escape and you, too. That was why my eyes insulted you. But, lady, just before I went ashore, when I stole those kisses from your dear, innocent hands, do you know what happened? I fell in love with you. And I walked out

the night in mortal combat with my worst enemy—myself. And in the morning the cur laid down his arms and my heart broke. And that is why, gentlest, sweetest, dearest lady, I am going to send the *Hynd Horn* on her way rejoicing, with all that I ever cared for on board."

Mr. England's voice was very tired, and he stood wearily.

"Are you going to say anything to me?" he said.

"I am going to tell you," said Lady Pelham, "that I know you have been speaking the truth, and that you are an honorable man."

"For your dear sake," said Mr. England, "I would leave the old life if I could, but it is too strong upon me. I am a little king upon this island, and my people are mine, heart and hand. It is not all murder and robbery. There are fair nights and white moons, and sometimes you can find, deep in the woods, places where innocence lurks, and you can go back to it for a little. Heaven can do no better than that, lady. Indeed, I think heaven is a place where we recover our lost innocence. If there is any good in me, lady, it is the love I bear my kingdom. And I cannot begin again, even for you. I was born by chance, and chance used to be my only goddess. I know that I must go back to her, and to her sister, the spirit of desperate adventure. At their feet I shall one day die, and be damned, as I deserve."

"I shall never think of you as—as a pirate," said Lady Pelham.

"For your dear sake I will try and be less hateful," said Mr. England. "But sometimes we are just like anybody else. Will you try to think of me like that? Why, lady, there have been true lovers on this island."

"I shall think of you often," said Lady Pelham.

"To-night," said Mr. England, "as the *Hynd Horn* passes the mouth of the harbor, will you wave your scarf to me? I shall be on the point."

"I will," said Lady Pelham.

"Thank you," said Mr. England. "It will be sweet to remember your having done that. And now I am going to say good-by to you, dearest lady, but first you will let me look at you a little, for I shall never see your face again."

Lady Pelham's eyelids drooped, and her graceful head drooped.

Mr. England looked on her for a long time.

"I have never seen anything so beautiful and pure," he said.

A tear stole down Lady Pelham's cheek.

"Good-by, dear," said Mr. England. He stooped quickly and kissed her hand softly where it hung at her side.

Lady Pelham burst into tears.

All that day she lay in her berth and cried, and made great moan, saying:

"Oh, how terrible—how terrible—for I love him!"

THERE was a wonderful moon that night. She came brimming out of the sea, dripping with light, and swept up the heavens, and the fire of all the stars in her path went out. Only the very youngest stars that had strayed to the most remote places remained to look at their mother; and even they became dim.

At the mouth of the harbor, leaning against the stem of a palm, stood Mr. England. He was back from the beach in a kind of recess among the trees. Every line of him expressed fatigue, and his face was very sad.

Presently out of the stillness came the creaking of rigging and the vowel sounds of commands.

"The end," said Mr. England. He stood more erect.

The *Hynd Horn* slipped by like a ghost.

Mr. England followed her with his eyes, at first eagerly, then surprisedly, then dejectedly, then bitterly. No scarf was waved to him from the deck of the outward-bound. She slid behind one of the little islands, and he saw her no more.

"The end," said Mr. England. He put his hands over his eyes, and pressed tightly. After a little he took them down and said:

"She did n't mean to hurt me so."

Then he looked up at the moon.

"Now I will go back to my kingdom," he said.

But a new sound broke the stillness—the splash of oars unhandily plied. The sound drew nearer, but the strokes occurred with less and less frequency, as if the boatman were tiring. Mr. England stepped briskly to the shore.

A few yards off, and to the left, a boat was headed for the beach. The boat contained a lady.

Mr. England sprang forward.

"Glorious, golden, gracious, wonderful, beloved, beautiful!" he cried. It was as if his voice caught fire and blazed up.

The boat grated on the sand.

"Will you help me out, please?" said Lady Pelham.

(BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.)

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

Author of "The Confounding of Camélia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

XI.

DAMIER was well aware that some trivial and purely subjective fancy or emotion may oddly color and distort reality for one, and he was not quite able to decide whether change there really were in Mme. Vicaud, or whether it was only in his imagination that the difference he had fancied in her on that evening was continued during the following days. She seemed, in her relations with him, more intimate and yet more effaced; and he was almost sure—or was it only the reflection of his own solicitude cast upon her?—that she watched him, speculated upon him, more than at any time in their friendship, and always with that controlled agitation. It was almost as if she guessed his new knowledge and understanding of her sorrows and humiliations; as if she wondered how much he knew, and how much he was going to let her see that he knew. And if she seemed more intimate yet more effaced, Claire, for a little while at all events, was less intimate yet more in evidence. He had the rather uncomfortable feeling that Claire had implied on that evening more than he had been able to understand; that she had laid upon him some responsibility that he really never had undertaken to accept: but she did not emphasize it further, seemed content to let it remain indefinitely apprehended by him, and the slight discomfort and perplexity he had felt passed from his mind, leaving only in a half-conscious undercurrent the mood of vague doubt and withdrawal, mingling with a deeper pity, a deeper desire to help—for her own sake now as well as for her mother's.

It was odd, this hint of withdrawal and formality, in the midst of a greater kindness, when Claire occupied so much more conspicuously the foreground. She was now always with her mother; was a third in all talks and readings, listening, with eyes almost ironically vacant, her hands lying beautifully indolent in her lap, while Damier read aloud and her mother sewed. Claire did not seem to have stepped forward, but her mother seemed to have stepped back; and from the background—a mysterious one to his odd, new apprehension of things—she smiled more tenderly than before, and with yet a tremor, an intentness, as though expecting him to understand more than she could look.

And all this might be merely an emotional color in his own outlook on unchanged facts, but the color certainly was there, making a faintly tinted difference over all the mental landscape.

It was during the first days of this dim perplexity that he found himself alone once more with Mme. Vicaud. He had outstayed all her guests on a Tuesday afternoon, and, the Viberts having taken Claire back to dine with them, Mme. Vicaud asked the young man to share her solitude.

Now, when they were alone, and while he sat cutting the leaves of a new book they were to read together, she went about the room, putting things back in their places, closing the piano—a little restless in her restoration of composure to the room.

Presently she came to him, stood beside him, looking down at the book. "Always friends, you know," she said, putting a hand on his shoulder and speaking lightly, almost incidentally.

"Why not?" Damier asked, looking up at her.

"Indeed, why not?" she returned, smiling. "Nothing, I hope, would ever change our friendship."

"Nothing could." She stood silently beside him, looking down, not at him, but at the volume of essays, and he added: "You will tell me if you are ever in any trouble or sorrow where I could help you, if ever so little?"

"Oh, yes; I will tell you," she answered, still with the lightness that contrasted with the tremor of Damier's voice.

Moving away, she asked him, presently, if he did not think that Claire's singing that afternoon had been very intelligent. She had sung *Orfeo's* song of search and supplication through Hades, her mother accompanying her on the harp. Damier had not altogether cared for Claire's interpretation of the song. Claire's voice had thrown an enchantment around a rather over-emotional, yet an untender, conception of it.

"Her voice is glorious," he said.

"The song is to me one of the most beautiful parts of the opera," said Mme. Vicaud; "that lonely, steadfast love, throbbing onward, through horror."

"Ah," was on Damier's lips, "you have said what she could not sing"; but he had long felt that appreciation of Claire was the greatest pleasure he could give to her mother, and depreciation the greatest pain. He therefore sat silently looking at her, leaning forward, his hands clasped around the idle book-cutter; and Mme. Vicaud, with all her calm, went on presently, taking up her sewing as she sat near the lamp with its plain green shade: "Do you think Claire's life very gray—very dreary?"

The question from one who, on this subject of her daughter's upbringing, seemed always inflexibly sure of her own aims, surprised Damier, and its chiming with his own recent thoughts disturbed him. After all, was, perhaps, Claire's gray life an explanation, in one sense, of her ugly clutch at any brightness? Yet the serenity, the sweet, if laborious, dignity of the place her mother had made for her in life, hardly allowed the mitigating supposition. Claire's life was really neither gray nor dreary. He paused, however, for a long time before saying: "From her point of view it probably is."

"I should have liked to give her a larger life, a life of more opportunity, more gaiety. I feel the narrowness of her path as keenly as she does. Not that Claire complains."

"You have given her your best. How could she complain?" Damier was not able quite to restrain the resentment he felt at the idea of Claire complaining.

"Ah, I could not blame her if she did," said Mme. Vicaud, her quiet eyes on her work, "for mothers personify circumstance to children; we are symbols, to them, of baffling, cramping fate; very often, and very naturally, we are fate's whipping-boys; and when one is a young and talented and beautiful woman whose youth is passing in giving lessons, in seeing people who seldom interest or amuse her, fate must often seem to deserve blows."

Damier, in the surge of his comprehension, —of which she must be so ignorant and at which perhaps she yet guessed,—longed to throw himself at her knees: her pity for Claire equaled, surpassed his own; and he had—not blaming her for it, thinking it, indeed, the penalty of her superiority—thought her unconscious of Claire's pathos.

"You deepen your shadows too much," he said; "for a daughter more like yourself your life would not be a narrow one." He paused, for, though she did not lift her eyes, a faint flush passed over Mme. Vicaud's face.

"I see all your efforts to widen it," he went on, hurrying away from what he felt to have been an unfortunate comparison, "the flowers you strew: intellectual, artistic interests, friends that you hope she may find congenial, your delightful teas."

"Oh—our teas!" Mme. Vicaud interrupted, smiling with a rather satirical playfulness. "No; our delightful and 'cultured' little teas can hardly atone to Claire. She should have the gaiety, the variety, the colored experience that I had in my youth. I can well imagine that to Claire's palate the nourishment I offer her is rather tasteless. She needs excitement, admiration, appreciation, an outlet for her energy, her intelligence."

Damier seized the opportunity—it was, he thought, very propitious—again to ask her when he might bring some of his friends in Paris to see her, suggesting that so Claire's social diet might be pleasantly diversified. Mme. Vicaud had more than once evaded—gracefully, kindly, and decisively—all question of renewing broken ties with her country-people, or making new ones, and now, again, she slightly flushed, as though for a moment finding him tactless and inopportune; but only for a moment: when she lifted her eyes to him, it was with all their quiet confidence of gaze.

"I hardly know that that would be for Claire's happiness or good. One must have the means of widening one's environment if it is to be with comfort to one's self. Our means are too limited to be diffused over a larger area. You must not forget, my friend, that we are very poor. I do not like accepting where I can offer nothing."

"That is a false though a charming delicacy," said Damier. "You give yourself; and I hope you won't refuse to now, for I have almost promised you to Lady Surfex; she is very anxious to meet you."

Mme. Vicaud was silent for some moments, her eyes downcast to the work where she put firm, rapid stitches; then, in a voice that had suddenly grown icy, "Her mother did not recognize me one day, years ago, when she met me walking with my husband," she said.

It was now Damier's turn to flush. He nerved himself, after a moment, to say:

"But this is not the mother."

"No; and my husband is dead: otherwise the wish to meet me would not overcome that disability."

"You are a little unjust, my dearest friend," said the young man.

"I know the world," she replied; but she raised her eyes in saying it, and looked at him with a sad kindness that separated him from the world she knew. "I don't judge it—only see it as it is. It seeks happiness, it avoids unhappiness. To be unfortunate is to be lost, in its eyes—to sink from sight. To be fortunate is to have a radiance around one; and the world seeks radiance."

After looking at him she again bent her eyes, and still sewed on while she spoke. "When I needed it, it abandoned me. When I was in the dark, it did not look for me. I strayed—through stubborn folly, perhaps; perhaps, too, through generous ignorance—into a quicksand, and not a hand was held out to me. I was allowed to sink; I was déclassée, I am déclassée, in the eyes of all of those who were of my world." The cold flame of a long resentment burned in her steady voice. "I have tested average human nature," she resumed, after a slight pause, in which he saw her breast heave slowly. "It is a severe test, I own; but, after it, it is with difficulty that I can trust again. I have no wish to know people who, if I were in dire straits, would pass over on the other side of the way. The few friends I have I have proved—the comtesse, Mme. Dépressier, Lady Vibert, M. Daunay,—who had much to bear from my husband,—Sophie; there are a few more, very few; and then, you, my friend."

She stopped sewing—the rapid movements of her hand had been almost automatic—and looked at him, her work falling to her knee. "Come here," she said, holding out her hand to him, "come here. Have I seemed harsh to you?" Her sudden smile dwelt on him with a divine sweetness. "I am harsh—but not to you."

Damier, with an eagerness almost pathetically boyish, had sprung to her side, and she took his hand, smiling up at him. "Not to you. You have enlarged my trust—need I say how much? Don't ask me to alloy it with dubious admixtures."

His love for her was yet so founded on a sort of sacred fear that at this moment of delicious happiness he did not dare to stoop and confess all with a lover's kiss upon her hair, did not even dare to look a confession of more than a responsive affection.

She pressed his hand, still smiling at him, and then, resuming her sewing, "Sit near me," she said, "so I can see that you are not fancying that I am harsh with you!"

At such moments he could see in her eyes, that caressed one, made sweetest amends to one, touches of what must once have been enchanting roguishness.

"But I am still going to risk your harshness," he said; "I am still going to ask you to let your trust in me include my friend. She would stand tests. Won't you take my word for it?"

"I believe that I would take your word for anything."

"And," said Damier, looking his thanks, "all you say is true. I don't want to justify man's ways to man; and yet ordinary human nature, with its almost inevitable self-regarding instinct, its climb toward happiness, its ugly struggle for successful attainment of it, is more forgetful than cruel toward unhappiness. One must be patient with it; one must remember that only the exceptional natures can rise above that primitive instinct. To take the other road is to embrace the sacrifice of all the second-rate joys—the only real joys to the average human being. One must either yield to the instinct or fight it, and most people are too lazy, too skeptical of other than apparent good, to do that. And then you must remember—I must, for how often I have struggled with these thoughts!—that misfortune is a mask, a disguise. One can't be recognized and known when one wears it; one can't show one's self; if one could there would perhaps be responses. People are base—most of them are base, perhaps; but sometimes they are only blind or stupid."

"I sometimes think that I am all three," said Mme. Vicaud, after a little pause. "Misfortune's distorting mask has become in me an actuality. I am perhaps blinded; certainly, as I told you, warped and hardened. I used not to be so; it was, I suppose, latent in me: I could not bear the fiery ordeal; the good shriveled and the dross remained."

She spoke with a full gravity, no hint of plaintive self-pity, no appeal for contradiction, in her voice; yet, on raising her sad-

dened eyes, she had to smile when she met his look.

"I see," she said, "that you are determined to take me at your own valuation, not at mine."

She turned the talk after that; she could seldom be led to talk of herself, and not until dinner was over, not until, after it, he had read to her for an hour, did she return to its subject. Then it was when he rose to go that, giving him her hand in farewell, she said:

"Bring your friend; I shall be glad to see her."

XII.

It was as a result of this new friendship, which rapidly spread into half a dozen, that Damier, who seemed to himself to be walking among echoes of the past and whispered prophecies of the future, received yet another hint, another faint yet significant revelation, of Mme. Vicaud's attitude toward her daughter.

In the more or less fluctuating social world of English Paris, the beautiful and distinguished mother and her beautiful and effective daughter struck a novel and quite resounding note,—too resounding for Mme. Vicaud's taste, Damier at once felt,—a note well sustained by a harmony so decisive as Lady Surfex, Mrs. Wallingham (another new friend), and Damier himself. That Mme. Vicaud disliked feeling herself a note sustained by any harmony, Damier guessed. That she mastered the dislike for his sake, he knew. He knew that she would do a great deal for his sake—a great deal for Lady Surfex, too. She and Lady Surfex liked each other absolutely. But it was through Lady Surfex, and her secret alliance with Damier, that the problem of Claire, instead of being unraveled, was the more deeply involved. Claire evidently enjoyed this new phase of life. She had now quite frequent opportunities for displaying her gowns and her voice and her dancing at receptions and balls. Yet, already, among her new entourage, she had shown her affinity with its less desirable members. A rich, fashionable, and rather tawdry Englishwoman took a great fancy to her; and Mrs. Jefferies was the sister of a fashionable and tawdry brother, Lord Epsil, who at once manifested a decided interest in the red-haired beauty, pronounced her to be like Sodoma's "Judith," and made her mother's withdrawal of her from his company the more noticeable by his persistent seeking of hers.

"It is really too bad," Lady Surfex said to Damier. "She flirts outrageously with the man—if one can call that indolent tolerance flirting. I hope that she realizes that he is a bad lot. From a purely worldly point of view he can be of no advantage to her. He is married and has not a nice reputation."

"She may not realize it, she may be indifferent to it; but her mother realizes and is not indifferent."

"And we wanted to spare her such watchfulness!" sighed Lady Surfex.

"It seems that we can spare her nothing," Damier replied. At the same time he felt that Claire could be accused of nothing worse than too great a tolerance. Once or twice she spoke to him of Lord Epsil with half-mocking insight. "He is not like you," she said; "the difference amuses me." Claire's intelligence was, after all, her best safeguard in all that did not touch matters of delicate taste, and Damier's only way of helping her mother was to watch with her—to constitute himself a sort of elder brother in his attitude toward Claire, and to try, by being much with Claire himself, to make Lord Epsil's wish to be with her less able to manifest itself.

The faint yet significant hint of what Mme. Vicaud's real feelings toward her daughter were came to him one evening at a dance, when she sat beside Lady Surfex, more beautiful, with her white face, her thick gray hair, in the dignity of her black dress, than any other woman there. He then saw on her face, as, fanning herself slowly, her head a little bent, she watched Claire dance, a concentration of the somberness it sometimes showed. It was a moment only of unconscious revelation; in another she had turned, with her quiet and facile gaiety, to a laughing comment of her companion's. But Damier, following that momentary brooding look, saw in a flash its interpretation on the daughter's face. Claire was dancing, exquisitely dressed, calm, competent, complacent, as noticeable and as graceful a figure as any in the room. And yet—he had felt it from the first, but never so clearly, so tragically, as through that somber maternal gaze—Claire was ill-bred. It was that her mother should see her so that made the revelation.

The somberness was not a fear of what others thought; she was, he knew, almost arrogantly indifferent to what people thought: it was what she herself thought that had gloomed her brow. And that she should see, should recognize, that affection should not mercifully have blinded her, filled Damier with a sort of consternation. Again

all the ugly visions of Claire crossed his mind, and now, indeed, the mother stood transfixed beside them, for she, too, saw such visions. Ill-bred was a trivial, mitigating word.

He realized that this very quality—call it what one would—in Claire was the cause of her effectiveness, the reason, too, that his hopes for her would probably remain unfulfilled.

She was a woman upon whom, when she entered a room, all men's eyes turned. Her beauty was like the deep, half-triumphant, half-ominous note of brazen instruments. But she was not a woman that men of Mme. Vicaud's world, of Lady Surfex's world, would care to marry. Had she been an heiress,—and she was of the type that one associates with unfragrant and recent wealth,—had it not been for her poverty, her essential obscurity, she would no doubt have been enrolled among the powerful young women who are watched with admiring envy as they advance toward a luminous match. Claire had quite the manner of placid advance, quite the manner (and how detestable to her mother the manner must be!) of a young woman bent upon "getting on." But though her indolent self-assurance made people give way before her, made her talked of and something of a personage, she was, as a result of her launching, far more likely to become notorious than eminent. Any success of Claire's must, like herself, be ill-bred, tainted.

That Claire felt this, he doubted, or even that, if felt, she would mind; but that Mme. Vicaud felt it he now agonized in knowing. And she had asked for her daughter neither eminence nor a luminous match; she had, he now saw, been glad to shield her with obscurity. That she might become notorious, fulfil herself completely in so becoming, would be the bitterest drop in her cup that fate could reserve for her.

If she dreaded it, she kept, at all events, a stoic's calm above the dread. And her restrictions, delicate, subtle, unemphasized, were about Claire on every side; her unobtrusive watchfulness was constantly upon her. With a cheerful firmness she held Claire to her duty of earning, as Claire had said, "the butter for her bread," and thwarted, without seeming to thwart, many of her social opportunities. Damier saw, though only faintly, under the surface of appearance her dexterity kept smooth, the constant drama of the conflict, a conflict that never became open or avowed. He saw that Mme. Vicaud's cleverness was so great that even Claire hardly knew that there was a conflict; but after what he had seen in the mother's eyes on the night of the dance, he understood, at least, for what she was fighting.

Damier still felt the subtle change in his relations with Claire and Mme. Vicaud, and he had by this time adapted himself to it—adapted himself to seeing Claire more constantly, seeing Mme. Vicaud more rarely alone, encouraged as he was in this sacrifice by the strong impression that in so doing he was pleasing her, and was emphasizing that silent, yet growing, nearness and intimacy.

The silence was part of her extreme delicacy, and of her fineness of perception; it showed that his brotherly attitude toward Claire was what she had hoped for, and it was almost maternal in its sweetness of recognition to him, its loyalty of speechlessness toward the other child, the child that —he knew it so clearly now—could only give her profoundest pain; such a silence would a mother keep with the child that gave her happiness.

He had never more strongly felt this queer medley of influences than on one warm summer evening when he and Mme. Vicaud sat outside the salon on the high balcony that overlooked the garden. They had dined,—he and M. Daunay, and Claire and her mother,—and now Claire and M. Daunay had established themselves at the piano in the distant end of the salon, the pale radiance of two candles enveloping them and deepening the half-gloom in the room's wide spaces.

Outside the twilight lingered, though beneath them the June foliage made mysteries of gloom; the warm breathing of the summer ascended in fragrance from still branches; the faint stars above shone in a pale sky.

They were both very silent, Damier looking at her, and she with eyes musingly downcast to the trees. Her face, he thought, showed a peculiarly deep contentment; more than that, perhaps: for he still felt the whisper of a mystery; still felt, in all the peace between them, a hint of perplexity; still divined that, though she was tranquil, her tranquillity had been wrested from some struggle,—a struggle that she had hidden from him,—as though she had yielded something with pain, even though, now, she was satisfied. Patience as much as tranquillity was upon her lips and brow; and yet he knew that, insensibly, she had come to lean upon the new strength he brought into her life; that she depended upon him, though she confided so little; that soon, very soon, her eyes must

answer the unspoken question in his, and solve, in the answer, all mysteries. Indeed, he said to himself that, Claire's harassing problem all unsolved, he could not wait much longer; he must know just where he stood with her, and tell her where he wished to stand. Now, as they sat there, listening to Claire's richly emotional voice,—a voice that expressed so much more than it felt,—it was Claire's voice, just as it was the thought of Claire, that disturbed the peace, jarred upon the aspiration of his thoughts. Its beauty seemed to embroider the chaste and dreaming stillness with an arabesque of opulent curves and flaunting tendrils. Our imaginative young man could almost see a whiteness invaded by urgent waves of purple and rose and gold. He stirred, shifted his position involuntarily and uneasily—wished Claire would stop singing; her voice curiously irritated him.

Mme. Vicaud sat with her back to the open window, and Damier, beside her, could not see into the room without turning his head. He did happen, however, to turn his head during a humming pause. M. Daunay's hands were still held on the last chord, while, as Damier thought, he demonstrated to Claire some improvement in her rendering of the note that had just soared above it. But as he turned lazily to glance at them, Damier saw a strange, an unexpected thing, a thing poignantly disagreeable to him. M. Daunay's face, vividly illuminated, was upturned to Claire's; he was speaking below his breath, under cover of the humming chord, and with a look of humble yet reproachful entreaty. Claire, a swift finger on her lips as she bent to the music, had a glance for the window, and Damier's eyes of astonishment and dismay met hers. He looked away abruptly—too abruptly for a successful controlling of the dismay and astonishment, for he found Mme. Vicaud's eyes upon him, and he saw in a moment that they had been upon him during the swift incident—eyes filled with wonder and with an ignorant yet intense fear. Memories of another scene, hand-kissings in an arbor, flashed upon him, and he knew her thoughts. She met his look—as empty as he could make it—for a long moment; but after it she did not, also, glance into the room, where the song now flowed with an almost exaggerated spirit. Wrapping her arms more closely in her light shawl, she sat quite silent, the effort to control, to master the crowding of her surmises apparent in her rigidly still profile. Damier guessed that the surmises must, inevitably, suspect Claire, not M. Daunay. In justice to Claire, after the involuntary silence of his dismay, he could not longer be silent. After all, and he drew a long breath in realizing it, Claire's past shadowed perhaps too deeply her present; after all, the fact was not so alarming.

"Have you never suspected," he said, "that M. Daunay cares for Claire?"

She did not reply; turning a wan face upon him, her eyes still averted, she shook her head in a helpless negation of all such knowledge.

"Don't be distressed," said Damier, terribly afraid that he too much showed his own distress; "it is unfortunate for him, and wrong of him to keep such feeling from you; I happened just now to see its revelation in his face as he looked at Claire."

Mme. Vicaud, for another moment, said nothing, struggling, he knew, with those awakened memories—or were they not always awake, clutching at her?

"He may care for Claire," she then said faintly, "but she cannot care for him; that—you know—is impossible."

"Only enough, I am sure, to wish to shield him."

"I could never have suspected. He is an old friend, a trusted friend. I must speak to him."

"Let me speak to him—may I? I will walk home with him to-night."

A certain relief in Mme. Vicaud was taking a long, deep breath, and nothing could more clearly have assured him of the position he held in her eyes than the half-hesitating yet half-assenting consideration she gave to his rather odd proposal.

"But," she said, "will he not wonder—by what right—"

"I speak? By the right of my fondness for you."

"And for Claire, yes," said Mme. Vicaud, thoughtfully.

Damier had not at all intended to imply this amendment, especially at a moment when he was so sure of not being at all fond of Claire; yet the trust of her inclusion was so unconscious of possible contradiction that he could not trouble it.

"But what will you say?" she went on. "Any reproach should come from me; and what reproach could you make? I cannot think he is more than piteous; people fall in love with Claire—often."

Damier was feeling that if, by chance, M. Daunay were more than piteous, he must stand between Mme. Vicaud and the discovery.

"I will be all discretion—all delicacy. I

will only say that I was the unsuspecting, the involuntary witness of the incident; and that, as your friend, almost, I might say,"—he hesitated, seeking a forcible word in place of the one he dared not use,—"your son, I must ask him how much Claire knows of it—how far it should interfere with your confidence in him."

She was silent for a long moment, her head still turned from him to a silhouetted profile against the sky; it was now so much darker that he could see little more than its vague black and white, yet he thought that, in her stillness, she flushed deeply. In her voice, when she spoke, there was the steadiness that nerves itself over a tremor, yet there was, too, a greater relief. "Well," she said. The word assented to all he asked. She did not look at him again, and presently, as the music had ceased, rose and went into the room. Claire was pointing out to M. Daunay a picture in a magazine, apparently all placidity; but in a moment near the parting, while Mme. Vicaud, with an equal calm, stood speaking to M. Daunay near the piano, Claire said to Damier, quietly but intently:

"You have not betrayed me to mama?"

"Betrayed you?" Damier questioned, ice in his voice.

"Him, rather," she amended. "Not that there is anything to betray, only mama would find it so shocking that a married man should be in love with me; he is so *bête*—M. Daunay—to have forgotten that you were out there."

"I must tell you that your mother guessed that I had seen something. I told her what I had seen, that he loved you, though not that you seemed to accept his love."

For a moment she gazed into his eyes, at first with a gravity that studied him, and then with a light effrontery. "Accept it! *par exemple!*" she exclaimed, and she put her hand on his arm with a half-caressing reassurance. "Set your mind at rest! I am only sorry for him. Meet me to-morrow morning at ten at the Porte Dauphine; we can have a little walk in the Bois. I want to tell you all about it."

M. Daunay was going, and Damier, as he turned from Claire, met Mme. Vicaud's eyes. Their wide, dark gaze was, for the instant in which she let him see it, piteous and almost wild. He interpreted their fear, though he could not quite define their question. All the mother was in them. Did he despise her child, as others did? He mustered his bravest, most gravely confident smile, in answer to them, as he pressed her hand in parting. For another instant they met his, saw his smile, and answered it with a look tragically grateful in one so proud. He had never stood so near her as at that moment.

Damier went out with the Frenchman, and once in the cool, dim street, he dashed at the subject: "M. Daunay, I must at once tell you that inadvertently this evening, through your own indiscretion, I discovered your secret. You are a married man; you are Mme. Vicaud's trusted friend; and you love her daughter."

M. Daunay stopped short in the street, exasperation rather than embarrassment in his face. He fixed Damier with very steady and very hostile eyes.

"And what then?" he asked.

"You have a perfect right," said Damier, "to ask what business it is of mine, and I can only answer that I, too, am a trusted friend of Mme. Vicaud's, and, M. Daunay, a friend whom she can trust."

"Ah, M. Damier, you have—I do not deny it—more rights than I, who have none," said Daunay, in a voice the bitterness of which was a revelation to Damier. "I have no rights, only misfortunes. Why not add that you are Mme. Vicaud's trusted friend, and that you, too, love her daughter?"

Damier felt a relief disproportionate, he realized, to any suspicions he had allowed himself to recognize. The atmosphere, after the unexpected thunderclap, was immensely cleared. M. Daunay was jealous, and M. Daunay was evidently piteous only. With all the vigor of a sudden release from bondage, he exclaimed: "You are utterly mistaken; I have no such rights: I do not love Mlle. Vicaud."

"What do you say?" M. Daunay's astonishment was almost blank.

"I do not love her in the very least."

"Then," stammered the Frenchman, "we are not rivals? You can then pity me—I am jealous with none of the rights of jealousy."

"None of the rights?" Damier eyed him.

"None, monsieur; Mme. Vicaud's trust in me is not unfounded," said M. Daunay, with something of a slightly ludicrous grandiloquence.

"Yet Mlle. Vicaud knows of your attachment."

"I never declared it; she guessed it, perhaps, inevitably." They were walking on again, and he shrugged his shoulders. "*Que voulez-vous?* She has a certain tenderness for me that gives perception, and I adore her—but adore her, you understand." Damier was understanding and not at all disliking this victim of the glamour—or, was it not deeper than that? Something in the

Frenchman's voice touched him. Would Claire ever arouse a deeper affection than this? Not only had she cast her glamour upon him: he evidently loved her—"but adore her, you understand," as he had said in his expressive French.

His hands clasped behind him, M. Daunay, with now a reminiscent confidence, shook his head and sighed profoundly. "*Que voulez-vous?*" he repeated. "Since her girlhood it has been with me a hidden passion. *Ce que j'ai souffert!*" He showed no antagonism now, no resentment; Damier could but be grateful.

"Claire has not suffered through me," he went on. "She allows me to love her, but she knows that she is free. What can I claim?—an honorable man, and shackled. Yet—I have always hoped that she might, generously and nobly, keep an unclaimed faith with me. I have claimed none, and yet she has assured me that, as yet, she loves no other. I have needed the assurance of late—I confess it. Your apparent courtship I could not reproach her with,—though it tore my heart,—but her permission of this ill-omened Lord Epsil's attentions filled me with consternation; I have felt myself justified in reproaching her for her *légèreté* in regard to this."

"But," said Damier, after a slight pause, "this unclaimed faith—how do you expect her to keep it?"

There was a touch of embarrassment in M. Daunay's voice as he answered: "My wife and I have, for years, been on most unfortunate terms; I have no reproaches to address myself on her account. She is a confirmed invalid, and of late her condition has been critical. One must not hope for certain contingencies—one must not, indeed, admit the thought of them too often; but—if they did arise—"

"I see," said Damier, gravely; "you could claim her. It is, indeed, a most unpleasant contingency. Would it not be for Claire's happiness if you were not to see her again until it arose?"

"Ah, no," said Daunay, with something of weariness; "ah, no; her happiness is not involved. Claire—I speak frankly; my affection for her has never blinded me—Claire is not easily made unhappy by her sympathies. It is only myself I hurt by remaining near her, by seeing her, as I constantly imagine, on the point of abandoning me. But to leave her—you ask of me more than I am capable of doing."

Later, when Damier told him of Mme. Vicaud's knowledge of the situation, M. Daunay heaved another, not regretful, sigh.

"It is as well. I will say to her what I have said to you. She will be generous; she will understand."

Damier felt oddly, when he parted with him, that he might trust M. Daunay, but that he trusted Claire less than ever.

(To be continued.)

"I SHALL NOT GO AS OTHERS DO."

BY RENNELL RODD.

I SHALL not go as others do
To seek the quiet spot
In which they laid the last of you;
There, all I loved is not!
It would not help me, who have known
That all that life could die,
To read the record on the stone
Recording where you lie.

I do not seek you in the grave
Hard by the ivied tower;
But when the sun is on the wave,
The dewdrop on the flower,
When morning sings and swallows dart
Across the blue above,
I feel your spirit stir the heart
In which I buried love.

AN IRISH MOTHER.

A MONOLOGUE.

BY ELENE FOSTER.

OOD mornin' ter ye, Miss Frost. I come up ter school this mornin' 'count o' Mame's comin' home an' tellin' me that Dennon woman wuz up here yistarday, tellin' lies about Mame. My land! the likes uv her to be talkin'! I s'pose she let yer be callin' her Dennon an' she never sayin' wan worrud! Well, her name ain't Dennon at all! She 's married ag'in. I don't know his name, an' why should I want ter know? I have fri'nds uv my own without cultivatin' the likes uv thim! But wan thing I do know, he ain't no good annyhow. What do ye think he does? He 's a lather! Yis, a lather! I s'pose ye think that 's a stiddy job, lathin', an' him waitin' around till they be puttin' up a new house till he kin git the job to putt the laths in! Hm! McDermott has worruked in the rubber-factory fer sivinteen years an' we 've lived in wan house in Royalstone Avener fer sivinteen years, an' that 's my idea uv a stiddy man an' a stiddy job. You kin take yer ch'ice! Oh, thim Dennons, they ain't no good annyhow—now, mind, I niver spoke wan worrud ter thim in my life, but I hears this from me neighbors. I 'd like ter have yer git on ter the rovin' disposition uv Mrs. Dennon (only her name ain't Dennon). This is what I hears from the Murphys, that bes livin' next door but wan ter thim. In the first place, she wuz borned in Roxbury; thin she gits married an' moves to Dorchester; thin the old man gits a job in the State uv Connecticutt, an' they moves there; thin the old man dies, Dennon that wuz,—an' he had need of p'ace an' quiet afther livin' wid that woman, the Lord knows,—an' thin she moves to New York State an' she marries this man, whativer his name is,—I don't know an' don't want ter know,—an' she moves down in Royalstone Avener, makin' trouble 'tween me an' my neighbors, where I 've lived in p'ace an' quiet fer sivinteen years. Why, Miss Frost, I wuz borned in Jamaica Plain, an' McDermott wuz borned in Forest Hills, an' we ain't nayther wan uv us iver been out uv Boston in all our lives, an' that 's the kind we air! You kin take yer ch'ice.

I do be sorry, though, fer thim Dennon kids. I do so! Do you know what they call thim down Royalstone Avener? "Bread-in-the-fist Dennons"! I s'pose ye don't know what that means, an' why should ye? Well, I 'll tell ye: they niver eats a meal's vittles Christian-like in the house, to my knowledge. Well, now, I don't know as I oughter be sayin' that, fer I don't know about their breakfasts, but I kin swear ter their dinners an' suppers. The childer comes home from school, an' she bes off in town with her man, him not havin' anny business half the time, an' the childer comes home, an' they ain't no table set fer thim, an' they goes ter the closet an' gits a hunk uv bread in their fist, an' goes walkin' up an' down Royalstone Avener. "Bread-in-the-fist Dennons" is what the neighbors all calls thim.

My hivins! My childer never could be fetched up like that; they 're too delicate to their stummicks—they take that from McDermott. Now, I can ate annything! Now, there 's Mame. Come up here, Mame. What wuz the matther with the aig I give yer this mornin'? "Too saft"—will ye mind that, now! It was too saft, an' she could n't tech it. That 's Mame all over; she can't tech an aig onless it 's biled jes so: ef it 's too saft she ain't no use fer it, an' ef it 's too hard she ain't no use fer it. An' this mornin', whin she could n't tech her aig, I seen a Dago man goin' through Royalstone Avener, sellin' bannanys, an' I sez to the childer, "Ef I buy yer a dozen bannanys, will ye ate thim?" They sez they would. What wuz the matther with yours, Mame? Now, git on to that; it wuz too *grane*, an' she could n't tech it! That 's the kind I have. My land! I come nigh forgettin' Georgie. I fetched him up with me this mornin'. He 's stayin' ter home now, 'count of his havin' the measles, but I guess your kids won't ketch thim the little time he 's

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"'I COME UP TER SCHOOL THIS MORNIN' 'COUNT O' MAME'S COMIN' HOME.'"

here. He heared me tellin' McDermott I wuz comin' up ter see yer 'count uv that Dennon woman (only her name ain't Dennon, ye mind)—well, he heared me sayin' I wuz comin' up, an' sez he, "Oh, let me go," sez he; "I jes love Miss Frost." Now, that 's like all my childer; they all git saft on you, an' I sez ter McDermott this mornin', "The Lord knows why!" Georgie 's awful cunnin', I don't care ef I do say it. Mame, you take Georgie up ter the windy an' show him the choo-choo cyars. Georgie, gowan over to Mame. Miss Frost, I could n't have him gittin' cornceit inter his head fer money, but I jes want ter tell ye what he sez ter me yistarday. He sez, "Ma, kin I tell ye a num-

ber story like what we tells in Mickdonald's room?" So he out with three pieces uv paper in wan hand an' two pieces uv paper in the other hand, an' he sez, sez he, "Yistarday mornin' my rooster laid three aigs, an' this mornin' my rooster laid two aigs, so now I have five chickens." I thought McDermott would die a-laughin'. Don't yer think my childer is smart? I don't care ef I do say it, I think they 're awful smart. Now, there 's Mame, thim little pieces ye teaches her. What 's that wan about the Injin kid, settin' in the tent door? "Higher-wather"! That 's the feller! Oh, she sez that with airs jes like yerself. McDermott sez he 's afraid she 'll jine a show, but I tell him I guess she 'll outgrow it.

Ye niver had my Timmy, did ye? Well, ye 'll niver have him now, fer he 's dead, the pore little thing! He 'd 'a' been tin years old on the tinth day uv May ef he had n't have died on the third. He wuz a saint out uv hivin, Tim wuz. He only had wan fault, an' that wuz that he 'd always be hookin' from school. He wuz to the sisters' school. Do ye know, I 'm goin' to putt the rest uv my childer right through the public schools; I think they learn more, fer there 's a man ter look afther their hookin's. Now, in the sisters' school, Sister Veronica could n't be out yankin' thim in, an' Father Maginnis could n't be yankin' thim in, an' so Tim 'd always be hookin'. Pore little Timmy! McDermott sez ter me wan Sunday, sez he, "I 'll break Tim uv hookin'," he sez, an' then he sez, "Timmy," sez he, "ef ye 'll go ter school reg'lar ivery day fer a week," sez he, "I 'll give ye five cents when it comes on Sunday." Now, that 's like McDermott; he 'd give thim annything. Well, Tim he wint ivery day an' niver missed wan, an' when it come on Sunday, McDermott give him his five cents, like he said he would; an' he run up in Franklin Park, an' he buyed five cents' worth uv pink ice-crame, an' thin he downed it an' started runnin' fer home, an' when he got inside the kitchen door he fell down in a fit in the middle uv the flure. Oh, it wuz terrible ter see him! I sint fer the docther, an' before he got there Timmy wuz gone, rest his sowl! But oh, Miss Frost, the docther explained it ter me jes elegant—how it wuz the pink ice-crame had froze up his pore little heart, an' him a-runnin' home on top uv it!

Yis, I *have* got a new cape, an' a new hat, too. I do feel that fine! It 's McDermott as buyed 'em fer me. I tell him he 'll have me *in gloves* next.

How 's Mame doin' in her lessons? Well, ye can't push Mame, she 's too delicate. She bes sick half the time. Do ye mind the time she wuz out two weeks the first uv the winter? She had the am*mo*ny. She only had it in wan lung, but she wuz terrible sick. She come home from school, an' she wuz all stuffed up in the t'roat. I sint fer Docther Ridmond, an' he come in his big fur coat, an' he give wan look at Mame, an' sez he, "Oh, Mrs. McDermott," sez he, "she 'll be worse before she 's betther!" "Well," sez I, "thim be encouragin' worruds ter be tellin' a parent," I sez. Well, he felt uv her fist, an' he thumped her chist, an' he left her some pills an' some medicine, an' thin, as he wuz goin' out the door, he tarned around, an' sez he, "Mrs. McDermott," sez he, "I may as well tell ye," sez he, "that she 'll prob'ly git black in the face to-morrer," sez he, "but whin she gits black," sez he, "don't ye be frightened, but give her tin drops of whisky in half uv a tumbler uv wather"; an' with that he wint out. Well, afther he 'd gone I wuz sittin' there alone with Mame. McDermott wuz down in Doyle's liquor-saloon—now, he don't tech a drop; he wuz down there with the boys. Well, I sez ter myself, ef tin drops uv whisky will do her good *afther* she gits black in the face, why won't they do her *more* good before she gits black? Thin I thrun me shawl over me head an' I rin down to Doyle's. McDermott wuz talkin' ter the bartinder,—a special fri'nd uv his,—an' I wint up, an' sez I, "Buy me a gill uv the best whisky." Sez he, "What fer?" Sez I, "It 's fer Mame; she has the am*mo*ny, an' Docther Ridmond has ordered it." So he buyed the whisky,—thirty-five er thirty-sivin er thirty-nine cents he paid fer it—he 'll do annything fer the childer,—an' I tuk it home, an' I give Mame a half a glass full, an' I did n't putt no wather with it, nayther. An' it 's the truth, Miss Frost, she *niver got black in the face*, an' the next day the docther came, an' he sez, "Why," sez he, "she ain't black in the face!" "No," sez I, "she is not," sez I. "Docther Ridmond," sez I, "no child uv mine will git black in the face fer the want uv tin drops uv whisky"; an' he laughed to beat the band.

My sowl! It 's ha'-past 'leven, an' I must be gittin' along home. We have dinner ter our house—we set down Christian-like, an' that 's more than I can say uv some uv my neighbors, though I ain't mentionin' no names—not that I could ef I wanted ter, fer I don't know their names. Mame! you come right home from school an' not go fightin' with thim that be n't yer equils! Come on, Georgie. Good mornin', Miss Frost.

WHITE CITY AND CAPITAL CITY.

BY DANIEL H. BURNHAM,
Of the Commission for the Improvement of Washington.

THERE develops in the life of every American youth a state of restless desire, a dissatisfaction incited by the prospect of superior opportunities, a potent longing for pleasanter things. In this frame of mind, this eager desire and expectancy, the American, alert for the pleasanter and better, comes upon a new thing that, in its capacities to make him happy, transcends anything he has used or known. No ancient traditions bind him to the outworn. The new has come, and he will possess it. So works out the ambition of the New World's pioneer ancestry in the children of the new day. It is to a significant phase of our development in the arts, one happy sequel of the forceful ambition of mother and father working out in daughter and son, to which I beg to call attention. In the American there is developing, as it were, a new instinct.

Never in any country was there, up to 1893, so large a yearly expenditure of money for public improvements as was lavished in this. Nevertheless, throughout the land dissatisfaction was general over the results. Something indefinable was the matter, but the cause still lay unrevealed. Up to 1893 the American citizen, as a rule, had given little thought to the way that things generally looked about him. Not far had he then advanced in the development of a civic sense of the beautiful in the quality, quantity, and relation of the lands and buildings he works and plays in. He knew what building he liked and what he disliked. He had seen much public money spent, yet many things did not seem right. Things did not fit. Within him was an instinct groping outward. He wanted an example to give it form, breadth, and a base for grand initiative. He wanted a vision, a picture materializing his yearnings.

The World's Fair came, and disclosed what all were unconsciously waiting to receive, a lesson in landscape architecture. What the matter was with our public improvements the Columbian Exposition made forever plain. Here, studied on the spot by millions, and by millions more through the activities of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, a great truth, set forth by great artists, was taught to all our people. This truth is the supreme one of the need of design and plan for whole cities. Now every one saw plainly that, though a pond be beautiful, a grassy lawn or bank beautiful, a building beautiful, all of these elements wrought into a harmonious design attain another and greater beauty, and that the beauty of the whole is superior to that of each of the several parts of the composition exploited separately. Thereupon this people, where education is universal, thought and reasoned. They found that, in some places, their money had been spent honestly and with artistic skill so far as individual objects were concerned; but their vital discovery was the fact that they had built great public works in piecemeal, unrelated, and without the unity of a comprehensive general plan. Thus awakened to the missing factor in public art, people took up the study of the wider side of public works; and serious efforts were made in San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland, and New York to obtain and officially adopt a plan for all future public improvements, and to eliminate the objectionable from works already in place. From these centers the spirit of agitation and reform has spread, and hopeful evidences of popular understanding of the value of great general plans

—of the basic principle of landscape art—multiply throughout the land; while, guiding and invigorating the public purpose, are the civic or municipal associations, and the periodical and other literature devoted to the great question of how man shall live with his fellow-man in harmony, as befits the intellectual level to which he has attained in this country.

It would seem, therefore, that the World's Fair was first of all a result of dumb desire already strong in all American hearts, and, second, that it became not only the embodiment of what people vaguely felt, but that it also taught that public money put into public buildings and grounds is used rightly, and so economically, only when every part of the system of public works is related to every other part, and each and all parts are constructed after a *general* plan.

A friend of Ruskin once pointed to an ugly ink-blot while discussing the artistic value of details, and said that nothing could be done with *that*. Ruskin soon after sent him a beautiful handkerchief, the border of which was composed of the blot laid out in series. Out of a blot, formless and solitary, a good general plan created beauty. Americans, now having found the function of plan, an element as vital in successful art as in a campaign military or industrial, are taking up the problem of public improvements with an intelligence and prescience never yet applied upon such national questions. As a people we are beginning to see that in no architectural or landscape composition do many parts of themselves make a whole, unless by plan and design they are primarily laid out to have the reciprocal relations of a whole. A perception of this principle, animating the continued use of vast outlay in public works, will bear fruit that will signalize this century. For the people have seen and known, and it is the logic of their training that what they know and want, that they will have. It is much when the many faintly catch the vision of the few: the useful flowers only in the atmosphere of the beautiful.

Out of the World's Fair came popular understanding and feeling of the intent and scope of landscape architecture. Out of these has come a national purpose to express the fullness of this art in a no less representative place than the city of Washington. Here, in the nation's capital, the American people have declared shall be the theater for an exhibition of what plan, single and comprehensive, can do to develop and correlate the diversified parts of the urban and rural landscape of an already beautiful city. In this city, itself the issue of a perfect topographical arrangement designed under President Washington, the people ask for a demonstration of the sense and soul of landscape art, so magnificent that the capitals of Europe shall confess it; so simple that the rawest county-seat in the newest State, having seen the vision of the World's Fair, shall grasp and apply. The general plan is the thing. No longer shall a representative of the people, knowing some things well, but among them not art, go forth and out of hand ordain that "about there" shall arise a monumental edifice, "about there" for generations stand a great something repudiating the past, affronting the present, and forever blockading the future.

We go forward. What the people desire, their great representatives feel. The United States Senate has authorized its committee to obtain a plan for the improvement of the District of Columbia. When the people cry in this Western republic, "Let the consuls look to it that the republic take no harm," they bid their wise men not alone to safeguard them from foreign invasion or internal corruption, but to remove and forever keep from view the ugly, the unsightly, and even the commonplace.

It is the signs of the time that the people will no more continue to endure gross violations of landscape art than they will the disgusting and disorderly in domestic and municipal environment. Sentiment is gathering to the form of an edict that the offensive shall not be forced upon the multitude, and that when the chief expenditure is of brains, and not money, they shall no longer be denied the right to live among beautiful things. And I say again that it is not so much money that is wanted to shape municipal improvements in response to the growing taste of the American people as it is a general, a well-thought-out plan—a plan that reaches out not merely through the life of one throw of the political dice, but beyond men and seasons and policies, for a century. What is logical is also beautiful. The monuments of Pericles, reared in the zenith of Attic supremacy, are logical. The pilgrims of twenty-four centuries say that they are also beautiful.

answer the unspoken question in his, and solve, in the answer, all mysteries. Indeed, he said to himself that, Claire's harassing problem all unsolved, he could not wait much longer; he must know just where he stood with her, and tell her where he wished to stand. Now, as they sat there, listening to Claire's richly emotional voice,—a voice that expressed so much more than it felt,—it was Claire's voice, just as it was the thought of Claire, that disturbed the peace, jarred upon the aspiration of his thoughts. Its beauty seemed to embroider the chaste and dreaming stillness with an arabesque of opulent curves and flaunting tendrils. Our imaginative young man could almost see a whiteness invaded by urgent waves of purple and rose and gold. He stirred, shifted his position involuntarily and uneasily—wished Claire would stop singing; her voice curiously irritated him.

Mme. Vicaud sat with her back to the open window, and Damier, beside her, could not see into the room without turning his head. He did happen, however, to turn his head during a humming pause. M. Daunay's hands were still held on the last chord, while, as Damier thought, he demonstrated to Claire some improvement in her rendering of the note that had just soared above it. But as he turned lazily to glance at them, Damier saw a strange, an unexpected thing, a thing poignantly disagreeable to him. M. Daunay's face, vividly illuminated, was upturned to Claire's; he was speaking below his breath, under cover of the humming chord, and with a look of humble yet reproachful entreaty. Claire, a swift finger on her lips as she bent to the music, had a glance for the window, and Damier's eyes of astonishment and dismay met hers. He looked away abruptly—too abruptly for a successful controlling of the dismay and astonishment, for he found Mme. Vicaud's eyes upon him, and he saw in a moment that they had been upon him during the swift incident—eyes filled with wonder and with an ignorant yet intense fear. Memories of another scene, hand-kissings in an arbor, flashed upon him, and he knew her thoughts. She met his look—as empty as he could make it—for a long moment; but after it she did not, also, glance into the room, where the song now flowed with an almost exaggerated spirit. Wrapping her arms more closely in her light shawl, she sat quite silent, the effort to control, to master the crowding of her surmises apparent in her rigidly still profile. Damier guessed that the surmises must, inevitably, suspect Claire, not M. Daunay. In justice to Claire, after the involuntary silence of his dismay, he could not longer be silent. After all, and he drew a long breath in realizing it, Claire's past shadowed perhaps too deeply her present; after all, the fact was not so alarming.

"Have you never suspected," he said, "that M. Daunay cares for Claire?"

She did not reply; turning a wan face upon him, her eyes still averted, she shook her head in a helpless negation of all such knowledge.

"Don't be distressed," said Damier, terribly afraid that he too much showed his own distress; "it is unfortunate for him, and wrong of him to keep such feeling from you; I happened just now to see its revelation in his face as he looked at Claire."

Mme. Vicaud, for another moment, said nothing, struggling, he knew, with those awakened memories—or were they not always awake, clutching at her?

"He may care for Claire," she then said faintly, "but she cannot care for him; that—you know—is impossible."

"Only enough, I am sure, to wish to shield him."

"I could never have suspected. He is an old friend, a trusted friend. I must speak to him."

"Let me speak to him—may I? I will walk home with him to-night."

A certain relief in Mme. Vicaud was taking a long, deep breath, and nothing could more clearly have assured him of the position he held in her eyes than the half-hesitating yet half-assenting consideration she gave to his rather odd proposal.

"But," she said, "will he not wonder—by what right—"

"I speak? By the right of my fondness for you."

"And for Claire, yes," said Mme. Vicaud, thoughtfully.

Damier had not at all intended to imply this amendment, especially at a moment when he was so sure of not being at all fond of Claire; yet the trust of her inclusion was so unconscious of possible contradiction that he could not trouble it.

"But what will you say?" she went on. "Any reproach should come from me; and what reproach could you make? I cannot think he is more than piteous; people fall in love with Claire—often."

Damier was feeling that if, by chance, M. Daunay were more than piteous, he must stand between Mme. Vicaud and the discovery.

"I will be all discretion—all delicacy. I

accurate ones of Strasburg, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Turin, Frankfort, and other cities visited by the Secretary during his travels in Europe. On the margins of these maps were copious notes made by that observant traveler; but Jefferson proffered no advice beyond a few general observations, such as exhortations to adhere to classical models and those modern examples of architecture which had been approved by persons of taste.

A lieutenant in the French provincial service when he came to America at the age of twenty-two, L'Enfant must have been familiar with landscape-architecture as practised by the great Lenôtre, whose work, not only in France, but also in England and in Rome, is still unsurpassed. Washington was not unacquainted with the stately art of landscape-gardening as exemplified in the capital of his native State and the great plantations laid out according to plans brought oversea; and Jefferson's taste had been developed by actual study of some of the world's greatest examples of civic art. Two plans were drawn by L'Enfant, only to be rejected by his principals; but the third was accepted and adopted. In this accepted plan undoubtedly Washington and Jefferson each had some part, and for it Ellicott made valuable suggestions; but the origin and development of the general scheme belong alone to L'Enfant.

The commissioners who had the general oversight of all matters pertaining to the District of Columbia had decided on a system of streets running from north to south and from east to west. Upon this rectilinear arrangement L'Enfant imposed those diagonal avenues, radiating from the Capitol and the White House, which give to Washington its distinguishing feature. He also made disposition of the public buildings so as to secure to each its appropriate landscape setting; and he was most particular to preserve the axial treatment which is the cardinal principle of Lenôtre's work. In a word, he planned the capital city as a work of art, in which each feature should have a distinct relation to every other feature; and thus he gave to the scheme that feeling of unity which to-day excites the interest and admiration of the visitor in Paris.

In L'Enfant's plan the one great park of the city was to be the space connecting the Congress garden with the President's park south of the White House. Here a grand avenue four hundred feet broad and about a mile in length, bordered by gardens flanked with buildings, was to dignify the approach to the halls of legislation; and where the axis of the White House intersected the axis of the Capitol was to be placed the equestrian statue of Washington voted by the Continental Congress in 1783. The twenty-five springs within the limits of the city were to furnish an abundant water-supply for fountains and cascades, and Tiber Creek was to be utilized as a canal to accommodate commerce, save where the waters should flow through the public gardens. In this manner he proposed to overcome the arid conditions which prevail during the long Washington summers, or at least to mitigate them. The canal was built; in its day it served its full commercial purpose, and even now the small portion remaining uncovered is in use. The cascades were never realized; and the most urgent need of the capital city to-day is fountains as numerous and as copious as those which give life and beauty to Rome.

L'Enfant became so absorbed in his plan that he conceived an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Fearing lest speculators would select the choicest sites, he perversely withheld his map from the commissioners, who needed it to satisfy purchasers at the sale of lots which was to supply the funds for the construction of the public buildings. Washington, who had received L'Enfant "not only as a scientific man, but one who added considerable taste to professional knowledge," and who regarded him as, by all odds, the person best qualified for the work in hand, intimated to the commissioners that the feelings of men of genius "are always alive," and that it is policy to humor them, or to put on the appearance of doing so.

Unfortunately, however, it was found impossible to employ Major L'Enfant "about the federal city in that degree of subordination which was lawful and proper," and so Jefferson dismissed him after he had been employed only a single year. The President urged that his compensation be ample—twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars: but L'Enfant placed the value of his services at fifty thousand dollars, and refused to accept a less sum, nor would he accept an appointment as professor of engineering at West Point; and until the day of his death, in 1825, the tall, erect figure of the courtly Frenchman trod the corridors of the Capitol as he vainly pleaded with Congress for the reward he believed to be his due.

Washington and Jefferson not only adopted L'Enfant's plan, but so long as they were in power they protected it from perversions,

just as they also guarded Thornton's plans for the Capitol from threatened changes by builders claiming to be architects; and by the time these two worthies had passed from the scene the main features of the original scheme were fixed beyond possibility of loss, although not beyond neglect and temporary perversion. Lack of money in the federal treasury at first prevented a full realization of those elements which made for beauty, and in later years there was a marked decline in public taste.

The Civil War found and left Washington a straggling Southern town, ill built, unpaved, with cattle and swine roaming the streets at will. During the war the poor and homeless negroes, who naturally drifted to the capital, squatted upon its vacant lands and built a cordon of huts on the range of hills that commands the city on the north.

Then came the Shepherd régime, during which Washington was improved with a ruthless hand. Grades were changed, streets cut down and hastily paved with wood; Congress was outwitted and defied; judges were lured on excursions from the city in order to prevent them from restraining the demolition of unsightly structures; money was poured out like a Potomac flood; taxes were doubled, and an enormous debt was piled up: but, after all has been said, the fact remains that the result was amply worth the cost.

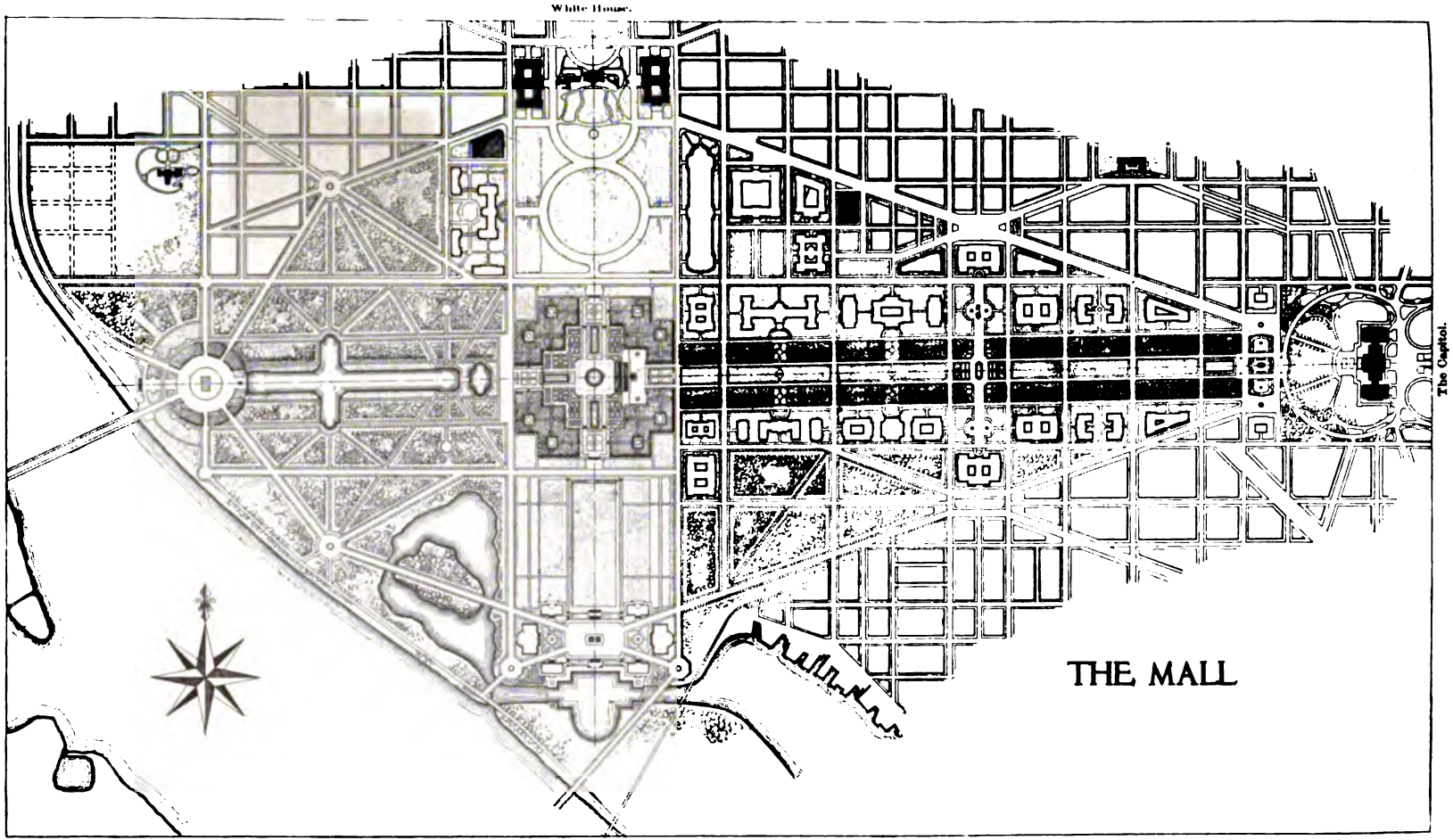
Meantime two great works had been accomplished. The Capitol extension, planned by Walter, had been finished during the war by the completion of the superbly proportioned dome; and in 1884 the half-built Washington monument, which had been an eyesore for a generation, was carried to its present splendid height. Unfortunately, however, the engineers, despairing of building a firm foundation at the intersection of the two axes as planned by L'Enfant, placed the monument off center as regards both the Capitol and the White House. Moreover, the space where was to have been the grand avenue connecting those two monumental buildings had become a common pasture, watered by a canal lined with wood-yards; and, as if with the purpose of destroying forever L'Enfant's conception, in 1870 the citizens invited, and Congress sanctioned, the location of a railroad across the Mall.

It is true that the parks and circles which L'Enfant had reserved for improvement by the States came to be adorned with statues of heroes of the Rebellion, until to-day Washington can boast of more bronze horsemen than any other city on the globe possesses; that, year by year, the small parks have been improved, the streets have been well paved, and many excellent residences have been built; and that large park areas have been either purchased or reclaimed from malarial marshes. The one thing lacking in the development of the capital has been that unity for which L'Enfant strove.

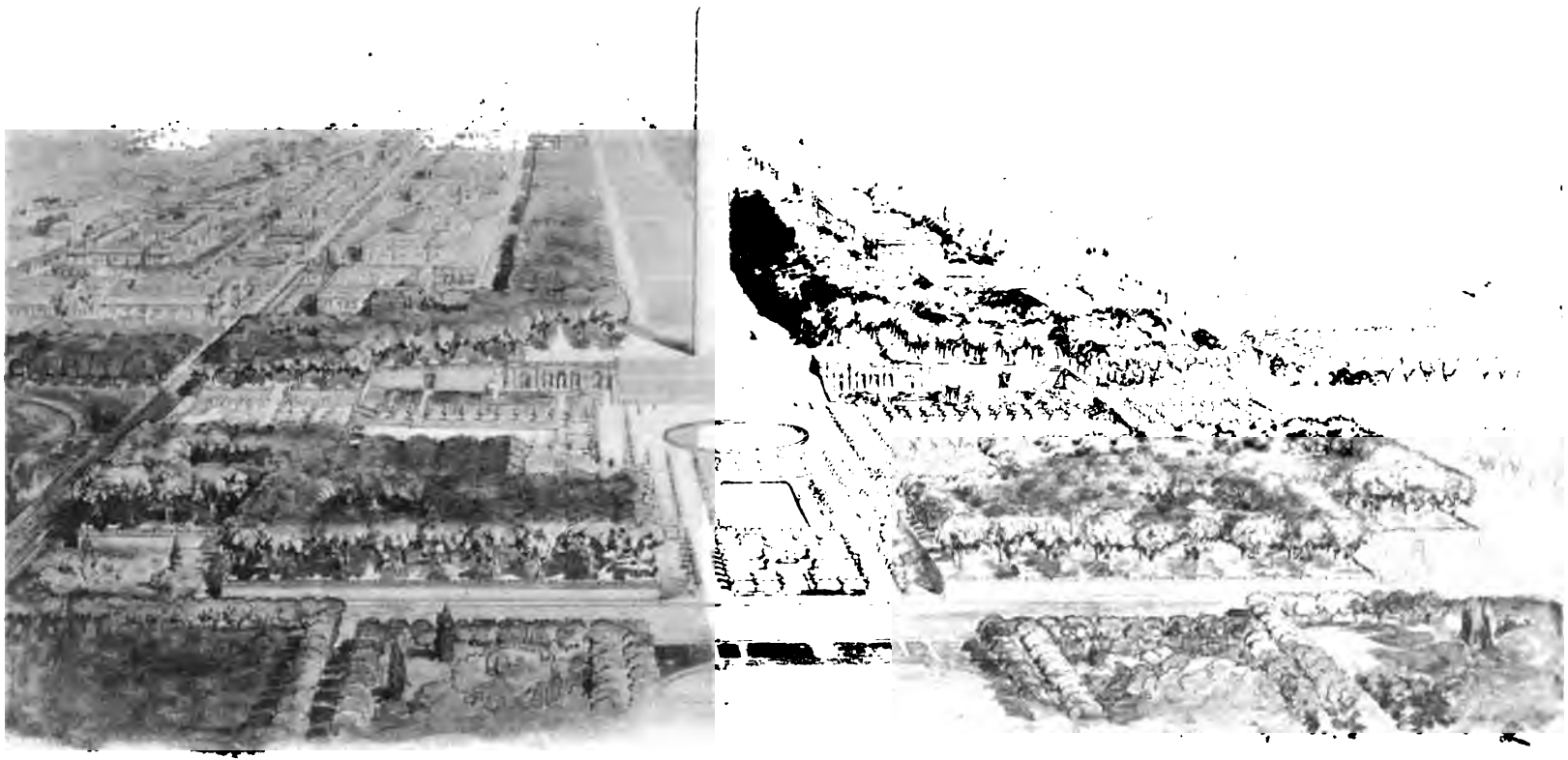
Such was the situation when, at the special session of the Senate, last March, Senator McMillan of Michigan, for some years the chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, secured the adoption of a resolution directing that committee to report a plan for the development of the entire park system of the District, and authorizing the employment of experts to prepare such a plan. A conference with the Institute of American Architects resulted in the selection of a commission composed of Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago, Charles F. McKim and Augustus St. Gaudens of New York, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of Brookline, Massachusetts. It so happened that these men had worked together to produce the results achieved at the Chicago Exposition, and thus they were able to bring to their new task a familiarity with like problems, and, what was more important, the ability to work together in entire accord.

No sooner was the membership of the commission announced than requests for aid and advice came from a number of the officers of the government who had duties to perform in relation to parks and buildings in the District of Columbia; and at the very outset was established a feeling of confidence and coöperation that promises well for the success of the undertaking.

When the commission began to study the problem presented to them, they were satisfied that their first duty was to return to the original plan of L'Enfant, which had found favor with Washington and Jefferson. In order to treat the Mall as a unit, the removal of the railroad-tracks and the station was absolutely essential. Happily, the appeal of the commission found sympathetic response on the part of President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Most fortunately, also, the common ownership of the two railroad lines entering Washington makes possible the creation of a monumental union station, a consummation long hoped for in the District of Columbia. Thus the commission has been able to secure terms on which the removal of the tracks from the Mall may be



In the center, the fountain, and Washington monument.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AND APPROACHES, LOOKING EAST—THE CAPITOL IN THE BACKGROUND.

brought about by the favorable action of Congress.

The plans now before Congress contemplate not only the improvement of the Mall and the monument grounds, but also driveways, boulevards, and park connections, the reclaiming for park purposes of the Anacostia Flats, the acquisition of additional park areas in those portions of the District now ill provided with breathing-spaces, and the development of areas already possessed and awaiting improvement.

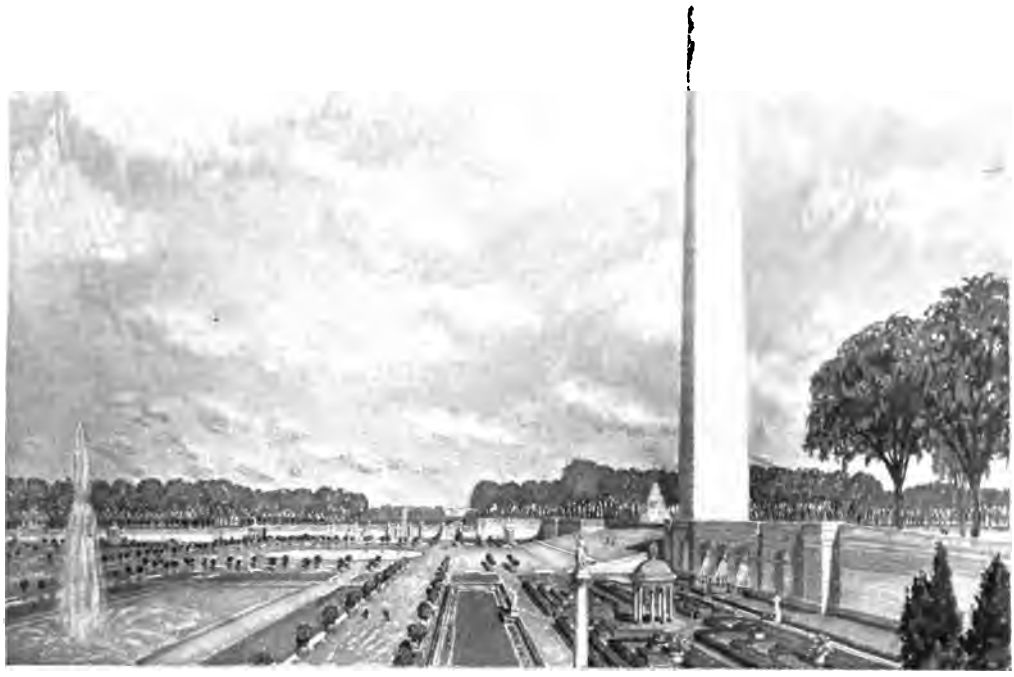
VIEW OF THE TERRACES AND THE MONUMENT FROM THE GARDEN.

When one recalls the setting of many foreign capitals and their flat topography, one realizes that with so superb a beginning, and with the majestic monument in a vista closed by the Potomac and the Virginia hills, the possibilities for beautiful treatment of Washington are unequaled. The new plans open the way to realize these possibilities.

Let one imagine himself standing on the western terrace of the Capitol on a summer afternoon. At the foot of the extended grounds great fountains toss clouds of refreshing spray into the heated atmosphere. From the foot of the Capitol hill to and up the monument slope, a mile and a half distant, two lines of stately elms march majestically in column of fours, one column on each side of a carpet of greensward three hundred feet wide. Buildings of white marble gleam behind the rows of elms; where the streets cross the Mall great bands of light lie across the stretches of tree-shadow; carriages and riders pass and repass on the roadway half covered by the grateful shade, while pedestrians linger under the wide-spreading trees. Thus, by a simple device of planting, the monument is brought into the vista of the Capitol.

Or suppose that the observer stands at the monument, with his gaze still directed to the setting sun. The space about him, as extensive as the piazza facing St. Peter's, is flanked by elms beneath which children play. At his feet broad stairs lead down to a formal garden inclosed by wooded terraces; and from this garden the broad opening leads to a long canal, tree-bordered, as at Versailles. Nearly a mile away, where the axis meets the Potomac, is a great *rond-point* surmounted by a Doric portico commemorating the one man in our national history who is worthy to stand with Washington—Abraham Lincoln.

From this point of divergence a memorial bridge leads straight across the broad Potomac to the terraced slopes of Arlington, surmounted by the temple-like mansion, which, once the home of Robert E. Lee, now stands sentinel among the thousands of graves of Union soldiers. From the same point of departure one road leads up the river to the valley of Rock River, and thence



VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AND GARDEN FROM THE SOUTH TERRACE, LOOKING TOWARD THE WHITE HOUSE.

to the great park which takes its name from that stream; while a second drive extends down the Potomac to the park formed by the engineers in reclaiming those malarial flats whose miasmal emanations, in Garfield's case, are believed to have completed the work of Guiteau's bullet.

From the portico at the rear of the White House the eye looks off over, first, the circular parade-ground, and thence over the garden at the foot of the monument, which is treated as an adjunct to the towering needle, thus establishing the reciprocity between the two structures that now is missed by reason of the construction of the monument off the axis. The space still farther to the south, between the garden and the Potomac, is arranged with basins for swimming and boating, with gymnasiums and ball-fields, with a stadium for games and displays of fireworks, and with all those means of athletic recreation which now are a necessity in civic life. The White House vista may be completed, perhaps, by a colossal figure, emblematic of the republic, standing serenely on the shore of the broad river, or even rising from the smooth surface of the water.

Fronting on the White Lots, as the parade-ground is called, public or semi-public buildings may well be placed—on the east perhaps an armory, to be occupied by the battalion of District militia, and to be used for inaugural balls or other large gatherings; on the west, continuing the line of the Corcoran Art Gallery, the administration building of the contemplated National University. So, too, the spaces fronting on Lafayette Square may come to be occupied by buildings for the Departments of State and of Justice, and by such other monumental structures as the growing needs of the republic may demand. Possibly, too, it will be found advantageous to build for the President an office building, and thus relieve the present overcrowded condition of the White House.

The historic Pennsylvania Avenue, also, will have its south side lined with such structures as a municipal building for the District of Columbia, a modern market in which the space is ample to accommodate the traffic now done on the public streets, and a hall of records for storing in safety government archives. And the Capitol grounds, too, should be faced only by public buildings, of which the number already projected is sufficient to complete the square indicated by the Capitol and the Library of Congress.

The return to the original type of treat-

ment for the development of the Mall was not determined without most careful consideration. During the summer of 1901 the commission studied the great parks of Europe: in the Borghese Gardens, on the broad terraces of the Villa d'Este, amid the still splendid ruins of Hadrian's Villa, on the Grand Canal at Venice, on the magnificent Maria Theresia Platz at Vienna, on the swift Danube curbed between miles of stone quays at Budapest, in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, and amid the splashing fountains of Vaux-le-Vicompte they threshed out many a perplexing problem. Bushy Park and Windsor Great Park, while they emphasized the beauty of long stretches of green, warned the commission against disturbing the central space by a commonplace roadway; and Hatfield House showed conclusively the surpassing beauty of a *tapis vert* bordered by tall trees.

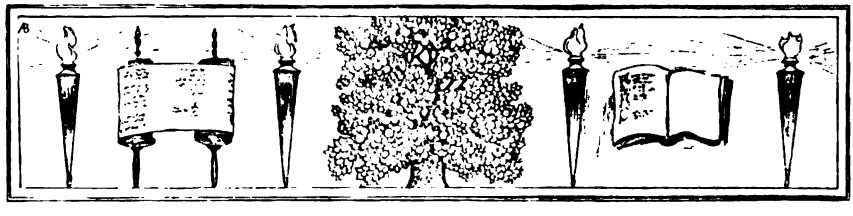
Will these plans, developed after much study by competent men, be carried out? That is for Congress to determine; but there is good reason to believe that the work will begin at once and be prosecuted continuously. The new building for the Department of Agriculture is to form a portion of the Mall improvement; and the supervising architect of the Treasury sought and obtained the aid of the commission in preparing the program, in selecting the architects for the competition, and in making the award. The removal of the railroad-tracks from the Mall will necessitate the improvement of the space vacated, together with the adjoining areas.

The Secretary of War has made the approval of plans for two new bridges across the Potomac contingent on the approval of the commission; and various other projects that have been delayed for the want of agreement as to the sites to be occupied now will have that obstacle removed. Moreover, there has been manifested throughout the country a conviction that the day has come to develop Washington according to a well-considered plan, rather than continue the haphazard building that has gone on since the L'Enfant plan was lost sight of.

The large degree of interest and coöperation the commission have met with since the beginning of their work is decidedly encouraging; and if only the people of the United States will support their representatives in Congress in making the necessary appropriations, the improvement of the national capital along the lines laid down by Washington and Jefferson will be accomplished speedily.

It is not essential to the success of the plans that large appropriations be made immediately. Considerable amounts of money are appropriated annually for carrying on the development of the District of Columbia in order to meet the needs of the increasing population, and from year to year new buildings are being erected by the government. The public offices are now scattered about the city, many of them being located in private buildings, the rentals of which are out of all proportion to the interest paid by the government on its loans.

There is every reason to believe that in the near future a number of the bureaus will be provided with buildings adequate to the demands of the work to be done; and the two houses of Congress are considering the question of erecting office buildings of a monumental character for the use of their members individually. What the new plans do contemplate mainly is that when appropriations are made from time to time, the buildings shall be placed and the parks shall be developed according to a definite system; and if this principle shall be established, the result must follow that the capital of the United States, already beautiful for situation, will stand as one of the most beautiful cities of the world.



THE BOOK-AGENT.[1]

A MONOLOGUE.

BY BEATRICE HERFORD.

WITH PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS BURKE PARKINSON.

BEATRICE HERFORD.

(*She enters, turning to a servant.*)

NO, no name; I don't believe she would remember me by the name. Just say a lady would like to see her, please.

(*Seats herself on the edge of a chair, surveys the room, rises, and begins to look at the pictures, books, etc. Hears the lady of the house coming, sits hurriedly, placing her book on the floor against the side of the chair, hiding it with the flounce of her dress. Arranges her bonnet and a smile.*)

(*To the lady of the house*) I did n't send my name up. I thought likely you would n't remember me by the name. You don't?

No, I did n't think you would.

[1] Attention is called to the fact that this article is protected by the general copyright of the magazine, by which stage and all other rights are reserved.

(*Looks toward the windows*) Lovely weather, is n't it? I think these first warm days are so sweet. I think the last time we met was at a wedding; I presume you don't remember seeing me, but I remember seeing you very well. Sweet wedding, was n't it? Oh, you don't recollect it at all? Well, I guess you would n't, but I remember very well indeed.

You see, I never forget a face, or, I should say, faces; once seen, a face haunts me forever—not unpleasantly, of course. But people are very different. Now, my sister, my third sister, is n't like that at all—not at all; but, then, mother was n't, and she takes after mother more than any of the rest of us do, and none of mother's family had that way of retaining a face, what I call memorizing countenances. It 's a gift, as I tell my sister. Of course she misses it more than she 'll allow, and I think it troubles her considerably; but she 's very brave about it. I tell her she can't have everything; she has one lovely little girl—perhaps you 've seen her? No? Oh, well, I did n't mean just that, but I thought maybe you might have seen her at the back of one of the magazines. What a splendid thing that Miller's food is, is n't it? What say? You have n't used it? Well, sister can't be grateful enough for it; she just brought the child up on it.

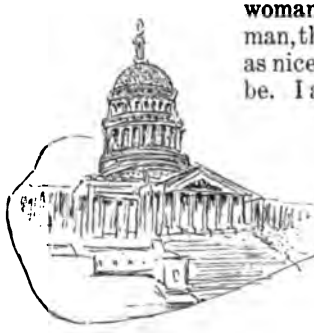
So she sent the baby's picture to Mr. Miller, and he 's had it printed out in most of the leading magazines; taken quite simply in her little nighty, with "My darling after treatment" written in sister's own handwriting underneath.

You see, when you have a case right in the family like that, you feel a great bond. Now, when I ride in the cars, for instance, and there 's one of Miller's advertisements, I never feel I 'm alone. I feel there 's a real friend of the family over the door, or just opposite, or above my head, wherever it happens to be located. It 's just a feeling you have, it 's like no other feeling you ever felt, and you feel you never felt anything like it before, and that 's the way you feel; it 's just a feeling you have.

Sister 's named her little girl after Mr. Miller; pretty name, is n't it? You don't care for it? But you don't care for the food. Of course it 's just a matter of taste, but I think it 's a real pretty name apart from the food.

What a lovely day it is! I think these first warm— You 're too busy to enjoy it, are you? Got a dressmaker in the house? No? Oh, spring cleaning! Oh, I know what that is; you must n't let me keep you. But I always think it 's such a good thing to have a little break, to be called away for a while; you go back fresher to work, though I don't suppose you take an active part. Still, there are always little things to do that no one else can do: covering up, putting away, wall-papers to select, and one thing and another. You must n't let me keep you. But I always think spring is the time to do it; of course it 's where the saying comes from, "spring cleaning."

I always go by those old sayings a great deal, but people are very different. Now, I have an aunt,—not my own aunt, step-aunt,—she would n't any more go by one of those sayings than she 'd fly; large stout woman; nice woman, though, just as nice as she can be. I always feel



they want to be like your own, if you 're prepared to meet them half-way. You see, what makes her a little nearer is that her husband's—her first husband's—son married my husband's half-sister's cousin's — You don't care to enter into it? Well, it 's very complicated, unless you know the family. But he 's a sweet young man, quite deaf and prematurely bald, but so helpful; does n't mind how much you shout at him. We don't put ourselves out, and he would n't want we should; he picks up what he can, and I must say he 's just as contented with his bits of conversation — conversation-links, I call them—as if he caught the whole drift.

He loves these first warm days. Lovely day! Every one ought to be out.

You were just getting ready to go out, were you? Well, you must n't let me keep you. I 'll tell you what I came for; I came to show you a little book—wait a minute, please—we are just getting out, and knowing how interested you are in such things, I wanted you to be one of the first to see it. Oh, I know just what you are going to say: you 've seen it. But pardon me, I don't hardly think so. There 's only a few first copies; Harker, Guttons & Sons are the publishers, and I told them I 'd be glad to take the book around for them. I thought the air these first warm days would do me good. I 've been suffering considerably from my chest during the winter months.

It 's a beautiful thing, very rare in its way, and unique.

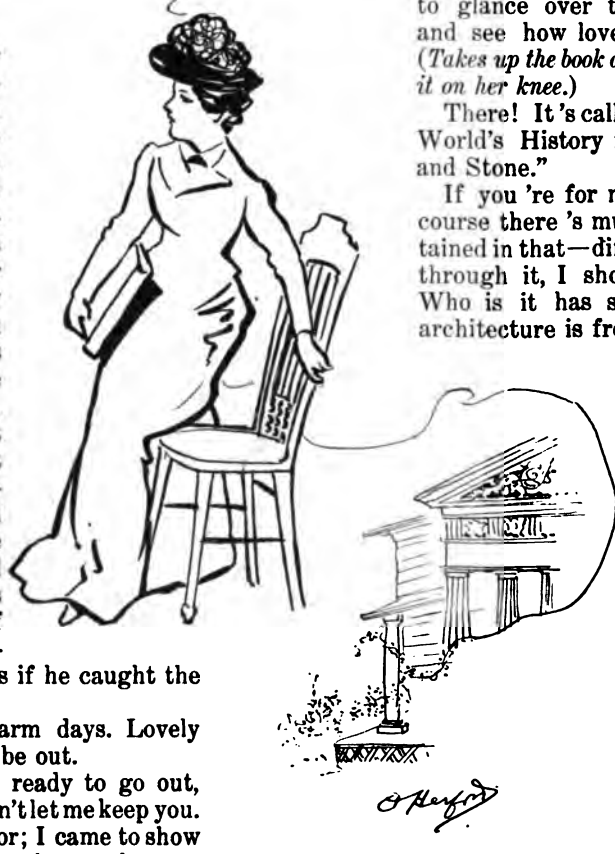
What say? You don't care for books? Perhaps you 're all for music. A great many people are.

Oh, I know just what you 're going to say: you never buy books. Yes, I know, some people get along with what they have for wedding presents; but you know there are new things coming out all the time that are not in those old wedding-present sets, although they 're very handsomely bound, I know.

But I 'm not talking of buying; I merely ask you to glance over the book and see how lovely it is. (*Takes up the book and opens it on her knee.*)

There! It 's called "The World's History in Wood and Stone."

If you 're for music, of course there 's music contained in that—diffused all through it, I should say. Who is it has said that architecture is frozen music? Well, I don't go as far as that myself, but I can see it 's a beautiful saying.



Of course the title is somewhat restricted; they have to be, as I 've often remarked. Where is the title that tells the whole story? You won't find it.

So you see, although it is designated on the back "The World's History in Wood and

Stone," the buildings depicted are not confined to those materials exclusively.

We all know, at least most of us do, that there is a great deal of ironwork, for instance, introduced into many of the edifices, both ancient and modern, in the past and present, and will be in the future, no doubt.

Don't think for a moment that I wish to run down the title. I 'm the last person to do so. No one can feel more than I do that it is one that must and will urge the public—the knowledge-seeking public—to open and reopen and peruse the interior matter, where the gems of architecture and art will repay his or her every look, I feel sure.

Don't say anything, just look and see first; I 'm going to turn over the pages and show you there 's something lovely on every one.

There! There is St. Peter's. Of course you know St. Peter's? I presume every one is familiar with it; situated in Rome, in the heart of all that is now modern; but it holds its own, don't it?

Right on the next page is another fine structure, the Parthenon. Rather monotonous, I always think, but quite old, I should judge, although you never can tell.

Now, my sister's new house is ever so much like that Parthenon—not the whole structure, of course it 's smaller, though, for my part, I don't care for the large scale on which they 've done that Parthenon. But it 's the piazzas that 's like it. They have just those same pillars. I do love a pillar here and there; they break up the landscape, don't they?

Here we have the gems of all the foreign galleries, all the well-known figures, taken in their celebrated attitudes.

There 's a wonderful statue,—I don't know as you know it, the "La-o-coon,"—but awful intricate. I guess that 's only a fragment, but if that 's a fragment what must the whole be! Ever since I first saw it, I 've been intending to ask a friend of mine if she could make it out. She 's real quick. Why, I tell you, she made out that pig-puzzle, "pigs in clover," when it first came out. So I said to her, "Can you make out that La-o-coon?" "Well," she says, "any one can see they 're firemen, but how they got tangled up in the hose that way I don't see."

There are some more of those pillars. I can't pass a pillar without looking at it; they 're so

handy for trailing things over. Of course I 'm fond of standing plants, and I presume you are, and I ain't going to say anything against them; still, they only grow so high, and there 's an end to it, but a vine or a trailing thing you can follow right around a pillar or over the roof of a house, and it 's always interesting.

On the next page is that Tower of Pisa. Of course it 's elegant, and quite a curiosity, but it seems to me something might be done about it.

Well, you see what a wonderful collection it is of all the world's greatest treasures—all the principal buildings, churches, cathedrals, palaces, ancient temples, domes, pagodas, and mausoleums, to say nothing of all the best-made statues, taken either in the antique bas-relief or standing right out, ten dollars with the box.

I know just what you are going to say: you don't care for a book with so many pictures.

Well, now, it 's a great convenience. I 'll tell you why. I expect you often have those small evening parties, where it 's so dull—too few for conversation and too many for a game. Now, if you can bring out a fully illustrated book like this, from a low bookcase or the top of the piano, and set it among two or three people, you 've got them there for three quarters of an hour at least; there 's no getting away. It 's a very handy thing for any hostess.

Don't want such a large book? Why, it ain't a large book. Now, I 've been surrounded with books on both sides of the family for generations, and I would n't tell you if it was n't so—this ain't a large book.

Why, the book I had round last year,—I forget the name,—but it was certainly three times as large. Oh, it was Dante's "Inferno," a new edition I presume he was just bringing out. If you wanted a large book, that 's the book you 'd want. Maybe you 've read it? I have n't. My sister glanced it through; she said it was very deep, something like "She."

Wait a minute, please. So many ladies say that in haste, and then they wish afterward they 'd taken it. Now, I have a feeling you want this book; I had it when I got up this morning.

As I say, it 's ten dollars with the box, and I 'm so sorry I have n't got one of the boxes with me; but I omitted to bring one to-day. They are made of plush of every color— What! You don't care for plush? Well! You 're the first lady I ever heard say that. Of course you could have it made in something else, but I think you 'd learn to love it, and placed in a window recess on a table of its own, where the sun can strike the plush cover, it 's a beautiful ornament in any room.

You 've got an engagement? Tiresome things, are n't they? Well, you must n't let me keep you. Now, you could have it on the two-dollar instalment plan. What 's two dollars a month? You give and you never feel, and that 's what we all like to do.

You 're in a hurry? I usually am, but somehow I feel like sitting to-day. I guess it 's the warm— Well, I think you are making a mistake, and I don't feel I can go till you decide to take this book.

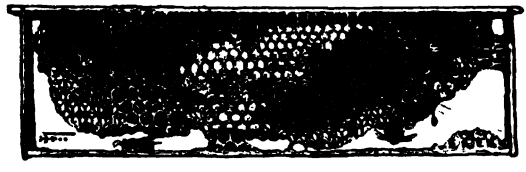
You wish your husband was here? Well, I wish he was; I 'd love to meet him. Yes, indeed, we sell a great many to gentlemen. We go into their offices, and they 're busy, and they glance over the book and are glad to take it. What say? No, of course two dollars a month would n't feel so much.

You will? Well, now, that 's right. I knew I could bring you around. Yes, indeed, I shall go now, and I 'll put your name right down.

Now, I wonder what color of a box you 'd like? I think a pale-blue would light up your room nicely; it 's very good for a dull—for a room papered like this.

And then, there 's another nice thing: you can place the book on one table and the box on the other, and no one will know but what you 'd got two, and that 's always pleasant.

I 'm delighted to have found you in. Good morning; and place it where the sun can strike the plush cover. Good morning, good morning.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Men's "Lives."

THERE seems to be opportunity for tact amounting to genius in the choosing of the right way to present a man's life in a book. As volume after volume of biography appears, continually the discussion is renewed as to this right way. Obviously the author of any given biography may be handicapped, first, by an official or representative relation to the subject; second, by the fact that still are living near relatives and close associates of the subject. Of late years there have been biographical publications that shocked the sense of propriety of friends no more than of the whole reading world. Then, partly as a reaction from these, there have been lives which seemed to omit the life, so trimmed and anxious was the treatment.

The ideal life of the newly dead would be that which gave all details in just proportion; which dwelt chiefly upon the commanding characteristic, that which made the man thus written of worth writing of at all. But how much of a great man's weakness should be "frankly and honestly" written down? This is the question that disturbs the literary moralist. The trouble is that a little that was wrong, set down in staring black and white, immediately leaps into a disturbing and dominating prominence. The man was noted because of some virtue of character, some virtue of art, some virtue of accomplishment in this field or that. Like all mortals, at some point he failed morally. Shall this, through the morbid conscientiousness or the unconscious awkwardness of the narrator, be so set forth that in the mind of the reader all else is obscured?

Truly not! The good man's vices may have an encouraging lesson for us all; but in his vices he was but ordinary. Let us say that he knew and deplored and tried to subdue them. Shall they nevertheless be permitted to dazzle, to perturb, to mislead the observer, perhaps to serve as examples for imitation? We knew, in our younger years, a most amiable man, kindly, sympathetic, moral, exemplary, affectionate in his family as well as in a large circle of friends attracted by his gentle and winning carriage—one who might well be called, in the honored phrase, a "Christian gentleman." Now, suppose that his biographer, imagining that he had earned one by traits more strenuous, should have dwelt with undue particularity upon the fact that, passing from a Northern into a Southwestern environment, in days we now call historically "early," he had found it necessary, as he thought, to "kill his man" in order to live himself. Greatly would a biographer have erred had he, by setting forth an unfortunate but picturesque incident with lavish disproportion, fastened upon this amiable and seldom-shooting man the name of man-slayer.

All men can sin; but the subject of a biography, who, though in some degree a sinner, nevertheless did fine, noble, beautiful, and useful things, arousing in mankind an insatiable curiosity as to his personality—shall his little or big shames be mercilessly uncovered, now that he is in no condition to hide them, as he, poor fellow, instinctively did in his lifetime? It is consoling to know that great lives have little moments, but this is a knowledge which may, at last, be said to be universal. Why grossly reiterate? The present writer once said to a well-known British poet, who was also an inspired preacher of the gospel—a man of very exquisite nature: "If you should come upon an unknown fact derogatory to the character of Shakspere, would you give it to the world?" Well do we remember the poet's loud and startling reply: "I 'd be domned if I would!" Evidently our friend was not thoroughly imbued with the spirit of scientific historical research, but there was that in his humanity which we have never ceased to honor.

There is a large difference, though, between, on one hand, the avoidance of a disproportionate dwelling upon weaknesses, and, on the other, a frightened refusal to portray idiosyncrasies. Some biographies of our day have been ludicrous in their omission of well-known peculiarities of the persons idealized to the point of idolatry in their pages. Certain writers have assumed certain famous careers as their personal property, and have resisted all attempts to disturb the image they have endeavored to create. It is only of late years that Washington has been permitted to write and talk as he did write and talk in this life; and meantime his fame has suffered no detriment. Not many years ago we printed in this magazine a striking portrait of Daniel Webster wearing a high hat, and we published, in this connection, a remark made by the great and idiosyncratic orator on the occasion of the taking of the daguerreotype from which our engraving was made—a remark containing an adjective of intensify of a somewhat profane nature. It was not long before we received from a learned and worthy gentleman, who had written much concerning Webster, a letter indignantly denying that Webster either wore a high hat or swore. All we could say was that the story came from an ear-witness; that the daguerreotype was itself a proof that he did wear a high hat, at least once; and that, moreover, this very same high hat was still preserved as an object of veneration for the benefit of all worshipers of Webster.

A Point in Psychology.

A CURRENT discussion—which has its distinctly regrettable accompaniments—touches upon the question of development of character in the subject of a certain prominent biographical work. An apparent change in the man whose life was recorded seems to have disturbed an old friend, and his criticisms appear to apply not merely to the "Life," but to the man.

The persons and writings and the biography involved we do not wish at this moment to discuss in detail. What we wish to do is to insist upon a psychological fact which seems not to be kept well in mind by all parties in the current controversy, namely, the natural reversion to the ethics of his people and of his race on the part of a growing man, of a man developing intellectually and spiritually, especially of a man facing increased responsibilities toward his own immediate circle and the ever-enlarging circle of followers and readers,—facing, too, now and again, the abyss. To imply that such a reversion, in the present instance, is tainted with anything approaching pharisaism is an implication as dull as it is amazing from other points of view.

There is a hunger of the soul for things of good repute that, given a life of average length, is apt sooner or later to assert its power in every man not born an irreclaimable criminal. There is a passion, in strong natures as in weak, for things evil; but there is a passion, as well, for things clean and virtuous. In that strange and memorable colloquy of the dawn between Francis Villon and the Lord of Brisetout, in Stevenson's story, "A Lodging for the Night," the sympathetic figure is not the well-housed seigneur, but the homeless, thieving poet. And yet the man of convention, warming his knees by his comfortable charcoal-pan, said things that hold water. "You speak of food and wine," quoth he, "and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure: but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring tooth-ache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but, indeed, I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

The young man who put these words into the mouth of the Lord of Brisetout knew one or two things about life; and it would be nothing other than natural if, more and more, his own life betrayed that knowledge.

Heaven knows there is enough to pull us down. Let us not be ashamed, we poor sinners, of cherishing ideals, even in weakness! And defend us from the cynic critics who, for reasons that savor of qualities one does not wish to name, would deface the ideals that speak to us from the many-volumed writings of a brave, knightly, and lamented spirit.

Our Obligations to Dialect.

IT is not unusual to hear the remark, "I never read stories with dialect," and every now and then this personal attitude finds expression in the press in the shape of a savage ban against this form of composition in prose or verse, as though it were a sort of literary heresy. The impression is sometimes given that dialect is an invention of the modern magazine.

There is no disputing about tastes, and it would be idle to expect by argument to convert any one to the liking of dialect. The dislike for variants from what may be called the normal type of English expression is often the sincere conviction of a jaded reader that so far as the perusal of dialect is concerned the game is not worth the candle; sometimes, however, it is merely the mark of mental indolence or inertia. As we grow older, we are likely either to become more selective in our reading, confining ourselves to those writings which we have proved to be most agreeable and valuable, or to broaden our tastes into a more catholic range, finding honey in many flowers. But in either experience a well-balanced mind does not allow itself to fall into superficial condemnation of classes, and a philosophic temper would be inclined to inquire why dialect has played so prominent and, on the whole, so acceptable a part in English and particularly in American literature.

Doubtless in Spenser's day his characterization of Chaucer as a "well of English undefyled" was accurate, but without a glossary his rich and rugged narratives are almost unintelligible to the reader of to-day; and yet how much they lose in the paraphrases of even a modern poet like Dryden! It is appalling to think what would become of Burns in such a process, and the measure of the loss is the measure of the value. And yet in readableness Chaucer and, in large part, Burns stand in much the same relation to us as though they were written in Creole or Negro patois. In Shakspere, the speech of his low comedians, while more readable, is often like a homely steed set to the task of carrying the rich by-product of a mine. We cannot spare Dogberry, or Launcelot Gobbo, or Bottom, or Touchstone, or Trinculo.

Coming down to Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and Lover and Lever,—to say nothing of Kipling,—who would give up the humor, the raciness, the tang, so to speak, of their dialect characters—the Scotchmen, the Cockneys, the Yorkshiremen, the Irishmen, the East-enders? Who would be willing to give back to a state of non-existence such creations as Andrew Fairservice, Sam Weller, Peggotty, Sairey Gamp, Charley Bates, Costigan, Foker, Yellowplush, Pleeceman X., or

Mrs. Poyser? If the canon were fixed against dialect, would not English fiction be robbed of many of its choicest personages? And what a havoc there would be among American writings! To be sure, we should still have the treasures of Hawthorne and Poe—products of a romantic era and of unhumorous minds; but every type and class of the country would be without its most salient exponent. What would become of Hosea Biglow, Petroleum V. Nasby, Hans Breitmann, M'liss, Tom Sawyer, Jules St. Ange, Uncle Remus, Marse Chan, Chimmie Fadden, Mr. Dooley, and many another of our "immortals"? In short, could one put into practice the anathema against dialect with *ex post facto* effect, the variety and flavor of democracy would largely disappear from fiction, and the color would almost fade out of it, while the gaiety of nations would well-nigh be eclipsed. It would not be the abolition of dialect, but the extinction of a large measure of literature. To object to dialect is to object to the types it represents, and to deny them the right to speak in their natural voices.

No; what the critics mean to inveigh against is not dialect as such, but the poor or tedious variety in which there is neither humor nor substance, but rather a finesse of philological exploitation, a labyrinth which it would take the skill of a Theseus to explore. One naturally tires of bad orthography or grammar when its associations are merely vulgar, when it exists as an only too perfect example of false realism. It is not the verbal or literal niceties of dialect that give it value, but the content it sets forth appropriately, the picturesque and engaging figures it adds to the ever-expanding realm of humor, its homely and humanizing touches of pathos. And not the least of its uses is the advantage it gives to the satirist of public affairs who is able to dramatize his criticism in a Biglow, a Nasby, or a Dooley.

Again, the dialect literature of a country is a not unimportant part of its social history, and has a distinct value as folk-lore. In America, with its populations of mixed origin, this literature has extraordinary richness and variety. So far, we believe, our Scandinavian and Italian elements have had no adequate representation in our dialect, but our readers will be reminded of its range in some other directions by certain contributions (past, present, and to come) to THE CENTURY'S "Year of American Humor," in which, side by side with numerous articles entirely free from dialect, will be found close and racy studies not only of the Negro and the Irishman,—the two chief resources of American humor,—but also of the Kentucky mountaineer, the Pennsylvania Dutchman, the Bowery boy, the inland or the 'longshore Yankee, the cow-boy, the Hoosier, and the French *habitant* of Illinois. None of these types is "difficult" as here presented, and altogether they compose a gallery of American characters so various as to accentuate the political homogeneity of a land that holds them all.

A Prize for Humorous Drawings.

WITH a view to develop the talent of young draftsmen in a humorous direction, and to make clear the large demand for good examples of this sort of artistic work, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has, on the following terms, announced a competition for original humorous drawings appropriate to THE CENTURY by any one under thirty years of age.

For the best drawing, $100. For the second-best drawing, $60. For the third-best drawing, $40.

The Editor and the Art-Director of THE CENTURY are to be the judges of the competition, and the drawings that win the prizes are to be the property of the magazine, which is to have the privilege of publishing them, and is to have the refusal of all drawings submitted.

It is hoped that this competition will result in many available drawings besides the prize-winners.

Drawings must be delivered at the rooms of THE CENTURY, 33 East 17th Street, New York, by noon of March 1, 1902.

OPEN LETTERS

Artemus Ward at Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE entertaining memoranda of Artemus Ward in the November CENTURY bring back to me his characteristic appearances in New England on the occasion of his first and, I think, his only Eastern lecture tour after his original lecture in Irving Hall, New York. It was in the late summer of 1862, and, as I recollect, in Springfield, that I heard Mr. Browne.

I remember the inviting solicitation of the handbills that proclaimed his avatar:

"The lecturer, on appearing, will be greeted with tumultuous applause. Ushers will please attend to this." And later: "There will be an intermission of ten minutes for the lecturer to go across the street and see a man."

Such eccentricities as these in the advertising aroused unusual expectancy in the community, but the assembly on the lecture evening was self-contained and critical, as became New England, and not to be taken off its guard by unaccustomed amenities. "Here we are," it seemed to say; "we have paid to be amused. Now amuse us if you can."

Presently the door on the left of the stage was slowly, almost hesitatingly, opened, and the looked-for man appeared. I recall vividly the impression he made upon us all with his tall, gaunt, almost attenuated figure, accentuated to mournfulness by the unrelieved austerity of his black dress; his face like frost, with cavernous eyes; cheek-bones almost pricking through the skin, hectic even then with consumption; and his wistful half-smile, as he glanced deprecatingly at the audience, and then, looking straight before him, strode quite across the platform and took a chair at its farther end. There he sat, his sorrowful visage seeming to breathe the spirit of Cervantes's knight of the weeping laughter. And the audience, as if feeling that it could not come to the relief of the unhappy man too quickly, and assure him of its entire neighborliness and sympathy, broke out spontaneously with hand-clapping that said plainly enough, "Welcome, welcome! Be not cast down! We shall laugh at anything you say." I do not know that I have ever witnessed such a capture of an assembly, so immediate a dissolving of that cold equilibrium which even experienced public speakers dread—and this without a word having been uttered. There could not, it seemed, be a more auspicious moment for his beginning. But the enthusiasm did not, apparently, reach its object. There he sat, motionless; one long, thin leg hanging over the other, his eyes cast down, a picture of irresolution and melancholy. Soon he took out his watch, looked at it, and replaced it; then, after a little, he nervously reversed the position of his legs, raised his eyes, and revealed a gaze of anxiety and unrest. Then he distressfully consulted his watch again, after which he resumed his posture of resigned waiting. After a few minutes this dumb-show was repeated with distracting variations, until the evident fear and worry of the man infected and hypnotized us all. We could not understand his unrest; we could only sympathize with it. But when the town clock was heard striking eight, instantly his constraint vanished. With an air of blithe relief, he straightened himself, arose, proceeded to the middle of the rostrum, and, a shadow of a smile appearing on his grave, sad face, he began in a conversational tone to explain that inadvertently his lecture had been advertised to begin at eight and close at nine; but the lecture being only three quarters of an hour long, he had found himself, on arriving, in a predicament.

"I did not know," he said, "whether I ought to begin at eight and close at a quarter to nine, or wait until eight and a quarter, so that I could close promptly at nine." And then he went on, giving reasons first for one course and then for the other, until he actually succeeded in impressing us, by his ingenuous reiterations, with the embarrassment of his imaginary dilemma. Then he paused, and, assuming a more forensic attitude, said:

"I have come here to lecture in order that I might get money enough to go to Africa. I should feel that I had lived in vain if I did not go to Africa; and"—his voice up to this moment had been pitched in a high minor key, almost touching in its effect, but now he drew out his handkerchief and, holding it to his eyes, apparently broke into sobs, his voice choking through—"I don't want to live in vain. I had rather live in Springfield."

From this moment the audience was unreservedly his own. I do not remember much of the lecture. He followed it on subsequent evenings with other lectures or variations of the same.

I remember the novel incident of his farewell appearance. For some reason there had been no ticket-taker at the door. When the lecture was concluded, he addressed the audience as follows:

"This is my last appearance here; and I desire to thank you all for the kindness I have experienced while I have been dwelling in this town. There is no place I have ever visited where I have been treated better, I may say oftener, than I have here. I have been wondering how, in some delicate manner, I could recompense your kindness. You will have noticed, perhaps, that the tickets have not been collected; and I will now state that two weeks from to-night I shall lecture in San Francisco, and the same tickets will be good."

Charles J. Woodbury.

Old Spanish Masters.

II. PORTRAIT OF THE DAUGHTER OF EL GRECO. (See Frontispiece.)

DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI, surnamed El Greco, is classed among the Spanish masters, though he was born in Greece (about 1548) and studied under Titian. His style and coloring partake, to a great extent, of the Venetians, though he is often extravagant in the tallness of his figures, and his technic is ropy and involved. He is recorded to have worked principally at Toledo, where he was living in 1577, and where he died in 1625.

The portrait of the artist's daughter would seem to be a unique example among his works, there being nothing in it reminding one of the peculiar handling in the technic of the body of his pictures, unless it be in the manipulation of the high lights of the ermine fur; "otherwise," as a connoisseur remarked to me concerning it, "you might never know it was a Theotocopuli." It is just these few scattered lights that bear the unquestioned impress of the master's hand—or manner, rather, for he was very mannered as to both touch and style. But in this head he apparently turned aside from his habitual manner in the endeavor to do justice to the features of his lovely daughter; and though he has succeeded, to some extent, with pose and expression, in giving a look of virgin shyness, sweetness, and reserve, it is yet cold, hard, and tight in treatment. The technic of the hand is better in its suppleness and fleshy quality, and it softens beautifully into the depth of the fur, and is thus naturally subordinated to the face.

The greatest volume of light is concentrated upon the face, which is brighter in tone than the fur. Photographs, on the contrary, falsify

this effect by rendering the fur lighter than the flesh. The coloring of the whole is rich and mellow. The background is flat, of a dark, cool, gray umbery tone, into which the delicate hairs of the fur tenderly fade, for he is unable to resist painting the separate hairs of the fur, albeit he yet retains a general impression of the hair as a mass. The tone of the fur is a warm creamy gray. The ring on the third finger contains a ruby, painted with fine depth and glow of color. The ruffle about the black sleeve is a warm brownish yellow, very neutral. The wimple about the head and throat is of some delicate soft gray material, of a tone similar to the color of the fur. The face is luminous and of a general mellow cast, becoming a rosy flush upon the cheeks, and the hair is jet black. The ensemble is harmonious, rich, and luminous, and executed with considerable finesse and delicacy.

It was through the medium of Mr. Claude Phillips that I came across this beautiful canvas at the residence, in London, of Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., M.P., who kindly granted me the liberty of engraving it. It measures nineteen and a half inches wide by twenty-five inches high, and is life-size.

Timothy Cole.

The Author of the Browning Articles.

KATHARINE COLEMAN DE KAY BRONSON.

THE author of the reminiscences of Browning published in April, 1900, and in the present number of THE CENTURY, was Mrs. Katharine Coleman de Kay Bronson, who died on February 6, 1901, in Florence. It was to Mrs. Bronson that Browning dedicated his last book, "Asolando." He was frequently her guest in both Asolo and Venice. At her hospitable home, Casa Alvisi, on the Grand Canal, were welcomed a remarkable group of authors and artists, including Ruskin, Whistler, Lowell, Story, James, Clemens, Howells, and many others, along with men and women high in the political and social world. She was greatly interested in certain charitable work and in certain industries of Venice. Those who came even but casually into the circle of her charm were not at a loss to understand why so many were drawn to her in peculiar relations of friendship. It would be difficult to count the lives brightened by the radiance of her spirit. It seemed fitting that she should be a grandchild of that poet of whom it was said:

None knew thee but to love thee.

R.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Timid Fiddlers.

A LITTLE fiddler-crab of an unassuming drab
Grew fierce as any Roman gladiator
When he thought, with utter shame, on his scientific name,
Which was Uca Gelasimus Pugilator!
He said: "If I should dare to ask any one to share
That name, I 'm sure my offer she 'd repudiate."
And with rage he used to gnaw at his quite colossal claw
As in melancholy solitude his food he ate.

Now there chanced to live alone, underneath another stone,
A lady crab of unassuming nature,
Who daily sadder grew, for she was a victim, too,
Of that cruel scientific nomenclature.
"I would n't care a jot," she would say, "if I were not
A beauty, for conceit I am not addled with;
But I find that life 's a sell when I cannot even spell
The nauseating title I am saddled with!"

They met from day to day in an accidental way:
She 'd glance toward him, ill at ease and bridling;
He 'd make the kind of bow such relationships allow,
And continue on his way sedately sidling.
But at night he could n't sleep, and the spinster used to weep,
For they longed for a betrothal, and for Hymen, too;
"But it would n't do," he said, "being thus yclept, to wed."
And she: "My name was never made to tie men to."

So they ne'er exchanged a word, till a circumstance absurd
Brought them up against the climax of their story;
For the twain were caught as bait, and they met inside a crate
That a fisherman was towing with a dory.
Then he saw what course was best, and his name at once confessed.
She answered: "Sir, I fear you 're making fun of me—

That 's my appellation, too!" He responded:
"Good for you!
And I 'm very pleased to find there 's more
than one of me!"

I am glad to tell you that in the crate a broken
slat
Made a crevice that for getting out was
ample,
So they shouted, "P. P. C.!" and they scuttled
forth in glee,
And the other fiddlers followed their example.
That evening on the beach they sat looking
each at each,
And he murmured: "I regret it if I trouble you,
But I wish you 'd be my bride." And the spin-
ster crab replied,
"I Will!" (Observe the largeness of the W!)

THE MORAL is: "If music be the food of love,"
we know
That love won't die of hunger when the fiddler
finds a beau!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The Song of the "Supe."

WE say our little say, and we act our little act,
And then the play goes on again and we are
left behind;
'T is but a little minute that such as we are in it,
And then we flit like sleepy ghosts before the
morning wind.

Yet all concede, I ween, we help make up the
scene,
As soldiers or as peasants or as pirates of the
sea,
With our crude gesticulations, and pathetic imita-
tions
Of the actions of our betters who are artists
of degree.

And the public hardly thinks that we sing, per-
haps, for drinks,
Or a paltry half a dollar that may keep us
through the day.
They are thinking of the star and his gorgeous
palace-car,
Or if the leading lady owns the diamonds in
the play.

Eheu! the mighty sage said: "Life is but a stage!"
And stars are few, one rarely sees a perfect
luminary;
Then, as we can't be stars, we 'll dance and trill
the bars
That fall to common mortals like the super-
numerary.

Charles H. Crandall.

THE OLD STORY.

THE LADY: "Do the terms suit?"
THE COOK: "Yes, I 'll come; but I must have my nights out."

DRAWN BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

"'HED A FUNNY DREAM LAS' NIGHT.'"

THE drifts were deep last week, and Deacon Abner Perkins found only two or three of his neighbors in the post-office at mail-time, which is perhaps just as well, because he told a dream, and people affect to hate dreams—except their own.

This was the deacon's own, and he did n't hate it; but as he seated himself in the big arm-chair in front of the air-tight stove, he said:

"Hed a funny dream las' night." Then he paused as a minister does at a certain point in the marriage service. No one orally objecting, he went on:

"I dreamed thet some years back the Chinese sent over a lot of missionaries to this country to make us learn this here Confusionism, an' we did n' take kindly to it, because this is a free country,—free to take a thing or let it alone,—an' we did n' want a strange an' confusin' religion sorter forced on to us.

"But, bein' civilized in a good many spots, we treated those missionaries polite, an' they kep' sendin' more an' more, an' wearin' aout their welcome. Well, I dreamed thet meantime we was tryin' to git a big openin' into Chiny, but the narrer-minded an' selfish yeller-skins put up a sign, 'The Americans Must Go,' an' those thet was in was fired over the Wall, an' no more was let in, which, considerin' their missionaries an' some of their merchants was doin' business here, was aggravatin', to say the least."

"Kinder puzzles me. You say you dreamed it?" said the postmaster, who had come out in front the better to hear Abner.

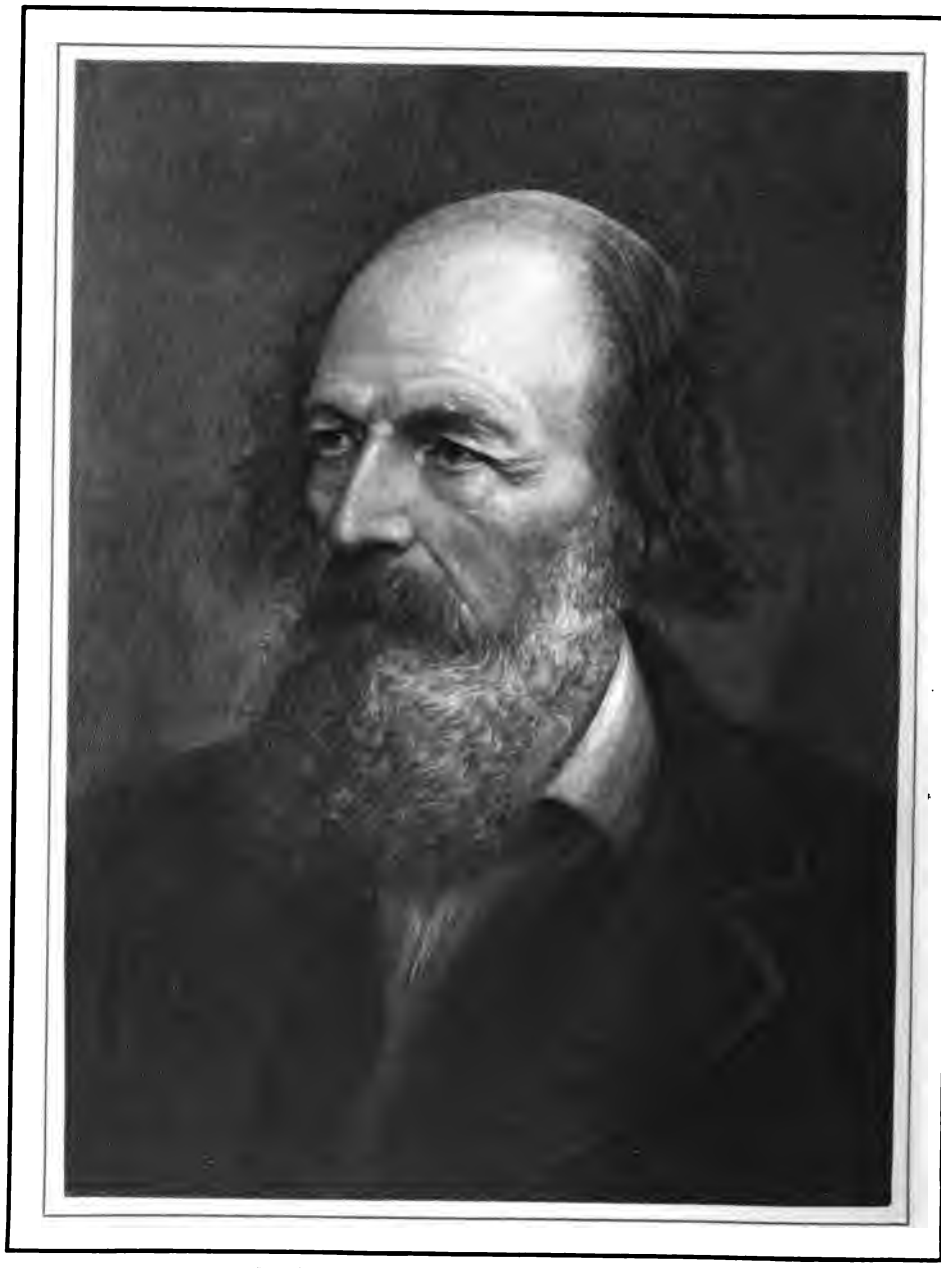
"Yes, I dreamed it. Well, purty soon some of us begun to think we could treat a Chinaman the same as some of us treat a black man, an' ther' was one or two of these here barber-cues with the yeller fellers fer victims. Now, a Chinaman hates to have anything done to his cue, an' I dreamed thet they promptly sent an army over here to fight us fer havin' the barber-cues. Naow, thet was the time fer the dream to go all to pieces, but this one had as logerkle an endin' as could be.

"By jingo! we felt aour rights was trampled upon, an' we cut thet army to pieces. You see, it seemed to me in the dream thet the Chinese was so unjust. There they was sayin' we could n' git into their country on no sort of pretex', an' yit they was comin' over here in large numbers, an' forcin' us to listen to Confusionism, an' then declarin' war on us jes because of a barber-cue or two. It made my blood bile, an' the bilin' woke me up, an' then, by jingo! I done some *thinkin'* until daylight."

"Yes," said the postmaster; "them Chinese is a bad lot."

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY THOMAS JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD.

Yours ever
Tennyson

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII. MARCH, 1902. No. 5.

A BAVARIAN BRIC-À-BRAC HUNT;

OR, A ROUNDABOUT SEARCH FOR A CARVED CHEST.

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

LATE GOTHIC ANGEL, MUNICH.

BEFORE living in Munich I had always thought of London and Paris as the ideal stamping-grounds for the bric-à-brac collector with a light purse; but after a month's wandering about that quaint old Bavarian city, and in some of the neighboring towns, I began to doubt whether one's chances are not better in a small city than in a large one. Bric-à-brac dealing, as a regular and profitable business, has now become so well recognized that in a city like London or Paris every junk-dealer, every pawnshop-keeper and second-hand furniture man, knows the value of what may drift to him in the way of antique furniture, silverware, copper, embroidery, or china; or, if he does not, he is pretty sure to take it to an expert in bric-à-brac and find out. There are said to be three hundred and eighty dealers in antiquities in Paris alone, while probably London has nearly as many more. In Munich there are quarters where the sign "Antiquitäten" stands over every second door, and I found in the directory no fewer than fifty-eight persons or firms whose whole business is to collect and sell alleged antique objects. As the business grows, it becomes more and more hazardous—to the buyer. Naturally, the collection or discovery of old and more or less artistic things gives employment to an army of people all over Europe, and as finds become more rare, the business of manufacturing "antiques" grows, and, as a matter of fact, has grown, until only an expert, and not always he, can tell whether a pair of andirons is three centuries or three months old.

In the way of carved furniture, I am afraid that there are more fraudulent antiques than genuine in the Paris shops today. There is one dealer in particular who, when closely questioned as to the origin of certain Louis XV sideboards and tables he has for sale, will tell you they come from the château of Chenonceaux, the famous little palace where the fair Diane de Poitiers once lived and loved; and in proof of it he will

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE DULT, OR FAIR, AT MUNICH.

show you a bill of sale, duly stamped and authenticated, of a certain lot of furniture sold to him in 1863 from the château. Hundreds of persons, doubtless many Americans among them, have bought those Chenonceaux tables and buffets, and have seen that precious document, which, no doubt, is good so far as it goes. Unfortunately, according to a rival dealer, that bill of sale covered only two sideboards and three tables from Chenonceaux, notwithstanding which, Chenonceaux tables and chairs have been pouring forth from the little shop in a steady stream for the last twenty years—enough to freight an ocean steamship. The widow's cruse of oil was nothing to it. I do not doubt that if I were to order fifty Chenonceaux tables to-morrow the proprietor of the shop would agree, with a twinkle of intelligence, to fill the order within a reasonable time.

When one considers the extrinsic value of such articles, it is evident that the tempta-

tion to imitate must often be overwhelming. An inlaid buffet of the time of Louis XV, especially if accompanied by a bill of sale from some old château, may fetch to-day from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars in Paris. A new buffet of just as perfect, or better, workmanship will bring not more than half the money. What a temptation, therefore, to soak the new buffet in water for a month, to discolor it with acids, to make it the target for pistol practice with small shot in order to imitate worm-holes, and then, having made a ruin of it, to "restore" it and sell it as coming from the château of Chenonceaux, or any other well-known mansion!

Some time ago the neighbors of a certain petty furniture-dealer in London complained of the constant pistol-shooting in the tradesman's back yard. Haled before a magistrate, the man testified that he was a reputable manufacturer of "antique" oak chests, and that it was necessary to fire bird-shot at his new chests in order to give them a worm-eaten appearance; which anecdote recalls to me that I once saw in the window of a bric-à-brac shop in Strasburg this announcement: "The Newest Things in Antiquities."

A SMALL PORCELAIN FIGURE AT THE ROYAL CASTLE, ANSBACH.

The large centers in Europe having been pretty well stripped of valuables and bric-à-brac, and the danger of being imposed upon with counterfeits having increased tenfold in the last thirty years, it follows that the bric-à-brac collector with a light purse must resort to smaller places or to the few large cities rather off the common route of tourist travel. So far as I know, Munich, among such cities, offers to-day some of the best opportunities for "finds," and it has the additional advantage of having within a few hours' run a number of smaller cities where the bric-à-brac field has not been swept clean. To the north we have Augsburg, Ulm, Nuremberg, Regensburg; south and west we have Innsbruck, Rosenheim, Kufstein, and Salzburg, all curious and interesting medieval towns, some of them but little visited by tourists; while still smaller towns, such as Tölz, on the Isar, or Murnau, south of Munich, are almost unknown, although the last-named may be remembered by tourists who have been to the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

A bicycle tour offers exceptional opportunities to the collector, for the reason that he passes through small towns not on the line of railroads, and of course unknown to the ordinary tourist. Some of the best things I picked up during a Bavarian summer were in such towns. A silver-plated *Ampel*, or church lamp, I got near Tölz. A rich patron had presented the village church with a new and gorgeous modern lamp, so that this one, after hanging for perhaps a hundred years or more before the altar, had been sold to an old metal dealer.

But Munich has something far more interesting to collectors, especially poor ones, than Antiquitäten shops—namely, the Dult. The Munich Dult is an institution peculiar to the city, dating back hundreds of years. Twice a year, in May and September, all or most of the dealers in old clothes, bric-à-brac, and odds and ends of every description, hold a sort of fair or market in one of the squares of the city, lasting for a week or ten days. Hundreds of booths of wood or canvas are erected, forming a big village with streets about twenty feet wide. The fashionable dealers in bric-à-brac affect to despise the Dult as offering nothing of real value, but they or their agents are among the earliest visitors, ready to bargain for whatever they may sell at an advance of from five hundred to one thousand per cent. It is true that the Munich Dult does not, as a rule, yield bric-à-brac of value, and yet the modest collector who wants to make his money go as far as possible will probably find few more promising places for a day's ramble. Here is a list I noted down of the objects to be seen in one booth which was no richer in variety than a score of others: antique clocks of polished wood or marble, three of which I bought; musical instruments—guitars, violins, zithers, and mandolins; brass and copper kettles and milk-pans in great variety and without question of old workmanship; embroideries, many of them from country churches; engravings and paintings, none of any art value; books, some of them bound in pigskin, and dating from one hundred to three hundred years back; peasant head-dresses of gold and silver, some jeweled; church jewels, altar furniture, and hang-

ing lamps; censers and candlesticks; odds and ends of household furniture, some antique and good; second-hand tools and hardware, from a pile of which I fished out a wrought-iron door-knocker that now adorns a house of my own four thousand miles away from Munich; beer-mugs and jugs of many shapes and sizes; box after box of small trifles of brass and iron; finally, a glass case containing peasant jewelry, rings, chains, pins, etc. The Munich people expect to find

BRIC-À-BRAC SHOP AT ROTHENBURG.

everything they want at the Dult from a bath-tub to a diamond pin, both second-hand.

Some booths are filled with what might be called devotional material: church candles of all sizes and degrees of ornamentation; first-communion wreaths and ornaments; religious pictures and framed petitions to be hung before altars or on church doors; miniature fonts of metal or china for holy water; sacred medals; splinters from the true cross; strings of beads; and, perhaps most curious of all, little wax feet, hands, arms, and legs, each piece looking as if taken from a big Paris doll, which are sold to be laid before the altars or shrines of certain saints. If a peasant has a lame leg, he buys one of these miniature legs in white or red wax, and hangs it in front of the altar devoted to his patron saint; or more often it is stuck upon some sharp spike of the railing in front of the altar. In some of the churches the railing inclosing the altar of a popular saint is decorated along its whole length with these arms and legs, hands and feet. If a cure results, the patient is expected to replace the wax emblem with one in silver, which is laid for a certain length of time upon the altar, after which it is melted down for the benefit of the church. In such booths one is also likely to find curious altar-cases of glass, three or four feet high, containing doll-like representations of the Virgin and the infant Christ, both laden with imitation jewelry.

JACOB'S CHURCH, ROTHENBURG.

My own purchases at the Dult will give the reader a fair notion of the prices that prevail. The best thing I found was an Italian embroidery, six feet square, of pale-blue, salmon, silver, and yellow silk upon a light-yellow ground. Although there is not a thread of metal in this embroidery, the effect is that of a mass of dull gold. Had I found the piece in America I should have considered myself fortunate in getting it for fifty dollars. The woman from whose pile of old stuffs I unearthed it asked eight dollars, which, after a week's protest, I paid. Experts to whom I have shown it identified it as an altar-cover from southern Tyrol, about two hundred years old. Of the three clocks I bought, the largest cost me six marks (one dollar and a half), one of the others five marks, and the smallest two marks. All are of nicely polished wood and certainly more than a century old. The largest, which is sixteen inches high, has two gongs of different tones, one of which strikes the quarters and the other the hours. Two of the clocks have strings at the side which, when pulled, cause the clock to strike the hour as last sounded. In the days when matches were unknown, people who wanted to know the hour at night pulled these strings. In none of the clocks, however, were the works in good shape, so that I had to send them to a clock-maker, who charged me five marks apiece to put them in running order. The silver Ampel from near Tölz, already mentioned, is of brass, silver-plated, and measures eighteen inches in height. It cost me nine dollars—about the price for which one may be found at the Dult. A samovar standing fifteen inches high, of

lacquered copper, cost three marks. A tea-urn of lacquered tin or zinc, but with brass legs and spout, cost a mark and a half. A Gothic brass censer nine inches high cost eight marks. An incense-box of good repoussé brass, silver-plated, cost two marks —one of the instances in which I got something for nothing, so to speak. Besides the iron door-knocker, I bought two butcher-steels, on account of their fine brass handles; knocker and steels cost me five marks. The only book I bought at the Dult was a big quarto Bible with brass-mounted cover, printed in Strasburg in 1603, and containing hundreds of quaint woodcuts. I paid seven marks for it.

There is a moral danger about bric-à-brac collecting. I am afraid that most collectors go about the world seeking to get something for nothing, or as nearly as they can manage it. The joy over a "find" of good silverware or furniture is in proportion to its cheapness. A certain acquaintance of mine is never tired of showing a carved oak chest, bound with good ironwork, which he got somewhere in Austria for six gulden (about three dollars). It would be worth at least sixty or eighty dollars in Munich. Of course the old woman who sold it for three dollars had no knowledge of its real value. Now the question is, was it perfectly honest to take this chest at such a price, knowing that it was worth twenty times the money? We are all of us more or less gamblers by nature—all of us who rejoice in getting something for nothing. The bric-à-brac collector must, I am afraid, be placed in the same category. With a full appreciation of the iniquity involved, I find myself almost involuntarily trying to beat down the price that is more than low.

One day I ran across, in a sort of old-clothes shop in the slums of Munich, a lot of odds and ends such as a cheap pawn-shop at home might display. I went inside, as I always do, and took in every object at a glance over the shop, singling out at once the two things I wanted. I had seen that a curious bronze thermometer-stand and a peasant's embroidered head-dress were the only things there worth having. The thermometer-stand was of modern French workmanship—three dragon's feet bearing a sort of tower, upon the side of which had once been a mercury-tube. The thing was a ruin, but the tripod base was well finished. It now makes a good support for a metal bowl used as an ash-receiver. When new the thing must have cost fifteen or twenty dollars in Paris. The old woman of the shop asked two marks for it. I offered a mark and a half, which she refused, when I went away, declaring that her price was too high. I went back twice within the next fortnight, both times rather ashamed of myself, and yet determined not to give those two marks until I had wasted ten marks' worth of time and ingenuity in defrauding that poor old woman, who, by the way, had only one eye. It was almost as bad as trying to pick the coppers off a blind beggar's plate. If she had asked me six marks in the beginning, I should have offered her three or four marks at once. Such is human nature—bric-à-brac human nature. The most honest man who catches the bric-à-brac craze will find himself endeavoring to cheat poor old men and women; perhaps he will be ashamed when he succeeds, but he is sure to be despondent when he fails. Finally, I had to give my old woman her two marks.

A carved oak chest wide enough and big enough to be used as a seat with cushions had long been one of the objects of our bric-à-brac rambles, which were, however, for months without result in this direction. There were plenty of chests to be bought at the expensive shops, some of them unquestionably old and of good design, but they were uniformly high-priced. The success of an astute acquaintance in getting a valuable chest for three dollars had poisoned my peace of mind. I denounced the dishonesty of this fortunate person, and loudly declared that I could not be dishonest—to that extent. If by good luck I should run across an antique chest worth fifty dollars, I should not pay less than twenty-five dollars for it, no matter at what price it was offered. I was anxious to do thus honestly by some poor and ignorant possessor of a chest, but my honesty met with no reward. There was not a carved chest in the slums of Munich worth looking at so far as I could find out. It was the happy suggestion of a friend of the family, a young lady, to advertise for one, and she kindly offered to write out an advertisement in her best German—an offer that I declined, knowing that her best German sometimes led to amazing results. A Munich acquaintance wrote an advertisement for us asking for an antique carved chest. Two answers came to hand, and only two.

The first address given took us to a little furniture-shop where we were received by a cabinet-maker, who, after learning that we were Americans or English, which was patent enough from our accent, showed us, with much pride, a brand-new hall-seat with

ROTHENBURG IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

carving of a loud and vulgar type, the whole reeking with cheap varnish. I explained that I wanted something old, which seemed to surprise him. He did not think much of old things himself, he said, but if I would leave my address he would look about and find me just what I wanted. I declined to give him that trouble, having had sundry unpleasant experiences due to such commissions. Once, when I was looking through the Hebrew quarter of New York for samovars, I stumbled upon the shop of a Russian tinker, who, though he understood no English and I no Russian, seemed by the aid of a little German to understand what I wanted. He had no samovars at the time, but he knew where he could find a splendid one that he would bring to my house. So I gave him my address. One evening, a few days later, he arrived, bearing in triumph a battered tin American steam-cooker. I gave him a dollar to take it away.

Our second address took us to a better quarter of the town, apparently once inhabited by the aristocracy of Munich, and upon the attic floor of a splendid old building, with a staircase wide and easy enough for a pair of horses to walk up, we found our man—this time a typical bric-à-brac dealer of the cheaper sort. He ushered us through several tiny rooms, each packed with valuables in the way of pictures, furniture, and jewelry, finally showing us a sort of oak trunk or chest much too small for my needs. The place, however, was well worth a visit. It was probably the private store-room of some dealer. It was so packed with goods

EVENING IN ROTHENBURG.

things that there was not room enough left to swing a kitten in; and every drawer of every old desk and cupboard seemed to be filled with antique jewelry. One cupboard was full of antique locks and keys of exquisite workmanship. Some of the furniture was

offered to us for almost nothing, as, for instance, a dainty Empire inlaid wash-stand with brass trimmings that with little work could have been transformed into a desk. Five dollars was the price. A splendid inlaid wardrobe, a work of art, six feet long and seven feet high, a piece that would fetch two hundred dollars in New York, was offered to us for eighty marks.

There were lots of curious things that, familiar as I am with bric-à-brac shops, were new to me. The man's German was of the worst Munich type, so that we had some trouble in making out what he said. Miss D——, the young woman who had suggested an advertisement and offered to write it, rather prides herself upon her German. She listened gravely to our guide's explanations, of the uses of certain queer objects. When she had explained to us the explanations of our host, we were wholly in the dark. For instance, we came across a curious brass candlestick, part of which consisted of a bell with several tasseled strings to it. The base was like a big bowl or saucer. I had never before seen anything of the kind. The man gave us a long explanation in Bavarian dialect, to which Miss D—— listened with many nods of intelligent appreciation.

"This is most curious," said she. "He says that in the old days, when the king or other member of the royal family called at the house of a private citizen, the burgher's servant stood at the door during the visit, holding this candlestick with a lighted candle in it, and ringing this bell in order to notify people of the honor conferred upon his master, and to warn possible visitors not to intrude. When the king went away he dropped some money into the bowl of the candlestick. Is n't that extremely curious?"

It was curious. In fact, it interested me so much that I wanted to know more. By dint of questioning we found that there were some slight inaccuracies in Miss D——'s version. It turned out that this was an old German *Keller*, or beer-cellar, candlestick. When the patrons of the place wanted more beer, they rang the bell, which explained the four strings, one at each side. The bowl was for the splints of wood used in lighting pipes, matches being unknown in those days.

Miss D—— was not a bit abashed. "Se non è vero è ben trovato," she exclaimed. Having failed so brilliantly in one foreign language, she took to another. "I should have bought the candlestick myself," she said, "if you had not wanted to know so much. Now I would n't take it as a gift." In response I could not refrain from suggesting some of the things that might have happened had Miss D—— been allowed to write that advertisement for a chest. Possibly some one would have appeared before our house one fine morning leading an elephant.

One bookcase was full of Virgin's crowns. In some of the smaller churches of the Tyrol and southern Bavaria a worshiper anxious to curry favor with Heaven buys a crown for the statue of the Virgin, of silver if he is rich, of plated metal if he is poor. If it is a better crown than the one already in use, the old crown is discarded and stowed away. In the sacristy of some churches, chests full of these crowns have been found, and they are often met with in bric-à-brac shops. There seemed to be everything in that garret but antique oak chests. The dealer had a friend, however, who had a chest, and we wandered forth, leaving him to gloat over his treasures in this den high above the Munich roofs, from the little cobwebby windows of which we could see the towers of the Dom, the cathedral finished by Duke Siegsmund of Bavaria just before Columbus sailed for the New World.

Munich and its suburbs having failed to yield up a carved chest at the price I wanted to give, we decided to push our hunt farther. We outlined a five days' trip from Munich, including stops at Ingolstadt, Ansbach, Rothenburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg, Passau, and Salzburg. There were four of us, my son and I, who would take one room at hotels, and my daughter and our friend, Miss D——, who would take another. The Germans are great tourists in summer, and for their accommodation the railroads offer unusual inducements in the shape of what are called *Rundreise* tickets, a species of excursion ticket at rates far below the usual prices, and with unusual advantages. You make out on a sheet of paper the exact itinerary of your trip, and hand it in at the railway-bureau, where an officer will tell you what the ticket will cost. The trip we took measured, roughly, on the map five hundred miles. It cost, for a third-class ticket, good for all ordinary trains, twenty-four marks twenty pfennigs, or less than six dollars in our money. It was good for forty-five days, and did away with all the trouble of buying tickets at each station. Its only possible drawbacks, which, however, did not apply to us, were that it was not good upon express-trains, and that trunks had to be paid for extra. We required no express-trains

and we had no trunks. We each carried a small valise. In addition to the invaluable Baedeker, the red badge of inquisitiveness throughout Europe, one of us had a time-table and map, another an English-German pocket dictionary, and I kept in constant use a note-book in which I set down every pfennig we spent for any purpose whatsoever from four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, at which hour we left Munich, to seven o'clock on the following Sunday evening, when we reached home again.

It was a perfect August afternoon when we left Munich, and we reached Ingolstadt long before sunset. As we had decided to spend not one pfennig more than was necessary, we ignored the offers of the hotel stage-drivers at the station; we would not even take the horse-car to the town, which, according to our guide-book, was half a mile off. Soon the Danube came into sight, a sluggish and unimportant stream, not more than a few hundred feet wide here, but none the less the Danube. Across the stream rose the gates and walls of Ingolstadt. The streets inside proved to be the usual queer mixture of old and new that one finds in all Bavarian towns. Before we got well into the town we had decided upon a plan that we followed throughout the trip, and which worked admirably. It was simply never to take a hotel omnibus at the station, but to stroll through the town until we found some unpretending and pleasant-looking *Gasthaus* where we could make our bargain for rooms. Our hand-baggage was light, and such walks, after hours of railroad travel, and through the streets of a city new to us, were a delight in themselves.

THE LITTLE GOOSEMAN AT NUREMBERG.

Six o'clock rang out from many deep-toned church bells as we reached the main square of Ingolstadt and walked past several inns far too gorgeous for us. The city had a festive air. The streets were full of soldiers and officers called here by a yearly review, and we were told by a citizen that Prince Leopold of Bavaria was at the Adler, the chief hotel. Finally, upon the main street, within gunshot of the square, we came to the Gasthaus zum Bären, where we were offered two big rooms, one of them enormous and facing upon the street, at thirty cents for each person—not an exorbitant price, considering that there was a royal prince in town. It was pleasant to find that there was not even gas in the Gasthaus zum Bären—nothing but lamps in the big restaurant, and candles in our bedrooms. We had supper in a room that might have been five hundred years old, so far as appearances went—a black oak ceiling and wainscoted walls, diamond-paned windows, ledges filled with antique beer-mugs and pewter plates, and heavy oak seats running all around the room. It might have been five hundred years old, but examination showed that it was only a reproduction of an old-time keller.

OLD NUREMBERG HOUSES ON TETZEL STREET.

We were out of bed the next morning before five, awakened by military music. Nothing could have been finer than the pic-

ture of the old town by the light of a cool and perfect morning. Perhaps the most interesting features of the Ingolstadt church are the hundreds of finely carved memorial tablets of stone affixed to the outer walls, many of them dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Our bric-à-brac record for Ingolstadt is somewhat in the nature of a chapter upon Irish snakes. We found lots of streets that looked as if they ought to produce cart-loads of valuable stuff such as we were looking for; but we had no time for a house-to-house canvass. In one shop we did get a copper candlestick and a species of urn for heating wine over the ashes, neither of any particular interest.

Gathering up our bags, and saying good-by to the Gasthaus zum Bären, we took the horse-car to the station, as the sun was hot by ten o'clock, and just caught the train for our next stopping-place.

Ansbach, where we halted for dinner and a bric-à-brac stroll, is a quiet old town about as large as Ingolstadt, with a fine Renaissance palace surrounded by gardens, once the residence of the Margraves of Ansbach, a branch of the Hohenzollern family. The market-place, upon which faces the handsome St. Johannes Kirche of 1560, was filled with some sort of fair, with hundreds of booths containing cheap clothes, shoes, toys, crockery, etc., but no bric-à-brac. We dined in a fine old building, the second story of which projected overhead. From the looks of Ansbach it seemed as if every second house must have just such a chest as we wanted stored away in its attic. So, whenever we came upon an old-furniture shop, we made inquiries. One man referred us to another, until finally we found a woman, living in a narrow and ill-smelling street without sidewalks, who said that she had just what we were looking for. It was at the top of the house, six flights up, and crazy flights at that. Many generations had lived in that house, wearing the stone steps away until the stairs were a curiosity; and apparently they had left all their unpleasant odors behind them. At the second flight two of our party gave out; the stenches were too awful. One of the young ladies, whose delight in bric-à-brac was as keen as my own, followed me to the top, where, under the eaves, we were shown an old chest, but not a carved one. It was handsomely painted, and was well worth the five dollars asked, but it was not what we wanted.

As we were leaving the house, an old woman asked us if we wanted to buy books, and, unlocking a door, ushered us into a sort of big store-room filled with all sorts of odds and ends—clothing, shoes, hats, books, copperware, etc. By dint of digging into the piles of stuff we unearthed some good old peasant *Hauben*, or caps, of lace and gold embroidery, which we bought for a song, a wrought-iron candlestick that I got for ten cents, some copper pots of fine color, and a lot of real lace, upon which the young ladies fell with avidity.

The late Dr. Ebers had advised me to go to Rothenburg as the most curious city in Bavaria. It lies on a hillside, overlooking the picturesque valley of the Tauber, and is now reached by a little branch railway that leaves the main line at Steinach. Rothenburg is one of the few towns that still maintain their walls and gates intact, and the inhabitants do all they can to stay the blight of improvement. No factories requiring steam are allowed within its walls, and the railway-station is kept at a respectful distance. It was seven o'clock when we entered the gates, bags in hand, disdaining the omnibus of the Eisenhut hotel, and walked about a mile through the quaintest streets I have ever seen. The place impressed us as if it had been built as a stage picture for the performance of some medieval drama. Just as our bags began to feel heavy, a boy passed trundling a luggage-van labeled "Gasthaus zum Bären." We added our bags to his pile, and followed. The Gasthaus zum Bären at Ingolstadt had proved a success; why not that at Rothenburg? From the city square we turned down a narrow *Gasse* with a splendid stone fountain, dated 1483, at the corner, and registered at a dear old inn, the landlord remarking with pride that he could give us fine rooms, but not in the main house, which was full. He took us across the street to a brand-new building, where we were given large rooms with electric lights and running water!

We started out at once, meeting on the way a friend, a Munich artist, who advised us to go and see the moon rise from the Burgthor, outside of which gate a little park has been made, overlooking the Tauber valley. We bought some rolls and fruit on the way, and found a stone bench upon which we sat and ate our supper, drinking in the beauties of the scene. On one side of us was the valley, its depths hidden by the evening shadows. The road wound down from the gate by long zigzags. Riding up this road in the middle ages came the crusaders from France to join a small band of

Rothenburgers who had promised them their company in a trip to the Holy Land. In a later century the army of Gustavus Adolphus rode up this hillside, and brought its battering-rams to bear upon this very gate, from the tower of which the Rothenburg archers let fly their arrows and shot off their blunderbusses. On the other side of us, beyond the moat, rose the Rothenburg walls with their watch-towers; and within the walls were the red-tiled roofs of the houses, with here and there a light glittering. And over all the full moon rose above the chimney-pots and cast its silver light upon castle and walls and valley.

Then back through the quiet streets to the main square, where some market-women stood guard over hand-carts filled with plums and pears, a sort of torch furnishing the light. We bought some fruit and sat down on the steps of the town hall to talk over the stirring scenes these old houses had

ST. EMMERAM, REGENSBURG.

looked down upon. Another stroll in the moonlight took us through more narrow streets under the shadow of the cathedral. Most of the houses were already dark, but in some rooms there were lamps or candles, about which we could see the family at work. In one shop we found an old fellow, a veritable Hans Sachs, except that he was a tinker and not a cobbler, at work over some pewter beer-mugs, of which a number stood in the window. The old man and his wife were vastly astonished at the appearance in their little shop of four wandering Americans who carried off an antique pewter tankard with the arms of Rothenburg on the inside. We got it for four marks. A morning's rummaging among the most fascinating, tumble-down old shops resulted in a fine brass mortar, some copper and pewter pots, an old copper colander of good color, some odds and ends of embroidered draperies, and a surgeon-barber's much-battered copper basin.

THE SIGN OF AN INN, REGENSBURG.

The real use of bric-à-brac, I think, is to recall something to us, a battle, a city, a street, a friend, or perhaps only a certain day or evening. As I sit at home and smoke before my big fire, I cannot cast my eyes anywhere without being reminded of pleasant days and places and faces. One of my ash-receivers I found in the slums of Munich; another in the Hebrew quarter of Berlin; still another is this Rothenburg surgeon-barber's basin. My favorite paper-cutter I found on the Paris quays. The old woman to whom I paid a franc for it assured me that more than twenty murders had been committed with it during the Revolution—one sou for each murder. Furniture, brasses, or drapery come from France, the Tyrol, Bavaria, Austria, Saxony, Holland, Belgium—all of trifling importance and costing but little money, yet of value to me because each piece has its history and recalls some excursion or scene of which I retain none but pleasant memories.

The morning's bric-à-brac chase proved so successful that, burdened as we already were with the spoils of Ansbach, it was necessary to send the lot home. Then we visited the antiquity museum in a building dating from 1520, and then the Rathhaus, or town hall, the scene of Tilly's *Meistertrank*. During the Thirty Years' War Tilly besieged Rothenburg, and was so enraged by its desperate resistance that he vowed to burn down the town.

When at last he succeeded in effecting an entrance, he marched to the Rathhaus, and in the great council hall announced his intentions. The burghers came with their wives and children and jewels to beg for mercy. Tilly was obdurate until the wife of the burgomaster, a remarkably good-looking woman, if we may believe the local chronicles, went down on her knees before him. Then he called for a bumper of their best wine, which was brought in a beautiful glass cup holding nearly three quarts. Tilly turned to the burgomaster. "Swallow this wine at a gulp, without taking breath, and I 'll spare your town." The burgomaster was a mighty drinker. Impossible though the feat looked, he drew a long breath or two, raised the cup to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. A mighty cheer rang through the hall. Tilly was as good as his word. For several days the burgomaster was ill, during which time Tilly is alleged to have flirted with his pretty wife. The doughty general was evidently a deep schemer. Personally, I do not believe that any man could have swallowed so much wine at a gulp; but, as the guide remarked, there is the cup to prove it. He brought it forth from a chest and allowed us to handle it. Every few years Rothenburg holds a festival at which this remarkable incident in her history is elaborately rehearsed for the benefit of thousands of strangers who flock thither for the occasion.

But we wanted to reach Nuremberg by night, so that we hurried to look at the walls of the city, mentioned in all the guidebooks as one of the greatest curiosities of Rothenburg and the most perfect specimen of medieval city walls in Germany. A sort of covered balcony, solidly built of oak beams that have stood the winters and summers of four hundred years, runs along the inner side of the walls around the whole city, a distance of some four miles, and is open to the public as a promenade. At every gate there are stairs up to this unique walk, which overlooks the roofs of the houses. At intervals of fifty feet or so are the slits in the wall through which the archers shot their stones or arrows, and the oak bars upon which they rested their bows. The glimpses of the country outside are lovely in the extreme.

Leaving Rothenburg at three, we reached Nuremberg a little after six. It was drizzling when we passed under the Frauenthor and began looking about for an inn. The first one we saw was a fine new structure glittering with electric lights and plate glass. We passed it by with scorn. Five minutes' walk from the gate we were surprised to see upon an old Gasthaus the familiar legend, "Zum Bären." For the third time, it seemed, we should sleep at the Gasthaus zum Bären, for the inn looked quite within our means—rather too much so. However, it was drizzling, and we had no umbrellas. The house was full, the buxom landlady informed us, but there were still two small rooms in the attic that we could have at two marks apiece. The next morning, upon peeping out from our attic over the quaint medley of Nuremberg roofs, with their rows of dormer-windows rising one above the other, some of the roofs having no fewer than four stories in them, we were rejoiced to note that the rain had ceased, and that the sun was struggling to get through the clouds. Our quarters had proved so unpleasant that we decided upon packing our bags and taking them to the station before doing the town. Breakfast we found in a little restaurant near by. We went back to the Goose Market, and after a look at the Schöne Brunnen, a marvelous fountain opposite the Frauenkirche, we found our way to the Gothic church of St. Sebaldus, built, in the tenth century, after the plan of the cathedral at Bemberg; and here we remained for a good hour studying wonders of bronze, glass, and painting, notably the famous bronze sepulcher of St. Sebaldus, upon which Peter Vischer and his five sons worked from 1506 till 1519. Kugler, in his "History of Art," speaks of it as the artistic masterpiece of Germany; and, by the way, a full-sized copy of this extraordinary work is to be seen in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

As a place for bric-à-brac foraging we quickly found that the Antiquitäten shops, of which there are at least half a dozen good ones, held their wares at what were to us prohibitory prices. Probably Nuremberg is more written about as a curious old city than any other town in Europe, and, in consequence, rich collectors from all over the world go there to buy. But if we bought nothing of any value,—merely some odds and ends of brassware picked up near Dürer's house,—we looked through a few wonderful bric-à-brac shops, notably one on the street that runs uphill from St. Sebaldus's Church to the castle. Here I saw a brass mortar, almost the counterpart of the one I bought in Rothenburg, although not so well chased, for which twenty-five marks were asked. For profusion of antique wrought-iron work I remember nothing better than these Nuremberg shops.

We reached Regensburg (the old Ratisbon of the French) at four, and found pleasant rooms, not, for a wonder, at a Gasthaus zum Bären, but at the Weidenhof, a modest house that seemed palatial after our inn at Nuremberg. St. Peter's Cathedral at Regensburg, which, for some reason not at all clear to me, appears to be more photographed than any other church in Bavaria, towers above the town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants like a colossus. Far more interesting to us was the old Rathhaus, a gloomy pile of the fourteenth century, where for two hundred years the Imperial Diet held its councils. The torture-chamber still contains a most complete set of apparatus for getting the truth out of prisoners, and an iron grating behind which the judge sat.

PASSAU.

Time was when Regensburg rivaled Nuremberg in the richness of its manufactories, and it was therefore with interest that we prowled along some of the side streets in quest of bric-à-brac and a carved chest. We found the most extraordinary streets and one or two antiquity shops, but not much that we could get for the trifle we were ready to give. The city is big enough to support professional bric-à-brac dealers, and where that is the case there is small hope of "finds" worth crowing over.

Sunlight again gladdened our eyes on Saturday morning. We were due in Munich on Sunday night, and had yet to search Passau and Salzburg. On the way we watched the Danube from the car-windows, getting a glimpse of the Walhalla, the Greek Temple of Fame built by Ludwig I of Bavaria, in 1842, on the heights overlooking the river a few miles from Regensburg. The country along the Danube is uninteresting, but Passau seemed well worth a stop. The results of a two hours' wandering were a little antique clock for a mark, some peasants' silver Hauben for four marks, a brass-handled knife with which the old woman from whom I bought it was cutting up her dinner, and a few other trifles. Among our purchases not of bric-à-brac were twenty or thirty miniature cups and vases of clay, beautifully colored and glazed, which we got for two pfennigs (half a cent) apiece. It is a great pity that the old Hauben have so completely gone out of use among the peasants, who now wear a species of low-crowned Tyrolean hat wound around with gold or silver braid, an utter abomination. Sometimes one finds, in the remote country districts, an old woman wearing the *Almhut*, a sort of fur muff, but even this is now a curiosity. A halo-like Haube of lace we got for a mark in Ansbach from an old woman who said that her grandmother had worn it when a young girl.

Before leaving the Passau station we had to submit to a custom-house examination, for our next stop, Salzburg, was in Austria,

LOOKING FOR BRIC-À-BRAC IN A FARM-HOUSE NEAR SALZBURG.

just across the Bavarian frontier. We had but little trouble, although an inspector wanted very much to open my kodak, and was dissuaded only by a vigorous protest. For an hour after leaving Passau we had a succession of lovely views, the road skirting the east bank of the river Inn, which marks the frontier. The sun set over Bavaria just as the moon rose over Austria. On the heights above the river we saw, from time to time, old castles that in the twilight looked vastly fine and imposing. The special train of Prince Somebody-or-Other, bound for Ischl, the Austrian Saratoga, blocked our way during the evening, and it was tolling midnight from the Salzburg bells when we rolled into the railway-station of Mozart's birthplace. For once we did not take our bags and look for an inn. The railway-station seemed to be in the open country—we did not even know where to turn for the town. So we bundled our sleepy selves into the first hotel omnibus at the station door, which happened to be that of the Golden Horn, and after a long ride were given rooms that in past ages might have served for monastery cells.

There is more bell-ringing in Salzburg than in any city I know of, not excepting Antwerp. But the bells are superbly toned, and are rung with a joyous caroling that makes real music. Long before five the next morning, which happened to be some high church feast, these countless bells and the sunshine woke us up.

Early as it was, we found the restaurant of the Golden Horn already crowded, many members of some social *Verein*, with rosettes in their coat-lapels, filling the tables. I have never seen a sturdier or a jollier set of men. During breakfast, whenever any member of the association appeared from some other hotel, he was vociferously received and filled with beer. The poor waiters had a hard time of it. At one table especially there was an uproar because no more beer had appeared during an interval of at least ten minutes. And yet precisely at this table there was a distinguished guest from some other house who had dropped in for an early social call. A red-faced man pounded on the table until he grew scarlet.

"Where is that waiter?" he shouted. "Where is our beer? Here is our honored friend drinking water, actually drinking water!"

This seemed to be the cap-sheaf of absurdity, and drew forth a murmur of sympathy from the neighboring tables.

"He 's my friend," continued the indignant one at the top of his voice. "He has been sitting here for half an hour out of friendship for me, and has had nothing to drink but water! Such things are past belief—they cannot go on! Es ist unmöglich!"

After wandering to the cathedral and to

Mozart's birthplace, we ate our lunch sitting upon a shady bench at the edge of the Salzach, a swift and pretty stream that divides the old town from the new, and deplored the fact that bric-à-brac hunting was not possible, for the streets we had wandered through were ideal places for such an occupation. But it was Sunday and against our principles; moreover, the shops were closed. We paid our bill of eleven marks (including breakfast and stage) at the Golden Horn, and took the hotel omnibus to the station, arriving at Munich in time for supper.

THE GATE AT ST. PETER'S CHURCHYARD.

EVENING AT SALZBURG.

FOUNTAIN AT THE CASTLE FROHNBURG.

The total expenses of the five days' trip for hotels, food, stages, tips, and fees of all kinds, was ninety-four marks and eighty pfennigs, or, divided among four, about five dollars and a half apiece, to which must be added the six dollars for the railroad ticket. It must be remembered, however, that more than half the expense was for railway fare, and that had we stayed a week in Nuremberg, as all tourists ought to do, and three or four days in Rothenburg, the daily average of expense would not have exceeded two dollars, even if we had taken three meals a day at a hotel instead of relying upon rolls and fruit. In every hotel, except at Nuremberg, we had pleasant rooms, and we saw a good deal more of the real people of the country than if we had traveled first-class, gone to the inns starred by Baedeker, and paid three times as much money.

But we had found no antique carved chest. We had discovered no old woman willing to part with one for a fraction of its cost. To that extent our trip had been a failure. So, upon getting back to Munich, I went to an ordinary Antiquitäten shop and bought a chest such as I wanted, with good carving, and a lock that may be two hundred years old. It cost me a lot of money, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I cheated no one—I did not even get the chance.

MANAIA, OR BEAUTY MAN.

IN SAMOA WITH STEVENSON.

BY ISOBEL OSBOURNE STRONG.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND DECORATIONS BY ELLEN MACAULEY.

WHEN the first missionaries came to Samoa, some fifty years ago, they found a race of people vastly superior in beauty and civilization to any other natives of Polynesia. They were clean in person, gentle and courteous in manner, respectful to their women, careful of the sick and old, and trained their children by an elaborate code of good manners. They were never cannibals, like the Marquesans, had none of the brutal and revolting practices of the Fijians, nor the immorality of the Tahitians, nor did they worship idols, like the Maoris. Their poetic but somewhat vague beliefs led them to adopt Christianity easily and naturally.

Of all the South Sea peoples the courtly, independent, beauty-loving Samoans are the aristocrats. Their government, when not interfered with by the whites, is patriarchal. The king, as we call him, is in reality an overlord, and the high chiefs war-lords. The next lesser chiefs rule their separate clans, but in time of war all are subject to the war-lords, who then reign supreme.

The old chiefs lead a life of dignified and elegant leisure, paying and receiving visits more or less ceremonious. Nothing can be drearier than the conventional conversation of a high-born company, when genealogy is hunted back through interminable generations, unless it be society small talk in a civilized drawing-room. The young chiefs and their followers have the happiest lives imaginable. They play cricket, which they learn from English naval officers, and continually beat teams from the men-of-war; they are pretty good at polo, which they play on the sands at low tide; but best of all they love their own native sports of spear-throwing,—a water game like hockey,—fishing for sharks, and wild-boar hunting. Their own games have rules of fair play and honor to the losing side that are surprising to find in savages. In war it is not their custom to surprise a foe; one faction lets the other know when the fight will begin, and it is not unusual for both sides to call a halt, while all hands rest and have a swim. A Samoan chief asked Mr. Stevenson if it were not considered dishonorable in civilized warfare to shoot an officer, as he carried only a sword.

SOCIETY functions fall entirely within the province of the Taupo, or Maid of the Village. "Perpetual Queen of the May," Mr. Stevenson called her. The Maid, chosen by

a jury of matrons for her beauty, birth, and virtue, acts as hostess for all the clans.

It is she who receives visiting-parties, dancing at the head of her procession of flower-bedecked girls. To her you make your presents, and to her you give thanks for hospitality received. She leads in all the festivities, and sits in the place of honor. She organizes fishing-parties and picnics, and in time of war accompanies the army to the front, clad in leaves and flowers, with a picturesque head-dress of human hair and shells towering above her perfumed locks. She dances lightly before the marching warriors of her clan, twirling her club, a sort of Arcadian vivandière. If she loses her position by marriage or misconduct, another girl stands ready chosen to take her place.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A SAMOAN WAR-DANCE.

The Manaia, or Beauty Man,—the exact translation of Manaia is the "Magnificent One,"—leads all the male dancers, is captain of the cricketers, has charge of the fishing-boats, and in time of war is the most prominent figure among all the young men of his village. The youth chosen for this high position is the strongest and handsomest of the clan. He is adopted at an early age by the chief, whose heir he becomes. He is given a poetical name, such as Taivale ("Low Water") or Afiola ("Living Fire"). One was called Setevani, their nearest approach to the name of Stevenson. If the chief has sons of his own, the best-looking is chosen; but if they are all small and ugly, they do not receive the title and honors, being passed over for one more favored by nature. Properly to fulfil the high conditions imposed upon him, the Magnificent One must be a combination of the fairy prince of fiction, Beau Brummell, and a Greek statue. It is necessary that he should also possess that particular quality called by the newspapers "a magnetic personality," as he is expected to be a passed master in the art of compliment and flirtation. The conventional Manaia smile, so haughty, yet insinuating, so full of command, yet mingled with melting entreaty, is a thing to remember, but not possible to imitate.

In love of beauty the Samoan resembles the ancient Greek. A pretty face is not tolerated in conjunction with an ill-grown body; a small, ugly, or deformed man cannot retain the titles and honors that would otherwise be his by hereditary right. This sentiment sometimes degenerates into cruelty. The very word for short stature is contemptuous, *pu'u pu'u*, and the undersized man must perforce become a professional jester or lose all hold on society. A young man who had lost his arm in battle was heartlessly jeered by a group of laughing girls. I interfered in his behalf.

"He would not be like that," I said, "if it were not for his bravery."

"Oh, yes," they said; "but he looks so funny."

"He fought in your defense, you ungrateful creatures!" I cried.

"True enough," they replied; "but a man without beauty is contemptible."

A description of a *malaga*, or visiting-party, would probably give the best presentment of native life and manners. Such a party, if of men, would be entertained by the Maid and her attendants, while the Magnificent One would devote himself to hunting and fishing for the benefit of his guests. But should a party of ladies arrive at a village, then the Manaia appears in all his glory to receive them. He and his men arrange feasts and sports for the afternoons, and get up dances for the evenings. Nor must the songs, most characteristic of Samoa, be forgotten. Everything in Samoa moves to an accompaniment of singing voices. Every man is musical, every man is a poet. For an expected visit the songs, specially prepared for the occasion, celebrate the beauty, fascination, and greatness of the visitors. The Magnificent One takes the solos, while the whole party joins in the chorus. Should a village be taken unawares by visitors, it is a poor Manaia who cannot improvise something suitable for the occasion.

My mother and I made a malaga to Vai'ee, a village on the lee side of the island. We stayed six days alone with the villagers, accompanied only by native attendants. To reach Vai'ee you must either go round by sea in a whale-boat, a rather wild and stormy trip, or walk over the ridge of the island. We chose the latter course. My mother was carried by stalwart Samoans in a chair swung by ropes to a pole. I walked barefoot. The earth is so soft and moist, and in places the mud is so deep under the weeds and creepers, that one's shoes fall to pieces, so I preferred to go unshod, like the rest of the party. Our road lay through the primeval forest, occasionally skirting the edge of a precipice, whence we could look across a valley to the heavily wooded mountains beyond. In any other land those distant hills would have seemed blue or purple. Here in green Samoa the colors are as bright and vivid as jewels. The frequent showers give the trees and palms a freshly washed look. The ground is covered with tiny flowering creepers, and tendrils of green twine round every stick and stone that lies upon the pathway. Our party pushed on singing, laughing, mounting upward toward the ridge, sometimes in the open, sometimes through dark cathedral aisles of green. The rich, damp, earthy smell rose from every growing thing, and the blue lights of a small phosphorescent fungus glowed in the shadows like pale lamps. Above our heads lianas fell in straight lines from tree-tops where yellow orchids and bird's-nest ferns grew in the forks of the branches. Rivulets ran by the wayside, and the parting of a tree-fern would disclose the sudden silvery fall of a cataract. Except for the booming of the distant surf, the silence was profound —a warm, moist, perfumed silence, our bare feet making no sound on the soft earth.

A boat-load of our retainers had been sent round by sea to notify the village of our coming and to carry our gifts. For the latter we had provided two kegs of salt beef, three tins of hardtack, and a bolt of cotton print—a very handsome present to give a village, for Maile, the chief, was an old friend of Mr. Stevenson's, and consequently to be treated with consideration.

We made Maile's acquaintance on the occasion of his coming to ask Mr. Stevenson to take charge of the community funds that had been saved up for the purpose of buying corrugated iron for the roof of the village church. Mr. Stevenson agreed, put a seal on the bag, to the great interest of Maile and his men, and stowed it away in the iron safe at Vailima. This was so satisfactory that after an interval of a year they came again with more money to add to the original fund, and to beg Mr. Stevenson to buy the iron roofing himself. This, also, he consented to do, making a good bargain for them, as he got more roof-iron for the money than any native had ever been able to extract from the traders. Thus the friendship began. Te'u, the Magnificent One of Vai'ee, came over with his young men to dance at Mr. Stevenson's birthday parties and give exhibitions of knife-twirling and spear-throwing, and once a Vai'ee contingent appeared on the Vailima lawn leading a flower-bedecked white bull, a valuable but embarrassing token of esteem. The Maid, a lovely young creature named Faaofo, remained behind at Vailima for a week with her chaperon and girl attendants. She returned home laden with gifts, to spread the story of our high-chiefness. So the friendship grew and grew between Vai'ee and Vailima; wherefore, after a two days' walk over the mountain ridge, we were not altogether unprepared for the grand reception that awaited us.

Just before entering the village we stopped at a shallow river and changed our travel-stained garments for splendid gowns of colored silk, for that, we knew, would be

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

MRS. STEVENSON AND HER NATIVE FRIENDS AND RETAINERS. THE VAILIMA CLAN.

expected of us, and a chief knows as well as any one when the quality of silk is inferior. I have been sharply reprimanded by an old chief for appearing on the Sabbath in a stuff gown. "You cannot accompany me to church in that dress," he said, eying me scornfully. "Open your box and get out a silika one directly. And you need n't think to escape going to church by saying you have n't one, either," he added severely.

With due regard to precedence, we marched, as stately a procession as possible, into the village. Here Te'u, the Magnificent One, came forward to meet us, accompanied by his young men. As the party drew nearer I could see that the Manaia was in full dress, which is striking enough to be described at length. He was tall and well formed, of a light-brown color; his skin, polished with scented cocoanut-oil, shone in the sunlight like bronze. He wore, from waist to knee, a loin-cloth of fine-woven pandanus, the most valuable cloth the Samoans possess. It is called an *ia tonga*, and a single mat takes years to make. Round one shapely ankle was twisted a wreath of *lau Maile*, a creeper something like smilax. His head-dress, a towering plume of dyed yellow hair, decorated with scarlet feathers and sea-shells, added to his naturally great stature. About his neck, which showed the strong contour of the athlete, he wore a necklace of whales' teeth; across the mighty biceps of his right arm the polished tusk of a wild boar was tied on with strands of horsehair intertwined with shells. He carried a head-knife, which flashed in the sun.

No one came out of the houses to stare at us. The children, who had been the first to announce our coming with shrill cries of "Omai Tamaitai" ("The ladies approach"), had disappeared as if by magic. This is Samoan good manners.

We were escorted in state to the guest-house, which had been decorated in our honor with palm-branches, ropes of jasmine, and scarlet hibiscus. Here we were received by the Maid of the Village, our friend Faaofo, who hospitably spread fine mats for us to sit on. (There are no chairs in a native house.) Samoan etiquette is inexorable, so we prepared to receive Maile and the elder chiefs with orations and all the usual tedious ceremonies.

Our *tulafale* ("talking man") made a high-flown speech in presenting our "small humble gifts," with the perfectly conventional excuse that we were poor rustics. The village tulafale, who carried a polished staff in token of his office, replied with elaborate apologies for their poverty and the inadequate preparations made for our high-chief visit, and many thanks for the magnificent presents we had brought. One by one these were described to the universe in a voice of such volume and stentorian quality that we shrank, as it were, from our own munificence.

THE ceremony of making the *ava*, the native national drink, is very elaborate. It is prepared by the Maid of the Village, assisted by her attendant girls, and is done with all the airs and graces and studied indifference of young ladies performing a figure of the minuet. When the beverage is ready, there is a general clapping of hands, the signal to begin the serious business of serving the ava, which is carried in a polished cocoanut-shell to each guest in succession with great attention to precedence. The clapping of hands also proclaims to the village the pleasant fact that ava is being dispensed within. Though the root is often scarce, and is much esteemed, it is not considered good form to intrude upon a party engaged in this ceremony.

It is easy for foreigners to misunderstand the meaning of Samoan manners and customs. The signal for this ava-drinking, for instance, was the cause of a terrible mistake made by the British years ago, during a period of political tension. A party of marines had landed from H. M. S. *Barracouta*. They, hearing the clapping of hands, took it as a signal, and not understanding the Samoan character, suspected treachery. Without waiting to investigate, the marines seized their guns and began shooting at the natives, who returned their fire with spirit. Many were killed on both sides before the mistake was discovered.

Another misunderstanding by the commander of an English man-of-war earned for him in all Samoa the scornful title of the "heathen captain." He had captured Tamasese, the young chief who, with Tanu, was recently supported by England and America against the old patriot King Mataafa, the overlord of all Samoa. Tamasese and six chiefs of high rank were ushered into the presence of this captain. In the Samoan fashion of good manners they sat down respectfully on the floor of the cabin. A native chief considers it the height of ill breeding to speak in a loud tone. To their intense amazement, the captain jumped up

from his chair, and with violent gestures and a voice raised in anger ordered them to stand up. "How dare you sit in my presence!" he shouted in English, which none of them could understand. "You insolent scoundrels! stand up, or I will have you thrown overboard!" The half-caste interpreter explained to the indignant chiefs that they must rise, which they did, but the interview that followed was far from satisfactory after such a beginning.

The chiefs had been two days and nights without food, and a meal of hardtack and tea was ordered to be served to them and their retainers on deck. In telling us about it afterward, the captain said: "The beggars would not eat. They sat there for an hour in front of that food before they 'd touch a morsel of it. I suppose it was n't good enough for them; but they could eat it or starve for all me."

"Captain," we explained, for we had heard the story from the native side, "do you know why they would n't eat? They were waiting for you to say grace. From that day you have been called the 'heathen captain' (*faapaupau*)."

The village of Vai'ee is rich in taro-fields, banana, breadfruit, and cocoanut groves, and overrun with pigs—clean, intelligent pigs that can husk cocoanuts and crack them on the stones, and hunt crabs and small fish at low water. Though they are all as tame as pets, they have the good taste never to intrude across the threshold of a house. The dogs have a meaner, slyer appearance than ours, but the cats look sleek and contented, and as for the fowls, the children pick them up to play with in passing, and no chick that ever I saw made even the pretense of getting out of the way.

AT the time of our visit the entire village was deeply interested in the building of the church. The chief Maile had sold his copra to traders for several years, and every penny of the money went into the church fund. Copra, by the way, is the meat of the cocoanut cut out, dried in the sun, and exported to make oil, soaps, and so forth. The cocoanuts are cut in half and set out to dry. The most familiar sight in the islands is the array of little white cups glittering in the sunshine.

The chiefs and older men decided upon the plan of the church, bought and paid for the materials, while the heavy work of carry-

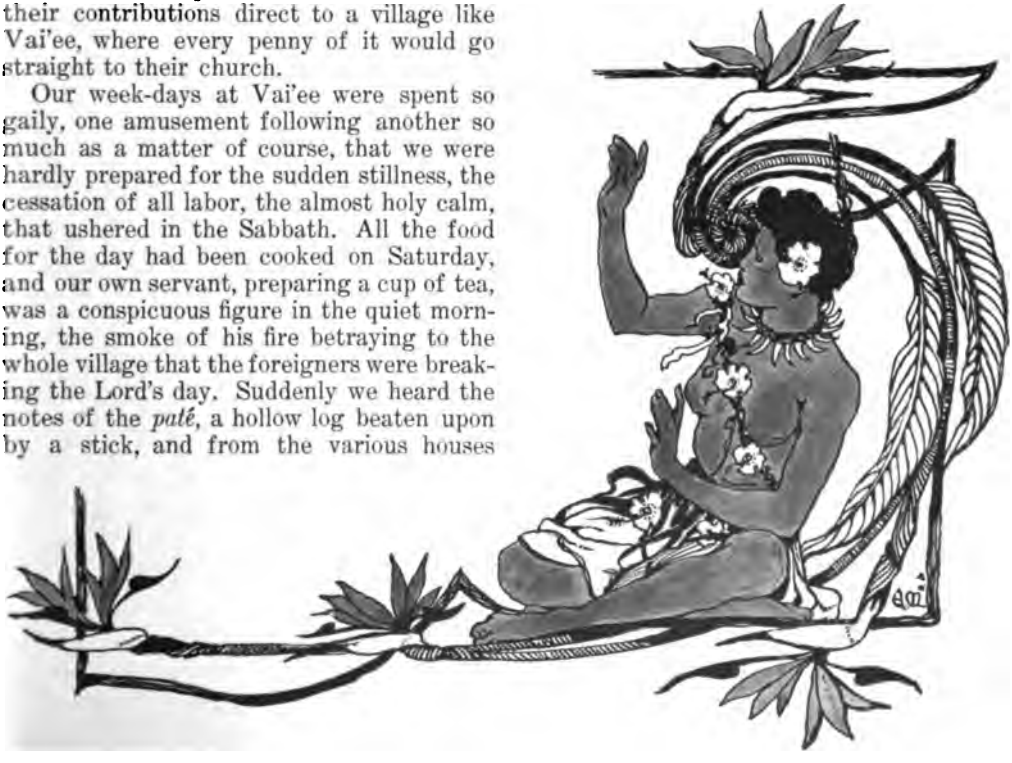
ing and raising big blocks of coral was done by the Manaia and his young men. All the village joined in the building of the church. The Taupo and her maids gathered baskets of pebbles, which were spread on the floor of the building by the old women and children. The Maid of the Village also brought sand for the cement, carrying a very small amount in a cocoanut-leaf basket, while her tall, laughing girls followed in procession, singing, and carrying weights that would appal an English navvy. We, as guests of the village, had a fine mat spread for us under the shade of a breadfruit-tree, whence we looked out on the animated scene. All the people were clad in gala attire; the old men walked about with an air of great authority, the girls sang to their labors, the children worked like little beavers, and the young men, dressed in girdles of leaves that showed their magnificent figures to fine advantage, and aware that the eyes of the world were upon them, performed prodigies of strength. Professional jesters ran out to scream a joke, play a monkey trick, and retire amid shouts of laughter. There was not a man, woman, or child in that simple village who did not take a personal pride in the church, and each one helped, according to his strength, in the building of it. It is a pity the good people who wish to help the natives cannot send their contributions direct to a village like Vai'ee, where every penny of it would go straight to their church.

Our week-days at Vai'ee were spent so gaily, one amusement following another so much as a matter of course, that we were hardly prepared for the sudden stillness, the cessation of all labor, the almost holy calm, that ushered in the Sabbath. All the food for the day had been cooked on Saturday, and our own servant, preparing a cup of tea, was a conspicuous figure in the quiet morning, the smoke of his fire betraying to the whole village that the foreigners were breaking the Lord's day. Suddenly we heard the notes of the *paté*, a hollow log beaten upon by a stick, and from the various houses emerged the members of the congregation, all in their Sunday best.

The church faces the *malae*, or green, and is built of white coral, with square apertures cut out for doors and windows. It was still unfinished; the floor was of clean white sand, with only a few pebbles laid. There are no pews in a Samoan church, the congregation being seated on the floor. Every one fetches a mat to sit upon, the children carrying tiny ones the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

The parson, a young Samoan, in clerical attire of white kilt and starched white coat, preached long and earnestly. His theme was the need of a new Samuel for Samoa. Among the congregation the men looked slightly bored, the women occasionally turned about to glance at my mother and me; but the children sat straight-backed and prim, giving serious, whole-souled attention to their behavior.

After church the young men and girls strolled over to the guest-house to fill in the afternoon with social small talk. The men made mild biblical jokes, while the girls joined in singing hymns. In the general stillness and the subdued voices shown even in their laughter—for the Samoan must laugh or die—there was a note of restraint that told of sixty years' observance of the Sabbath.



LEATA OF VAILIMA.

THE Samoan houses are all open, in shape like great beehives. Some are round, some are oval, fifty feet long, with a high, vaulted roof showing the exquisite plaiting of the thatch. A central post of hard wood of the breadfruit-tree supports the roof, and the value of the house is judged by the number of cross-pieces; these give the effect, in the interior, of a ship's mast. The floor is spread with neat pebbles. The house can be entirely opened to the sunshine, or shut in from wind and rain, by means of braided straw blinds, ingeniously arranged like Venetian shutters, and raised and lowered by ropes of sennit. There are no dark corners in a Samoan house, no cupboards where a family skeleton may hide.

The great white light that beats upon a throne is as a farthing dip to the open publicity of Samoan life. The customs are communistic, and as the people freely share with one another, there is no individual poverty. Their life seems a singularly peaceful and happy one. We heard only the pleasant sounds of laughter and singing, the children shouting at play, and the young folk calling out over their game of cricket or stick-throwing. Though some faces were lined and wrinkled, it was by the hand of time, and not by the unmistakable one of care. In the constant passing to and from the beach to the bathing-pool by the river, I never saw a meeting without smiles and a few gracious words. "Whither goest?" "To the sea. And thou?" "To the mountains." "Sleep." "May you live." Along the narrow paths the men step aside for the women to pass, the young girls make way for the older chiefs. The village radiates an air of gentle courtesy. The very children give you good day in high-chief language.[1]

FOR all ordinary occasions, men and women dress alike in a *lava-lava*, or single square piece of stuff,—print, cashmere, or the native cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree,—folded about the body and fastened at the waist by a peculiar twist of the cloth.

They use no pins or buttons, and yet their lava-lavas always stay in place. They generally hang to the knee, and great care is taken that the folds fall gracefully. Even in bathing and swimming the native wears his loin-cloth into the water. This fact alone should deter missionaries from forcing the Samoans to adopt our more complicated clothing: In Hawaii and Raratonga, where the natives wear European clothes, they rapidly become slovenly in appearance, if not positively dirty, while the Samoans are scrupulously clean.

The men occasionally kilt up their lava-lava at one side, to show the tattooing, which gives the effect, at a short distance, of the most exquisite lace knee-breeches. But that is done in the same spirit that prompts a lively young white man to tilt his hat on one side. The women are not tattooed except with occasional little stars on shoulder or knee. The Samoan cannot be said to wear his heart upon his sleeve, but he does the next best thing in tattooing his sweetheart's name upon his arm. This was the first use these sentimental people made of their knowledge of letters, and I regret to say it is not unusual for a man to wear the name of Leata upon his arm, while his present sweetheart is Siota.

The women, when young, wear nothing above the waist but a wreath of leaves and flowers; as they grow older they don a little garment called *apaga*, sometimes of native cloth, but oftener improvised from two silk handkerchiefs knotted on the shoulders, the ends tucked in at the waist. The old women are covered from neck to ankle. Very fine old dames some of them are, with their thick white hair cut short and combed up straight, their erect carriage and dignified, important manner. Unlike the Hawaiians, they seldom grow fat, nor do they admire a gross figure.

They are a very clean people in their households, their villages, and their food, while their individual toilet is as elaborate as that of a professional beauty. To come upon a number of girls bathing in a green dell beneath a waterfall is like a glimpse into Arcadia. Only, the nymphs are not "fair." Their skins are a pale, tender brown, like the crust of a new loaf, or, better still, like the satiny sheen of a light bay horse. After the bath they wash their hair with wild oranges, cleanse their teeth and polish their nails with the inside husk of the cocoanut. As a finishing touch, their bodies are polished with perfumed cocoanut-oil, and their heads powdered with grated sandalwood, which imparts a reddish tinge. Both men and women wear the hair cut short. Curling locks are much admired, for their hair is often straight and never woolly, and, strangely enough, there are many who have naturally brown hair. A certain shade of bronze or deep red is very fashionable. To

[1] It is proper to say that a few paragraphs used in this article appeared in "Harper's Weekly" some ten years ago.—I. O. S.

get this effect they first plaster the head with slaked lime, arranging the hair, while still wet, into elaborate waves and curls. The lime dries and hardens, turning white, and gives the appearance, at a short distance, of a powdered wig. In the evening the lime is washed off with wild oranges; the hair then remains stiffly as it was first arranged, turning slightly redder after each application. I believe the ancient Greeks must have used some such device, which would account for the coiffure of the Apollo Belvidere, which has always puzzled me. Indeed, I have seen almost the same effect on the head of a handsome Samoan. The use of lime must be beneficial to the hair, for in all my stay in the islands I never saw a bald man or woman.

In rainy weather the men make a sort of bonnet from a twisted banana-leaf to keep the hair dry. The women, more genteel, carry a broad taro-leaf over their heads, using the stalk as a handle. Their bodies are protected from wet or cold by constant anointing with cocoanut-oil; the raindrops roll off as from a duck's back. An English man-of-war doctor, whose kindly duties led him to go about among the natives in rainy weather, tried the Samoan custom, rubbing his chest and arms with cocoanut-oil before dressing. He said it was the most satisfactory underclothing he ever wore.

THE natives take no precautions against the sun, going about bareheaded even on the hottest and sunniest days. The missionaries have introduced hats to be worn in church, which is the only place they are seen. A misguided woman will save up a dollar, go to the traders' store, and putting her money on the counter, ask for "one hat." It is handed to her, and she departs with anything that is given her, and wears it, as a religious observance, to church on Sundays. I once saw a little child, about six years old, walking to church on a Sabbath morning. A long piece of green grass wound round its naked body was tied in a bow in front. Its only other garment consisted of a large hat trimmed with blue ribbon and red roses. The child proudly carried a prayer-book with an air of conscious rectitude.

The distribution of the daily work shows more than anything else the high place women hold in Samoa. The men bring in the heavy logs for burning in the ovens; the girls carry banana-leaves for wrapping and preparing the food. The men fish for sharks and dive for turtles; the women catch prawns in the rivers. The men do the cooking; the women spread the feast; and of a married couple it is the man who carries the children.

WOMEN are allowed to bake breadfruit on the hot stones, or cook taro or green bananas; but when it comes to the made dishes, the real, serious business of the cuisine, that is man's work. The food is excellent, and as it is prepared with the utmost cleanliness of the sweetest and freshest fruits and vegetables, it is not surprising that it is most palatable. The only fresh meat is pork. Sucking-pig, cooked underground and served with *miti* sauce, is enough to wake Charles Lamb from the dead. First a shallow hole is dug in the ground. This is lined with stones, and a fire is made over them. The pig, already cleaned, is wrapped in a thick succulent leaf that imparts a very pleasant flavor. The fire and ashes are raked off the red-hot stones, and the pig, done up in the bundle of leaves, is laid upon them; a few of the hot stones are placed on top, a thick bed of leaves is spread over this, when the earth is filled in and stamped down. After four or five hours the pig is done to a turn. The sauce is made by grating a cocoanut into a piece of cloth, and then wringing the cloth till drops of cream ooze into the cup. Mix this cream with a little sea-water, flavor with a ripe red pepper and a squeeze of lemon, and you have the finest sauce in the world.

Another company dish, made particularly by the Manaias, is the *taufula*, or breadfruit dumplings. After the breadfruit has been baked, it is pounded with a smooth stone till it becomes like mashed potatoes, when it is formed into round balls and dropped into a huge wooden dish or trough. Over this is poured a mixture of sea-water and cream squeezed from grated cocoanut; then small stones are heated red-hot and dropped into the dish until it steams. It is served in a twisted banana-leaf and eaten with a small pointed stick. These are only two of their many dishes, but will give an idea of their fare. They have no bread, but the taro, breadfruit, yam, and baked green banana take its place. They have a great variety of fish, occasional sharks, turtles, crabs, clams, and several kinds of edible seaweed. For fruit there are pineapples, mangos, guavas, custard-apples, barbadines, and every known variety of banana.

STRANGELY enough, the Samoan men do not drink. They have never taken to the white man's vice. To be sure, occasionally an

old chief will accept a glass of brandy if it is offered to him, but that is an exception. The young men positively do not like it. They have a childlike repugnance to any form of liquor. Their own beverage, the ava, or *Piper methysticum*, is about as stimulating as strong coffee. Even that is forbidden to boys, and women do not drink it in public. In Hawaii and Tahiti the natives mix the root of the *ti* plant with the ava, making it more like an opiate and dangerous. But in Samoa it is positively innocuous. Their tastes are so simple, their food and habits so cleanly, that the men-of-war doctors who have attended the wounded Samoans in war-time say that their recoveries, in consequence, are marvelous.

My mother and I nursed twenty-four grown men through an epidemic of measles, and our simple medicine-chest contained only Epsom salts and Dover's powder. One of our girls once had a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs. We rolled her in a blanket in the library, gave her a Dover's powder, and the next morning she walked down-stairs to breakfast. A certain doctor of a man-of-war got his promotion through an operation he performed upon a Samoan warrior. The man had a shattered kneecap, and refused to have his leg amputated. In this land of beauty death is preferable to the loss of a limb. The doctor performed a delicate operation, and the man recovered and could walk, though somewhat stiffly. The doctor said that the man owed his life more to his own clean and healthy condition of body than to the skill of the foreigner.

THE Samoans seldom speak English. Indeed, it is a pretty good rule to distrust the native who knows our language. It means that he has been on a trading-schooner or whaling-cruise, and neither of these improves the island character. There are so few foreigners in Samoa that it is easier for them to pick up Samoan than for the natives to learn English.

The language is very difficult to learn, though the missionaries have made a good dictionary and have translated the Bible, which every Samoan knows by heart. The old chiefs sit together when they are making fishing-nets or braiding sennit, and argue like Scotch elders on points of doctrine. The young men look up quotations for their love-letters, and they can also use the Bible very artfully to convey compliments to a foreign lady who cannot speak their language. They will point out a chapter and verse of their Bible, and, on looking it up, the object of their admiration will find such a sentence as "My soul followeth hard after thee," or, "Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

The language is one of courtesy and exquisite gradations. You eat, but your company partakes of a collation. You call a pig a pig in the privacy of your own family, but in society it is referred to as a "four-legged animal." Indeed, though writers and visitors speak of a chief language as though it were separate from the ordinary, it is not unlike our own. We ask a friend to drop in to dinner, but we request the honor of the President's company. We live in our humble flat, but the king resides at his palace. It is the same idea exactly.

There are no blasphemous oaths in the Samoan language. The most insulting thing you can call a man is a sea-urchin. You may add scornfully that he eats copra and his family are pig-faced. Though comparatively mild statements, these compliments will land you in difficulties out of all proportion to the language used.

The pronouns are very puzzling. *Tatou* is "we," meaning all of us. *Matou* is "we," leaving out the person addressed.

"Suppose we go for a swim," I once said to a visiting Samoan maid. I was surprised by her look of annoyance and dismay. I had used matou, which meant that the rest of us would go, leaving her out.

There is another "we," *maua*, signifying "we two," "you and I," and there is *oulua*, "you two." A young couple addressed for the first time as oulua take it as a white bride accepts her new name.

It is the correct form to address a chief in the plural. "You two are welcome," one says, though the chief may be alone. A missionary, not very familiar with the language, was riding a donkey, and meeting a party of well-bred Samoans, was addressed in the high-chief manner as "you two." The missionary thought the pronoun included the donkey. This same missionary had great difficulty in learning Samoan. More than once he had the mortification of seeing his congregation suddenly overwhelmed by gales of irresistible laughter.

A little verse in Samoan, describing a young lover walking by the sea on a moonlight night thinking of his sweetheart, may give some idea of the language. The vowels are pronounced as in Latin.

Lou lotoe vaua fua lava
Ai mo-o moonga i lenei tausala

Itai, i valea ala fasa l be ala
De oni fafine fai ai se anana
O le alofa tele; i lenei tausala
Uatau le patia le fale o le agaga.

The ending is very poetical. His love will last till the walls of the house of the soul crumble away in dust.

The native dictionary is interesting in the light it casts upon the Samoan character. I find "an impossibility, such as an old man getting a young wife." Another word means "to beg deliriously for fish-hooks." "Unwelcome" is given, "such as a visiting-party that is accompanied by neither a handsome man nor a pretty maid." The definition of "widow" or "widower" is synonymous with detached shell-fish.

There are also definitions that show considerable thought and irony. "Meanness," for instance, can go no further than "to climb out on your own breadfruit-tree to steal your neighbor's breadfruit." *Faapuatama*, like a trumpet blown by wild lads—blown anyhow and at all times; so conduct without consideration. *Popoga*, to look owl-eyed, as a person staring when food or property is being divided. "Good brown earth" describes an honest, unpretending man. To show how difficult the language is for the stranger, I may say that the little word *ta* means I, we two, to beat with a stick, to play on a musical instrument, to reprove, to tattoo, to open a vein, to bail a cannon, to wash clothing by beating, and to turn a somersault.

Aolele, the name given to my mother, means "Flying Cloud"; in the dictionary it is defined as "a term of admiration, meaning as beautiful as a flying cloud." Teuila, my native name, means "the Decorator." My brother was given the title of a famous Manaia,—Taivale,—and, as everybody knows, Mr. Stevenson was Tusitala, the "Writer of Tales."

One late afternoon, riding home to Vailima, I met a party of warriors carrying head-knives, and looking ferocious enough as they came swinging along in the shade of the forest road. I turned my horse to one side, and saluted them politely. "Talofa ali'i!" ("Greeting, O chiefs!") I said; and they replied one and all with the single word, "Sule!" I had never heard it before, and on reaching home went straight to the dictionary, where I found it defined as a term of admiration for wealth or beauty. I am still in doubt as to which interpretation they put upon it.

They have many words of respect for the aged, which are carefully taught to well-bred children. The dictionary defines one as "a deprecating address used in asking a favor of an old person"; another, "a word of apology for walking in front of one's elders"; and there are numerous forms of affectionate address to the aged.

They have many words descriptive of the moon—when she rises out of the water, the silvery path she paints upon the sea, and that beautiful moment when the full moon is clear in the heavens while the sun is slowly sinking on the horizon. *Eva eva* is to stroll about by moonlight; *sami* is the beauty of the ocean; *vasaloloa*, the near waves; and *lanamoana*, the deep blue sea. There are words of admiration for the clouds; the mountains, when the tops are covered in mist; and the lengthening shadows of evening—so many, indeed, that we easily perceive the appreciation the Samoans have for the beautiful, not only in people, but in nature.

OUR native friends write to us constantly, taking their letters unstamped to the post-master, trustingly addressed to us in the Samoan language by our native names, with some attempt at an explanation of our whereabouts. "To the High-Chief Lady beautiful as a Flying Cloud, in America"; "To Teuila over the horizon"; and one, meant for my brother, was somewhat vaguely addressed to "Loia in the cold."

I write and tell my native friends about the world of civilization—of the cold so intense that men die of it; of the white people who shut themselves up behind locked doors, fearing one another; of multitudes that pass and repass without a friendly word; of the homeless poor owning no chief or clan; of the long walks I take and never see a cocoanut; of the crowds that wear shoes, making a clattering noise on the pavement, the first sound that strikes the ear on returning to civilization. I can tell them of nothing that is better or fairer than their own beautiful Samoa, and I only reiterate my love for the islands; like all who have fallen under the spell of Polynesia, my soul yearns to return there. As Mr. Stevenson said when the anchor of the yacht *Casco* plunged for the first time into the waters of the South Seas, "my soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up; and I and some part of my ship's company were from that hour the bond-slaves of the isles of Vivien."

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

DAY and night I have heard it: "Arise and come to thine own!
The surf is loud on the shore, and the spume is white in the gale.
This is the rapture of living. Oh, how can the land atone
For the loss of the vibrant shrouds and the joy of the slanting sail?

"Follow, then, follow the free wind over the waste of gray!
The sweep of the billows shall rock thee, the scent of the brine shall allure;
Though Death and Oblivion mock thee, thou shalt joy in thy master's sway;
His scourging shall arm thee in might, make thee strong in thine hour to endure.

"Oh, to be glad with the sea! to rejoice in the thunderous pour,
In the din, of the swift-falling waters! to feel the cool spray on thy cheek!
To lie in the hollowed hand of thy liege, with his spirit to soar,
Glad heir of adventurers gone, and comrade of those that yet seek!

"Over the rim of the world make thy uncertain quest;
Starlight shall mark thy course, fog and the spindrift bar;
Thou shalt exult in the storm, in the calm of the sea thou shalt rest;
Seek danger, and find it not; seek peace, and miss it afar.

"It will lift thee on wings as an eagle; it will be both singer and song;
A lamp to thy soul in need, a snare to thy wandering feet;
Blind to thy love or hate, it will save thee alone of a throng;
True to its own untruth, it will make thy ruin complete.

"All thou hast hoped it gives, all thou hast lost is thine,
When, with thy face to the gale, thou ridest the storm in its wrath.
Winds in the shrouds are a harp, and the spray on thy face is as wine;
The roar of the waves is the voice of God, their hollows his path.

"What is thy pettiness then, in the face of this turbulent strife—
Sweep of the spendthrift seas, rush of the strenuous gale?
Buffeted, driven, alone, yet thy hand shall guard thy life,
Thy skill shall find thee a path, thy courage shall yet avail.

"Over the swinging sea, under the pendulous stars,
Rule thy unsteady world, thou the one steady thing!
Battling seas and gales, that would be thy prison bars,
Mold at thy will into bows, thee, their arrow, to fling!

"This is the secret we teach, this is the strength we inspire:
Set thy face to the fore, meet the confident hour;
Alone, unseen of men, and far from thy heart's desire,
Take at one plunge this life's best gift, the test of thy power!"

Day and night I have heard it: "Arise and come to thine own!
The spume is like smoke in the blast, and the flaws are black on the lee.
Thou who art thrall to the winds that over the world are blown,
Rejoice in the harping gale, rejoice in the rolling sea!"

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE OLD FOX AND THE YOUNG FOX.

BY GEORGE ADE,
Author of "Forty Modern Fables."

AFTER he had lived in Town for many Years and had come to know the Animals and their Ways, even to the occasional Running Amuck of the Bulls and Bears, the Old Fox had gathered to himself a few Hard Lessons which he set down for the Instruction and Betterment of Fox, Jr. One Day he took his Young One into the Private Office for a Session of Fatherly Advice.

"I have here a few Nuggets of Truth," said the Old Fox, showing some loose Scraps of Paper on which he had written. "I hesitate to offer them, for, if I remember correctly, the Member of our Family who was best Posted on Business Epigrams went under as far back as 1873. Still, some of these may help you. The Work of turning them out has been a pleasurable Respite from my ordinary Routine. Proverbs are easily Obtainable, my Son. They are Self-Evident Truths, blooming in the Garden of Inexperience. Those which happen to be the right Length to fit into Copy-Books are most likely to Endure. Forty Years ago I was competent to turn out Dozens of Maxims and Proverbs, each glistering with Truth. You are in the Fluff of Youth, while I am marked with Gray, yet doubtless you could excel me in the Making of Precepts for the Guidance of the Immature. The dear little Girls in the Grammar Schools write Essays in which Mighty Conclusions are linked together end to end, Emerson-Fashion. With one Reading of 'Poor Richard' and some timely Inspiration from Rochefoucauld and Hazlitt, any Upstart may set down our Common Weaknesses and catalogue a full Set of Danger-Signals. The Letter of Advice has been the easiest Form of Composition from the time of Chesterfield. However, in preparing you to go out and be of the City Tribe and come Home each Night with your Brush unbedraggled and your cool, smooth Nose unmarked by Scratches, I flatter myself that I have omitted the usual Rigmarole of Weighty Instructions, my Experience having convinced me that the machine-made Proverb is seldom brought out except to be Misapplied."

"Thank you, Father," said the Young Fox. "I am glad that you have saved yourself the Trouble of formulating the Generalities for which the Rising Generation is always prepared. I have fixed up for my own Use a Set of Rules which, doubtless, is more Comprehensive and Beautiful than anything you could put together at your Time of Life."

Saying which, the Young Fox showed a pretty Morocco Leather Booklet, made to fit the Waistcoat Pocket, in which he had written many meaty Paragraphs, the Substance of the same having been deduced from what he had read of the Struggle for Existence.

"Read a few Selections," said the Old Fox, with a Tolerant Smile. "I love to hear the resounding Conclusions of an Oracle."

"But I am not an Oracle," said the Young Fox, modestly. "I am not even an Authority. I am only a bright Juvenile who has sorted out the Essentials for Success and set them down neatly with my Fountain Pen."

"Do not flatter yourself that I credit you with the Authorship of any of the Matter contained in your little Book," said the Old Fox. "We do not intend to Plagiarize, but all of us absorb our pet Proverbs from the Text-Books, the learned Monthlies, and the Editorial Page. We paraphrase Benjamin Franklin, and put Two and Two together to make Four, and change a Preposition, and presto! the Old Saw seems to be a new Truth evolved without Help or Suggestion. No doubt you have written in your little Guide to Life that a Youthful Frugality insures Comfort throughout the Declining Years, and a Good Name is better than Riches, and to be sure you are Right before you go Ahead."

"Not in those Words, I assure you," said the Young Fox, somewhat testily. "It is true, however, that I have composed certain

General Directions in favor of Honesty, Temperance, Economy, Punctuality, Candor, Politeness, and Business Caution."

"All Men declare for these Admirable Traits in their Pocket Note-Books," said the Old Fox, "and no sooner is the Ink dry than they are led astray by the Caprice of Small Happenings. The Trouble with a world-wide Maxim or a great bulky Truth is that it does not dovetail nicely into the Exigencies of a Petty Case. Here at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, my Son, when all Endeavor is being subdivided and specialized, a Technical Instruction under a Subhead has more Practical Value than a huge Proverb that has come bumping down the Ages. The Health Officer who tells you in a terse Bulletin to boil your Drinking-Water does you an Actual Service, and the Results are immediate, as the Bacilli can testify. But you might have to hunt around all Day without finding an Opportunity to make use of Mr. Emerson's tremendous Suggestion, 'Hitch your Wagon to a Star.' I am not poking Fun at the Large Rules for Conduct, but I beg to remark that very often you will find that they are Shelf-Ornaments instead of Working-Tools kept bright by Use. Like the other Classics of our Literature, they are profoundly Respected and seldom Utilized. What you need now, my Son," continued the Old Fox, "is a Set of Proverbs, Precepts, and Maxims brought up to Date and peculiarly adapted to an Era of Horseless Carriages, Limited Trains, Colonial Extension, Corners in Grain, the Booming of New Authors, Combinations of Capital, the Mushroom Growth of an Aristocracy of Wealth, and the Reign of Tailor-Made Clothes. A Majority of the Points to which I shall call your Attention may seem to be Frivolous and hardly worth while, but, as I have already intimated, it is the small Rule, made to fit the Individual Instance, that proves most valuable in the Long Run. Years ago I made a silly little Rule, as follows: 'Never extend Credit to any one who wears a Blue Neck-Tie.' Childish, say you? Perhaps, but it has saved me Thousands of Dollars. If you will give sincere Heed to what I have inscribed here, you may be able to duplicate my magnificent Career."

Fox, Jr., took the Slips of Paper and read as follows:

"1. Get acquainted with the Heads of Departments and permit the Subordinates to become acquainted with you.

"2. Always be easily Familiar with those who are termed Great in the Public Prints. They are so accustomed to Deference and Humility, it is a positive Relief to meet a jaunty Equal.

"3. As soon as you get an Office of your own, put in a Private Exit, marked, 'Escape in Case of a Dear Friend with an Invitation to Dinner.'

"4. The first Sign of Extravagance is to buy Trousers that one does not need. Every Young Man on a Salary should beware of the Trousers Habit.

"5. If you were Cut Out to be a homely American, with a preference for Turnips and Tea Biscuit, do not attempt to Live It Down. The most pathetic Object of 1902 is the Man who wants to be a Degenerate and can't quite make it.

"6. A Bird in the Hand may be worth Two in the Bush, but remember also that a Bird in the Hand is a positive Embarrassment to one not in the Poultry Business.

"7. Do not give Alms promiscuously. Select the Unworthy Poor and make them Happy. To give to the Deserving is a Duty, but to help the Improvident Drinking Class is clear Generosity, so that the Donor has a Right to be warmed by a Selfish Pride and count on a most flattering Obituary.

"8. There is Everything in a Name. A Rose by any Other Name would Smell as Sweet, but would not cost half as much during the Winter Months. This means that you should get a Trade-Mark and keep it displayed on the Bulletin-Boards.

"9. Never try to get into Society, so called. Those who Try seldom get in, and if they do edge through the Portals they always feel Clammy and Unworthy when under the Scrutiny of the Elect. Sit outside and appear Indifferent, and after a while they may Send for you. If not, it will be Money in your Pocket.

"10. All the Apostles of Repose and the Mental Scientists tell the Business Slave to avoid Worry; but an old Trader's Advice is to Worry until you have had enough of it and then do something Desperate.

"11. Never Write when you can Telegraph, and in Wiring always use more than Ten Words. This is the Short Cut to being regarded as a Napoleon. The Extra Words cost only a few Cents, but they make a Profound Impression on the Recipient, and give the Sender a Standing which could not be obtained by an Expenditure of Four Dollars for a Birthday Gift. A Man never feels more Important than when he receives a Telegram containing more than Ten Words.

"12. Remember that the latest Outline for a Business Career is to Rush and Bustle and Strain to accumulate enough Money to pay your Expenses to Karlsbad or southern California after you have dropped from Overwork. The only Failure is the one who Breaks Down without having got together his Recuperation Fund.

"13. An Ounce of Prevention is worth a Pound of Cure and costs more. Don't attempt to prevent Trouble, or you will lose your Eyesight watching too many Corners at the same time. Wait until Trouble comes and then consult a Specialist.

"14. When a Man is in a New Town his Prospects are determined (1) by the class of Hotel at which he is registered, (2) by his Wardrobe, (3) by the Style of his Business Card, and (4) by the Manner of his Address.

"15. A Rolling Stone gathers no Moss, and therefore will not be derided as a Moss-Back. Roll as much as possible.

"16. If you must Economize, dispense with some of the Necessities. You can bear up under the Realization that the Gas Company knows of your keeping the Jets turned low, but if you go out of a Café followed by the Reproachful Gaze of a Waiter who regards you as Stingy, you will feel Small and Unhappy for Hours afterward, and your Work will suffer.

"17. It has been accepted as a Law that there can be no absolute Waste of Energy, but you will be putting the Law to a Severe Test if you permit yourself to be drawn into a Political Controversy in a Sleeping-Car with a Stranger who wears a wide Slouch-Hat.

"18. The Shorter the Hours, the Larger the Income. Don't get into the Habit of putting in Long Hours, or you may be set down into a permanent Subordinate Position.

"19. When you believe that you love a Young Woman so earnestly that you will have to Marry her, take a Long Ride on the Cars to find out if the Affection endures while you are Traveling. The Beauty of this Test is that if you really Love her you never will start on the Trip by yourself.

"20. If you expect to be a popular After-Dinner Speaker, don't attempt to work at anything else. That is a sufficiently large Contract for one brief Existence.

"21. If you take care to Pronounce correctly the Words usually Mispronounced, it may be that you will have the Self-Love of the Purist, but you will not sell any Goods.

"22. Never accuse a Man of being Lazy. There is no such thing as Laziness. If a Man does not go about his work with Enthusiasm, it means that he has not yet found the Work that he likes. Every Mortal is a Busy Bee when he comes to the Task that Destiny has set aside for him.

"23. Early to Bed and Early to Rise is a Bad Rule for any one who wishes to become acquainted with our most Prominent and Influential People.

"24. Always interline a Contract before signing it, merely to impress the Party of the First Part. The one who puts his Signature to Articles of Agreement drawn up by the Other Fellow is establishing a Dangerous Precedent.

"25. Never pretend to have Money except when you are in Straits. The Poor Man who pretends to have a Bank-Account betters his Credit and takes no Risk. But the Prosperous Individual who counts his Money in the Street forthwith will be invited to attend a Charity Bazaar."

"Is that all?" asked the Young Fox, when he had concluded the reading.

"I thought that would be enough for one Dose," replied the Old Fox.

"But you have not put in anything about Depositing a certain Sum in the Bank every Week," said Fox, Jr. "I always had supposed that was the inevitable No. 1 of Parental Suggestions."

"I omitted that time-honored Instruction because I hope that you will keep your Money out of the Bank," said the Old Fox. "It is so easy to sign Checks. If you find a Surplus accumulating, go in for Life Insurance, and then you may reasonably hope for the allotted Threescore and Ten Years."

And the Young Fox took the Truth-Tablets out to have them Framed.

MORAL: Even the Elders can give a number of Helpful Hints.

FOUR DRAWINGS

BY

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE LION

THE LOUISIANA LYNX
(BOB CAT)

THE OCELOT

THE MARSH HAWK

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A MARIONETTE THEATER IN NEW YORK.

BY FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

WEDGED in between two tenements in the dense center of New York's Italian colony there is a little theater in which on every evening of the year blooms the flower of medieval chivalry.

This theater is a survival. All about it are twentieth-century signs of civilization and modernity—swarming sidewalks, policemen, electric cars, and saloons. But, like an unwithering blade of grass between the paving-stones, the theater refuses to yield to realism. It lives as a reminiscence of the young time when men believed in their swords and the impossible.

In the stock company of the theater are more than sixty members, but their play is never the subject of reviews by dramatic critics; the players are indifferent alike to praise and to censure. While they cannot truly be said to work for love, they certainly work neither for money nor for praise. Lack of feeling in their acting is more than compensated for by the strenuousness with which they interpret their parts, and, above all things, the members of the company are faithful. They are marionettes worked by iron rods, and their home is in Spring street, near the corner where it crosses the Bowery.

The marionettes are about three feet in height. They have wooden heads and jointed, stuffed doll bodies, and are entirely the product of the theater. With more truthfulness than any other theatrical manager in the country, their "director" can boast of "making actors." Their faces are carved, wigs are tacked on their heads, and their costumes are all made within the theater itself. The play is a continuous one. It began more than a year ago, when the theater first made its appearance in Spring street. The director will explain to you that he has an Italian book in three volumes called the "Seven Paladins." He familiarizes himself with one of its chapters every afternoon, and then, in accordance with its story, improvises the lines of the actors as he manœuvers them from behind the scene. Feminine marionettes speak through the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE AUDIENCE.

medium of Isabella, his eldest daughter. The same *dramatis personæ* appear every night, but their performance is never the same. The chapters in the last of the three volumes have not yet been seen in Spring street, and they must all be acted before the director turns back to the first chapter of Volume I and begins all over again.

The "Seven Paladins" is a collection of the romance legends that surround the court of Charlemagne. It is an elaboration of the "Song of Roland," which Taillefer sang before William of Normandy at the battle of Hastings, and which, in one form or another, forms the basis of a large part of the early literature of Europe. All of the original tenth-century cast is in the production. There is Rinaldo of Montauban, whom Don Quixote used to admire, his horse Bayard, and his sword Flamberge. There is Malagigi, the magician, and Ganelon, the traitor, Charlemagne, Clarissa, and golden-haired Roland himself. They are without modern embellishments. In fact, the play is so serious, and its medieval simplicity so complete, that it almost seems as though Charlemagne and his brave knights had grown tired of waiting for the millennium, and were renewing their youth near the Bowery.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE AUDIENCE FROM BEHIND THE WINGS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"THE MARIONETTES ARE OPERATED FROM ABOVE."

Because the marionettes are operated from above, the number of their gestures is limited. Their acting is all in accordance with a sort of vertical Delsarte system which has to be explained before it can be understood. When a marionette wishes to show the audience that he is weeping he holds his hand to his forehead; when he is angry he wriggles his feet; and when he is tired he leans back. In a corner of the theater is a work-bench where the armor is made for marionettes. The shields and helmets are hammered out by hand, and some are really beautiful. The dignity and importance of a character are always indicated by his armor. If he is just an ordinary knight, his helmet is apt to show the long battering it has received on the stage and behind it; but if he is a paladin, like Rinaldo, his shield is invariably new and nickel-plated. About a dozen of the marionettes are Turks, who are to be regarded in the spirit of the crusades. The Mohammedans are all desperately wicked; their part consists chiefly in being killed gracefully by the Christian knights, who, with the exception of Ganelon, can do nothing unworthy of applause, no matter how much they may murder and rob.

The little stage is at the end of a long hall. The proscenium arch is low enough to hide completely the men who work the actors. The cost of admission varies from five to fifteen cents. Comparatively few of the seats are sold at the highest price; they are caned-bottom chairs in a short gallery dignified with the name of "box." At eight o'clock every evening the audience begins to swarm into the seats which fill the main body of the theater. All are poor, and, according to accepted standards, ignorant. Very few are able to read and write. They are the sort of Italians who push fruit-carts or dig the subway. They are of all ages and dialects: white-haired grandmothers who are being given an evening's treat by the second generation; children who are in the Third Reader and can speak English; Piedmontese and Sicilians. Many of the women have their babies in their arms, and almost without exception the men smoke the vile tobacco which is found nowhere in the world but between Houston street and Chatham Square. One all-pervading touch of garlic makes the whole audience kin. Apparently that vegetable forms an important part of the supper of all present, not excluding the babies. The management of the theater is entirely a family affair. The husband and father is the director. He is assisted in manœuvering the marionettes by his elder son and daughter. The director's wife sells tickets at the door, while Rafael and Helena, aged eleven and nine, act as ushers and supernumeraries.

The two children granted my request to go behind the scenes and interpret the play. We passed through a gateway in the railing about the stage, then through a canvas door in the proscenium, and I was in the home of the marionettes. Around the walls they hung in such profusion as to overlap one another. Rafael and Helena spoke of them as beings endowed with more than ordinary intelligence.

"That is the giant of Asia," Helena explained, as she pointed to a marionette a head taller than the rest. "He is stronger than any of the other Turks; but Rinaldo is going to kill him in about a week."

"That is Ganelon," said Rafael; "we never wash his face, because he is a villain."

Almost reverently Helena told me of the beauties of the white dress of Clarissa, about whom the good knights did a large part of their fighting.

"My mother," said Helena, "worked on that dress a week. She says I may have it when it is worn out."

In the center of the stage the scenery was hung over a sort of partition. On the back of it was a narrow scaffolding on which stood the director, only his head and shoulders being visible. As the curtain rose, his muscular bare arms were shining with perspiration. Rafael said that the crude painting of trees hung over the partition was a picture of the Forest of Pain.

"We sometimes have sorrows all around us, and sadness. We have a kind of lost feeling. That is the Forest of Pain. It is hard to explain to Americans, but Italian people understand it."

Mambrino wabbled as he advanced, holding his sword over his face. The hum had subsided among the audience, and in its place was a silence which was broken now and then by sighs. All over the hall women were rubbing their sleeves across their eyes, and the men were knocking the ashes out of their pipes. "Poor Mambrino!" they said. "Will he ever get out?" The director's face, which the audience could not see, was growing tense and drawn. It was apparent that he felt all of Mambrino's wooden sorrow. In his expression was reflected the despair of which the marionette was incapable.

Mambrino stopped in the middle of the stage, and told how he had become sepa-

rated from Rinaldo and had lost his way in the wood. He leaned far back, and said that he was hungry, cold, exhausted, and tired of it all. He staggered over to a pasteboard rock, and was dropped on it as he announced his intention of lying down to die in the Forest of Pain. Tears were in the director's eyes; the hand which he did not use for Mambrino was busy in brushing them away. Most of the women in the audience were sobbing aloud, while the men tugged violently at their mustaches.

The wizard Malagigi was next manœuvered on to the stage. A smile overspread the director's face, and he wore an expression of relief as he pronounced Malagigi's discovery of Mambrino. He twitched the wizard's feet, and made him say: "He is a brave knight. I must get him out of the Forest of Pain. I will call my master."

His master, the devil, was by far the most popular character in the cast. He was thrown over the top of the scene instead of entering from the flies. As the director interpreted the rôle, the devil proved himself worthy of all the applause he received. In spite of his tail and horns, he was a good fellow, who at once set about devising some scheme for getting Mambrino out of the forest.

"There is only one way," he said thoughtfully; "he must follow the thing he loves best."

"But the only thing he has left to love is his horse Bayard."

"Excellent," replied the devil, as he jumped up and down with joy. "Run away with Bayard, and Mambrino will follow."

Rafael and Helena, without any prompting from their father, began to beat with their fists intermittently on the armor of the marionettes not in use, puckering up their lips at the same time, and making a funny little noise that was something between a whistle and a moan.

"It 's a storm now," said Rafael; "we are the thunder and the rain on the trees."

The storm was for the purpose of awakening Mambrino, whom the director raised up from the rock just in time for him to catch a glimpse of the wizard leading Bayard away. Bayard was made of white cotton, and was about two feet long. He was jointed only in his front legs, and was considerably smaller than the wizard; but that made no difference. The audience loved him. It was the climax of the play, and they were growing very much excited. They stood up on the benches, and cried: "Catch him, Mambrino! Run after him!" Great beads of perspiration stood on the director's face as he stamped on the platform to indicate that Bayard was galloping away. With the wizard he disappeared into one of the flies, where Rafael stroked his cotton ears.

"You are a good horse," he said, as he hung him on his hook. "You need n't worry; we 'll save your boss all right."

Mambrino had now forgotten all about his troubles. He was making a great deal of work for the director by banging his sword against his shield and calling loudly for Bayard, who did not appear. As he made his way through the wood, he halted suddenly, while the children ran into a corner again and stamped and pounded and howled like little Indians.

"A battle is going on," said Helena. "Mambrino is listening to it. We are the battle."

The audience was listening, too, with bated breath. They maintained absolute silence as Helena and Rafael increased the noise. Meanwhile Isabella and her elder brother were rapidly detaching marionettes from the hooks, and piling them in a row beside their father. Mambrino now was in the battle, which was waging fiercely between the Turks and the Christians. In rapid succession the Turks would swing up against Mambrino. There would be a clash of brass armor, and then the antagonist would fall dead on the stage. Within a period of three minutes a heap of about twenty dead marionettes encircled Mambrino. It was too violent physical exercise to permit of much dialogue by the director. It was simply a pantomime of clash and victory. Rinaldo wabbled over the heap of dead bodies when it was all past, and embraced his old comrade in arms. The audience laughed as the curtain went down, and the children dragged away Mambrino's victims. The devil's plan had been successful. The brave knight was out of the Forest of Pain.

LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

II. A CONSULTATION.

BOTH men were physicians. The older of the two was far on in a life of success. The man he bade to be seated had blue eyes, and was the owner of forty well-used years.

"Glad to see you, John," said the older man. He was about to add, "You look worried," but, on second thought, said only:

"What can I do for you?"

"You can listen to me for ten minutes."

"As long as you like; you know we do that all day. Don't hurry."

"You know, doctor, that I was once engaged to Helen Daunton. That was ten years ago."

"Yes—I—know. Quite so; yes—yes—remember it well—yes."

The younger man said: "No, you do not know, and don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

The gray head turned with a quick side glance of questioning observation, and knew at once that this was a man to be taken with care. He said: "Go on, John; I interrupted you."

"I fell ill; I went to India and Australia. When I came back she was married, the wife of—of all men—Wanfell, the banker. He was thirty years older than she. What—was I saying? I mean, she was thirty years younger than he. I did not know why she did it. Now I know."

The older man said: "She was beautiful—but—"

John said hastily: "That 's unnecessary. I wish you would listen."

Here he rose and bent over his friend, who remained seated, a hand on his cheek, intent and a little anxious.

"This fellow Wanfell was my father's partner, and—ruined him."

"Yes—yes."

"Oh, damn it! Don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

The hazel eyes below the gray hair became more tenderly attentive.

"Pardon me, John. I sometimes forget how to listen."

"Well, don't do that again; I—I—can't bear it. I have hoped the years would give me a chance—I mean—I hoped some day that man would be in my power. He is! He was—and now—now—" Here he paused, and then said: "What was it I was saying? Oh, that woman!"

The older physician laid a hand on his arm.

"You were saying, John, I think—"

"No—no; you asked me why she married that scoundrel."

"No, my dear fellow, I did not ask—"

"But your eyes asked."

"You must excuse them. The curiosity of the eyes is not to be governed. But—go on. What else is there? Tell me quietly."

John sat down.

"Quietly! My God! You know, sir, I have never cared for any other woman. She has always had my—love. I have kept away from her. We have met but twice in a chance way, and once for a mad moment. Now, sir, now—oh, that woman, that woman! I—knew she could not help it—and she is—she is—"

"Drop her, John, and tell me what you want of me."

"I will—I will. It is just this: A week ago, late, about eleven at night, a servant came in haste with a note from her. Would I come instantly to see—Wanfell. He had had a fit. I went; of course I went. She said I must keep—the case. God help and pardon me, I did—I did!"

"Why did you?"

"Why do you ask me? You know—well enough."

"Are you still in charge?"

"Yes. He is very ill; half conscious; a decayed beast. He may die any moment—*any* moment, or drag on for years—*years*."

"I see."

"No, you do not. Every day she says:

'How long will he last? Will he die soon? It is cruel to try to keep him alive!'"

"People often say that," said the older physician.

"I know; but you understand. Don't trifle with me. I told you what she said, and you should not want me to say more. I will not—"

"Whatever I can do for you I will do."

"Then take this case off my hands. You or some one must—take it."

"Very well, John; I—"

"It is n't well at all! Help me now—at once. Can't you see my—trouble?"

"Yes; I saw it all along. I will help you. It is easy—"

"Easy! Nothing is easy. I say, I cannot stand it! That half-dead dog—and that—that woman!"

He stood up, and went on: "Now do you think I was right to yield—to stay on—stay on? Pity me! I had two good—I mean two bad reasons—the man and the woman. I am plain, you see."

He laughed, and it was not a laugh good to hear.

"I shall be frank with you, my friend. You were wrong; you hate him, and you love—"

John broke in: "Don't say that kind of thing! Don't hint it!"

"But, my dear fellow—"

"We won't discuss it. I am the person concerned. You let him alone—and her, too. You never were in the hell of a marriage like that. What must I do? I want to be made to do something—forced—"

"Be quiet a moment. Sit down and I will answer you."

He took out his watch and laid a finger on his friend's pulse. Presently he looked up, and said, smiling:

"You have consulted me, and now, as your doctor, I say, my dear fellow, that you are in no state to practise medicine."

"That is so."

"Neither are you fit to have the charge of a man who may die at any moment—"

"And who ought to die, damn him!"

"Yes; but it must not be while he is in your care. Go out of town—at once, to-day. Do not write to her. I will call and explain it all to her—to Mrs. Wanfell."

"Yes—you will do that—and I am ill, very ill. Thank you. Don't you think I ought to see her?"

"I do not. Promise me that you will not."

"I will not—see her. Oh, never, never!"

"Stay away three weeks."

"How can I?"

"You must. Now go."

"Where is my hat?"

"Here. Now I have your word. In a day or two you will be glad you went."

John left him, saying: "Thank you. Yes, I am sick enough—soul-sick."

The older man went with him to the door. Returning, he sat down and, playing with his watch-guard, was still a little while, and then spoke aloud the final conclusion of his reflections, which was a way he had:

"It is very easy to let a man die. I was wise to make him run away from it. If he did his best, and that rascal died, he would have lived in the shadow of remorse, where no crime had been; and if—" Here he ceased. Even self-confession may become too complete. But by and by he murmured, as he rose: "What of the woman? A touch and a look may say, 'Do it!' He has told but half."

The younger man went to Aiken and played golf. At the close of a fortnight he received two telegrams; one was from the doctor. He went home the next day, but did not go to the funeral of Wanfell.

As the years went by, some of his friends wondered why he did not marry the woman he had once loved. When the old doctor's wife was thus curious, her husband said that he believed he knew why, but would never tell.

When urged to explain himself, he stated, at last, that it was all clearly set forth in one of the gospels.

"KING JAMES" OF BEAVER ISLAND.

JAMES JESSE STRANG, THE MICHIGAN USURPER.

BY EDWARD FROST WATROUS.

THE fact that about fifty years ago a kingdom was established on Beaver Island, at the foot of Lake Michigan, which flourished for seven years, in defiance of our government and its laws, is one of the episodes in our national life which has not yet passed into history, and is consequently unfamiliar to most of the present generation.

The strange story of this isolated Mormon community centers around the strong personality of the self-constituted king.

James Jesse Strang was born in the year 1813, in Cayuga County, New York. The son of a farmer, he had only the ordinary education of a country lad of that period; but as he was an indefatigable reader and possessed a retentive memory, he was constantly adding to his store of knowledge. He early took a prominent part in rural debating clubs and temperance meetings, where he showed marked oratorical ability. He was extremely voluble, self-conceited, and visionary, but was regarded as a promising youth, entirely reputable in character, though eccentric. At the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the bar, and, in connection with his practice of the law, filled acceptably, at various times, the positions of editor, schoolmaster, lecturer, and postmaster.

At the time when the remarkable career of Joseph Smith, the Mormon "prophet," was drawing toward its close, Strang removed with his young wife to Burlington, Wisconsin, where he became one of a firm of attorneys. Previous to this he had been interested in the preaching of itinerant elders from Nauvoo, the Mormon center, and in his new home he soon fell under the same influence; his active imagination was stimulated by the so-called "revelations" of Smith to espouse some of the doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints. One year later he visited Nauvoo, where he became an easy convert to the belief that not alone spiritual blessings but earthly honors would be the reward of membership among the faithful. The astute leader, Smith, undoubtedly recognized valuable material in the well-informed, eloquent, and ambitious attorney; his arguments were so convincing that in a few weeks Strang was again at Nauvoo, where he received baptism, and was ordained as an elder with authority to organize a church, or, in their phraseology, "plant a stake of Zion," within the limits of Wisconsin.

He had chosen a spot on the banks of the White River as the location for his colony when the tragedy at Nauvoo left the Mormon Church without a head. Before the believers had recovered from the paralyzing shock of the death of their leader at the hands of a vindictive mob, Strang was among them, urging them to flee from the wrath to come, and to follow him to the land of promise. Although there were several who desired to wear the mantle of the dead seer, not one was so active and persistent as Strang, though he had been only a few months in the church.

To substantiate his claim, he exhibited what purported to be an autograph letter from Smith, dated nine days before his "martyrdom," detailing a vision in which the spirit of Elijah came upon him, and he heard the voice of God commending the work he had done, for "though he had sinned in some things," his reward should be glorious, as a crown and scepter awaited him. The vision closed with a prophecy for the future:

> And now, behold, my servant, James J. Strang, hath come to thee from far for truth when he knew it not, and hath not rejected it, but hath faith in thee, the Shepherd and Stone of Israel, and to him shall the gathering of the people be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin, and I will establish it; and there shall my people have peace and rest, and shall not be moved. . . .
>
> And I will have a house built unto me there of stone, and there will I show myself to my people by many mighty works, and the name of the city shall be called Voree, which is, being interpreted, garden of peace, for there shall my people have peace and rest, and wax fat and pleasant in the presence of their enemies.

The officers of the church, with Brigham Young at their head, denounced Strang as

an impostor and forger. His vigorous and eloquent appeal for recognition had no effect, for "he was cut off from communion with the faithful, cursed, and delivered to the devil to be buffeted for a thousand years."

Undaunted by this anathema, he continued to assert his right and title to leadership, winning to his ranks a small body of devoted followers, who founded at Spring Prairie, Wisconsin, the city of Voree, upon communistic principles in regard to the ownership of all property. He edited a newspaper, the "Voree Herald," devoted to the dissemination of the doctrine of the "primitive Mormons," and succeeded in converting many credulous people.

He imitated the methods that Joseph Smith had found successful, and originated others. He organized his church in accordance with the Book of Mormon, with a council of twelve, seventy elders, and minor officials, with himself, supreme in authority, over all. Like his predecessor, he had visions and revelations, which in moments of ecstasy he communicated to his followers, couched in verbose scriptural language, by which he strengthened his claim to supernatural power.

One vision directed him to go with witnesses to a certain point on the banks of the White River. These witnesses testified that "they were led by Strang to a hill, where, after digging through thick sward and solid clay, apparently undisturbed for years, and cutting away a network of roots from a large oak, they found an earthen case containing three metallic plates covered with an alphabetical and pictorial history."

Strang announced that the cabalistic characters could be translated only by the Urim and Thummim which an angel brought to him. In due time he reported the plates to be a miraculously preserved record of a tribe of Israel who inhabited the American continent centuries ago. The prophet who had prepared the history lamented the annihilation of his people, but foretold the coming of a mighty seer who should discover and reveal the history of the downfall of his race. The closing words were as follows:

> The forerunner men shall kill, but a mighty prophet there shall dwell. I will be his strength, and he shall bring forth the record. Record my word and bury it in the hill of promise.
>
> RAJAH MANCHORE.

Later he claimed to have found fifteen other plates. Such artifices forcibly appealed to the delusion nurtured by Smith's followers, though to outsiders they appeared only weak imitations.

It is needless to review the causes which led to the final exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo in 1846. Before they started on their long journey west of the Mississippi, Strang issued what he called "The first pastoral letter of James, the Prophet." He urged them not to listen to unwise counsels, to reflect deeply before resigning country, houses, and lands, saying:

> Many of you are about to leave the haunts of civilization and of men to go into an unexplored wilderness among savages and in trackless deserts, to seek a home in the wilds where the footprint of the white man is not found. The voice of God has not called you to this. His promise has not gone before to prepare a habitation for you. The hearts of the Lamanites are not turned unto you, and they will not regard you. . . . Let the oppressed flee for safety unto Voree, and let the gathering of the people be there.

A few obeyed the call and joined the community at Voree, which steadily increased in numbers for three years. Though apparently prosperous, Strang was not oblivious to indications which foreshadowed a repetition of the disaster at Nauvoo, and deemed it wise to find a spot where the Gentile influence could not undermine the faith of the Saints, nor bring death and destruction to himself and his people.

With this project in view, he went out with several elders to survey the land, with the result that Beaver Island, near the narrow channel that unites Lakes Huron and Michigan, was chosen. It appeared the ideal spot, as it was sufficiently isolated to promise immunity from the visits of intrusive government officials, yet near enough to civilization to make possible all necessary traffic. The waters teemed with fish, the forests furnished a variety of timber, while the soil was rich and productive. To this land of promise Strang decided to lead his people, where they should flourish "like a green bay-tree."

The island was inhabited by less than one thousand Indians of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes, living upon lands deeded to them by the United States government, and by as many whites. Among the latter the Germans and Swedes were successful tillers of the soil, while a colony of Irish, who were strict Catholics, earned an honest livelihood by fishing.

The small band of pioneers from Voree were received by the fisherfolk most ungraciously. So inhospitable were they that the

newcomers were obliged to build huts of boughs for shelter, and subsist on berries, nuts, wild leeks, and other native productions while preparing for the establishment of a colony. The winter of 1847 five Mormon families spent upon the island. The numbers rapidly increased as the Voree colonists arrived, and the elders returned from their missionary pilgrimages, bringing in many converts, so that in 1850 they numbered three thousand men, women, and children.

The plates which Strang claimed to have found were given equal authority with the Scriptures and the Mormon Bible. Some portions of the revelations dealt with questions of domestic economy and municipal control; there were also directions for making roads, building houses, etc. In accordance with these, houses were built, a wharf and a sawmill were constructed, roads were cleared, and a large tabernacle was begun. The land-locked harbor and village were named St. James, in honor of Strang; the height in the interior became Mount Pisgah; an inland lake was known as the Sea of Galilee, and its outlet as the river Jordan.

At first the Mormons had adopted the policy of non-resistance, receiving in an apparent spirit of meekness the insults and injuries to which they were subjected; but as they gained in strength they began to retaliate, and many fierce conflicts resulted, in which they were the aggressors. Strang had been shrewd enough to maintain friendly relations with the Indians, but he never succeeded in establishing peaceful relations with the Irish. His control over his own people was wonderful; few ever attempted to resist his authority, while the majority had such implicit faith in his supernatural power that he ruled them absolutely.

One who lived upon the island—in fact, a member of the last Gentile family to leave it—described him to the writer as a rather handsome man, tall and slender, with pleasing features and high forehead; his hair and beard were sandy and were worn long; his blue eyes, sometimes mild and tender, held in their depths the glint of steel, which compelled obedience to his masterful will; he was intellectual, gifted in speech, agreeable in manner, and very companionable. All this was confirmed by a physician of Mackinac Island, who knew him well and appreciated his intellectual gifts. He spoke particularly of his ability as an editor; that the "Northern Islander," issued first as a weekly, later as a daily, was "a marvel of journalistic enterprise, which could not be excelled to-day in any frontier town."

Early in the year 1850 Strang published a pamphlet with the following title-page: "The Book of the Law of the Lord, consisting of an inspired translation of some of the most important parts of the law given to Moses, and a very few additional commandments, with brief notes and references. Printed by command of the King at the Royal Press, St. James, A. R. I."

The initial letters for "in the first year of the King" are only in anticipation of his next step. In June, at the annual conference, the church was organized into a kingdom, with Strang as king, also "prophet, seer, apostle, translator, and revelator." In this wonderful book this prophecy appeared:

> God hath chosen His servant James to be king: He hath made him His apostle to all nations; He hath established Him a prophet above the kings of the earth and appointed him king in Zion: By his voice did He call him, and He sent His angels to ordain him.

In pursuance of this scheme for gratifying his ambition, Strang appointed the 8th of July for his coronation. The rage of the islanders and their friends on the mainland was so great that they made a strenuous effort to prevent the execution of the design. They planned to fall upon the offenders on July 4, while they were gathered in the tabernacle, and drive them from the island. Strang learned of the plot, and with characteristic energy counterplotted so successfully that the invaders were glad to retire, leaving their enemies unharmed.

Affirming that he was divinely called to the kingship, the preparations for the coronation continued. Strang, clothed in a flowing robe of scarlet, accompanied by his council, marched to a platform erected in the center of the unfinished tabernacle; the seventy elders and priests followed, the congregation filling the body of the house. After an elaborate ceremonial, a plain circle of gold with a cluster of stars in the front was placed upon the head of the prophet, and he received the adulations of the assembly, who greeted him as their king.

The communistic plan was abandoned, and the lands were apportioned among the members. A system of tithes was introduced, by which the taxes were paid, provision was made for the poor, and schools were established. Additional prohibitory laws were framed against the use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as intoxicating liquors. Saturday was to

be observed as the Sabbath, and attendance at the tabernacle was compulsory. Polygamy, which had been sanctioned, provided ability to support a large family was shown, was now recommended, the elders being strongly urged to take more than one wife. The women were obliged to wear the short skirt and wide trousers of the "bloomer" costume, made of dark-blue calico.

The hatred of the outsiders kept pace with Strang's increase of power. The Mormons grew bolder in their depredations; the nets of the fishermen were destroyed, their boats sunk, and boats laden with supplies stolen and held under the pretext that they were found. Complaints to the authorities were unnoticed until graver charges were made. The self-consecrated king was accused of treason and polygamy, and his subjects of trespass, robbing the mails, theft, harboring counterfeiters and criminals from justice; some even dared to say that ships were lured to destruction upon the rocks near Beaver Island, and that the wreckers there were as merciless as those that once made the name of Florida Reef a terror.

Aroused at last, in 1851 President Fillmore despatched the United States steamer *Michigan* to the island kingdom to arrest its king on the charge of treason. He was carried to Detroit, where twelve indictments were found against him. He conducted his own defense with ability; his oratorical gift, magnetic personality, ingenious pleas, and scriptural knowledge were all brought to bear upon the jury. His closing argument, in which he posed as one "persecuted for righteousness' sake," was masterly, and brought about a verdict of acquittal.

He returned in triumph to his kingdom, more devoted to its interests and ambitious for his own advancement. The quarrels between the Mormons and the Gentiles increased, and the newspapers took up the controversy. Strang's busy pen was employed in defending the doctrines and practices of his people. He wrote much and upon a variety of subjects; he was greatly interested in natural history, and possessed a library which permitted him to gratify his love for miscellaneous reading, as in literature he sought relief from the vexations of rulers.

As an evidence of his diplomacy, he secured his election to the State legislature of Michigan, and, later, the passage of a bill by which the Beaver, Fox, and Manitou islands were united to form the county of Manitou. This placed under his control the entire machinery of the law. From that day it fared ill with a Gentile who had offended a Mormon; as sheriff, jury, and judge were of that faith, the accused was invariably convicted by a process apparently legal.

With the passing years Strang increased the severity of his discipline, but when he introduced the corporal punishment of adults great dissatisfaction resulted. This, with his systematic efforts to force polygamy upon his people, caused internal dissension, which resulted in his ruin. He delighted to talk of "Solomon and his thousand wives," and followed his example to the extent of having five; but he never succeeded in making plural marriages popular, for though several of his elders had three each, there were only fifteen others who were not content with one wife. At the annual conference in 1855 he sternly denounced those who failed to obey the rules he had made, who used tobacco or any beverage other than water, saying, "The law of God shall be kept in this land, or men shall walk over my dead body."

Among his disciples was an ex-surgeon of the United States army, highly educated, and a man of social position in his Baltimore home, but unfortunate in his habits. During the winter of 1855–56 he was deposed from the Mormon Church on the charge of a lapse into intemperance. He soon left the island and visited the lake ports, arousing the indignant people to new enthusiasm for the overthrow of Strang and his kingdom. The details of the plot were never fully known, but two Mormons were found ready to take summary vengeance. One of these had been publicly horsewhipped for daring to sanction his wife's refusal to adopt the regulation costume, and the second had received a similar chastisement for the infringement of one of the rules against dissipation.

On June 16, 1856, as Strang went toward the pier to call upon the officers of the *Michigan*, anchored in the harbor, the two men, Bedford and Wentworth, sprang from places of concealment, and fired upon him. He fell with three wounds; two were slight, but the third, in the region of the spine, was pronounced fatal. The men surrendered, and were taken to Mackinaw, but were released without trial. They claimed, in justification of their act, that many causes for grievance existed, not to be righted by legal means so long as the United States government upheld the "prophet."

Strang sent for his elders, and advised the removal of the colony to Voree, where he was himself borne, as to "a city of refuge." For his few remaining days he received the

devoted care of the wife of his youth, who had declined to accept his inspirations and revelations, but believed that her marriage vow demanded faithfulness unto death. He died without one expression of regret, and

DRAWN BY GEORGE T TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DAGUERREOTYPE.

JAMES JESSE STRANG.

his body was laid in an unmarked grave in the "Cemetery of the Saints" at Spring Prairie.

The assassination of the leader was followed by the annihilation of the kingdom. Before the Mormons could arrange for their departure for Voree, a band of exasperated men from the mainland joined the islanders, and fell with fury upon the doomed settlement. The printing-office was first attacked; the house of the king was pillaged, his library scattered, and then, with the tabernacle, his house went up in flame; after which the ax and torch were used indiscriminately. Later, many of the homesteads were seized and occupied by those who had long suffered from the depredations of the Saints.

Hundreds of deluded victims, penniless and homeless, were driven into exile.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

PROSPECTING IN NEW MEXICO, IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE REIGN OF THE REVOLVER IN NEW MEXICO.

BY ALBERT E. HYDE.

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND.

EARLY in my youth, in November, 1880, armed with letters of introduction to General Lew Wallace, then governor of the Territory of New Mexico, I left my home in Tennessee for Santa Fé.

From the governor I heard the story of the lawless condition of the Territory and the doings of that dreaded desperado "Billy the Kid." His recital of some of the incidents of this "bad" young man's career inspired the writer with a keen desire to see the beardless boy who killed inoffensive people "just to see 'em kick," and incidentally to secure their "valuables."

In a few weeks I moved to Las Vegas, making the Grand View Hotel in "Oldtown" my headquarters. "Newtown," near the railroad, was growing rapidly. Its streets were already marked with scattering adobe buildings, frame houses, and rough board shacks. Oldtown was an interesting study in sun-baked mud, the dingy color of which was relieved here and there by a dab of whitewash. The streets were narrow and, like a very large percentage of the population, crooked. The Grand View Hotel, also adobe, was distinguished mainly by reason of its euphonious and suggestive name: at least, we had the view with regularity and precision three times a day. The amusements of the town were Mexican monte and cock-fighting among the Mexicans, and all kinds of gambling, enlivened by numerous "killings," among the whites.

In this day and time, when the faithful execution of the law is upheld by a majority of the people in every community, it would seem impossible that a moral code so lax as that which cursed New Mexico twenty-one years ago could exist in any section of the United States, however remote. The Territory was a rendezvous for reckless, wild, and

lawless men, a refuge for fleeing criminals. Of course there were men, adventurous spirits, who were not fleeing from outraged justice, but they were, for the most part, rough specimens who were willing enough to leave the settlement of a dispute to the arbitrament of the six-shooter. In 1880 the percentage of peaceably inclined white population was deplorably small.

FRONTIER CONDITIONS IN 1880.

THE Santa Fé Railroad had just strung its line of shining steel across that desert of uncertain sands. Deming, a town of tents near the Texas line, was its terminal. Its single branch line was the eighteen miles of road-bed from Lamy Junction to Santa Fé. On each side of the main line, which divided the Territory from north to south, stretched miles and miles of uninhabited country. The fertile river valleys held a majority of the Mexican population, but the arid desert, the pine-covered slopes and mountains, were marked here and there by Mexican hamlets or Indian pueblos. A vast sea of shifting, treacherous sand constantly menaced the new road-bed of the Santa Fé. Time and again rods of track were displaced and covered up during the period of a sand-storm. Such incidents made railway travel on schedule time, south of Santa Fé, as uncertain as the disposition of a Mescalero Apache Indian. The ranges in the Southwest grazed countless thousands of cattle, owned by him whose brand burned the hide and who had the nerve to hold. Wild horses roamed the foot-hills and plains; wild game inhabited the mountains and valleys; and the shifty coyote, unmolested by man, sat upon his haunches under the stars and sent his blood-curdling howl echoing among the hills.

Silver City, in the mountains near the Arizona line, and the San Juan district in southern Colorado, had been opened up, and the overflow of prospectors and miners began to penetrate the middle ground. Already Whiteoaks, a small mining town in Lincoln County, had sprung into existence. This little place was about the center of the largest operations of Billy the Kid. Men crossed this great inland country by bronco or stage. In those days he was a fearless man who would accept the ribbons on a New Mexico stage-coach.

The cattle-men in Lincoln County employed an army of cow-boys—"cow-punchers," they called themselves. They were as wild and reckless a set as ever tamed a bucking bronco or pulled the trigger of a Colt's 45. Witness the long, terrible conflict

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE "LINCOLN COUNTY WAR."

between the cattle-men and the thieves, known as the Lincoln County War, a struggle in which hundreds of lives were sacrificed.

A Colt's 45-caliber single-action revolver was circulating medium. It was good for its exact cost, about sixteen dollars, in any "game," or over the bar. It was a common thing to see a man who was "down on his luck" stake his last cent and then "cash in" his "gun." Cow-punchers, mule-drivers, tie-cutters, miners, ranchmen, gamblers, and all "bad men" generally, wore their revolvers openly on the hip. Those who rode added the deadly Winchester to their armament, carrying it in a leather holster fastened to the saddle under the rider's left leg.

Men knew one another by given name or "nickname," for the most part. It was dangerous to be too curious about a man's antecedents. It was a rare thing to hear a man boast of his ancestry.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A HOLD-UP.

A BIT OF NECESSARY CAUTION.

I WAS charged to look up a man at one time prominent in an Eastern community, who had suddenly disappeared, and when last heard of was somewhere in New Mexico. Standing in a popular resort in Las Vegas, one night, conversing with the man behind the counter, it occurred to me to inquire about Hillyar, the man whom I sought. As the name was pronounced, a big fellow, standing a few feet away, turned square upon me and proceeded to bore me with a pair of remarkably keen brown eyes. Growing somewhat restless under the steady gaze of so formidable a stranger, I felt much relief when, after a moment's hesitation, he motioned me aside. With his eyes still searching mine, he said, in a low voice: "I heerd ye inquirin' fur a man name' Hillyar. What 's yer business with him?"

The situation began to dawn upon me.

"Merely social," I replied, with a smile.

His look did not indicate that he was entirely convinced.

"I knowed a feller by that name wunst," he continued. "He wus a big feller an' wore a heavy brown beard. Is he wanted fur anything?"

"No," I replied; "that is, the law is not looking for him, if that 's what you mean, but some friends are anxious to know where he is. If you can give me the information, I will appreciate the favor."

With another penetrating look, he said: "I ain't right shore, but I think he 's gone up in the San Juan country; heerd him talkin' about goin'."

I was satisfied by this time that he knew where my man was and could easily reach him.

"What can I do to convince you that I am his friend and one whom he would be glad to see?"

He reflected a moment, and then said: "I 'm goin' back to Tie-camp No. 2 ter-morrer,—that 's thirty-odd miles from here,—and I 'll inquire. Ef you 'll put yer name down on a piece of paper, so 's ef I git on his trail he 'll know who wants him, I 'll do the best I kin fur ye. I 'll be back in Vegas this day week arter next. Meet me here."

At the time appointed I met him, and he accosted me thus: "Young feller, I 've found

yer man, an' here 's a letter from him. I knowed whar he wus all the time, but thar 's so many fellers huntin' cover hyar I wanted to make dead shore it wus all right with Hillyar 'fore I said too much."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'I CAIN'T SHOOT A BRAVE MAN DOWN LIKE A DOG.'"

Later I learned that my messenger was himself one of those "fellers huntin' cover," having killed his man in the East.

AN ASTONISHING TRANSFORMATION.

HILLYAR urged me to visit him, and I left Las Vegas one bright winter morning for Tie-camp No. 2. I had last seen Hillyar about the year 1877. He was then thirty-six years of age and a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood. He was a professional man and an elegant, polished, faultlessly dressed gentleman.

Inquiring at the saloon at the switch, a crude one-room building constructed of rough pine boards, I was told that Hillyar had come down from the tie-camp that morning, and that I would find him in the tie-yard.

Walking in the direction indicated, I saw my man, and knew him by his beard, sun-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"THE MEN WERE ORDERED OFF THE CAR."

burnt and unkempt as it was, but, shade of Beau Brummell, what a change! The man, rapidly approaching with outstretched hand and a string of picturesque oaths of cordial welcome, wore a wide sombrero, a blue flannel shirt, a red bandana handkerchief tied loosely about the throat, brown overall trousers, tucked into heavy high top-boots and held in place at the waist by a cartridge-belt, from which dangled a Colt's 45 six-shooter. I could hardly credit my senses.

He introduced me formally to "Dad," the proprietor and bartender of the lone saloon. He kept up his rough talk and ready invective until we were safely in his tent. Then, unbuckling his six-shooter, he grabbed both my hands and became at once the gentlemanly, grammatical Hillyar of old.

AN EXHIBITION OF NERVE.

AT the switch I met "Territory Bill," a white man, tall, angular, with small grayish-blue eyes, a pronounced hooked nose, and scattering sandy whiskers. Territory's business, when he was not engaged in a "killing" or playing cards, was stealing cross-ties. He had the habit of "snaking off" two tie-sticks from the cut and inspected timber of the W. & W. million-tie contract. While the occupation proved lucrative and pleasant

enough to Territory, his attempt to earn an honest living in this way was looked upon with disfavor by the contractors. They therefore promptly "sicked the dog" on him.

One morning, after a particularly satisfactory haul, Territory was drinking at Dad's saloon, where I had been listening to accounts of "hair-breadth 'scapes." There was not a soul in the saloon but Dad, Territory, and myself.

Suddenly the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs was heard, a horseman drew up with a sharp clatter at the platform in front, and swinging from the saddle, came dashing through the door. He had a deadly Colt's 45 pushed well to the front, and I could catch the gleam of a pair of cold, determined eyes behind the barrel. This was the "dog," no doubt of it.

The moment he found himself inside and master of the situation, he advanced to within a few paces of Territory Bill, who was leaning carelessly with one elbow on the bar, one hand to his cheek, while the other toyed with his whisky-glass. Bill made no move, the hand upon the whisky-glass growing quiet. He knew he was "up against it." Death stared him in the face; there was no escape. Not a muscle moved. His eyes, glancing along the threatening revolver, gazed calmly, fearless and unconcerned, into the eyes behind. In quiet, even tones, which scarcely moved a facial muscle, he said: "You 've got the drop, Charley. It 's all right if you don't pull the trigger."

There were probably ten seconds of agonizing suspense. Dad and myself were speechless. To me, unused to such scenes, those terrible seconds seemed like minutes. Every moment I expected to see the brains of Territory scattered over the rough bar.

Yielding to the spell of Bill's wonderful nerve, Charley muttered, "By ——, I cain't shoot a brave man down like a dog"; then quickly retreating to the door, he threw the weapon into its holster, was on his horse instantly, and, with a vicious dig of his spurs, galloped away.

We three stood looking at one another in eloquent silence, first broken by Territory's remark, "Close call, Dad; give us a drink."

It was a victory for nerve.

A TYPICAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN "TIE MEN" AND MEXICANS.

I ACCOMPANIED Hillyar to Tie-camp No. 2, situated in the mountains about twelve miles from the switch.

Here I not only heard a graphic description of the then recent fight at Cow Creek Hill, but saw the horribly mutilated bodies of the two white men who were killed.

An ancient little Mexican hamlet marks the crest of Cow Creek Hill. It lies on the tie wagon-road, about half-way between the switch and the camp. One evening, returning from the switch, the teamsters learned that a Mexican dance was soon to take place. A number of the drivers determined to go, and when the time arrived they procured an extra supply of whisky in honor of the event. The camp boss readily gave his consent, and about eight o'clock in the evening twelve white men rode over in one of the big "Studebakers." On the way they drank freely, and passed the time singing, shouting, and firing their big 45's.

Arriving on the scene, they hobbled the mules and sought admission to the dance. This was graciously granted, accompanied, however, with the polite request that they deposit their arms with the master of ceremonies until they were ready to return.

This they foolishly refused to do, and trouble followed. The Mexicans, while assuming to excuse this breach of etiquette, began quietly to arm themselves.

The house was the usual one-story adobe, originally planned in the form of a square, with the *patio*, or court, in the center. For some reason, three sides only had been completed, leaving the building U-shaped, with the opening facing the road. It was near this opening that the teamsters left their wagon.

Shortly before midnight the white men had monopolized all the available floor-space, crowding the Mexican men entirely out of the dance. The master of ceremonies mildly expostulated, but the teamsters were then too drunk to listen to reason or care for consequences, and one of them knocked the Mexican down. The lights instantly disappeared, the women were quickly and safely removed, no one knows how, and the Americans found themselves barred in a dark room, while a score or more of infuriated, well-armed Mexicans were on the outside, thirsting for their blood.

The seriousness of the situation soon began to dawn upon the whisky-addled brain of Doc Hodgson, the powerful and dangerous wagon boss, and it almost sobered him.

"Boys," he roared, "we must git outen here quick and fight it out in the open."

A long bench was converted into a bat-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE DASH ACROSS THE PLAZA TO THE JAIL.

tering-ram, and a vigorous attack was made upon the door, which failed to yield, though it was much weakened. Hodgson, growing uncontrollably desperate, ordered the men to stand back. Rushing through the dark, he hurled his great bulk against the obstacle, and the shattered door flew from its hinges. Crowding out, the men faced a heavy fire directed upon them from the top, openings, and corners of the building.

"Come on, boys; we must git to cover!" yelled Hodgson, as he ran for the wagon, followed by his men. A terrible fusillade was kept up as fast as both sides could load and reload.

The last words his companions heard Hodgson utter were: "Boys, hain't got another cartridge left. We must run fer it. Scatter. Don't git in a bunch."

Abandoning the friendly shelter of the wagon, they separated and ran down the hill, every man for himself, the Mexicans in hot pursuit.

That morning, between two and four o'clock, the weary, smoke-begrimed stragglers began to arrive at the camp. By 5 A.M. nine men had reported; three were missing. No cross-tie teams left the camp that day. A council was held, and it was decided to put the men on the mules, ride down to the scene of battle, and search for the missing men. There were about thirty armed men in the party. When they arrived at the foot of the hill they saw almost a hundred well-armed Mexicans occupying the crest.

A pitched battle seemed imminent. During parleys and threatenings, however, continued till long past noon, small parties were searching the patches of mesquit on the sides of the hill for the missing men. They found the bodies of Hodgson and a teamster known as "Red," both shot, beaten with stones and sticks, and partly burned.

In the meantime it was learned that the third missing man was a prisoner held for trial before a Mexican alcalde in a neighboring town. This man owed his life to the fact that he could not run, having been lamed by a bullet early in the fight. He had crawled into the bed of the wagon, and when found, several hours later, he expected to be torn to pieces, so furiously did the young hot-bloods demand his instant execution; but the wild passions of the night had, in a measure, abated, and cooler counsel prevented his immediate slaughter.

The tie-camp party peremptorily demanded the instant release of the prisoner, but were met with shouts of derision. At this critical moment two contractors, who spoke Mexican patois like natives, arrived upon the scene. They arranged a compromise, and prevented another deadly conflict. The trial, which was a great farce, was set for that afternoon, and picked men from the camp were selected to attend and see that "justice" was done. The frightened alcalde released the man, who returned to the camp in triumph. It was impossible to ascertain how many Mexicans were killed in the fight. They never give out information of this kind. The Americans attributed their "good luck" to the notorious bad marksmanship of the "Greasers."

Each of the ten white survivors of the fight soon received a note, written in good Spanish, ordering him to leave the country without delay. Some of them heeded the warning, but the majority continued at their work. It was necessary for the latter to pass through the hamlet on Cow Creek Hill twice a day. They did not know at what moment they might be shot, but judging from their demeanor, they cared little if they could only get a chance at the enemy during the shooting.

Such was the condition of society in New Mexico during the reign of the Colt's 45 and in the days of Faro Charley, Stuttering Joe, and Billy the Kid.

There was no municipal or State system worthy the name for the apprehension and conviction of criminals. It would have taken a most powerful Law and Order League backed by incorruptible courts, or the more speedy punishment of "Judge Lynch," to have stemmed that current of reckless, riotous lawlessness and daredeviltry which overflowed the vast Southwestern "no-man's-land" twenty-one years ago.

In the cities of Las Vegas and Santa Fé the constabulary was only a weak pretense, and the machinery of the courts was rusty and unoiled. Under the eye of the police every form of gambling and every shade of vice went on day and night. Murders were committed in dance-halls and gambling-resorts without fear of arrest. The "song of the six-shooter" was heard in the land, but it seldom attracted official investigation.

When a crowd of cow-boys came to town to "blow in their money," pandemonium broke loose. The dance-halls blazed all night unless temporarily darkened by some hilarious marksman's unerring aim.

A SANTA FÉ DANCE-HALL

THE usual dance-hall was a low adobe building, possibly one hundred feet long, with the

entire street front wide open. On the right of the entrance was located the bar. Along the left wall stood a row of gambling-tables with gaming devices from "rolling faro" and "high-ball poker" (two extremely popular games) to Mexican monte, a game in evidence in every resort in the Territory. The tables extended back from the entrance to the edge of the floor-space set apart for the dancers, and at the extreme end of the room was a crude vaudeville stage. What a travesty upon histrionic art was the miserable performance to be seen here! I heard a poor, painted, lost thing sing the "Holy City" in one of these dens, and while not a Christian young man, my soul sickened at the sacrilege and the pity of it.

These places were lighted brilliantly enough at night by rows of oil-lamps along the walls. At dark the music began, and a little later the dancing. Gambling never stopped. Mexican women, some of them very young, sat quietly waiting for an invitation to dance. There were a few American women, but the Mexicans predominated. One paid fifty cents for the privilege of dancing with a girl. The fee also entitled the couple to a drink at the bar at the conclusion of each dance, the woman being permitted to take a check, its equivalent, if she preferred. At midnight the crowd was largest and the revel reached flood-tide.

If no killing marred the evening, one might have looked upon a wonderful picture, which in all probability will be seen no more. The gambling-tables were crowded with "cappers" and whisky-heated players, whose operations were feverishly watched by a nondescript crowd of game-hungry humanity. Cow-boys, ranchmen, miners, teamsters, and soldiers lined the tables and staked their last dollar with a nonchalance worthy of a better cause. When a seat at the tables was vacated, it was instantly filled. Whisky was served free at the tables.

Beyond this intense scene was an animated picture. To the cracked music of a half-drunken Mexican band, gaily dressed girls were whirling in the figures of the Spanish quadrille. Their partners were men of all types representing untamed Western life. The prevailing style of dress was the wide hat, red silk neckerchief, blue flannel shirt, fringed leggings and moccasins, or plain overalls and high-heeled boots, with the inevitable cartridge-belt, revolver, and big spurs. A few of the men were dressed in corduroy or the regulation army blue. There were only two styles of hat worn by the men, however otherwise dressed. They were the wide-brimmed, heavy, cone-shaped Mexican sombrero, and the large, soft, fine wool hat, either white (the favorite color) or black.

In the winter of 1880–81 there were many such resorts in Las Vegas and Santa Fé.

Once I saw one of these brilliant scenes vanish as quickly as if some one had cut off an electric wire. A dispute arose over a Mexican girl. The two contestants were trying to decide which merited the honor of the next dance. When the battle began, the roar of the revolvers was deafening, and in an incredibly short time all was darkness, except for the lightning flashes of the big 45's.

SHERIFF VERSUS DESPERADO.

THESE incidents of country and city life are particularly noted in order that the reader may get an intelligent grasp of the social conditions which made it possible for Billy the Kid to mark out for five years his career of crime, unmolested by law and order. It was these conditions which made it necessary, at last, to vest in one man the civil and military authority of the Territory in an effort to kill Billy the Kid and thus break up his gang. The man selected for this hazardous undertaking was Pat Garrett, who was chosen solely upon the understanding that he would kill or capture this desperado.

Garrett's election was the legal challenge from law to lawlessness. Without other preliminaries, personal quarrel, or malice, the contest was between the most dangerous law-breaker of the century and a cool-headed, clear-eyed, courageous, and resourceful man. It was to be a man-hunt to the death, and both men so accepted the coming struggle.

I met Pat Garrett at Las Vegas shortly after he became sheriff. He was a tall, spare man, with noticeably long legs and arms. He was a silent man, but nevertheless pleasant enough socially. Coolness, courage, and determination were written on his face.

Billy the Kid, on the other hand, was utterly reckless, relentless, and cruel. He was as quick as lightning with the revolver, and a dead shot. He was twenty-one years of age at the time of his death and had killed twenty-one men. He was supported by as desperate a gang of "killers" and thieves as were ever recorded in the annals of crime. This was the man Pat Garrett had pledged himself to deliver to the authorities dead or alive.

One day Garrett was missing from his usual

haunts. He had silently disappeared. The people knew that he was about to make his first move in this game of life and death, and the whole population of New Mexico awaited the issue in nervous suspense.

THE CAPTURE OF BILLY THE KID.

I WAS lounging on the veranda of the Grand View Hotel one afternoon when a man on a horse covered with foam galloped past. He shouted to Dr. Sutfin, the proprietor, as he rode by: "Garrett 's got the Kid and three of the gang. He 's bringing 'em in to Vegas."

In half an hour, Oldtown, usually peaceful and quiet in the afternoon, was seething with excitement.

The news of the capture of the Kid spread like a prairie fire. People began at once to line up on each side of the road by which Garrett would enter the town. As it terminated in the street in front of the Grand View, I merely moved my position from the veranda to the adobe fence which inclosed the yard.

The news was not generally believed. The capture of Billy the Kid alive was simply beyond belief. A rumor, however, was sufficient to turn the entire populace to curious expectancy.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the elevation of the Grand View afforded a wide range of vision across the plains, stretching to the blue line of distant hills.

As the hours passed, the crowds began to grow more impatient and distrustful. All had become skeptical, when from our point of vantage we discerned a cloud of dust in the southwest. When the cause of it advanced close enough for the people to descry a wagon outfit accompanied by mounted men, a mighty shout went up. The good news was indeed true. Billy the Kid was a prisoner, and Pat Garrett was a hero.

As the wagon, pulled by four mules, approached, we saw four men sitting in the bed, two on a side, facing each other. The Kid, whom Dr. Sutfin had known in his cow-boy days and instantly recognized, was on the hotel side of the wagon, chained to a fierce-looking, dark-bearded man, who kept his slouch-hat pulled well down over his eyes, and who looked neither to the right nor to the left. This was the daring and dangerous Dave Rudabaugh, who, among many other crimes, had killed the Mexican jailer at Las Vegas a short time before, making good his escape along with the companions he released. He feared recognition, as well he might, for the Mexican population thirsted for his blood. The other two prisoners were Pickett and Wilson, prominent members of the Kid's gang.

Billy the Kid was in a joyous mood. He was a short, slender, beardless young man. The marked peculiarity of his face was a pointed chin and a short upper lip which exposed the large front teeth and gave a chronic grin to his expression. He wore his hat pushed far back, and jocularly greeted the crowd. Recognizing Dr. Sutfin, he called: "Hello, doc! Thought I jes drop in an' see how you fellers in Vegas air behavin' yerselves."

Heavily armed deputies rode on each side of the wagon, with two bringing up the rear. Garrett rode in front. The large crowd evidently surprised and annoyed him. Fearing for the safety of Rudabaugh, he turned and gave a low order to the mule-driver, who instantly whipped up his team, and a run was made across the plaza to the jail.

Garrett heard enough during the next few hours to convince him that an attempt would be made to lynch Rudabaugh. He promptly increased his force to thirty men, who guarded the jail that night. In the meantime he planned to take the prisoners next day to Santa Fé for safe-keeping. Not a suspicion of this move was allowed to get out.

Just before train-time Garrett dressed the men in plain clothes. He waited until the train was due, and then placed the prisoners in a closed carriage and drove rapidly to the depot. He placed his men in the smoking-car, and but for the accident of a delayed north-bound train his ruse would have been entirely successful. Las Vegas was the meeting-point, and the south-bound train had received orders to side-track. The Kid was still chained to Rudabaugh, and as they brushed past me on the platform I had a good look at the wild animal, and met the gaze of a pair of round, cold gray eyes.

THE CAREER OF BILLY THE KID.

THERE were many conflicting stories about the origin of Billy the Kid. Dr. Sutfin maintained that Billy was a Chicago boot-black whose mind had become inflamed by reading dime novels. He arrived in New Mexico when sixteen years of age, and went to work on a cattle-ranch in Lincoln County. When the long and deadly cattle-men's war broke out he fought for his employer. His record

of killings began then. He was to receive five dollars per day for his services, but when the day of payment came a dispute arose between "the man behind the gun" and the man behind the cash. Billy quit ugly and dissatisfied. He swore he would get even. He became an outlaw. He ran off his former employer's cattle and killed his employees at sight. Soon he began to enlarge his operations. He gathered about him a band of reckless rough-riders and deadly pistol-shots, among whom Dave Rudabaugh was the chief and the Kid's right-hand man.

The deeds of murder, robbery, and fiendish deviltry accredited to Billy and his gang would fill a volume. His remarkable career developed only one chivalrous or generous impulse. For some inscrutable reason he gave liberally to the poor out of his murderous levies, and consequently many grateful blessings followed the little fiend as he rode from the doors of squalor, poverty, and distress. He had no other redeeming quality, unless his attachment to a Mexican girl could be so considered. His pastime, his greatest amusement and delight, was the taking of human life. The name of this youthful "killer" carried such terror into the homes of the Southwest that not a man could be induced to discuss his crimes. When a stranger introduced the subject, the host would look furtively around, and say: "Oh, Billy 's all right. There are worse men than Billy. He 's kind-hearted enough." Then the subject was hurriedly dropped.

The story of Billy's capture is that Garrett and his posse of carefully selected deputies, aided by a light fall of snow, tracked the Kid and his party to a lonely ranch and surrounded them. The order was to shoot the Kid dead on sight, and a young man who resembled him, coming to the door, was mistaken for Billy and instantly killed. This deplorable mistake gave the besieged knowledge of the situation. They were fairly caught. Garrett's men were all under cover commanding the only exit from the house. The Kid wanted to fight it out. He swore that he would rather be killed than taken. He raved, stormed, and cursed his men. Rudabaugh held out the hope of escape to him, and thus persuaded him to give up. Making known their desire to surrender, Garrett ordered them to leave their arms in the house and to step out one at a time with hands up. This was done, the men were shackled, and the homeward march began. Garrett had achieved the impossible.

FIGHTING A MOB.

Now this cruel, slender, boyish-looking man sat in the smoker of the south-bound train, handcuffed to Rudabaugh and chained to the seat. When the train backed in on the siding, I and a companion started back to the hotel. We had gone only a few yards when we heard men shouting, and soon met crowds of Mexicans armed with Winchesters running in our direction. It flashed upon me at once that Garrett's move was known, and that a mob was coming to take Rudabaugh.

Opposite the side-track on which the passenger-train stood, and only fifty feet away, was another siding holding several empty freight-cars. I suggested to my friend that we occupy the top of one of the cars. We could not have selected a better place. Our position commanded an excellent view of the interior of the smoker, and we could observe every movement of its occupants.

The moment Garrett was informed of the approaching danger, he requested the passengers to leave the train and seek a place of safety, which advice they were not slow to follow. Fearing that Rudabaugh might be shot from the outside, he unchained him from the Kid and moved him across the aisle, pulling down the lattice-shade. Walking up and down the car from door to door, his Winchester across his arm, Garrett calmly awaited developments.

We could see Rudabaugh through the window at which the Kid still sat, but he was not visible to those standing on the ground. He leaned back against the window-shade, quietly puffing a cigar. He did not appear to be disturbed by the thought that his life hung in the balance, and that a horrible death awaited him should the mob succeed in its purpose. His expression was that of a man absolutely indifferent to his fate.

The mob arrived and assembled between the freight-cars and the passenger-train. Two men with Winchesters were stationed at the engine. The leaders, three in number, mounted the steps of the smoker and demanded admittance. This was promptly refused, and the men were ordered off the car. They came back to the main body and demanded the prisoner Rudabaugh.

"I have reason to believe that these prisoners are not safe here," replied Garrett, "and I am taking them to Santa Fé, where they can be more securely guarded."

This explanation failed to satisfy the crowd.

"Take the other prisoner to Santa Fé," replied their spokesman, "but give Rudabaugh to us. His crime was committed here against one of our own people, and you have no right to remove him."

Slowly Garrett replied: "I have risked my life to bring these men to justice alive, and I will risk it again to protect them, for this is my sworn duty. I solemnly warn you that an attempt to take them from me will fail, unless you kill me first."

During this exciting colloquy, Billy the Kid, with his head thrust out of the window, was an amused listener. Unable to restrain himself, he began in rapid Greaser Spanish to tell the crowd what he thought of them, and judging from the interpretation of my friend, his regard for them and their forebears was not of a complimentary kind. He turned rapidly to Garrett, and said: "Pat, take these things off [holding up his manacled hands], give me a couple of guns, and turn me loose in that crowd of Greasers. If you will do that I 'll walk right back in here and hold out my hands for the bracelets."

Wise old Garrett said nothing, but shook his head.

The spokesmen of the Mexicans, after considerable discussion among themselves, changed the form of their demand. They wanted Rudabaugh returned to the Las Vegas jail.

Garrett refused to yield the point.

Then there was a cry of rage. Some one yelled "Look out!" and there was instantly a hurried scattering of the mob.

The Mexicans hastily sought cover. They dropped behind piles of cross-ties, the trucks of the freight-cars, and other shelter, and then the ugly muzzles of guns covered the smoking-car from all directions.

We thought the battle was squarely on, and quickly flattened ourselves on the top of the car, expecting every minute to hear the roar of guns; but seconds passed, and not a shot disturbed the stillness. Venturing a look into the car, we saw Garrett, his face pale but sternly set, his hand upon the lever of his rifle, waiting grimly the first shot. Rudabaugh had not moved his position, but was chewing viciously at the stump of his cigar. The Kid, still begging Garrett to turn him loose temporarily, seemed perfectly wild to get actively into the excitement. He was in his element, but for the first time in his life his hands were tied, and the novelty of the situation galled him.

Gradually the Mexicans came out and assembled for another parley. Twice more was this stirring scene repeated.

Garrett began to weary, and at last declared that at the first shot he would arm the prisoners. This settled it. A compromise was quickly arranged. Garrett proposed that two citizens, representing the Mexicans of Las Vegas, accompany him to see that he turned the prisoners over to the proper authorities at Santa Fé.

Amid the cheers of belated passengers and white spectators, the train, held up for an hour, pulled out from the station. The coolness, nerve, and resource of Pat Garrett had saved the day.

Governor Wallace's threat to use the military power to end the Lincoln County War and to break up the Kid's gang did not in the least disturb the murderous robbers. They were too well aware of the military situation at the time. The truth was that the soldiers had their hands full during the winter of 1880–81 keeping Victorio and his marauding bands of Mescalero Apaches under some sort of surveillance. The Kid, knowing this, laughed derisively at the governor's threats, and rejected contemptuously his offers of personal pardon.

I saw Billy the Kid twice after the Las Vegas incident. The first time was during his incarceration at Santa Fé. He was hobbling about the open court of the jail, his ankles heavily ironed. The second time he was on the train being conveyed back to Lincoln County, the scene of his gravest crimes.

The treacherous murder of his two white jailers at Lincoln, his dramatic escape, and finally his death at the hands of Pat Garrett, which occurred at Maxwell's ranch, near Las Cruces, has been graphically told by a writer in a recent magazine.

His death was the signal for rejoicing throughout the Territory. To only one living soul in all the world did Garrett's fatal bullet carry sorrow that moonlit night on the Bonito: the poor Mexican girl, his faithful sweetheart, to see whom for the last time he risked and forfeited his life, alone mourned him. He died as he had lived, a wild, untamable, remorseless human fiend. With him passed the old order of things. The reign of the revolver in New Mexico was over forever.

AN APOSTLE TO THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE, BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

BY THE REV. H. P. NICHOLS.

THE CATHEDRAL OF OUR MERCIFUL SAVIOUR, BENEATH THE ALTAR OF WHICH THE BISHOP IS BURIED.

BISHOP WHIPPLE of Minnesota, who died recently, in his eightieth year, merited more than any other man of our generation the title of a typical American bishop. At the service of every good cause, perfectly at ease whether in a frontier camp or in Lambeth Palace, this typical American, when made a bishop, became, by the force of his personality, a bishop of the church universal.

So we of Minnesota were proud to regard him, a gift to the problems of the nation and of the world. A frontier bishop became a world bishop—the sort of character America trains. Abraham Lincoln, in his work, was another such.

A typical American bishop should be in his public action fearless and comprehensive, in his private character adaptive and light-hearted. These four notes were clear marks of Bishop Whipple: courage to stand before kings, to plead his cause before the American Congress; breadth, that counted no worker for good to be outside his fellowship, no duty too difficult to be faced; adaptiveness, which placed him at ease wherever he found himself, always master of circumstances, always winning the spiritual out of the sordid; light-heartedness, which is a mark of nearly every successful American—Lincoln the ruler, Beecher the orator, Whipple the minister.

No one who ever saw Bishop Whipple could forget his presence, could fail to recognize him as a born king. Tall, slender, erect with the splendid carriage of his Indian friends, his complexion bronzed from exposure and service, his features clear-cut, his eye penetrating, his hair, descending over his shoulders, as long and straight as that of an aboriginal patriarch, and always covered in recent years with a purple skull-cap, he used to come striding through the deep chancel of his cathedral, and down the broad aisle of the larger cathedral of the world, commanding attention, respect, and reverence.

The undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge are keen to discover a man, and have the right word ready at hand to greet him. In due course our typical American bishop received honorary degrees from both universities. As he marched up to the front of the university theater at Cambridge, clad in the conventional scarlet gown, the cry of the delighted undergraduates in the gallery, according to the story current among us, was: "Here comes the wild red man from the West!"

Bishop Whipple himself records that "the boys cheered me like mad," and that the wild Ojibways, on his return, garbed as doctor of laws, hailed him rapturously as "Kichi-me-kade-wi-con-aye" ("Heap chief").

The mile-stones in the bishop's life are few. His greatness lies in the way he trod those

miles. Born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1822, he was educated at Oberlin, and engaged for a short time in business. Ordained to the ministry in 1850, he served for seven years as rector of Zion Church, Rome, New York, and for two years at the Church of the Holy Communion, Chicago. In 1859, still a man wholly unknown to the church at large, he was chosen bishop of the newly set off diocese of Minnesota. The forty-two years of his episcopate are the arena of his struggle and his fame.

We will look at those years in the light of the characteristics already mentioned.

His courage was preëminently shown in his attitude toward the Indians. He was the Indians' bishop from the first. His dignity, his reserve, the humor lurking behind the sober mien, his truthfulness and stanch loyalty,—they lovingly dubbed him "Straight Tongue,"—put him at once in touch with the Indian nature. Add to this his sense of justice, a dominant characteristic, and it was natural that the Indian problem should be almost the first problem faced on his coming to Minnesota as its bishop. Facing the problem, he fearlessly faced the Indians' enemies and their more discouraging lukewarm friends. He had to convert both the House of Bishops and Congress. He lived to see his conception of what was due the Indian, and of what the Indian was capable of, in a large measure successful.

How we loved to hear him, in public and private, talk of the Indian: now a quaint story of Indian stolidity, of unsuspected humor; now a touching tale of personal loyalty and Christian faith; now a striking record of how the Christian Indian Andrew Good Thunder (Wa-kin-yan-was-te) saved the American settlements at the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862.

Bishop Whipple believed in the Indian; he believed all the good stories he told of him, he compelled a like belief in his unwilling brother bishops, in the prejudiced, even hostile clergy and laity and citizens of Minnesota.

The Christian Indians came to be a recognized and welcome feature of a church council. Their presence to-day, still frequently in their blanket garb, is a picturesque reminder, in prosperous St. Paul and Minneapolis, in commercial Duluth and in educational Faribault, of the former masters and recent civilization of those proud cities.

Enmegahbowh, baptized John Johnson, is a name familiar in missionary circles throughout the whole American church. He was an early convert, a stanch friend of the bishop, and his companion on many arduous journeys. He is still living, the rector emeritus of St. Columba, White Earth.

Mad-wa-gon-a-wint, whom, while still a wild Indian, the bishop won over as a friend on one of his official visits, stands forth as a very noble type of character. After the acquaintance thus formed, which was at first a political one, he walked one hundred and fifty miles to interest Bishop Whipple in wrongs done him and his people by the government, and Bishop Whipple traveled all the way to Washington on the business thus committed to him. His interviews with the authorities reveal the man.

"I spent two weeks pleading for these Indians, and failed. I went to the Indian Office, and said to the commissioner: 'I came here as an honest man, to put you in possession of facts to save another outbreak. Had I whistled against the north wind I should have done as much good. I am going home, and when you next hear from me it will be through the public press.' The next day the commissioner waited upon ex-Senator Rice, and said: 'I do not want a fight with Bishop Whipple. What does he want? If it is money for an Indian school, we will help him.' Mr. Rice laughed, and answered: 'You don't know Bishop Whipple; I do. All that he wants is *justice* for these Indians, and he will have it. If he has made accusations, you may be sure that he possesses the proofs.' The treaty was made that day, but only after one of the severest personal conflicts that I have had in my life.

"From that time Mad-wa-gon-a-wint was my devoted friend, and the next year he visited me at my home. We had long conversations upon religion, and finally he said to me: 'I want your religion for my people. I can see it; it is good. I like it for two reasons: I hear that when you plant a mission you *stay*. You are patient, and make the *trail plain*.' We planted a mission at his home, Red Lake, and called it St. Antipas. In the Book of Revelation it speaks of 'my faithful martyr Antipas, . . . where Satan dwelleth.' Mad-wa-gon-a-wint became, from the first, a regular attendant upon public worship. After due instruction he was baptized and confirmed, and from that time to the day of his death he faithfully kept the 'praying-day,' and sought to lead his people to the Saviour."

With such friends among the Indians, little wonder that the bishop thought them

safer frontier companions than the whites. He was telling me, within a month of his death, of a band of Christian Indians traveling in his company and leaving their baggage unprotected while they went off on a side hunt. "How do you dare leave your possessions without a guard?" he asked. "Safe enough," grunted his friends, sententiously; "no white man within eight miles."

He was a welcome advocate of his cause and truth everywhere, as a preacher in great English churches, as a guest in great English homes. He was presented to Queen Victoria, and among the trophies in his spacious Faribault library are her picture, her autograph, and a presentation copy of "My Life in the Highlands."

It was a pleasure to hear Bishop Whipple present the cause of missions and preach his missionary sermon. His familiarity with the whole missionary story, his own personal experience in difficult frontier and savage fields, his splendid memory of persons and details, his gift at picking out telling facts and putting them in captivating fashion,—all these qualities set on fire by a glowing love for man,—made a sermon of which an audience could not tire. He marshaled the facts and arguments for missions in a way to compel assent. Of their truth and power his own story and his place in the church and nation were themselves the best witnesses.

All this greatness seemed to come naturally to him. He was the same simple, unconscious, direct man in it all. At a church club in St. Paul, speaking on some question of American church polity, he enforced his point by saying: "I received yesterday a letter from Mr. Gladstone which has something to say on this subject that may interest you." Drawing the letter from his right-hand pocket, and reading the passage, he added: "And, last week, in writing me on another matter, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave his opinion of this question in these words," whereupon he drew another letter from his left-hand pocket. All this as if letters from Gladstone and the Archbishop of Canterbury were in the pockets of every member of the club.

His was the courage of prevision that saw great results afar from infinitesimal beginnings. A boys' school, a girls' school, a divinity school, a cathedral crowning the heights above the prosperous city of Faribault, themselves precursors and models for splendid State institutions on the same heights, have made, in forty years, Bishop Whipple's cathedral city world-famous as an educational center.

Akin to his courage, and its bulwark, was his breadth.

THE bishop was a broad churchman in the best sense; that is, in no partizan way. He was by tradition and temperament an old-fashioned and strict churchman. He loved a stately ceremonial for its picturesqueness, though he never let dignity yield to display. But he valued Christian faith and Christian service above all doctrinal definition or ecclesiastical usage. Again and again he said: "I love all who love my Master and Saviour. I love all whom he loves." This love he put into practice. He welcomed to his diocese churchmen of every type, so long as they were earnest in the Master's work. He never refused to speak where his voice might do good for the cause of Christ. He was not merely the bishop of the Episcopal Church in Minnesota: he was the bishop of the State of Minnesota. The Episcopal Church is respected throughout Minnesota, in all its hamlets, even where other denominations have the entire field, as perhaps in no other State of the Union, because of Bishop Whipple's broad Christianity.

The bishop's hosts on his early episcopal journeys were pioneer men who knew nothing of the church, but who welcomed strangers and who encouraged all efforts to set forward their new communities.

Detained at an inn by a four days' freshet, holding service every evening in the schoolhouse, he called for his bill when at last able to get away, and was reproachfully answered by the landlord: "Bishop, I am a wicked man, but I have n't come to that."

A SUCCESSFUL pioneer bishop must be able to adapt himself. He must be equal to any emergency, alike serenely master of all.

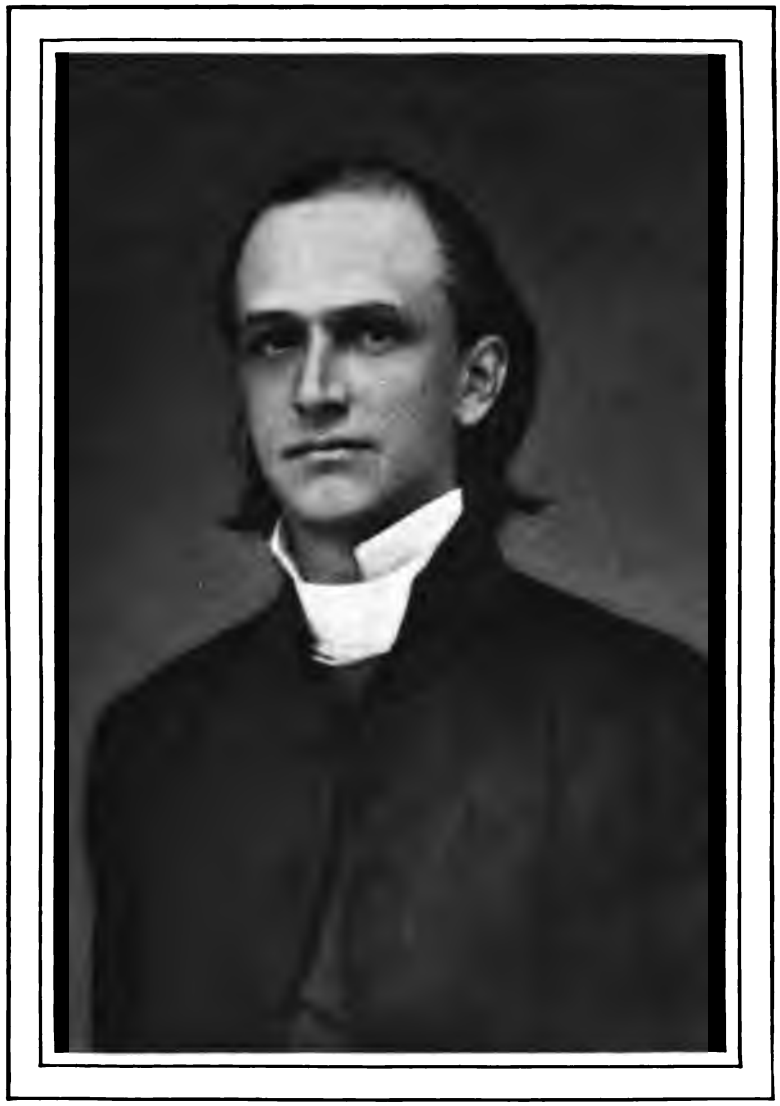
His early promise was in other lines than ecclesiastical. Thurlow Weed said of him, when he became a candidate for holy orders, that he hoped a good politician had not been spoiled to make a poor preacher. His early political friendships served him in good stead in his struggles to secure justice for the Indians.

A "good politician" he remained always, adding the serpent's wisdom to the dove's gentleness.

When called to take up the new mission of the Holy Communion, Chicago, he found busy railway-yards close to his chapel. He

asked the chief engineer how to reach railway operatives. "Read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask a question of an engineer and he not think you a fool." So instructed, he dropped in, one day, on a group cleaning an engine, and ventured a question: "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" A torrent of discussion followed on connections, steam-heaters, exhausts; and at the end of a half-hour he remarked, in leaving: "Boys, I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I should be glad to see you." The next Sunday every man was there.

The bishop was just the man for a new country—its stage-coach travel, its rough sleeping-places, its wind-swept prairies, its enterprising people. Hardships were his daily portion, and he counted it joy to meet them. Unloose his tongue on the subject of Bashaw, his horse, own cousin to the celebrated Patchen, and there was no binding it till we heard how that horse saved his life, on lost tracks, in prairie blizzards, and forgot the trials in the glory of the achievement.



ENLARGED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN PARIS IN 1865. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

BISHOP WHIPPLE IN 1865.

But through all his life his one shining mark was light-heartedness.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, LONDON.

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE, P. E. BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

The bishop's conversation on a visit made the visit an epoch. There was never one commonplace topic, thought, or word. Great and widely related themes were lighted up by a fund of anecdote, a sparkling wit, a kindling eye, a personality wholly possessed by the theme in hand. His stories are hard to reproduce. They should be heard from his lips—heard with laughter melting into tears, as humor went hand in hand with pathos, as an appeal to the conscience followed swiftly on some mirthful narrative.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. B. ANDERSON.

HENRY WHIPPLE ST. CLAIR,
A FULL-BLOODED SIOUX.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. E. GRANTHAM.

THE REV. J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH.

Traveled from the White Earth Reservation to be present at the last great service, although he is so afflicted with rheumatism that every step is torture.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. E. GRANTHAM

THE REV. FREDERICK LAUTH
A FULL-BLOODED CHIPPEWA.

An old couple, hosts to the bishop on his wanderings, were very dear to us hearers. The old man had been on a lake steamer in a storm when "she ran ag'in' a rock and punched a hole in her bottom." "And what did you do?" asked the bishop. "I went to dippin' water," was the answer. "I thought God would think just as much of me if I was dippin' water to save those miserable critters as if I was a-whinin' and a-snivelin' over my sins." Very late in life he became convinced of his Christian duty, and met the bishop with, "It 's all there, plain as print, and the old woman and me are goin' to be baptized." Coming forward for the rite, his rheumatism made kneeling difficult. He looked up with this remark: "Bishop, I put it off too long; I ought to have done it when my knees were limberer."

In everything, anecdote or sermon, private conversation or public mission, Bishop Whipple made the one impression, that he was a man of God, serving his generation with every grace and gift as a messenger of his Heavenly Father.

He was buried the day after President McKinley's mighty funeral. The same solemn vestings served for both. The same burial service that had been said for the President in countless churches in the land was said for the bishop in the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, Faribault. It was impressive, but it was simple. All business stopped. Cities sent special trains. Schools gave a chorus and a guard of honor. Eight bishops mourned their brother. Most appropriate was the company of Indians from two tribes, lamenting "Straight Tongue." Inside the cathedral the hymn "Asleep in Jesus" was sung by the Sioux in the Dakota tongue. At the great west door the funeral procession paused in the presence of the multitude thronging the square for whom admission to the cathedral had been impossible, while the Chippewas from his loved White Earth sang in their own tongue "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and Bishop Tuttle of Missouri led in the Lord's Prayer, and offered the supplications of the people in language of his own choosing.

DE CIRQUE AT OL' STE. ANNE.

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

IN the early fifties, Father Chiniquy, a Jesuit priest of Montreal, with a colony of fifteen hundred French Canadians, settled in Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee County, Illinois. Here, on the broad prairie, where the land was low and the soil thick, with a promise of faithful crops, the colony grew and prospered, and showed vitality until the leader and a number of his followers seceded from the Church of Rome. They are industrious, simple, and religious, and as they retain the language and traditions of their fathers, assimilation with their American neighbors has been slow. It is estimated that the colony now numbers about five thousand. The village of Ste. Anne, in the vicinity of which these people dwell, is sixty miles south of Chicago.—W. B. A.

I.

I 'M ride ovère from Papineau, première-classe cirque for see,
Dat 's advertise for come Ste. Anne an' mak' some fun vid me.
I 'm tak' along my Julie gairl, I 'm get her on de vay;
Ve 're off for have une jolie tam, a full all holiday.

II.

Ve see de anamal so vil'—grand lion in de cage
He 's valk it up an' down aroun' lak he vas in a rage;
Regardez monkey an' jiarafe vit neck so long an' slim
You 's almos' need a telephone to say "hello" at him.

III.

I 'm buy pop-corn, also peanut, donnay to my Julie;
Ve 's eat it all togedder up. Oh, my, ve have une spree!
Nex' t'ing ve sat in hippidrome, in deux grand reserve seat—
I 'm pay ten cent extray for dem; for view dey can't be beat.

IV.

So mooch for see dat 's goin' on, I 'm get all mix up yet;
It 's all so good I can't mak' out jus' where my eyes for set.

Beeg man vas up on high trapise, an' pretty lady—oo!
She 's hang by teeth an' hair; by gar, t'row kisses at you, too!

V.

An' ven my eyes light on dat gairl, Julie vas got jellous,
She 's mak' de lips go poutin', so, vid rage she 's nearly bus';
An' den I tak' her sof' white han' an' hol' it gentle, so,
An' try to feex it up all hright, but fin' it quite hard go.

VI.

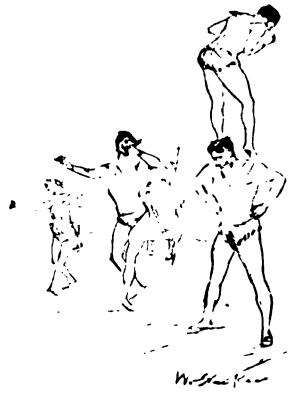
Julie vas feel mooch better ven dat lady 's go avay,
An' laugh vid me at funny clown, at all de t'ings he say.
Mos' excentrique, come elephan', stand right out on his head,
An' den he lay upon de groun' preten' dat she is dead.

VII.

De acrobat he 's tumble roun' all ovère de whole place;
De ring man shout an' crack his whip at horses in de race.
Den ve take in de concert grand, an' like dat might' vel, too,
An' when ve see de peoples go, ve know dat show vas t'roo.

VIII.

An' when I 'm takin' Julie home—dat night de moon vas shine—
I 'm mak' it to her mighty plain, I 'm ax her for be mine;
But Julie say she very 'fraid I 'm love Ma'm'selle Trapise,
Because she grand an' t'row de kiss (I 'm no like Julie tease).



IX.

An' so I up an' tole her dat I love jus' her onlee.
Her cheeks dey blush de color rouge, her eyes flash lak de sea,
Her lips vas lak de grand sunset, I can no long' keep 'vay—
I 'm mak' de smack right on de spot. Oh, vat a holiday!

X.

I 'm mak' de marry quite ver' soon, an' now you understan'
Pourquoi I take my Julie gairl pour cirque at ol' Ste. Anne.

THE STRIKE ON THE SCHLAFEPLATZ RAILROAD.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,
Author of "Madame Butterfly," "The Prince of Illusion," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANK VERBECK.

I.

C H U F F

"MY mem'ry works while I sleep," laughed Hannikin Chuff, as he rose.

That of his daughter did not. He tapped on her door as he passed. She murmured sleepily within.

"'Sleep yit?" he asked, laughing.

"Ye-es."

"Well—you nefer mind. I'll git it myself."

He referred to his breakfast.

But before he returned from the spring she had the fire going.

"Oh, t'at 's bully!" laughed Hannikin Chuff. "Sought you 'd forgot. *My* mem'ry works while I sleep. Now I kin saw wood."

This he did.

After breakfast Chuff sawed more wood—for his engine. That is why he had risen an hour earlier. He did not saw wood every day. He filled the tender from the pile he had made, and always kept, in his forehanded fashion, then pumped the boiler full and the cistern empty. When the fire got going he stood off and looked at his engine.

"Guess I'll clean her—a little," he said, though she really did not need it.

There were four brass hoops about the boiler, which he kept ineffably

"'SLEEP YIT?'"

bright. The one about the top of the stack he brought a ladder to reach. He set the safety-valve at eighty-five pounds, and opened the ticket-office. Then he filled the tin basin with water from the cock in the tender, and washed, and combed his hair. Finally he took off the jeans which belonged to the engineership, and put on a blue cap marked "Ticket-agent."

"CHUFF SAWED MORE WOOD."

Presently there were three passengers, a woman with an enormous waist and a basket of apples first.

"Morning," greeted Chuff, busily.

"Ticket!" she puffed into the small window.

"One way?"

"Well, I want to come back."

Chuff cut her uncertainty in two:

"Excursion."

He wrote the date on the ticket, and kept his hand on it guardedly.

"What 's the price?" sighed the fat woman, emptying a netted purse on the sill.

"Sirty-two cents."

"No change yit?"

"No."

"Eggs is down."

"Tickets ain't."

"It 's soon time," said the woman.

"T'ey been t'e same for sirty-sefen year," said Chuff, irrelevantly.

The next was a Dunkard with hair parted in the middle and trimmed straight across. He put a tin ear-trumpet into the window.

"What did you charge *her?*" he whispered hugely.

"Sirty-two cents."

"What kin *I* git a ticket for?"

"Sirty-two cents."

"But—t'at 's t'e same!"

"T'is is a one-price railroad," said Chuff.

"Iss it alwayss sirty-two cents?"

"Forefer."

"An' alwayss will be, I expect," complained the Dunkard.

"I expect."

"I 'fe heered 'at some people rides free?"

"Directors an' employees."

"T'ey call it—"

Chuff helped him:

"Dead-head."

He counted out an unwilling thirty-two cents.

"I sought account I was a kind a relatife I could also be a deceased-head."

"My Sis pays her fare efery time."

The Dunkard turned hopelessly away.

"An' helps at t'e ingine yit," Chuff flung after him cumulatively.

II.

C H I L L

THE plain young man said:

"Schlafeplatz and return."

He put down the exact change, then stood with his hand on his hip haughtily.

Chuff gave him his ticket without a word.

"Check for my baggage, please."

Chuff put on a cap marked "Baggage-agent," and gave him his check. His baggage was a green canvas suit-case. Chuff closed the ticket-office and swung the case rudely into the baggage-compartment of the passenger-car. The tin clock showed the time to be eleven minutes past seven. Schedule time was 7:14 A.M. He looked at his watch. Sometimes the two varied. They agreed today. He had set them the night before. The safety-valve was blowing gently. He put in a stick of wood and closed the valve. He went over the tender to the baggage-compartment, where he got a cap marked "Conductor." He stepped down to the platform.

"COMBED HIS HAIR."

"All aboard!" he shouted superfluously.

There was some jockeying before Chuff got his engine off and steadied down to her gait. Then he tied the lever with a twine, and collected the tickets.

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"All aboard!" he shouted superfluously.

There was some jockeying before Chuff got his engine off and steadied down to her gait. Then he tied the lever with a twine, and collected the tickets.

"Ain't you going fearful fast?" asked the woman with the apples.

"Why, no, Mrs. Gull," said Chuff, with secret pride; "only 'bout sefen miles a' hour."

"'Most as fast as a horse!"

Chuff laughed.

"Oach! A horse kin do fourteen. I 'fe run her t'at fast, though, when she wass young—an' I wass."

"Fast as a horse?"

This was hard for Mrs. Gull to believe.

"Why, some ingines kin go as fast as two horses!"—Chuff's cunning way of saying that they could go twice as fast.

"'SCHLAFEPLATZ AND RETURN.'"

"Heth Chill"—she looked fearfully around, and saw that Chill was at the rear of the car (he was the young man with the green suit-case)—"says he kin run a' ingine."

"He can't run t'is one."

"'TAM' LITTLE GREEN TRUNK.'"

"Why?"

"I growed up wiss her. I know all her works—chust like I know my own. She would n't mofe for him. No more 'n I would! She knows me, an' I know her. Chill! Gosh-a-mighty! He don't know a squirting-walve from a windmill! Chill! He worked in a' ingine-shop in Schlafeplatz for sree days or so, an' now he sinks he knows t'is ingine I growed up wiss! Chill! Did you see his tam' little green trunk? An' he yit wants a check! You might as well git a check for you' apples. She 's about a sousand yearss old. So am I. She gits rheumatism in her connecting-rods. So do I. She gits mad an' plays sunder wiss sings sometimes—like me. Also she gits balky an' won't go. So do I. She 's held toget'er mostly wiss strings an' wire—like me. Yit—she an' me 's been friends efer since. She knows me t'e minute I come about. An' you kin chust bet 'at I know her. Heth Chill! She would n't mofe a' inch for him! I bet a doller she 'd bust on him."

"Some day mebbe she 'll bust on you," sighed the woman, ominously. "I 'm always afeard."

Proud as Chuff was that his reckless courage should make her fear, he yet comforted her gaily.

"You sink she 'd hurt me! Look-a yere; as long as I run t'at ingine you safe. She an' me air friends. Some day she 'll play out, I expect. But so will I. Don't you worry. I got strings an' wires enough to make her last as long as I do. When she plays out she 'll chust *stop*."

"An' I got to walk home?"

"Chust so."

"After paying my fare?"

"Well—if you 'd rat'er be blowed up—Say,"—now Chuff was serious,—"*she* would n't hurt *no* one if she would blow up. She 'd jist bust t'e strings an' wires, an' separate."

Chuff reached the Dunkard by luffing.

III.

FLICKER

A RED cow sans horns was grazing at the side of the road-bed. She looked up at the train familiarly.

"Flicker," said Chuff, affectionately.

"Yes; nossing like pastur' airly for cows," remarked the deaf Dunkard.

"No!" shouted Chuff.

"She 's fat."

"As butter."

"*How* much?"

"Twelve pounds a week."

It was always easier to join the deaf man's misunderstanding than to correct him.

The Dunkard took out his pencil and figured.

"Sree sixty a week!" (Three thirty-two was the correct arithmetic.) "You 'll be rich next you know."

He looked out of the window.

"SHE LOOKED UP AT THE TRAIN FAMILIARLY."

"An' you git more hay t'an you kin feed, I hear."

"Ten tons more."

The Dunkard figured again.

"Hunderd an' twenty dollers a year." It was only a hundred and two.

"Yes."

"Goshens!"

"Goot hay, too. I don't squirt no steam on t'e grass."

"T'e railroad 's a goot sing for you."

"Yes. I got a farm two an' a half mile long an' sirty-sree feet wide!"

The railroad man looked proudly at the haycocks dotting the roadway.

"An' it don' cost you nossing to haul it."

"Not a cent."

He added:

"An' I cut it by moonlight."

"Blinsinger 's kicking up a fuss, too. Says you 're t'e only man 'at 's making any money out of t'e road."

At this Chuff only laughed.

"Well, t'ey kin pay me a selery an' take t'e hay," he said, laughing recklessly.

The Dunkard, whose name was Eberhard Drouse, now asked:

"How kin a' ingine run itself, while you an' me wisit?"

"Well, she can't. Chust she an' me we understand one anot'er. She does what I want. An' she 's tied wiss a string."

The engine gave a sigh.

"What 's t'at?"

Chuff said he did n't know, but he did. He hastened to get Chill's ticket. Chill pretended to have mislaid it. Chuff stood stoically by. The engine sighed again. Then there was one long, hopeless sigh, and she stopped. Still Chill searched for his ticket. The train began slowly to run backward down the grade.

"Gife up your ticket," shouted Chuff, "or I 'll pitch you off!"

Chill suddenly gave it up.

"Mebbe t'e string slipped," said the Dunkard, in fear, as Chuff flashed past him.

Then, in panic, he hurried back to Chill, whom he thought uncannily wise.

He put one end of his trumpet at his mouth and the other into Chill's ear.

"What 's t'e matter?" he shouted.

Chill shied and gently reversed the machine.

"Nothing," he said, in the proper end.

The Dunkard kept the trumpet in his own ear now, but hovering perilously about Chill's face.

"'AN' I CUT IT BY MOONLIGHT.'"

"Ain't we going packvard?" he asked.
"Yes," said Chill.
"T'at 's not nossing!"
"Pretty near it. Maybe it 's a little less."
"I got a mind to chump off!"
"Don't jump," said Chill; "walk."

"'WHAT 'S T'E MATTER?'"

"It 's no danger?"
Chill laughed odiously.
"She runs better backward than forward."
"Young man," said the Dunkard, "do not scoff vhen danger is nigh."

The thick-waisted woman was standing in the aisle, listening for their wise conclusion of the matter, ready to fly if the Dunkard should. She had forgotten her apples.

BUT Chuff had put on the hand-brake and stopped the train. Then he got off and worked for a while at the right piston with a monkey-wrench. Presently the sighing of the escaping steam ceased. The train moved forward.

"I 'll show Chill a sing or two," said Chuff. "I 'll make up efery minute of t'at time."

Not on that up grade, but on the next, the down grade. The momentum of the train was frightful, its rocking perilous.

The Dunkard again became panicky. Again the thick-waisted woman stood in the aisle, ready to follow him.

"Gosh!" gibed Chill. "He must be making ten—"

"Ten!" gasped the Dunkard.

"Ten miles."

"Ten miles?" cried the woman, in vague horror.

"An hour! Don't you know *any*thing? Never mind. It won't be for long. She 'll be off the track in a minute."

"Off t'e track!"

The two other passengers cried it together. The Dunkard hurried to his seat, as if safety were there. He held on desperately with hands and feet. The thick-waisted passenger did precisely the same thing in the seat just behind him.

But nothing immediately happened.

"It won't hurt," shouted Chill. "She does it nearly every day. She 's a lobster."

They did not understand this. The Dunkard chided Chill in a shrill, tragic voice, without looking round at him:

"Young man, you shall mend your vay. I haf trafeled ofer t'e railroad afore, an' she has not gone off t'e track."

To show his faith in Chuff and his engine and himself, he relaxed his hold. The woman did likewise.

"She always does when *I* travel on her," said Chill, with melancholy.

"It iss a varning unto you, young man. Mend your vay."

"Chuff 'd better mend his. But, when he does, it 's on Sunday. That 's what 's doing it—"

At that moment the engine left the rails. Chill laughed. The Dunkard flew into the seat in front. The apples from the fat woman's basket rolled suddenly forward, then backward, along the aisle. She had heavily subsided to the floor.

"IF he did n't hate me so I 'd go out and help to get her on," mused Chill.

"Why does he hade you?" asked the Dunkard, rearranging his long hair. "You haf told t'e truth. It does not hurt." The woman remained safely on the floor.

"Because I know more about his old lobster than he does."

"Twice you haf spoke t'at strange word. I understand it to be a fish. By what similitute do you liken Mr. Chuff's unhappy ingine unto it? Explain these."

"Oh, she 's a lobster—that 's all. You see, when I 'm aboard Chuff tries to show off. Then his old crab slips, and he 's got to

get out an' put her on. That 's not so hard, though. She never runs a foot after she goes off. She only weighs a ton or so. I could get her on with a fence-rail. Some day she 'll fall apart. She 's a lobster, you see."

But even then the Dunkard did not see.

Chill was looking out of the window at Chuff. He had got the hand-jacks out of the cab, and was putting the engine on the track with the skill of long experience.

"If he does get her off he can get her on, too," said Chill, with unwilling admiration.

THE train reached Schlafeplatz without further incident, and in the evening, at 6:46, it started back to Strasburg, reaching there as usual. The distance was two and a half miles.

"SHE KISSED HIM AGAIN."

IV.

ERMENTRUDE

THIS was on the 30th of June. On the Fourth of July Chuff had his daughter for a passenger. And again the melancholy Hetherington Chill bought a ticket. He raised his hat surlily to the girl, and then turned his back on her.

"I 'm sorry," said Chuff to his daughter, "that you 'fe got to haf him for company—"

"Company!" gasped his daughter.

Chuff laughed hugely.

"Oach! I don' mean for no beau,"—he grinned at the absurdity of it,—"chust on t'e train. But he alwayss sets on t'e hind seat, an' you kin set on t'e front, an' he won't bot'er you—it 'll be sirty-sree feet between yous—chust—chust—he 'll see t'e back of you' head." He laughed, and then looked at it himself. "Yit—t'at 's wort' looking at—not so, Sis?"

He got Chill's ticket,—which the young man surrendered promptly, to Chuff's disappointment,—and then, as he passed on to his engine, said to his daughter:

"He 's a sundering—sing! Ain't he, Sis?"

"Yes," faintly whispered his daughter.

"No goot whatefer!"

"No"—faintly.

But when he was gone she went back to the melancholy young man, and kissed him and said she loved him. And he kissed her and said he loved her. She sat on the arm of his seat, where she could see the cab of the engine. He put his arm around her, watching the cab of the engine. Having done this, he said again:

"I love you, Sis."

(But her name was Ermentrude.)

"More 'n you lofe Pink?"

This was sheer subtlety.

"Yes. I 've loved you more than her ever since—"

He stopped and looked away reminiscently.

"Efer since I changed my hair," sighed Ermentrude, happily.

This referred to the time, the summer before, when Ermentrude had made her first trip to Schlafeplatz, and had seen a young woman at the hotel altogether like the pictures in the newspapers, and had copied her.

"'NEXT STOP, SCHLAFEPLATZ!'"

"Poor Pink!" said Ermentrude. "Mebbe if *she 'd* change her hair—"

"Never!" answered Hetherington Chill, quite as she wished.

She kissed him again. Then she saw her father coming over the tender. She lingered perilously while he changed his cap. When he arrived, however, Chill was whistling sadly out of the window. Ermentrude was inspecting her finger-tips.

"Next stop, Schlafeplatz!" said Chuff. "Passengers change for points nort', east, sout', and west!" To his daughter he said

unofficially: "Sank God! he ain't got t'e little green trunk. If I had to gife him a check to-day I 'd smack him—t'e vay he 's treated you!"

"Yes," she said, and laughed.

Chuff laughed too.

And Chill laughed—when Chuff was gone.

"Gosh! If he had seen my arm—"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Ermentrude.

Chuff changed his cap once more and returned to his engine.

When they had completely arrived, Chill went one way and Ermentrude another. But each passed a shop where certain frocks were displayed in the window. Then they met behind the fence of the hotel.

"The green one," whispered Chill, watching northward.

"Yes, t'e green one," agreed Ermentrude, watching southward and eastward.

The fence was on the west.

He put his arm around her. She kissed him.

"If he had n't stopped in t'e baggage-place to put on his conductor-cap—"

Chill laughed sardonically to Ermentrude.

"We 'd been ketched."

This referred to the last exchange of caresses as they had left the train.

"An' you might be—dead!"

"Mebbe," doubted Chill.

She kissed him again. Then they flew apart.

"He 's shut off steam!" whispered she.

"He 's got to shut off a lot of other things yet. No hurry," answered Chill, bravely.

But Ermentrude would not take the risk of further delay behind the fence of the hotel.

SHE took Chuff to the same store.

"She gits whatefer she wants, Sis does," said Chuff. "But t'is—say, can't you make it four ninety-eight?"

The saleswoman briefly refused to do this.

Chuff decided to take it. But he did not have the money. He proposed to hypothecate his hay and butter. The saleswoman called in the proprietor. He looked at the dress. It was faded down the front where the sun had shone on it.

"I ain't got no money," laughed Chuff, happily, "but I got hay and butter a-plenty. My Sis gits whatefer she wants, efen if—"

"I 'll take your hay and butter," said the merchant, hastily.

Chuff gave him a promissory note for it, to be paid in butter and eggs or money.

Then, since it was so easy, Ermentrude suggested a line of lingerie, and things which, at another time, would have bankrupted Chuff. But to-day it was excessively easy. He bought everything she wished, and gave another and very much larger promissory note.

When they left the store Chuff was laughing.

ON the way home Chill whistled very sadly out of the window. Ermentrude looked, smiling happily, at her pink finger-tips. Chuff was thinking.

"Say," he said to his daughter, "I guess I 'm a little frightened. I nefer gafe no promissory note afore. It 's got to be *paid*—sometime?"

Ermentrude did not know.

"An' chust suppose Flicker should go dry? Gosh!"

The engine began to slow down, and Chuff, much depressed, hurried over the tender and pulled a lever.

Ermentrude went and sat on the arm of Chill's seat.

"Ain't it lofely!" she said callously.

Chill sadly kissed her.

"Oh, *but* I like t'at!" said the girl.

"Why?" asked Chill.

"I mostly got to kiss *you*."

"Oh!" said Chill.

"I got eferysing I wanted."

"You all ready?"

"An' some sings I did n't ast for."

"You all *ready?*"

"Oh—*yes!*"

"Well?"

"An' it 's too late to make me take 'em back. I got 'em on t'e train! Yere! T'e note won't git due for sirty days, you know, an' afore t'at we 'll—be—" She sighed happily.

"Too late," agreed Chill, happily.

NOW, the Pink of whom Chill and Ermentrude had spoken was a Miss Pestifer to whom Chill's affections had been somewhat engaged before Ermentrude changed her hair. When she heard of the green frock, Pink at first cried, then reflected, then watched.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

V.

BLINSINCER

ONE day, when the train arrived, Chuff observed something posted on the brick part of the barn where the ticket-office was:

NOTICE

TO THE EMPLOYEE OF THE SCHLAFEPLATZ RAILROAD

From this date it is ordered by the President and Board of Directors of the Schlafeplatz Railroad that no cows or other domestic cattle shall be allowed to graze on pasture on the road-bed of the said railroad, the said grazing on said pasturing being dangerous to both the said domestic animals and the rolling-stock of the said company. Also that the hay growing thereon is the property of the said company and to be cut, cured, and sold as such, and the receipt therefrom accounted for to the company by its employee.

By order of the Board,
B. BLINSINGER,
President.

"FOR A MOMENT CHUFF WAS STUNNED."

For a moment Chuff was stunned. Then he put on his civilian clothing and went to see President Blinsinger.

"What in sunder does it mean?" demanded Chuff, savagely.

It was all he asked.

"Chust what it says," answered Blinsinger, stiffly. "We haf sold t'e hay a'ready cut. Haul it to Brinker's varehouse to-morrow. You understand? You 'll git a selery."

Chuff said he did, but he did n't. On the way home he said only:

"T'at promissory note! Sunder! Selery! Lightning!"

That night Chuff, without the assistance of Ermentrude, who nearly always did what might be called the lighter literary duties that fell to him as the employee of the railroad, composed a letter to the president and board of directors.

There was no honorary opening. It plunged in the middle:

For thirty-seven year I haf ben the employee you mention. I took your old goat of a ingine when she was new and growed up with her. I mended the road-bed on Sundays when you went to church and praid. You nefer put a cent in her since. The tracks is held down with stakes and fence-rails which I found an put in myself. The ingine is held together with wires and strings which you nefer paid for. The only selery you efer pay me was the hay an the pastur. The only trouble we efer had was ofer a Canadian ten-cent pice which I tuck in and I made that good with one of my own. Well you kin go to sunder. The first man at runs that ingine 'll git blowed up. She wont stand no one but me. An he wont understand the wires an strings. And I wont run her no more till I git the hay and pastur back. I growed up with her he dident. An you kin keep your hay an Ill keep my cow. You are hereby notified that I Hannikin Chuff have struck.

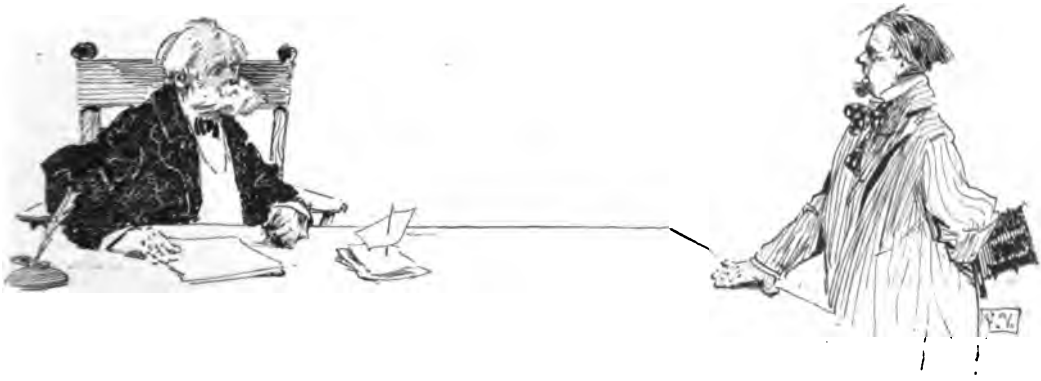
Respt. yours,
HANNIKIN CHUFF.

The next morning the placard of the company had beside it one done in a bolder hand, on stiffer paper:

STRIKE ON THE SCHLAFEPLATZ RAILROAD!!!!!

The Community is hereby notified that the Employee of the Schlafeplatz Railroad has Struck!

HANNIKIN CHUFF,
Employee.



"'CHUST WHAT IT SAYS,' ANSWERED BLINSINGER."

"CHUFF WAS IRON."—I.

So the train did not leave the next morning; the engine was cold, the ticket-office was closed, the hay rotted in its cocks. And, as the days went by, Strasburg desperately felt the strike. Eggs could be had for the asking. Butter was not worth the making. Milk was milked and poured out on the ground, for the well-being of the cows. At first Chuff stalked among them like an avenging god; then he stayed at home and cut the grass in his yard closer and closer for Flicker. From time to time those who owned cows or chickens (some owned both, and upon these the rigors of the strike fell with greatest severity) would create committees to call upon Chuff with a view to compromising the affair. President Blinsinger was always ready to be approached. Chuff was iron. To all overtures he replied:

"T'e pasture, t'e hay, or nossing!"

Presently a rumor prevailed that the company had approached Chill with a proposition. That night Chuff stuffed the safety-valve with soft paper.

"It 'll blow him to sunder t'e first time!" said Chuff, as he stole away in the darkness.

And at this Chuff had an unholy thrill; for he hated the wordless Chill.

But Chill's answer to them who seduced him was:

"Say, I ain't no blank scab!"

It was some time before any one learned what a "blank scab" was. Then they remembered that Chill had been in the railroad strike at Schlafeplatz, had lost his job, had come to live in retirement at Strasburg.

Chuff was disappointed. He had hoped that Chill would try to run the engine. He still hoped this as he grew more morbid and savage. Not only did he not remove the soft paper: he put more in, and stuffed it harder.

"'WHAT T'E TEFIL YOU TALKING ABOUT?'"

LATER a collector knocked at Chuff's door. He had the two promissory notes.

"CHUFF WAS IRON."—II.

"'Misfortunes nefer come single,'" quoted Chuff.

"We *thought* it was for a wedding," grinned the collector, misunderstandingly.

"What wass for a wedding? Who?"

"Why, the things you bought."

"What t'e tefil you talking about?"

"Well, were n't they?"

"T'ey wass for my Sis, an' none too good for her t'en, no matter what 's happened since."

"Did n't she get married in 'em?"

"No."

"Maybe it is n't the time yet?"

"I guess not. You crazy. My Sis don't sink no more about gitting merried t'an you do."

"I 'm not thinking about it," said the man, smiling.

"I expect not," sneered Chuff, inhospitably, as if he had said that no woman would have him.

"I am married." He smiled again.

Chuff was put out for only an instant.

"I' sorry for t'e woman."

"Those are the things we usually sell for brides. I only thought—"

"Stop sinking. Take anysing you kin lay you' hands on. I ain't got no money, nor no hay, nor butter. T'at 's what I wass to pay in. I 'fe mowed t'e roots of t'e grass out. An' I 'fe struck. You want ole Flicker? I expected to put t'e hay in her an' git t'e butter out. Take her an' do it yourself," said Chuff, desperately.

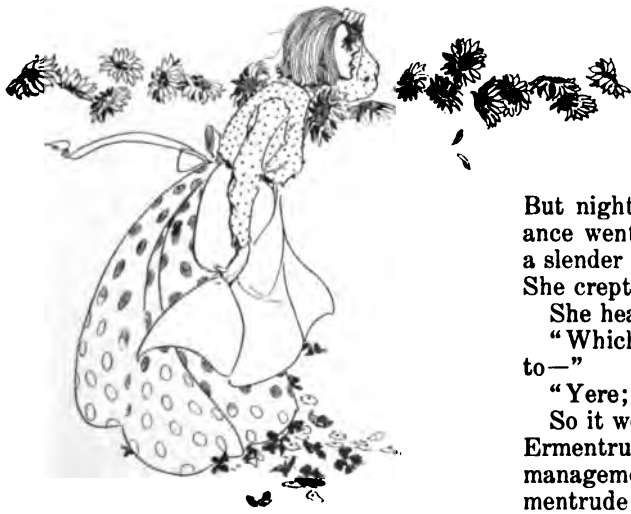
The collector said he did not want Flicker. He knew nothing about the process of turning hay into butter by putting it through her.

There was some more Chuffing, as it was called in that vicinity, and the collector went away threatening Chuff with jail.

Chuff said he did n't care. But he did, mightily. Now, also, his memory worked while he slept. He had never been in jail. He fancied it much worse than it is.

VI.

P I N K



"PINK PESTIFER WATCHED HER RECREANT LOVER."

PINK PESTIFER watched her recreant lover. One night she followed him to the lifeless engine. It was opaquely dark, but she could vaguely hear him familiarizing himself with its machinery. She did not know what it meant. But night after night the strange performance went on. Then, one night, she saw a slender figure in a green dress with him. She crept up and listened.

She heard Chill ask:

"Which is the reverser? It 's too dark to—"

"Yere; an' t'is is t'e—"

So it went on. Hard as it was to believe, Ermentrude was instructing Chill in the management of the sleeping machine. Ermentrude! Pink understood the mystery of the green dress now.

She started for Chuff's house. But it was a mile.

"Mr. Chuff," she gasped, "Ermentrude—Chill—"

Chuff jumped into his clothes.

"HE HAD FOUND THE NOTE."

"Ermentrude Chill!" he shouted.

"T'at 's what she 'll be unless you get t'ere sooner"; and Miss Pestifer laughed hysterically.

Chuff was already in his daughter's room. He lighted a lamp. The bed had not been slept in. Her clothing was gone—the dress, all the lingerie he had given his note—his more than all—for!

Pink Pestifer was at his side by this time.

"Yes," she cried; "it was a trosseau."

"What 's t'at?" demanded Chuff, fiercely. "T'is is no time to be highfalutin!"

"Wedding-sings," said Pink.

"Oach! you lie!" said Chuff. But he remembered what the collector had said.

"T'ey 're starting up t'e ingine. I saw 'em. She 's showing him how. You showed *her*—"

But Chuff did not hear her. He had found the note. It said:

> Forgive me, dear father. I love him so. I go from your arms to hisn.

"You' daddy has a horse," cried Chuff. "Git him—quick!"

As she was going, Chuff said again:

"An' his army pistol!"

She brought the horse, but not the pistol. She did not want Chill killed.

At parting Chuff said:

"Say, you keep still about t'at—t'at—tros—t'at trosser. It can't be so. My Sis would n't— Gosh-a-mighty! Trosser!"

He was off.

VII.

FINIS

THE engine *was* gone. He could neither see nor hear them. He dug both heels into the ribs of Pestifer's surprised horse. The moon rose rapidly—dim and full and ominous. After a mile he had them in sight. He heard the sighing of escaping steam that he knew so well. Presently he could see Chill frenziedly at work with the monkey-wrench. Ermentrude, with the sleeves of the green dress recklessly rolled up, was helping, directing, as he himself might have done.

"Open t'e safety-walve!"

Chuff shouted it till he was too hoarse to shout any more. But they did not hear him, and saw him only as a menace. And if they *should* succeed in stopping the escape at the right piston!

"It 's stuffed!" he yelled again.

"CHILL WAS PLEASANTLY WAVING HIS HAND."

bright. The one about the top of the stack he brought a ladder to reach. He set the safety-valve at eighty-five pounds, and opened the ticket-office. Then he filled the tin basin with water from the cock in the tender, and washed, and combed his hair. Finally he took off the jeans which belonged to the engineership, and put on a blue cap marked "Ticket-agent."

"CHUFF SAWED MORE WOOD."

Presently there were three passengers, a woman with an enormous waist and a basket of apples first.

"Morning," greeted Chuff, busily.

"Ticket!" she puffed into the small window.

"One way?"

"Well, I want to come back."

Chuff cut her uncertainty in two:

"Excursion."

He wrote the date on the ticket, and kept his hand on it guardedly.

"What 's the price?" sighed the fat woman, emptying a netted purse on the sill.

"Sirty-two cents."

"No change yit?"

"No."

"Eggs is down."

"Tickets ain't."

"It 's soon time," said the woman.

"T'ey been t'e same for sirty-sefen year," said Chuff, irrelevantly.

The next was a Dunkard with hair parted in the middle and trimmed straight across. He put a tin ear-trumpet into the window.

"What did you charge *her?*" he whispered hugely.

"Sirty-two cents."

"What kin *I* git a ticket for?"

"Sirty-two cents."

"But—t'at 's t'e same!"

"T'is is a one-price railroad," said Chuff.

"Iss it alwayss sirty-two cents?"

"Forefer."

"An' alwayss will be, I expect," complained the Dunkard.

"I expect."

"I 'fe heered 'at some people rides free?"

"Directors an' employees."

"T'ey call it—"

Chuff helped him:

"Dead-head."

He counted out an unwilling thirty-two cents.

"I sought account I was a kind a relatife I could also be a deceased-head."

"My Sis pays her fare efery time."

The Dunkard turned hopelessly away.

"An' helps at t'e ingine yit," Chuff flung after him cumulatively.

II.

C H I L L

THE plain young man said:

"Schlafeplatz and return."

He put down the exact change, then stood with his hand on his hip haughtily.

Chuff gave him his ticket without a word.

"Check for my baggage, please."

Chuff put on a cap marked "Baggage-agent," and gave him his check. His baggage was a green canvas suit-case. Chuff closed the ticket-office and swung the case rudely into the baggage-compartment of the passenger-car. The tin clock showed the time to be eleven minutes past seven. Schedule time was 7:14 A.M. He looked at his watch. Sometimes the two varied. They agreed today. He had set them the night before. The safety-valve was blowing gently. He put in a stick of wood and closed the valve. He went over the tender to the baggage-compartment, where he got a cap marked "Conductor." He stepped down to the platform.

"COMBED HIS HAIR."

"All aboard!" he shouted superfluously.

There was some jockeying before Chuff got his engine off and steadied down to her gait. Then he tied the lever with a twine, and collected the tickets.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

BY W. GORDON McCABE.

IT may not be impertinent for me to state at the outset that these personal recollections of the late Lord Tennyson were not written with a view to publication. Shortly after his death, at the instance of one very dear to me, I jotted them down, as leisure allowed, for my own boys, making constant use of letters written home from "Farringford" and "Aldworth" (1884–92), when my inconsequent talks with the old poet were fresh in my mind. That they were so written down in careless fashion will, I trust, excuse in great measure the familiar manner in which they are here presented.

Some additions have been made in the present paper, while here and there I have "Blair-ed up" (as the dear old "Autocrat" was wont to say, with a twinkle in the kindly eyes) a passage too slipshod to be pardoned even in a schoolmaster; but I have deemed it best to leave the recollections, in the main, as originally written down some eight or nine years ago, untouched by all the wealth of detail concerning the poet's life and work given to the world more recently in the charming "Life" by the present Lord Tennyson.

My simple lines scarcely cross the more ambitious ones of that stately and authoritative biography, and, indeed, it is with much misgiving that I put these recollections into print at all, though long before the appearance of the "Life" I had Lord Tennyson's sanction to do so whenever I saw fit.

I need not say that I have no taste for that "valet literature" so much in vogue in these latter days of "yellow journalism," when the most outrageous license in prying into the private life of famous men and women is airily justified with the flimsy contention that "the public has a right to know."

It would be, indeed, but a shabby return for the hospitality which I ever met under the roof-tree of one who, in his own noble verse,

> Bore without abuse
> The grand old name of gentleman,

for me to rend the veil from the sanctities of the beautiful and gracious life of that home circle which was to him, in truth, his only world outside the realm of poesy.

There is not, it is true, much of substantial value in these recollections of mine. Indeed, when first asked to tell my story, I instantly bethought me of Canning's "Knife-Grinder," and his

> Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

But so great is the place that Tennyson fills in the world of letters of his century,—surely, in poetry, the foremost place (*pace* all "Browning Societies"),—so keen is the eagerness of us all to know something of the daily life of the masters whose books have become an essential part of our intellectual life, that it has finally seemed to me that I might, perhaps, without any great impropriety, seek to interest "Tennysonians" outside my own home circle, by recalling some of the personal traits and familiar talk of the great poet, whose personality was little more than a name to ninety-nine hundredths of his own countrymen, so jealously did he guard his seclusion from the outer world.

And who shall censure this natural craving to know something of the daily life of those whom the celestial flame of genius has "hedged" round with a "divinity" no longer recognized in any mortal among men, unless he be in truth an intellectual "king"? Even brave old Thackeray confesses to it in a way. "I should like to have been Shakspere's shoe-black," he says, "just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face! I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and, after helping him up to bed, perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer."

But when I think of Tennyson's own detestation of anything of the kind, my mind, I say, misgives me, lest from the happier land the dead look down and feel still some touch of "finer scorn" for what he was wont to call "the publicities and gabblements of the nineteenth century." Who of us does not remember his lines about

> the irreverent doom
> Of those that wear the Poet's crown?
>
> He gave the people of his best;
> His worst he kept, his best he gave—
> My Shakspere's curse on clown and knave
> Who will not let his ashes rest.

The first time I ever met him he railed against personalities touching men of genius as only Tennyson could rail when deeply stirred.

I had just come to the Tennysons from a visit to my old friend Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, who at the time was sorely perplexed as to what should be done in the matter of a biography of her illustrious father, inasmuch as so many apocryphal stories of his private life were finding their way into the London journals.

Just before the great novelist died, he was reading one day some fulsome biography of a certain man of letters whom he had known, and on her entering the room, he had held up the book, and said with unwonted vehemence: "Remember, Annie, when *I* am gone, there is to be nothing of this sort about me."

This she regarded in the light of a dying injunction, and has ever since so held it. But these apocryphal stories greatly distressed her, and, in her perplexity, she had talked the matter over with me and done me the honor to ask my advice.

I unhesitatingly advised her to write her father's life, for she was not only his daughter, but his closest friend, and, as we all know, possesses the practised hand. Conditions had arisen, I said, which he had not thought of, and I believed he would approve the step could he know all.

On my first visit to Aldworth, I mentioned this conversation to Tennyson (for Mrs. Ritchie was one of his closest friends) and the reasons for my emphatic counsel to her. But he would none of it.

"I thank God we know nothing of Shakspere more than we do," he growled out. "Why can't people be satisfied with a man's books?"

I differed with him promptly, and then began one of the many friendly and delightful "disputations" I was destined to have with the old poet.

He was very vehement in his anathemas, but I stood my ground, inexorable as a Greek chorus. I told him plainly that a "Life" of himself was inevitable when he should have passed away, and that, if he wanted the truth told about him, instead of a "pack of lies" (a favorite phrase of his), the most sensible thing to do was to intrust the work to some one who could speak with authority, and thus forestall the "free-lances," whose apocryphal stories were sure to be of such startling and "infinite variety" as would make him turn over in his grave.

I shall never forget the way in which he boomed out his reply: "I don't want to be ripped up like a hog when I 'm dead."

The truth is that the man was by nature so thoroughly a recluse, shrinking instinctively from publicity of every kind, and that his privacy had been so outrageously invaded by utter strangers, that he had become morbid on the subject.

Some of the worst offenders were, I am sorry to say, American tourists, and when he has told me of their ingenious and extraordinary devices and stratagems to secure sight or speech of him, I have more than once felt with Walpole: "I should love my country if it were not for my countrymen."

But the English were almost, if not quite, as bad, and I remember, just the summer before he died, he told me, with much vehement denunciation, how a certain popular English man of letters, who shall be nameless here, had come to him for a day, had been hospitably entertained, and had then gone away and "printed a pack of lies about him in some American magazine." "Why," exclaimed he, "he said that I pointed out to him the very spot, just beyond the gateway there, where I had shaken hands and said good-by to 'Chinese Gordon'; he detailed what I said and what Gordon said, and the fact is, Chinese Gordon was never at Aldworth in his life."

Every little scrap of information touching him personally, or in regard to his forthcoming books, was eagerly caught up by the London press and expanded with a fertility of imagination that made him fairly rage.

As we shall see later on, the great poet was intensely human.

But "to begin at the beginning," as the children say, only pausing to remind my readers that these recollections must of necessity be frankly egotistical, and that I do

not presume to offer any criticism on Tennyson's poetry or on his poetic methods.

More than sixteen years ago it was that, at the instance of a dear old friend of mine in England who was also a close friend of the Tennysons, I received an invitation to Aldworth, the poet's country-seat on the border-line of Surrey and Sussex.

It is always somewhat trying to a shy man to go into a country house where all the people are strangers to him, and my shyness was not diminished in the present instance by recalling more than one story that had been told me of Tennyson's brusquerie to visitors. Still, my experience of English hospitality had been for many years so uniformly charming that I had no very serious misgivings.

The elder D'Israeli tells us, in his "Curiosities of Literature," that "Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Genius," and—there are not a few of us who sadly admit this dictum to be true.

But it was not so in the case of Tennyson—at least, after he had passed middle age. As we all know, he was one of a family of twelve children, the son of a country parson, whose living at Somersby in Lincolnshire brought him in but the slender stipend of two hundred pounds a year. But though inheriting virtually nothing, and living for years the ideal life of the poet, in tranquil seclusion, "far from the madding crowd," sedulously devoted to his art, minutely correcting, revising, polishing, as is the wont of true genius, that does not disdain "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease,"—publishing only at long intervals until the days when he had become famous,—he yet achieved a substantial fortune, and when he accepted a peerage in his old age, was able to support in becoming fashion the adventitious dignity of his rank.

About 1867 the poet purchased some thirty or forty acres of land near Haslemere in Surrey, and determined to build there—in part to escape, as he said, the London cockneys, who swarmed over his lawn at Freshwater in summer, but chiefly because the air of the Surrey hills, tonic with its scent of heather, was peculiarly invigorating to his wife, who for many years had been an invalid, and whom, as did his own "Geraint" in the case of "fair Enid," he always "compassed with sweet observances."

His friend James Knowles, long editor of the "Nineteenth Century," was his architect. This place he called Aldworth, and there, for the last twenty years or more of his life, he lived for the greater part of the year, still keeping up Farringford, his place in the Isle of Wight, whither he went to reside soon after he was created Laureate in 1850.

Aldworth, one of the loveliest homes in a land of lovely homes, is situated on the lofty range of Surrey hills known as "Blackdown." It lies perched on a steep incline, high up on the mountain-side, much of the level space on which it stands having been wrested from nature by enormous labor. Behind it to the northwest rise sheer the lonely downs, covered with bracken and gorse, shutting out the bleak winds of winter, while to the south the Sussex wealds and Kentish hop-fields, dappled with light and shade, lie spread out in smiling beauty at one's feet.

From the stately south terrace, with its ivy-covered stone balustrade and its huge vases filled with flaming roses, one may look clean away for full sixty miles—the bold chalky outlines of Leith Hill gleaming white in the distance to the left, in the foreground the dreaming spires of Petworth soaring aloft amid clustering English elms, while, far beyond, above the wooded copses of Arundel Castle, home of the Howards, dukes of Norfolk, one may catch the shimmer of that "silver sea" which Shakspere sung as fitting setting to the "tiny mother-isle."

One, standing there, could but remember instantly his own description of the view he loved so well, in the lines addressed to Sir Edward Hamley:[1]

> You came and looked and loved the view,
> Long known and loved by me,
> Green Sussex fading into blue
> With one gray glimpse of sea.

On a clear day, indeed, one may catch a glimpse of Fairlight, overlooking Hastings, and mark the very spot where Norman William landed with his bold barons, a D'Eyncourt in his train, to wrest the land from the Saxon.

Short of sight as was the old poet, he apparently knew every foot of the historic landscape, and once, as we stood together, looking southward from the great library windows, when I thoughtlessly asked him of some place in the direction of Pevensey, he answered promptly, "Oh, that—nothing special there now, but there lay once the 'Silva Anderida' of Tacitus."

Without, Aldworth is fair indeed to look

[1] Prologue to "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade."

upon, with its old-fashioned pleasaunces and rose-garden, where the poet, with his passionate love of flowers, always delighted to wander, its dense coppices and wide expanses of velvet turf, such as one sees nowhere outside of England.

Within, it is the ideal home of the wealthy man of letters, with its busts and portraits and paintings. Everywhere there are books, and over the chimneypieces in the stately rooms are emblazoned the arms of the Tennysons d'Eyncourt; for, though the Laureate sung in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" that

> The gardener Adam and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent,

he was yet possessed of that proper pride in being sprung of an ancient and honorable race common to every man of gentle birth. The note of genuine English comfort is everywhere dominant, while to a man of culture it is a veritable "Palace of Art." Such was the English home at the doors of which I alighted on that August day more than sixteen years ago.

The poet had not returned from his long daily tramp over the downs, but I was shown in at once to Lady Tennyson, who received me with such charming cordiality that within a few minutes I was chatting away as gaily to her, as she lay on her lounge, as to some old gentlewoman in Virginia who had known my mother and all my "people." In a few moments, in stalked the poet, just returned from his walk, and gave me grave and courteous welcome.

I need hardly describe to my readers that face and figure so familiar to them from photographs. (I may say here, in passing, that, to my mind, the best of these photographs is that by Barraud, though the poet himself and his wife and son preferred the one by Mayall,[1] a copy of which he kindly volunteered to give me after I came to know him well.) He was clad, as always when I saw him, in a gray suit, "cynically loose," as Carlyle neatly said—a powerfully built man, yet "loosely made," as the homely phrase is, but with not a trace of awkwardness in his movements.

One may not be certain, but I think that, even had I not known who he was, I should have recognized the "king among men"—the head finely molded; features massive, yet delicately chiseled; a noble brow; dark-brown eyes, grave, and at times keenly penetrating, otherwise heavy-lidded; his hair, still very dark, falling away from his brow; his beard somewhat straggling, and, as Horatio hath it, "a sable silvered," beneath which one readily divined the stern-set jaw—a face of resolution, dashed with melancholy.

Then the gong sounded for luncheon, and we went in at once. At luncheon my misgiving melted away in great measure, and I ventured on one or two mild stories, to which the great man seemed to take kindly, and then, the repast over, we went off to the summer-house, perched on the cliff, for a smoke. Cigars he never smoked, but "infinite tobacco" still, as in the old London days, when Carlyle found him "such company over a pipe." There, over what Thackeray calls "that great unbosomer of secrets," the ice was fairly broken, and in exchange for the pure gold of some most delightful stories about famous men long passed away, I gave him in return of my own base coin.

But I ask any old soldier of our Civil War, North or South, who could resist such a chance? None of our ancient war stories, none of the rough-and-ready wit of our Southern soldiers, had drifted across the seas, and here was virgin soil. One may be sure that I "worked" it "for all it was worth." And so I warmed up mine antique martial chestnuts—jokes of a hoary antiquity, which may, for aught I know, "have cheered the Aryan hordes on their weary westward march from the table-lands of Asia."

I remember (one sees that I am keeping to the "frank egotism") that he chuckled much over my Christopher Columbus story, a story with which I afterward "paralyzed" the latter's august descendant, the Duke de Veragua, when his Grace was presented to *me* at Chicago. And he specially delighted in a little story about a man in my own town, which he begged me (as an Englishman would) to "send to 'Punch,'" and which I sometimes tell late in the evening, when punch has been sent to me.

He also liked the story (new to him) of the Poughkeepsie man who battered out the brains of his dear wife with a heavy oaken frame inclosing the worsted-worked motto, "God bless our home."

Of all the talkers I have ever met he was, "taking him all round," as we say, the most interesting, when "i' the vein," which was commonly near midnight, in his den and over a pipe. Swinburne (*tantum vidi*, I may say) is a more brilliant talker, especially when moved by a subject he loves and

[1] See the frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY; also the number for February, 1893. Portraits by Mrs. Cameron appeared in August, 1889, and December, 1897.

knows well, such as the early English dramatists. Browning (who, to use an expression which Tennyson detested, was "awfully kind" and hospitable to me) just won your heart, and your brain too, by the simple honesty, the infectious boyishness of his talk. Matthew Arnold, too, was always to me, whether in the whirl of London society, or in a quiet corner at the Athenæum, or in his modest Surrey home at Cobham, one of the most delightful of men to listen to. He was so cordial, so full of kindly simplicity, that I never once detected in the genial flow of his conversation that academic note which some have objected to.

But delightful as were all these, Tennyson's talk was far and away the best and the most enjoyable I have ever listened to, with its dry humor, shading off suddenly into vehement earnestness; its felicity of epithet, that at times flashed out like a search-light, and lighted up the whole subject of discussion; its underlying vein of robust common sense; its wealth of apt quotation and charming reminiscence.

Like every other author whom I have ever known, Tennyson was, I think, pleased at some apt quotation from himself.

When I went away from Aldworth at the end of this first visit, he sent the carriage ahead and walked with me past the entrance-gate (or, as an irreverent old crony of mine enviously said, he "saw me off the premises").

"You must come again," he said as we shook hands.

With unblushing effrontery I pressed him to come to me at Petersburg, Virginia, where, as my introduction told him, I was then head master of the University School, and assured him that Oriental splendor awaited him at "Dotheboys Hall."

"Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great,"

I quoted from the "Idylls." He laughed, but I saw that he was pleased.

Once, I remember (to wander again, yet not altogether inconsequently), Swinburne, while showing me a rare edition of a Greek classic given him by Walter Savage Landor, said, rather listlessly, I thought, to put it mildly, "You know Landor was a great Grecian."

"No," said I, boldly, "I know nothing of the sort. He was a good Latinist, but not even a fair Grecian. His themes were often Greek, but his treatment of them Vergilian, *longo intervallo*. It seems to me, Mr. Swinburne, that you very happily hit him off in your 'Centenary Ode,' when you say,

> And through the trumpet of a child of Rome
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece."

"Why, bless me!" cried the poet, smiling in a sort of pleased surprise, "do you remember that?" And so we got along "like a breeze" after that lucky shot. But to return.

I shall never forget my joy when, on the eve of my going away from Aldworth, the poet slipped into my hand a dainty little copy of "Harold"—that "Tragedy of Doom," as he called it—with my name written on the title-page, "from Tennyson," saying with kindly simplicity, "My wife suggested that you would like to have some little remembrance of your visit." My confused and somewhat incoherent thanks at the unexpected gift seemed to please the kind old heart far more than could any neatly turned expression of gratitude.

That first visit to Aldworth was followed by another the next summer to the poet at Farringford, and thereafter, every year when I went to England, I was cordially bidden to one place or the other.

There was one salient characteristic of Tennyson that must have struck the most unobservant, and that was his direct honesty and simplicity in things small and great. On the pavement of the entrance-hall at Aldworth is the Welsh motto in encaustic tiles, "The Truth against the World." It was not idly placed there. Such was, indeed, the spirit that informed every act and utterance of the master of Aldworth. He hated shams of every sort; and that is, in great measure, as Mr. Knowles has observed, the key to his detestation of what we call "society." Its "small insincerities," without which it could not exist, repelled and disgusted him. He had a quick, almost an imperious way of flashing round on one with a sudden question, somewhat embarrassing to shy folk.

A downright answer, or downright confession of ignorance, would win him to most delightful and instructive talk, but pinchbeck omniscience he would exploit relentlessly. As all lovers of his poetry know, that passion for truth and fidelity of detail underlies all his poetic art.

Whether describing the shifting aspects of nature in her varying moods, from storm to sunshine, on land or sea, whether depicting almost at a stroke with winged epithet some flashing insect or "skimming swallow," his touch is always the sure touch of trained

observation, and over all this minute knowledge of the specialist is cast the glamour of genius.

Once we were talking of battle lyrics, and I was praising Campbell's stirring "Battle of the Baltic."

"Yes," he said, "'t is fine. But you remember the lines,

> By thy wild and stormy *steep*,
> Elsinore!

Now, there 's no 'steep' at Elsinore; the coast there is as flat as your hand."

And as I had just come back from Denmark I had to confess, with a laugh, that he was right.

Speaking of Campbell reminds me that once, in talking with Tennyson of the mysterious separation of Lord and Lady Byron, the poet said to me: "I said one day to Tom Campbell, 'I am told that you are, perhaps, the only man in England who really knows why Lord and Lady Byron separated.' Campbell did not affirm or deny, but said significantly, after a pause, 'You may be sure, Tennyson, of one thing—that Lord Byron *was a very bad man.*'"

He first met Campbell at one of Rogers's famous breakfasts, which had come to be regarded in London as the symposia of the Immortals in letters. Of Rogers himself he told me many interesting stories. One I will repeat. The venerable author of "The Pleasures of Memory," with whom he was walking, was descanting on the substantial comfort it was to a poet to know that posterity, at least, would value aright his work and yield him his meed of praise. "Yes," said Tennyson, "that 's all very well, but how is one to feel sure of that?" "I feel quite sure in my own case," modestly replied Rogers.

Vanitas vanitatum! I wonder how many even of the reading men and women of our time have ever read through "The Pleasures of Memory."

Rogers, at another time, quite oblivious of his own self-complacency, said to Tennyson: "Tom Campbell is a curiously self-satisfied fellow. I said to him t' other day, 'Campbell, when you wrote the line,

> Roll on, roll on, ye raptur*ed* years of influence, roll,

you surely must have meant, "ye raptur*ous* years of influence, roll."' Campbell calmly said, 'I 'd like to see the man who 'd dare correct any line *I* 've written.' Whereupon," said Rogers, with a hopeless look, "I said nothing."

But I must add that Tennyson always spoke kindly of "old Rogers," who was, he said, "a very good man."

Tennyson was an omnivorous reader—a great novel-reader, I may add, as have been so many illustrious Englishmen,—churchmen, soldiers, jurists,—and his memory was prodigious. In his deep voice, when walking over the downs, or at night, in his den and over a pipe, he would roll out his favorite passages,—Latin, English, Italian,—repeating certain lines again and again out of sheer enjoyment.

Scott he held to be the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century. Milton and Wordsworth he apparently knew by heart, and he would roll out, in his hearty bass, from Burns:

> My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
> My heart 's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,

and cry out, "Ah, who writes such poetry nowadays!"

It might be, perhaps, a passage from one of his own poems that he would thus repeat with gusto, and those who did not know the absolute simplicity of the man, and how entirely he was regarding the passage from an artistic point of view, would perhaps have considered his implied praise of his own work as strongly savoring of vanity. The fact was, he was never thinking of himself at all.

Many and many a time, in reading to me some one of his poems, he has paused and said, "That 's a fine line." Of course I never misunderstood him, and he well knew that I understood.

Thackeray, whom I, unlike Tennyson, hold to be far and away the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century, once said to an old friend of mine: "When I finished that chapter in 'Vanity Fair' in which Rawdon Crawley surprises Becky and her elderly lover tête-à-tête and hurls to the floor the Most Noble the Marquis of Steyne, I just struck my fist on my desk and cried out to myself, 'By God, I 'm a genius!'"

Such is the simplicity of the really great.

It seemed to me that Tennyson never forgot the most trivial remark. Once he and Hallam and I went for one of our long walks, and in some way our talk was of Homer and of his translations of Homer, the two fragments familiar to us all. I regretted that he could not spare the time to give English-speaking and English-thinking folk some adequate reproduction of the Iliad.

"Oh," said he, with a certain almost boyish satisfaction, "I only wanted to show the critics that the thing *could* be done."

He had walked ahead of us in the narrow path, and I said to Hallam that certain lines in "Tithonus" were, to my mind (with the possible exception of "Sohrab and Rustum"), here and there, the nearest thing to Homer that we had had since Homer's time—probably the finest lines his father had ever written. Of course I did not mean him to hear, but his sense of hearing was abnormally keen. Wheeling suddenly in the path, and coming up very close to me, he said:

"Eh, what do you consider the best lines I 've ever written—something akin to Homer?"

And so, compelled by his piercing look, I repeated those words of Tithonus to Aurora, as she guides her immemorial steeds to usher in the dawn:

Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Long afterward we were smoking late at night in his library, and he had been, as usual, reading to me, and then, in some way, the talk drifted to the problematic value of the French Revolution.

Suddenly he said: "You once said that certain lines in 'Tithonus' were the best I ever wrote. I will repeat to you what I hold, if not the best, certainly one of the best lines I have ever written."

"Write it for me," I cried. And so he turned to the table and, picking up a bit of paper, wrote, and then read out slowly in his deep voice:

Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they
shout her name.

As one may imagine, he was constantly importuned, almost beyond human endurance, for his autograph. Every day brought him, so he told me, a request for an autograph, and that from people whose own autographs were eagerly sought after; and not seldom a manuscript poem from some obscure versifier, asking that he would "kindly read the inclosed at once and give the writer his candid opinion." Who of us that has "come to forty year" does not sadly know what the request for a "candid opinion" really demands.

His dismay at these demands for autographs was almost comic, for under the grim exterior beat the kindest heart in the world.

I used to begin, "Now, I want you—"

"Oh, yes," he would groan, "I know; how many?"

"Only four this time," I would say cheerfully and reassuringly, and invariably he would turn to his table and write the autographs for me in the kindest manner.

Once, when he was telling me how he had been specially bothered in this way, and when I had assured him, with a gravity that would have done credit to a bench of bishops, that no one ever importuned me for *my* autograph, except occasionally to a promissory note, when "the unspeakable scoundrel who had lent me the money" was vulgarly uneasy because of non-payment, I said to him, with an ingenuous and infantine air, as one seeking unselfishly to make some sort of reparation for the importunities of others: "What 'cheek'—'side,' you English say—these men and women must have! I have no patience with that sort of thing. But this is fair: you write out for me *my* favorite line in the 'Idylls,' and then write out for me *your* favorite line in the 'Idylls,' and, as we say at home, you and I 'll 'call it square.'"

Freedom free to slay herself, & dying while they
shout her name.

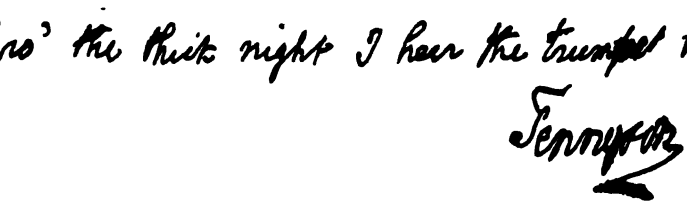
Tennyson

Augst 25th — 91.

The brazen effrontery of my "childlike and bland" innocency and American fairness simply "paralyzed" him. He looked at me fixedly and sorrowfully, and my gaze was as guileless as that of the Sistine Madonna. Slowly taking up his pen, he said feebly:

"What 's your line?"

"Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow."



Much has been written about his impressive reading. Mrs. Ritchie has written about it in her charming "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning." Another friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, who has written a very sympathetic volume on Tennyson's poetry, and who, some ten years ago, spent a day with the poet and heard him read, had an article on the same subject in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1893. Tennyson's old friend James Knowles has also touched upon it in his delightful article entitled "Personal Aspects of Tennyson," published some seven or eight years ago in the "Nineteenth Century."

I doubt whether any mortal man had ever before spoken of that line to him. One must have been an old artilleryman in the days when all our Southern land was girdled with steel and fire, and have heard that sudden blare through the murky dead of night (*intempestiva nocte*), and have felt from long knowledge of war its instant meaning, to have cared for such a line. He looked at me keenly.

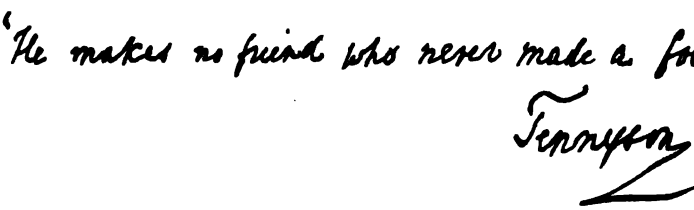
"Ah," he said, "I see that you are still a soldier before anything else."

I nodded.

"And now for your line."

And so he wrote:

He makes no friend who never made a foe.



I do not pretend to be a critic of reading, nor, indeed, of anything else. I only know when it pleases me and when it pleases me not. I thought Tennyson read some things superbly, others monotonously.

Lowell told a friend of mine (though, I confess, it sounds incredible) that "he wished he could have plucked up heart enough to ask Tennyson to read."

Holmes, in his chatty "Our Hundred Days in Europe," writing of the single day he spent at Farringford, says:

I still count among my few priceless possessions these two slips of note-paper on which he wrote that summer day these lines from the "Idylls."

I am sorry that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat to me some lines of his own. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself. One naturally loves his own poem as no

one else can. It fits the mental mold in which it was cast, and it will not exactly fit any other. For this reason I had rather listen to a poet reading his own verses than hear the best elocutionist that ever spouted recite them.

This was eminently true in Tennyson's case. He threw himself utterly into the poem he was reading, pausing from time to time to give some explanation or to draw attention to some subtle, underlying motif. If Lowell or Holmes wished to hear Tennyson read, they had, I am sure, but to ask and have. My decided impression is that he enjoyed his own reading intensely, exquisite artist that he was, and liked to be asked to read.

The first time I ever went to Farringford, when we had gone up into his den in the top of the house, late at night, for a smoke, he said genially, as I curled myself up contentedly in one of the deep, luxurious chairs, "Well, have you everything you want now?"

"No," I replied. "I want to hear you read some of your poems. Mrs. Browning says that 'poets are ever ill at reading their own verses,' and I want to see if 't is so."

"What shall I read to you?" he asked.

"The 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'"

He read it, and read it superbly.

It is a picture I can never forget—the softened gloom of the room, the walls of which were lined with books; the tall wax candles on the reading-table; the old poet holding the book close, very close to his face, the light making a sort of gloriole above the massive vatic brows of his finely molded head; his deep voice rolling out the sonorous music, like some mighty organ; and then, when he came to the lines,

> For this is England's greatest son,
> He that gain'd a hundred fights,
> Nor ever lost an English gun,

his grand old face shone out, almost transfigured by his English pride in England's glory, his voice vibrant with the passion of his noble threnody, while, in the pauses, one might hear, as fit accompaniment, the long Atlantic surges breaking in solemn thunder on the beetling crags hard by his island home.

After he finished, in referring to the lines,

> No more in soldier fashion will he greet
> With lifted hand the gazer in the street,

he said: "I never saw the Duke but once; that was in St. James's Park as he rode out of the Horse Guards. I lifted my hat, and he saluted me in quick military fashion. Once at Bath House, where I was for a little while at some sort of entertainment, Monckton Milnes wanted me to stay and be presented to the Duke, who was coming on later. But I said, 'What the devil do you suppose the Duke wants to see me for?' and went away. That reminds me," he continued, with a chuckle. "When the Duke was a very old man, president of the Privy Council, he had walked up one day from Downing street, instead of riding, as he usually did. He walked up the left-hand side of Piccadilly, along St. James's and the Green Park, and when he came to a point opposite Apsley House, the old soldier could n't cross the street safely owing to the number of carriages and hansoms that were whirling past. At last a well-dressed man recognized the Duke in the crowd, and divining his trouble, went up to him and said, 'Will your Grace allow me the honor of escorting you across the road?' 'Thanks,' said the old hero, laconically. This was safely accomplished, and 'Thanks,' said the Duke again. But the patriotic Briton, standing uncovered, said: 'My Lord Duke, this is the proudest moment of my life. I shall tell my children, and they shall tell their children, that I once had the distinguished honor of escorting across the street the hero of Waterloo.' The old Duke, with his aristocratic beak and military whisker, glancing down at his effusive friend with his eagle glance, said dryly, 'Now, don't make a d—d fool of yourself,' and forthwith vanished."

But to go back to Tennyson's reading. I remember asking him the same night to read to me the "Bugle Song" in "The Princess"—perhaps the finest lyric since Shakspere. It is certainly one of the most difficult poems in all literature to read effectively, and I recall that, in making the request, I put it frankly, "I want to see if you *can* read it."

This, too, he read admirably, and thereafter he always read to me whenever I went to visit him.

The summer before he died he read to me, late one night at Aldworth, with great gusto and thrilling effect, "The Revenge," far and away, I think, the noblest ballad of the nineteenth century, not excepting "Hervé Riel." One could but remember Carlyle's characteristic remark when he heard him read it, "Eh, Alfred, but ye 've got the grip of it."

Speaking of Carlyle reminds me, just here, that the poet said he "did n't believe all that stuff about Mrs. Carlyle's being so unhappy and Carlyle's being such a selfish tyrant. I

was constantly there during those years that Froude writes of, and I never saw anything but the greatest affection between them."

I thought his reading of "Maud" monotonous, but he undoubtedly elucidated the perplexing motif of the poem as no one else could. He also told me, with great satisfaction, that some "mad doctor," as he called a famous specialist, "had written him that he had delineated in 'Maud' the various stages of his hero's insanity with greater scientific fidelity than any writer since Shakspere."

He was especially happy in reading his dialect poems, such as "The Northern Farmer," and was manifestly proud of his minute knowledge of the rustic Lincolnshire dialect,—the soft bur of which might, at times, be heard in his own speech,—and he would pause from time to time to translate for me when he saw from my puzzled look that I did n't understand. I recall his reading to me, one summer morning at Farringford, with almost boyish delight, one of these dialect poems, not then published, though it is now included in the latest edition of his works. The subject, I remember, was a rural churchwarden's advice to a young curate to "creep along the bottom of the hedge" (i.e., be humble to his betters), and he 'd die a bishop.[1] "And it 's all true," he cried in genuine glee, "every bit of it 's true!"

As one may imagine, I asked him endless questions about perplexing allusions in his poems, and he always answered with the readiest kindness. I remember asking him what he meant by the lines in "In Memoriam" touching Arthur Hallam:

> And over those ethereal eyes
> The bar of Michael Angelo.

"Oh," replied he, "those are almost Hallam's own words. You must have noticed in all portraits of Michael Angelo the bulging, bony ridge over the eyes, technically called by artists the 'bar.' Hallam had this bony ridge very prominent, and one day, when we were at Cambridge, he came into my room, and while talking, passed his fingers across his brow and said, 'Alfred, I 've got the real "bar" of Michael Angelo.'"

In replying to my many questions as to the genesis of certain lines, he always said they "came to him."

It reminds one of Cædmon and of the first true English poem in all our literature, that "came to him" in Hild's monastery, which looked down on the landlocked harbor of Whitby: "And when the learned men had heard him tell his dream, they all said that the song had come to him from the Lord."

I said to him, "Did you beat out word by word, and work over and over, such onomatopoetic lines as those in 'Sir Galahad'?

> The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
> The horse and rider reel."

"No; it all came to me."

This is simply wonderful to us less-inspired mortals, but so is all such poetry, and none may doubt the word of a man so simple in his truth. But his *curiosa felicitas* was, I think, undoubtedly, in the great majority of cases, the result of the most careful and minute workmanship, and he seemed never tired of revising and reconstructing, of erasing and polishing. The exquisite precision of diction in his poems was fairly matched by what Macaulay was wont to call his "scrupulosity in pronunciation" in everyday talk. More than once he has stopped me in my headlong talk and said, "Why do you pronounce that word as you do?" Sometimes I would fight for a while as almost any man will on an imputation of mispronunciation or of snoring, but he was invariably right. But there was n't a tinge of pedantry about him. I never knew a man freer from that curse.

For every nuance in sounds his ear was marvelously quick and sure, and his knowledge of scientific metrics was minute and exact to the last degree, while his wealth of apposite illustration as to nice metrical points from both ancient and modern classics was ever ready. In April, 1887, he published his "Carmen Saeculare," or "Jubilee Ode," which the critics fell foul of with great unanimity. I was at Aldworth in August of that year, and he spoke of the criticisms with marked annoyance when he kindly gave me a copy of the ode. "The critics," he said, "don't understand it at all, and their criticism lacks intelligence because they are always confounding accent and quantity. Read it carefully, and you will see that the meter is quantitative. Much of it will recall Catullus to you, if you 've studied him carefully."

There was the rather unusual custom at Aldworth of every one's leaving the dinner-table, when the time came for the ladies to rise, and going into an adjoining room, where the men sat down at another table

[1] "But creäp along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou 'll be a bishop yit."
The Churchwarden and the Curate.

piled with fruit and flowers. On this second table, too, were placed crusty port and Madeira that had doubled "the Cape," and here, as a special favor, and as being one of Charles Lamb's "blest tobacco boys," I was allowed a cigar. If the weather were at all cool, there was a bright fire of logs, and Tennyson, wearing his black velvet skullcap, as he always did indoors during the latter years of his life, sat at the board as supreme as "rare old Ben" at the "Devil in the Strand," or John Dryden at the "Rainbow," and poured forth such talk and reminiscences as I never expect to hear again. I remember with special delight the after-dinner talk between the poet and his lifelong friend and brother-in-law, Edmund Lushington, one of the greatest Hellenists in England, whom he has immortalized in the epilogue to "In Memoriam":

> As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
> Consistent; wearing all that weight
> Of learning, lightly like a flower.

I may mention here that ninety-nine hundredths of the readers of "In Memoriam," not knowing that Tennyson had several sisters, have felt a sort of sentimental shock that she for whom the poet prophesied "perpetual maidenhood" in the beginning of the poem should have accepted the usual consolation of orange-blossoms in the epilogue, even though "thrice three years" had been numbered since Arthur Hallam's death. It will, no doubt, be somewhat of a comfort to those who still believe in the immortality of first love to know that the reference in the epilogue to "the bridal flower,"

> That must be made a wife ere noon,

is to the younger sister, Cecilia, who married Edmund Lushington, and not to Emily, Hallam's fiancée. Emily, however, did ultimately marry Captain Jesse of the royal navy, and her two sons are still alive in England. Dr. Lushington, whom I met only that single time, and who had recently retired from the professorship of Greek in the University of Glasgow, had one of the loveliest old faces I have ever seen, and spoke with that clear-cut yet softly modulated intonation that makes the mere sound of a well-bred Englishman's voice a joy to the listener.

He and Tennyson had been at Cambridge together as young men. Both had been members of that famous band of young enthusiasts derisively known as the "Apostles," and could count among their contemporaries in the sacred fold Arthur Hallam, George Venables (the composite original with Archdeacon John Allen of George Warrington in "Pendennis"), Frederick Denison Maurice, James Spedding (the future biographer of Bacon), Thompson (afterward the brilliant Master of Trinity, whose sarcastic mots are treasured and repeated to this day, not only in Cambridge, but in all England), Trench and Alford, Charles Buller and Sterling, and Richard Monckton Milnes (better known to us as Lord Houghton).

It would be beyond my power to reproduce, by any poor words of mine, the subtle aroma of the brilliant yet genial talk—talk without effort, and therefore doubly charming—of these veritable *Noctes Ambrosianae*. But I may be pardoned for giving Tennyson's version of Carlyle's mot anent Monckton Milnes's famous breakfasts, inasmuch as Sir Wemyss Reid, in his delightful "Life of Lord Houghton,"[1] has entirely missed the point of Carlyle's fling.

As we all know, Monckton Milnes, the young poet and man about town, aspired to grasp the social-literary scepter falling from the withered hands of Rogers, and to gather around his breakfast-table in Pall Mall men of the most diverse personalities, creeds, and tastes. In fact, the chief requirement for securing an invitation to these breakfasts, which soon became the talk of London, seems to have been that the guest *must* be a lion of some sort. Men of such pronounced differences as Count d'Orsay, the elegant dandy, and rugged Thomas Carlyle, Sydney Smith, the brilliant wit, and Connop Thirlwall, the grave historian, sat there side by side; and had Colonel Cody, commonly known as "Buffalo Bill," burst upon the town in those days, he would undoubtedly have rubbed elbows in Milnes's hospitable menagerie with Tom Macaulay and Aubrey de Vere. "Yes," said Carlyle, in his broad Scotch, "if Jesus Christ were in London, and Milnes met him in Piccadilly, he 'd at once invite him to breakfast and then rush off to try and find the devil to meet him."

After an hour over "the walnuts and the wine" at this second table, we used to go up into the library, and then over his pipe the poet was more interesting than ever.

All sorts of apocryphal stories have been told of his smoking "countless pipes," and there have been ignoble hints touching his over-fondness for old port, with the usual Addisonian reminiscence. Nothing could be

[1] Vol. I, p. 187.

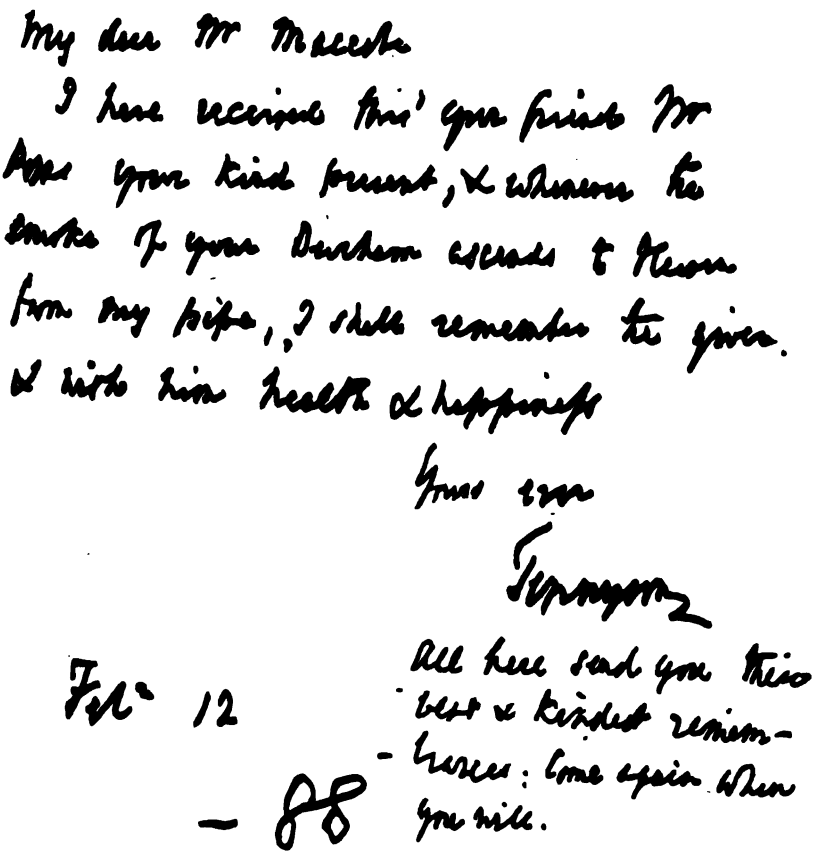
more untrue, certainly, during the years that I saw him in his home. In the latter years of his life, indeed, owing to gout, he was not allowed even a single glass of wine, and used to make the most comic protests against Hallam's "soft invincibility" in the matter. The story of his breaking his chalk pipe after every smoke and relighting a fresh one is equally without foundation.

After I came to know him well I every year sent him his tobacco, and he seemed to prefer it to any other.

"'Lone Jack,'" he once wrote me, "is a very good fellow—not over-strong"; but toward the last he found it so, and thereafter I always sent him "Durham."

He very rarely, in latter years, wrote even a note, Hallam answering all letters; but invariably I received, under his own hand, an acknowledgment of my annual little present. Here are two out of the number. One is dated from Farringford, February 12, 1888:

Farringford,
Freshwater,
Isle of Wight.



My dear Mr Maccabe
I have received thro' your friend Mr Potts your kind present, & whenever the smoke of your Durham ascends to Heaven from my pipe, I shall remember the giver & wish him health & happiness
Yours ever
Tennyson
All here send you their best & kindest remembrances: Come again when you will.
Feb 12
— 88

MY DEAR MR. MACCABE I have received thro' your friend Mr. Potts your kind present, & whenever the smoke of your Durham ascends to Heaven from my pipe, I shall remember the giver & wish him health & happiness

Yours ever
TENNYSON

All here send you their best & kindest remembrances: Come again when you will.

When I came back to England in 1889, from a trip through Russia, I went to Aldworth, as usual, and, as the carriage swept round the drive in front of the house, I descried the poet, in his broad-brimmed felt hat and great flapping cloak, crossing the lawn. He waved his sombrero in friendly welcome, and cried out, "I 've been telling one of your stories to-day at the flower-show, which I attended to please the neighboring farmers."

Then I jumped down, and after we had shaken hands, he gave me a bit of white heather in bloom, which I had noticed he was holding in his hand.

"I found to-day in my walk, and have brought home for you, what is not found here in the south of England once in ten years—white heather in bloom. It means good luck, and so I 'm going to give it to you."

One remembers the lullaby in "Romney's Remorse":

> And gather the roses wherever they blow,
> And find the white heather wherever you go.

I thanked him, and as I did not wish to go up to my room at the time, hid it behind some books on one of the drawing-room tables, cautioning Lionel Tennyson's two boys, Eton lads, who were at Aldworth for the holidays, that if they laid a sacrilegious finger on it there 'd be another "slaughter of the Innocents" on the spot, compared with which that of Herod was mere child's play.

Then I forgot all about it.

I paid my visit, and was in a railway-carriage on my way to an old friend's in Sussex, when something made me remember it. Then I telegraphed Hallam from Guildford Junction, and wrote him two letters, in hot haste, describing exactly where I had left it, and asking that it be sent on to my lodgings or club in London. It now hangs framed over the chimneypiece in my library in Richmond. Months afterward I sent Tennyson some tobacco, and straightway received this note, dated Farringford, December 19, 1889:

> MY DEAR WHITE-HEATHER MONOMANIAC Hallam has brought me from London that which makes my memories of you still more fragrant than before, i e the Durham
>
> Yours ever
> TENNYSON

It was on this visit, when, as I have said, I had just come back from Russia, that he told me the following curious story.

"My father," he said, "was a most impulsive man, and spoke out whatever was uppermost in his mind. Soon after the assassination of the Emperor Paul he went on a tour through Russia, and stopped at Moscow, where the court resided, and where Lord St. Helens was English ambassador. He and my father had been friends at Cambridge, and so my father had the freedom of the embassy while in the Russian capital. One night St. Helens had a grand dinner, at which were all the foreign ambassadors and many Russian notables, not one of whose names my father had caught.

"In some way it came about that a guarded allusion was made, during the dinner, to the death of the late czar. My father, who caught it, leaned over, almost across the breast of some Russian dignitary covered with decorations, who sat next to him, and cried out in his quick, impulsive way, 'Why, St. Helens, what 's the use of speaking so gingerly about a matter so notorious? We know well enough in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered in the Mikhailovski Palace, and we know exactly who did it. Count Zoboff knocked him down, and Benningsen and Count Pahlen strangled him.'

"An appalling hush fell for a moment upon the table, and then Lord St. Helens at once rushed into some subject discreetly foreign to the sixth commandment.

"It 's the custom, as you know," continued he, "in Russia not to sit over the wine, as is usual in England, but to go into another room where the samovar is, and there have tea, or more wine or vodka, and a smoke. As the company rose, Lord St. Helens, standing by the door as the guests filed out, gave my father a meaning look to drop behind the rest. As my father came up to him, he said in a hurried whisper: 'Don't go into the next room, but fly for your life. No flag can protect you in such a country as this. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, one of the most powerful nobles in Russia. Zoboff was at the table, too, and you have publicly charged both of them with being assassins. If you don't get away to-night, you 'll be inside the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul within forty-eight hours. Go to a Scotch merchant's, whom I know, just outside of Odessa' (giving him the name), 'and he will conceal you until I can contrive to get you out of the country, if it be possible. Post to-night—the fastest horses you can get. I 'll keep the company as late as I can. Don't even stop to change your clothes.'

"My father rushed away to his hotel, called up his courier, and made him order a

four-horse droshky, while he literally pitched his clothes into his portmanteau. He posted all night and the next day still in his evening clothes, weather bitterly cold; but he had a clever courier, and found his Scotchman, in whose house he lay perdue for weeks.

"St. Helens managed to get a message to him to be on the alert, and when he heard the horn of the 'Queen's Messenger' blown three times to be ready to go with the man who gave the signal. At last, one stormy night, he heard the welcome sound, and, disguised as a servant of the messenger, who was being sent home with despatches (which, by the way, he lost, as he was very drunk, but which were found by my father), and for whom an English frigate was waiting at Odessa, got safe on board and so back to England."[1]

The hours of work of a great master have always been a matter of interest to literary craftsmen, and I have often been asked about Tennyson's.

Mrs. Ritchie, who saw much of the poet fifteen or twenty years ago, says: "Lord Tennyson works alone in the morning." Mr. Knowles, on the contrary, tells us that he would shut himself up with his pipe "two or three times a day, his 'most valuable hour,' as he told me, being the hour after dinner." Each statement was, no doubt, true as to Tennyson's working-hours at different periods in his life.

When I was staying at Aldworth, I never knew him to come down until between eleven and twelve in the day, and I always understood that he was working. After dinner he retired for an hour or two, and generally worked from about nine until eleven. Then he was ready for a pipe and a long talk in his den until past midnight.

As this matter of an author's working-hours possesses, as I have said, such general interest (and as this is but a rambling paper), some of my readers may care to know what were Thackeray's favorite hours, though it must be remembered that he was the most procrastinating of men, and that it often required agonizing appeals from the printer's "devil" for "copy" to induce him to settle down to his task. Several years ago I purposed writing, with Mrs. Ritchie's express sanction and encouragement, a paper, quite as unpretending as this, on the personality of the great novelist, and I then wrote to her touching this point.

In a letter, now before me, she says: "My father worked at all hours, but chiefly of a morning early. He sometimes began at five or six o'clock. He very rarely wrote at night. He used to say that he liked the hour or two before dinner as much as any. He used to come from his club, order a cup of tea, and write from six to seven-thirty. Latterly he did most of his work by dictation, pacing up and down. The 'Roundabout Papers' were not, I think, dictated, but many chapters of his novels were."

I may add that Thackeray seems to have settled firmly in his mind exactly what he meant to say, and made but few corrections in his manuscript. I am fortunate enough to possess a portion of the original manuscript of "The Virginians," which Mrs. Ritchie gave me, saying I "ought to have it as a Virginian," and there are, in the whole of it, a surprisingly small number of erasures.

No sketch of Tennyson's personality, even so slight a one as this, can ignore the poet's extraordinary sensitiveness to adverse criticism, no matter how obscure the quarter from which it came.

I never but once heard him refer to any praise of his poems, and that was one day when we were speaking of Thackeray, and he sent Hallam to fetch for me to read the noble and beautiful letter[2] written to him by the great novelist soon after the appearance of the "Idylls of the King"—a letter full of enthusiastic admiration, in which, I remember, the writer said that the book had given him the greatest delight that had come to him since he was a young man.

"I am very proud of that letter from old Thackeray," said the poet, simply.

One day he was harping, almost querulously, on some foolish adverse criticism made by an obscure nincompoop, and I broke out, forgetting, for a moment, in my impatience, that I was talking to one of the Immortals: "What in the world do you care about such rubbish as that for?"

In fact, he could not himself have told why he should have cared.

"Yes, I know," as he said to "old Knowles," "I'm black-blooded, like all the Tennysons—I remember everything that has been said against me and forget all the rest."

On my last visit to him, but six weeks before he died, I recall that when I made

[1] Written in 1899. The end of the story is told somewhat differently by the late Lady Tennyson in the "Life," Vol. II, pp. 147, 148. But I set it down "as 't was told to me." [2] Written in 1899. Now published in the "Life," Vol. I, pp. 444–446.

some reference to a recent English book in which a splenetic free-lance traced nearly every fine line in the Victorian poet back to some classic analogue, Hallam gave me a significant look, and I quickly turned to something else. "I could n't bear for him to see that foolish book," said this tenderest of sons, after the poet had left us.

Tennyson expressed to me his strong repugnance to the scheme of his publishers for bringing out a series of annotated editions of his poems for the undoing of English school-boys. I heartily sympathized with him in this aversion to anything of the kind, and told him that I had never really enjoyed "Paradise Lost" since I had become a man, because of the untold misery I had suffered in having to parse it when a boy, and how I used to swear I 'd never, never look into it again.

I have often thought what a genuine godsend it must have been to a man who was so constantly meditating on the deepest and subtlest problems of life that he was possessed habitually of so keen and delicate a sense of humor in his *horae subsicivae*. It flavored, indeed, all his familiar talk, unless he were discussing some question to which humor was of necessity foreign, and the playfulness of this great genius with his grandchildren was a lovely thing to see.

Like many other scholarly men, a misprint in his books was to him an annoyance so keen as to seem disproportionate to less delicate and careful craftsmen. I recall with amusement the abysmal groan that Matthew Arnold uttered when I pointed out to him a passage in my favorite "Tristram and Iseult":

> Gazing seaward many an hour,
> From her lonely shore-built tower,
> While the knights are at the war.

The word "knights" was printed "nights"!

"Tut, tut!" cried the great poet-critic, raising both hands (a favorite gesture of his). "This is abominable, abominable!"

I told Tennyson of it soon after.

"Oh, that 's nothing," he said, chuckling (and Tennyson's chuckle was worth going three thousand miles to hear). "You remember the passage in 'The Princess' in which I compare the Lady Ida and her train of maidens, as they trip across the park, to a herd of lightly stepping does? The lines run:

> . . . and as the leader of the herd
> That holds a stately fretwork to the sun,
> And followed up by a hundred airy does.

Well, whether the printer was a cockney or possessed some slight knowledge of natural history, I know not; but in the first (King & Company's) edition 't is printed 'a hundred *hairy* does.'"

His defective eyesight was ever an acute annoyance to him, and added greatly to his innate shyness of meeting strangers and going into society. He constantly referred to it, and once said to me: "It led to rather an amusing incident a few years ago. Hallam and I went with Mr. Gladstone as Sir Donald Currie's guests on a cruise in the *Pembroke Castle* among the Hebrides and thence on to Denmark. While lying in the harbor of Copenhagen we were invited to dine at Fredensborg with the King and Queen of Denmark, and the next day the whole royal party came on board to luncheon. There were the king and queen, 'the princess,'[1] the czar and czarina, and their attendant ladies and gentlemen. After luncheon 'the princess' asked me to read one of my poems, and some one fetched the book. I sat on a sofa in the smoking-room next 'the princess,' and another lady came and sat beside me on the other side. The czar stood up just in front of me. When I finished reading, this lady said something very civil, and I thought she was Andrew Clark's daughter, so I patted her on the shoulder very affectionately, and said, 'My dear girl, that 's very kind of you, very kind.' I heard the czar chuckling mightily to himself, so I looked more nearly at her, and, God bless me! 't was the czarina herself." I fancy that it was the first time that august lady had been patted on the back and called a "dear girl" since she had left the nursery.

But with all his dislike of society, and despite his grim exterior, he was possessed of that genuine spirit of courtesy which can come only from a thoroughly kind heart. I was strolling slowly with him once on the terrace at Aldworth, during one of my earlier visits, when the first gong sounded for dinner.

"I 'm off," I cried, "to get into my clothes."

He detained me a moment, saying kindly: "You must excuse my not dressing for dinner. I never dress for anybody. My old friend Argyll was here last week, and I said to him, 'Argyll, I can't dress for you, for I never dress for any one, and if I made an exception and dressed for a duke, my butler would set me down as a snob.' We must keep well with our butlers, you know," he laughed, as I sped away to change.

[1] Of Wales.

At another time a dog-cart and single groom had been sent to meet me at the station, instead of the carriage with its array of footmen, and he fussed and fumed about it when he found it out, and grumbled at Hallam's explanation that one of the coach-horses had gone lame. Had I been a great nobleman or some famous man, he would n't have "cared tuppence." Much cheap republicanism has been aired in this country about his having accepted a peerage, and I have heard a well-known American, who (as I happen to know) "dearly loves a lord" in his secret heart, declare that he had lost much of his admiration for Tennyson "since he had condescended to take a title." The fact is, as I heard from Tennyson's own lips, that when a peerage was first offered him, he was strongly opposed to accepting it, having thrice before declined a baronetcy, and told Mr. Gladstone that he preferred to remain a simple commoner. But the veteran Prime Minister urged that, as such a signal honor had never before been actually conferred for distinction in literature pure and simple (for Grote had declined the overture, and Macaulay's case was not identical), he owed it to the literary gild to accept this recognition, on the part of the queen and her ministers, of the dignity and worth of letters. When put to him in that light, he felt it his duty to his craft to accept.

When I went down to Aldworth late in August of 1892, on my return from Greece, I at once saw a great change in the dear old man, though he was still cheerful, and when we went every day for our walk, his talk was as full of quips and as entertaining as ever. But his step was feebler, the walks were shorter, the massive brows seemed sunken, and his hearing was noticeably impaired. His dread of meeting strangers was more acute than ever.

The day before I left, Burne-Jones (prince of "good fellows," as he was prince of painters), with his daughter and her husband, Mr. Mackail, whose delightful "Greek Anthology" must be familiar to many of my readers, were to come to luncheon, driving across country from the place they had taken for the summer. They did not turn up at the hour, and after waiting twenty or thirty minutes, we went in to luncheon.

Hallam always kindly placed me next his father at table, but on that day he had suggested that I should give up my usual seat to Burne-Jones, so that the latter might have more direct talk with the poet. We had not been at the table more than ten minutes when the great hall-bell clanged sharply, and we knew that our guests had arrived. They had lost their way, and we heard their laughing voices explaining their adventures to Hallam, who had gone out into the hall to greet them. As I jumped up from my seat next the old poet to go over to the seat first assigned me, he clutched at my sleeve, and said, with rather a pathetic insistence: "Sit still, sit still; why do you want to leave me?" But I shook my head laughingly and darted around the table to the other side.

I can never forget the day I left Aldworth that fateful year—the last time I ever saw him. I was to go up to London in the afternoon, and we had walked before luncheon and had much talk (his most interesting, touching English smugglers in the "Great French War," I remember), and then after luncheon Hallam and I had gone out on the south terrace for a smoke.

After finishing my cigar, I went up into the library to say good-by. He was sitting near the great south windows reading, wearing his black velvet skullcap, the book held close to his face, just as I had so often seen him.

"Well, I 'm off," I said cheerily, "and have come to say good-by."

He took my outstretched hand in both of his,—I remember noticing at the moment what sinewy, carefully kept hands they were, with long, nervous fingers,—and then he said very gently and sadly: "I am a very old man now. You may never see me again, but always come to us here when you come to England. God bless you!"

Such were the last words I heard fall from the lips of Alfred Tennyson, and the gentle old voice still lingers in my ears as a benediction.

"THE ROSE LIGHT LINGERED ON THE HILL."

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE rose light lingered on the hill,
And turned to wine the waters at our feet.
The leaves that prattled by our sides were still.
This day—how sweet!

The sun fell down behind the crest,
Uplifted dark against the western sky,
And it stood brazen-lined, in azure drest.
Within my heart—a cry.

Before her time, the silver moon
Crept shyly, all ashamed, into the light.
A star beyond the hills arose—too soon.
Then spread the Night

Her veil of mist to hide the deeps
That once were warm. Upon our spirits, too,
A silence fell, e'en as the cool air steeps
The grass with dew.

Yesterday! So the ages roll
Unmoved. And yet I yearn that thou shouldst know
How lingers still thy presence in my soul—
An afterglow.

A CALIFORNIA BANDIT.

MY THREE MEETINGS WITH VASQUEZ.

BY THE REV. O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D.,
Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee.

IT was Sunday in Sonora, in the southern mines of California, in the winter of 1853. The camp was so named because of the fact that among the motley crowd that flocked to the rich diggings on Wood's Creek were many Mexicans from the state of Sonora, most of whom were of the very lowest class. The men were gamblers, thieves, and highway robbers; the women were mostly of the kind who consort with such characters. These Mexican Sonorians helped to make Sonora in California a lively place—lively in all manner of wickedness peculiar to a community in which gold-dust was plentiful and good women scarce. The "Long Tom" saloon was the chief resort for gambling, drinking, and kindred vices. Two squares above it was the "Tigre," a fandango-house in which homicides were so frequent that had a week passed without a shooting or stabbing scrape it would have been concluded that Sonora was losing its prestige as a live camp. Other places of like character dotted the town. Every day and night in the week the miners crowded these haunts, and on Sundays they poured in from the hills and gulches until all Sonora was a seething mass of long-bearded, red-shirted men, drinking, gambling, trading, and fighting.

On this particular Sunday the camp was wild with excitement. Felipe, a Mexican desperado, had killed a policeman named Sheldon, a tall, handsome fellow from Pennsylvania who was ready to drink, joke, or shoot with anybody at the shortest notice. Felipe had stabbed the poor fellow to the heart without a word of warning, in payment of a grudge growing out of Sheldon's interference in an affray at the Tigre in which the treacherous Mexican was a party. Had he killed his man in open and fair fight, the offense would easily have been condoned; but the assassination of the jolly, generous, and popular policeman roused the miners to frenzy. Major Solomon, the sheriff, after an exciting chase, had overtaken and captured the assassin near Big Oak Flat on the Tuolumne River, and was bringing him in for the purpose of lodging him in jail to await his trial for the crime. More than a thousand men, many of them drunk or half drunk, met him as he entered the town, and but for the precautions taken by the officer they would have made short work with Felipe. Bareheaded, with a red sash around his waist, casting quick and malignant glances on either side, he was hurried along the middle of the street, guarded by a posse of twenty men with the sheriff at their head. The mob, yelling like demons, pressed close upon them, but no one dared to break through the line.

I had joined the crowd, impelled by curi-

osity and that mysterious impulse that draws men together when they are in any way excited. As I was borne along with the mob, my attention was arrested by a young Mexican who, standing in his shirt-sleeves in the door of the Tigre, as the crowd was sweeping past, muttered through his clenched teeth:

"*Malditas Yankees!*" ("Cursed Yankees!")

I caught his eye as he spoke, and bracing myself against the pressure of the moving mass, stopped to look at him. I had never before seen such power of malign expression in so young a face. He was but a youth, slender but compactly built, and of fairer skin than is common with Mexicans. The whole countenance expressed malevolence, but his eyes were nature's special label of one of her malignest creations. Only in two other human beings have I ever seen such eyes as those that glared upon me from that doorway. One was Wirsen, the snake-charmer, and the other was Seth Kinman, the old California bear-hunter and Indian-fighter. It was the eye of a wild beast, the baleful glitter you have seen in the eyes of snakes, panthers, catamounts, or other creatures of the reptile or feline kind.

"Who is that young Mexican?" I inquired of Drury Bond, a miner from Dragoon Gulch, as he was brushing past me.

"That is young Tiburcio Vasquez, the cunningest, sauciest little devil you ever saw. He would as soon put a dirk into you as to pare an apple. He is the chap who stabbed big John Davis for rudeness to his sister when he was drunk at the Tigre, one night last winter."

The scowl upon the young desperado's face deepened as the sheriff rode past at the head of his posse.

"Curse him! He shall have a taste of Mexican lead or steel yet!" he ejaculated fiercely.

It was perhaps well for him that this threat was not heard by any one but myself. Burning for vengeance, and inflamed by whisky, that mob was in no humor to be trifled with. The sheriff, a brave and capable man whose service in the Mexican War had won for him his title of major, had incurred the hatred of the lawless element in the mines by unwonted sagacity and energy in dealing with the offenders who had defied or eluded his predecessors. He was a quiet, low-voiced man of easy and even elegant manners, whose coolness, tact, and desperate courage had proved equal to every emergency, and who had made several hair-breadth escapes from death at the hands of these fellows.

I had met the young sister of Vasquez, Anita by name, in the little school that had been opened by my wife in the camp. The pupils were of many nationalities and shades of complexion, but they were molded into delightful unity by the kind, patient, and unselfish little schoolmistress. The Mexican girl was the beauty and pet of the school, having gentle ways, a pretty face, and a voice of remarkable sweetness. At that time social lines were not very rigidly drawn in Sonora, and little Anita was not held responsible for the wild doings at the Tigre. As she grew in stature and beauty, many were the conjectures as to what would be her fate.

Saved from the mob by the coolness and courage of the sheriff, Felipe was tried, convicted, and hanged according to law; but there was no abatement of crime in Sonora and its vicinity. The highwaymen, or "road-agents," as they were facetiously called, became so daring that they actually robbed the banker D. O. Mills within sight of his banking-house in Columbia, a neighboring camp which was a rival of Sonora both in the laxity of its morals and in the richness of its gold diggings.

It was suspected and whispered among the miners that Vasquez, the young Mexican, had a hand in these robberies, and the Tigre was known to be a favorite resort of a number of desperate characters who lived nobody knew how, coming and going mysteriously between sunset and sunrise.

A robbery and murder of peculiar boldness and atrocity at Algerine Camp, a rich mining district a few miles west of Sonora, roused the whole country round about, and the perpetrators were pursued with such spirit that most of the band, including both Americans and Mexicans, were captured. It was discovered that Vasquez was one of the gang, but he managed to escape. The ill-famed dance-house, the Tigre, still kept going, and maintained its evil name, but the sinister face of the precocious young criminal was no more seen in Sonora. Rumor said that he had joined Joaquin Murieta, then at the height of his notoriety as a highwayman. A ranchman affirmed that he had seen him near Knight's Ferry on the Stanislaus River, on the day following a stage robbery near Vallecito. "I know it was Vasquez," he said positively, "for no other human creature ever had two such eyes as his." Murieta's name, at this time, was a terror in Cali-

fornia. Daring, cunning, and merciless, he ravaged a wide territory, defying small parties sent in pursuit of him, and eluding larger ones by flight. It was now well known that Vasquez was his companion and lieutenant, having shown himself an apt scholar in the school of crime. It was also said that since his accession to Murieta's band their robberies had been even more audacious and their murders more cruel than ever before. The cunning brain and relentless hand of a diabolical genius were apparent in his plans and methods.

When Murieta was at last run down and shot on Kern River, Vasquez took his place as chief. Unlike Murieta, who disdained to hunt small game, Vasquez pounced upon all that came within his reach—express messengers, ordinary travelers, and even teamsters. At the least show of resistance or hesitation on the part of his victims he shot them down. It was afterward said that he boasted that he had killed fifty-four persons, from first to last, with his own hand. The sheriffs of several counties made extraordinary efforts to stop the career of the daring and cruel bandit, and more than once they seemed to have him in their power; but trusting to his knowledge of the country and the speed and bottom of his powerful, clean-limbed pinto horse, he was always able to get away. To Major Solomon he sent saucy messages of defiance and threats of vengeance. Once, in the wind-swept gap called Patterson's Pass in the Coast Range, when in flight after one of his raids, in which he had been closely pushed by the doughty sheriff, he said to the old man who lived there: "Tell Solomon that when we meet he shall die the death of a coyote!"

Not long after these events I was invited to be present at a notable wedding at the delightful country-seat of Mr. Charles S. Fairfax in Marin County. The Fairfax villa was situated on the landward side of Mount Tamalpais, that lifts its rocky height some thousands of feet above the sea-line, stretching northward parallel with the Golden Gate. Here was dispensed a hospitality refined by the presence of his cultured and queenly wife, yet democratic enough to include many sorts of people—traveling celebrities, politicians great and small, tourists, hunters, artists, and now and then an author. The impending wedding had been announced in the San Francisco newspapers, the bridegroom being a well-known citizen of princely fortune and generous nature, the bride a blooming young widow who had been quite a belle among the upper circles of the city. Among the invited guests was a live English lord—the name now escapes me—who, learning that Fairfax was of the old Virginia family of that name, descended from the Lord Fairfax who was a notable figure in the early history of the colony, had shown more interest in him than in any other person he had met in California. The noble Englishman had presented Fairfax with a magnificent blooded horse which was the admiration of many professional and non-professional horse-fanciers, to which latter class I belonged. Another guest was Major Solomon, who had removed to San Francisco on his appointment to the office of United States marshal.

It was a gay wedding, with all that wealth and wit and beauty could impart to give zest to the occasion. The next morning a riding-party was proposed, and knowing my weakness for a fine horse, Fairfax said to me:

"Would you like to take a gallop on the back of the big bay you so much admired yesterday?"

"Just the thing! Bring him out."

The splendid animal was soon brought out, and as I sprang into the saddle I felt the thrill that always comes back to a country-bred boy when he feels under him the spring of a spirited steed.

It was an April morning of perfect loveliness. The fogs sweeping in from the ocean, rising to the bare, bleak summit of Tamalpais and enveloping its sharp cones, rested there, never sinking to the valley below—thus giving to the locality a climate having all the tonic qualities of the cool salt sea-air without its dampness and chill. The beautiful blooded bay and his rider were agreed at once: he wanted to go, and I was willing. Taking at first a road that wound along parallel with the mountain-range, we dashed ahead at a gait that soon left the rest of the party behind. The horse was hard-mouthed as well as long-winded, and I made no effort to check him until I came to a point where the road, crossing a little creek, made a sharp turn to the right, leading toward the middle of the valley. Yielding to the impulse of the moment as I cast my eye along the slopes to my left, that rose one above another until they met the rocky bluffs that marked the point where the timber-line ended and the scrub and scanty mountain growth began, I reined my horse in that direction, and began the ascent in a diagonal line, at every step more keenly feeling the

exhilaration of the air and more exquisitely enjoying the scenery as the altitude increased and the view widened. The steepness of the ascent caused me to rein in the bay, though he seemed to be as fresh as he was at the start. I was just passing a point where there was a sharp projection of the gray-colored rocky bluff that rose perpendicularly on my left, when my horse gave a snort of alarm, and sprang to the right with a suddenness that came near unseating a rider who had flattered himself that he was no mean horseman. Recovering my seat, I turned to see what was the cause of the horse's fright, and on a narrow ledge that projected from the overhanging mass there stood in full view a California lion. It was a splendid creature, one of the largest of its species, and looked as if it were half minded to pursue the unwelcome intruders upon its haunts. But I had no time to study natural history just then, for my horse was frantic with terror, and was plunging forward madly, crashing through the chaparral, clambering over the rocks, and leaping the gullies that seamed the mountain-side. Taking his own course, the animal was bounding on at this mad pace, when I heard the whistling of bullets close to my head, and the quick reports of firearms, just as three horsemen galloped down toward me. With my full consent, my noble bay flew onward as if he understood the nature of this new peril. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that the three horsemen were in full pursuit. One of them, being better mounted than the other two, kept far in advance of them, and, tremendous as was the pace at which I was going, every time I turned to cast a glance behind, there was my pursuer coming right on. My plan was to cross the creek at some convenient place, and then make for the first settlement to be found in the valley; but the steep, high bank, covered with a thick growth of vines and bushes, made it impossible to do so, and before I was aware of it, my further flight was arrested abruptly, the creek whose course I had followed running directly under the bluff which rose perpendicularly above it. The chase, I saw, was ended, and turning the horse's head, I reined him in and awaited the approach of my pursuer. Being unarmed, I did not think of resistance. I had not long to wait. With his bridle in his left hand and his right grasping a pistol, he came dashing on, slacking his pace as he drew near, and keeping me covered with the weapon.

"Make any movement, and you are a dead man!" he exclaimed, and with a few bounds he was at my side.

There was a mutual surprise. The face was that of Vasquez! The eyes were unmistakable, and it was a pinto horse on which he sat.

"*Tonto de Abril!*" ("April fool!") he said, breaking into a sort of laugh, as he motioned his companions to come forward.

There was no explanation asked or given on either side. I thought it prudent to give no intimation that I recognized the bandit upon whose head a price was set, and he seemed to take the whole affair as a joke. To this day I am doubtful whether this exciting chase after me was a piece of grim humor on his part, or whether he had mistaken me for his old enemy, the former sheriff of Tuolumne County. The fact that I had several times been told that there was a marked resemblance between Major Solomon and myself makes the latter supposition at least probable.

Vasquez rode forward to meet his companions, and after a brief conference with them, he waved his hand to me, saying, "Adios," and galloped away.

The relation of my adventure at Fairfax's excited much interest and some merriment at my expense, and gave a fresh impetus to the efforts of the officers of the law to bring the wily and saucy Vasquez to justice.

It was not long after this that the robber was at last taken. The robbery of a store at Tres Pinos, in Monterey County, the murder of its inmates in broad daylight, and the wanton killing of an Indian lad who had come up just as the robbery was finished, produced an intense excitement. Vasquez was hotly pursued, and overtaken in Los Angeles County, his swift-footed pinto having carried him three hundred miles from the scene of his crime in an almost incredibly short time.

Vasquez was lodged in jail at San Francisco. The newspapers of California were filled with the particulars of his arrest, and the details of his bloody career were narrated in the prevalent sensational style.

In the midst of the general outburst of execration of the wretch I somehow found a sort of pity for him rising in my heart. I have felt something of the same feeling toward a hunted mad dog. When everybody else seems to be arrayed against a fellow-creature, my impulse is to give him at least my compassion. Acting on this feeling, I asked and obtained permission to have an

interview with the robber. The jailer quietly intimated to me that I had better hold the proposed conversation from the outside of his cell, seeming to think that the unarmed desperado was a dangerous room-mate even for a few minutes.

At the call of the officer Vasquez came forward from the farther corner of his cell, where he had been sitting or lying. Though heavily ironed, he moved with a catlike lightness of tread, and as he came more fully into the light I was not sorry that the grating was between us. That he regarded me as an enemy was evident, his whole manner betokening distrust and dislike. His eyes were those of a caged catamount.

"Good morning, señor," I said in a kindly tone.

"Good morning," he dryly replied, eying me keenly and darting quick glances around as if to see whether any other persons were within hearing.

"I have met you before in Sonora," I said.

"No!" he ejaculated fiercely, "I never was in Sonora"—drawing back as he spoke, evidently suspecting that I was seeking in some way to entrap him.

"You need not fear me," I continued; "I am neither a detective nor a lawyer, but simply a fellow-man who is ready to do you a good turn if he can. I lived on the hill above the Tigre in Sonora, and I knew little Anita when she attended the school taught by my wife."

"Poor little Anita!"

He shuffled up to the grating as he spoke the words, and looked wistfully into my face.

"What became of her—little Anita?" I asked after a pause.

He made no answer, but dropped his head upon the window-sill, and I saw that his chest was heaving. When he lifted his head his eyes were wet, and he said to me gently:

"Thank you, señor, but you can do me no good."

He turned away and sought again the farther corner of his cell, and I left him sitting with his face buried in his hands. Thus ended my third and last meeting with Vasquez.

Within a few days he was removed to San José, the county-seat of Santa Clara County, where he was duly tried, convicted, and hanged. Even after his death he was the subject of a current sensation, it being alleged that the jail was haunted by his ghost. The inmates declared that they heard strange and fearful noises in the cell lately occupied by the murderer, and the newspapers made the most they could of the matter.

San José at that time was rife with the excitement of modern spiritualism, and there were not a few who were ready to believe that a spirit that could make such a stir while in the body could manifest its presence and power after it was disembodied. Be that as it may, he never manifested himself to me. I never met him the fourth time.

JAN KUBELIK.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

WITH A PORTRAIT SKETCH BY CECILIA BEAUX.

FOR a year the English-speaking world has rung with the name and fame of Jan Kubelik, a marvelous violin-player, who is keeping bright the lustrous traditions of his native Bohemia and provoking dreams of metempsychosis and the reincarnation of Paganini and other wizards of the bow. He is a mere youth, yet younger in all outward evidences of worldly and emotional experiences than his years betray. A lad of humble origin, like his great countryman Dvořák, but one whose physical characteristics tell of election, selection, ordination, and predestination by nature for the large rôle which he has begun to play in the history of musical virtuososhiip in the twentieth century: a face singularly gentle and sensitive, but always collected and reposeful; a body lithe, supple, shapely as a fabled wood-nymph's; sinewy arms such as a violinist needs must have, for there is much concentrated athleticism in his work; fingers which do not outwardly betray their nervous muscularity, fleet in movement, automatically accurate in action, long and tapering, so that they may dance over the finger-board fleetly, daintily, securely, dividing off the vibrating segments of the strings unerringly, fluttering in the trills with the tremulous rapidity of a locust's song. His bearing on the stage, obviously unstudied, proclaims individuality in every phase. He walks and stands with the upper part of his body pitched forward. He violates one of the fundamental rules of violin technics by disposing the weight of his body between both feet instead of resting it solidly on the left side where the tone is formed, thus leaving the right, whose mission is tone-production, free and flexible. With his right foot advanced, he rocks back and forth under the stimulus of his music instead of swaying sidewise, as is the distressing habit of so many violinists; but the movement is slight and not disturbing to enjoyment.

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As an artist Kubelik embodies the spirit of the age into which he was born. Musically this is not a creative age. It is the age of science, of politics, of commerce. It is shod with iron. The flowers of art do not and cannot spring up in its path. Indescribably brilliant, but hard and cruel, are the sparks which it strikes out in its thunderous progress. It is in all things the period of tremendous technical achievement; and such a period, since the world began and in all the arts, has been contemporary with a period of decay in production. The age of the virtuoso is not that of the creative artist. In music, performance is not exposition

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

Jan Kubelik

26. XII. 1901

merely; it is also creation. The productive act does not stop with the composer as it does with the painter, sculptor, and architect; it is carried over to the interpreter, whose work must be in a lofty sense re-creative if he wishes to lay claim to the proud title of artist. In this aspect of the case Kubelik is disappointing, as most youthful virtuosi are.

He has not yet learned to think maturely, nor been made to feel profoundly. But his is a prodigious capacity for expression. There is nothing that the violin has been asked to say that he cannot bring to utterance in a manner that compels amazed attention. His genius is, as yet, unclarified and unconscious of the whole loftiness of its mission; but it is amazing. It comprehends and masters all technical means. It evokes a tone essentially beautiful and wondrously large. It speaks with a voice like that of the daemon of Socrates, but also like that of the demon that Paganini used to delight in conjuring up. The ease with which he conquers the most appalling difficulties is bewildering, and imbues his music with a fine sense of repose, which, however, departs more and more as the music approaches the simple, soulful song-style. When broad, cantabile moments are reached the immature Oriental sentimentalist comes to the fore. He is young and living in the excitement of a phenomenal success. His violinistic legerdemain has turned the heads of thousands, and he takes somewhat too great delight in the mere vanquishing of difficulties; but the attributes of greatness are always evident in his playing even when the music is paltry. He is imperturbable in his maintenance of tempi and his command of rhythms. His double-stopping is impeccable. No player of recent years has approached his mastery of harmonics. The accord between his bow-arm and left hand is automatically perfect, and his tone a miracle in its fullness and sonority, also in its purity and sensuous loveliness when unforced. In short, he is a wonderful youth, a reincarnation of Paganini rather than any master of the last half-century; and if he shall turn out to be the greatest violinist of the next half-century his severest critics to-day will not be surprised.

THE MELTING OF THE ICE.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

STEALTHILY toiled the dark, warm-breathing Night,
Far up the silent land where Winter lay
Forging unmeasured fetters frosty-white,
Which now the streams did snap and hurl away.
So, down our river, all the genial day,
The ice went drifting to the sea's broad breast:
Drifting, it borrowed morning's rosy ray,
Drifting, at noon in diamond glamour dressed,
And, drifting, changed to gold, beneath the golden west.

DRAWN BY JULES GUERIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

VIEW OF THE MONUMENT TERRACE, LOOKING SOUTHWEST.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF WASHINGTON CITY.

SECOND PAPER.

BY CHARLES MOORE,
Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia.

ALBERT GALLATIN, writing from Washington in 1801, expressed the optimistic opinion that the portion of the Federal City near the President's house might, in a short time, form a town equal in size and population to Lancaster or Annapolis, a prediction based mainly on the proximity of the locality in question to the well-established tobacco port of Georgetown. Mr. Thomas Twining, an English traveler who visited the site of the capital city in 1795, thought that Georgetown must share the advantages of Washington, but be independent of its failure. If Twining and Gallatin could revisit the national capital and stand on one of the antiquated bridges that span Rock Creek, they would look down into the deep ravine and see nearly the same conditions that met their gaze when first their eyes beheld that thread of water twisting between steep banks overgrown with trees. Officially the name of Georgetown is obsolete; but not until that portion of the Rock Creek Valley which lies between the ancient town and the modern city shall have been developed into a parkway will the line of demarcation be obliterated and Georgetown become in fact, as it is now in theory, a part of Washington.

Certain Georgetown families still keep alive traditions of the days before the seat of government was removed to the banks of the Potomac; and upon proper introduction one may be permitted to gaze on priceless miniatures of the piquant Martha Custis, together with many of the household belongings of the Father of his Country, relics cherished by persons who have the right to refer to those illustrious personages by the titles of intimate relationship. These families have ever held aloof from transitory Washington society as quite beneath consideration on the part of those whose title-deeds run back in direct line to royal grants. On the other hand, in Washington itself, of late years, several social circles

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE MONUMENT AND THE TERRACE AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

VIEW OF THE MALL, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.

DRAWN BY HENRY McCARTER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A SMALL TEMPLE IN THE MONUMENT GARDEN.

have developed quite independently of Presidents, cabinet ministers, and senators. With a few notable exceptions, the great houses of Washington are occupied by those who have no direct connection with the government; and high officials are welcome guests at these houses, not so much because of their position as because they also are in pursuit of social pleasures.

Then, too, Washington has a winter population numbering thousands of persons drawn thither from all parts of the country by the comparative mildness of the climate, and the fact that it is the only city in the country where a man may have an interest in what is going on without being himself actively engaged in any pursuit. The debates in Congress, questions of foreign and domestic policy and the like, furnish subjects for conversation at the round of official receptions which occupy the first four afternoons of each week, and which any respectable person is privileged to attend; so that the sojourner at the capital is sure to make acquaintances at the homes of the representatives of his State, and speedily one's social circle may be enlarged as inclination and length of purse may dictate. Also, there are the retired army and navy officers who regard Washington as the home of their declining years; and the scientific people, a greater body numerically than is to be found in any

other city, at least in this country; and the thousands whom public business or pleasure calls to the capital for a few days or weeks at a time. So that Washington has become the representative American city; and any improvements which Congress may undertake in the District of Columbia will be made not alone for the benefit of the comparatively few permanent residents, but for the much greater number of American citizens who have a just pride in seeing that the capital of the United States is made worthy of the advancing power and taste of the people.

Primarily, however, the District of Columbia was created for the seat of government of the United States. The city of Washington, its public buildings, its parks and driveways, its great library, even its municipal government, all are maintained to serve the purposes of the national legislature and of those portions of the executive and judicial branches of the government which must be located at the capital.

Of late a theory has been put forth that the federal government simply finds a local habitation in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, and that there is a reciprocal relation between the government on the one hand and the municipality on the other. This view has support neither in the Constitution nor in history. Indeed, the capital was removed from New York and Philadelphia for the very purpose of giving to Congress exclusive jurisdiction over any territory which might be selected as the seat of government; and neither Washington nor Jefferson, L'Enfant nor Ellicott, ever had even a suspicion that they were not planning a city which in all its features

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE, LOOKING NORTH.

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AS SEEN FROM THE MALL.

should be the expression of the stability, the dignity, the taste, and the wealth of the government of the people of the United States. So that while the District of Columbia may offer attractions to private citizens, or opportunities to business and professional men, the District is, first of all, the abiding-place of the highest representatives of the people, and its development should be prosecuted in accordance with this fact.

The work of improvement is by no means a new enterprise. For years Congress has been laying the foundations. Those very necessary measures of civic housekeeping, a perfect sewer system and an adequate supply of pure water, are rapidly nearing completion; and lands have been either purchased or reclaimed for all the larger parks, so that what now remains to be done is to develop areas already possessed, and to make suitable connections among them. The city that L'Enfant planned has outgrown its boundaries, and now the task is to extend to the entire District of Columbia as comprehensive and as well-considered treatment as he gave to the forests and plains with which he was called to deal.

In a former paper the Senate Park Commission's scheme for the treatment of the Mall and the Monument grounds so as to restore the axial relations planned by L'Enfant was outlined. Leading from the Lincoln memorial site, at the western end of the Monument grounds, the improvement plans contemplate a roadway skirting the Potomac and carried on a higher level than the wharves, so that one may look down on the busy and interesting scene of commercial activity. On reaching Rock Creek, the driveway turns up the valley and skirts the stream, while the street-cars and the general traffic continue to be carried on bridges spanning the narrow ravine, and the great thoroughfares of Massachusetts and Connecticut avenues cross the valley on stone viaducts already in process of construction. Two miles of parkway bring one to the Zoölogical Park, a well-developed tract of one hundred and seventy acres, where the Smithsonian Institution aims to preserve specimens of those animals which advancing civilization threatens with destruction. Adjoining the Zoölogical Park is the Rock Creek Park, throughout the length of which a single road winds along one bank of the stream to the boundary of the District. Across the park run a few country roads; and on its wooded knolls stand a few ancient stone houses, among them the Klingle place, one of the owners of which, on his wedding-night, returned to town on an errand, and, within sight of the lights and hearing of the voices of the merrymakers, was drowned in the torrent into which a sudden storm had turned the creek. Tumbling over boulders, darting around corners, spreading itself over shallows, Rock Creek is a picturesque stream; and no matter how thickly populated the District may become, Congress has provided for isolation and quiet within the long, cool valley.

The region between Rock Creek and the northwestern line of the District has so many natural beauties that the Commission found difficulty in restraining their desires to acquire a very considerable portion of it for park purposes. Washington, following the rule with cities, is growing most rapidly toward the northwest; and already the pick and shovel of the real-estate speculator are at work tearing down wooded hills to fill picturesque valleys, after a fashion that called forth the vehement protest of Cicero against those who, in his day, were making monotonous the surroundings of Rome.

A permanent system of highways, approved by Congress, regulates the subdivision of lands in the District, and the engineers have paid more or less attention to topography in their plans for this section; but for the most part the only possible recourse is immediately to acquire those ravines and heights which will afford the most desirable park connections, and leave to government or other public institutions and to seekers for villa sites the preservation of a few from among the multitude of natural beauties.

Already the ample grounds of the long-established Georgetown University command the Potomac and the Virginia hills; and farther to the north gleam the white buildings of the Naval Observatory, standing in a circle encompassed by Massachusetts Avenue. The observatory, one of the most satisfactory of Richard M. Hunt's creations, can be seen for miles across the District, affording a fine example to be followed in future building. The newly established Bureau of Standards (by means of which the United States purposes to create a set of standards that will make the manufacturers of this country independent of Germany and England) has acquired a fine site in the northwest section, where are also located the Episcopal Cathedral Foundation, which includes the Phœbe A. Hearst School for girls; and the American University, for which the Methodists have already gathered several millions of dollars.

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amid whistling bullets and screeching shells, was Abraham Lincoln. When a surgeon standing by the President's side was wounded by a Minié ball, General Wright ordered Lincoln down. The President reluctantly obeyed the order; but nevertheless he would persist in climbing up again and again to have a look at a real battle.

Along the eastern side of Rock Creek Park extends Sixteenth street, running in a mathematically straight line from the White House to the District boundary. Where the street surmounts the hill, a mile and a half from the President's house, is a superb site for a great memorial arch or column, whence the beholder may command the entire panorama of the city, dominated by the graceful dome of the Capitol and the serene shaft of the Monument, and having for a background the long silver band of the river and the purple hills of Virginia. The beauty of the scene is marred to a degree by the restless roof of the State, War, and Navy Building, and by the impertinent tower of the city post-office, as insistent as a spoiled child, both architectural warnings for future guidance.

Near the northern boundary of the Zoölogical Park, the Piney Branch falls into Rock Creek; and not only is the wild valley of the tiny tributary highly picturesque, but also in its westerly course it cuts across both the great thoroughfares of Sixteenth and Fourteenth streets, and thus it is fitted by nature to form in part the parkway to the Soldiers' Home. Where Piney Branch Valley rises to the level of the plain is a tract of thirty acres recently purchased as the site for a group of municipal hospital buildings; and by a suitable arrangement these proposed structures may be brought into reciprocal relations with the new building to be erected at the Soldiers' Home, so that by widening the connecting avenue a fine parkway may be completed between the parks on the axis of the White House and those on the axis of the Capitol.

The grounds of the Soldiers' Home, now five hundred acres in extent, are highly developed in an informal manner, with borders of forest and great central meadows, through which flows a small stream that forms ponds and miniature cascades. The white stone buildings on higher land at the northern end of the grounds command an extensive view of the city. For years the Soldiers' Home was the only driving-park in the District, as it is now the only one of any considerable extent. The original purchase was made in 1853, with the proceeds of the indemnity that General Scott exacted from Mexico for the benefit of the soldiers of the United States army. During the Civil War Lincoln often used the quarters of one of the officers as a refuge from the cares and worries of the White House, and on hot summer evenings he found strength in the cool of the hills and serenity in the wide prospect. To-day the grounds are the favorite drive alike of Washingtonians and of visitors, while the blue-coated soldier inmates of the home willingly share with the black-gowned students of the neighboring Catholic University of America the enjoyment of well-shaded walks and wide stretches of meadow.

From the Soldiers' Home westward the parkway extends to the high wooded hill adjoining the extensive grounds of the Columbia Institution, a national college for the higher education of the deaf and dumb; thence it continues until it strikes the Anacostia or Eastern Branch of the Potomac, including in its course one or two tree-topped elevations that should be acquired for breathing-spaces, in anticipation of the not distant day when the growth of population will lead to the occupation of the entire District.

There was a time when the town of Bladensburg, at the head of navigation on the Anacostia, disputed with Georgetown and Baltimore for preëminence as a shipping-port of tobacco. In 1755 a portion of Braddock's army was quartered on its people, and from thence marched to death on the banks of the Monongahela. There, too, was the famous dueling-ground which claimed Commodore Decatur among its victims. And in Bladensburg streets was fought a disastrous battle of the War of 1812, after which the British marched unopposed to burn the Capitol and the President's house. For General Ross, who committed the vandalism of destroying the public buildings of a nation, a place in Westminster Abbey was prepared, and his family were permitted to add to their titles that of Ross of Bladensburg.

It is many decades since the meanest wood-scow went up with the tide to the wharves of Bladensburg; and of late years the sewage-polluted flats of the Anacostia have been a menace to the health of the people of Washington, seriously retarding the growth of a large portion of the District. Subjected to the miasmal emanations from these vast stretches of tide-washed mud are more than two thousand insane

persons confined at St. Elizabeth's, besides the prisoners in the jail and the workhouse, the poor in the almshouse, the sick in the city hospital, hundreds of workers in the great gun-shops at the navy-yard, and the marines in barracks—a striking example of the cruelty of governmental neglect.

The new plans contemplate dredging these flats to create within the area a water park with encircling driveways and wooded islands. Some six hundred acres will thus be changed into a place for boating and swimming in summer and skating in winter; and, as a result, sports now indulged in but sparingly for lack of opportunity will be encouraged. In recent years the object seems to have been to push the river away from the city, and to deny to the people most enjoyable forms of recreation. A change in this particular cannot come too soon; and those who are familiar with the large use that Londoners make of the narrow Thames will appreciate how welcome to the people of Washington must be any line of improvement that shall utilize the lavish pleasure resources of the Potomac.

Where the Anacostia unites with the Potomac are the old arsenal-grounds, long occupied as an artillery post, but recently set apart by the Secretary of War for the higher instruction of the officers of the corps of engineers. Within the next few years it is proposed to rebuild the post and to add a war college, where the officers of the United States army shall receive the highest possible training in all subjects pertaining to their profession. When this work is completed the place will become a great military park, with ample parade-grounds flanked by tasteful quarters for the officers, barracks for the enlisted men of the engineer corps, and halls of instruction, the whole surrounded by a riverside drive connected with the boulevard coming from Anacostia Park.

Directly opposite the arsenal-grounds a long, low island separates the Washington channel of the Potomac from the main or Georgetown channel. The engineers have created this island out of the shoals and bars on the river-bottom, and have planted willows along the water's edge. Although the work of sucking up river-sand to enlarge the reclaimed area is still in progress, all that is necessary to turn the island into a most attractive park is a dike to keep back possible floods, a roadway on the raised land, and informal planting of the rich alluvial lands of the central space. The almost immediate effect of such treatment will be a pleasure-ground that will rival in beauty and availability the famous Margarethen Island at Budapest.

By a recent decision of the Supreme Court the title to the wharf property of Washington has been decided to be in the United States as the riparian owner; and when the courts shall have determined the value of the improvements thereon, the District will enter into possession of the property. This will afford an opportunity to rebuild the wharves as permanent structures of stone, with a terraced roadway carried on masonry arches to form the connecting parkway between the proposed war college and the Monument grounds, thus completing the inner circle of park connections, and forming a continuous drive around the city.

No park system for the District of Columbia would be complete that did not include ample driveways up the Potomac, not only to the District boundary, but even to the Great Falls, sixteen miles above the city, whence comes the water-supply. A well-constructed roadway covers the conduit through which the water for the city flows; and in one place, where a deep ravine is crossed, a stone arch with a span equal to the height of Bunker Hill Monument has been constructed—the longest single span as yet built of masonry. The river for miles is narrowed between high wooded banks, whose sky-lines are as wild as they were when Captain John Smith gazed upon them. To add to the picturesqueness, a half-used canal creeps along the river's edge, its frequent locks, with the whitewashed buildings for the keepers, giving a quaint flavor to the prospect. Down the Potomac, on the Virginia side, it has been proposed to build a roadway to Mount Vernon, and in time doubtless this project also will be carried out. The plans already laid out, however, will provide work enough to employ the attention of Congress for many years to come.

The expense of almost all the improvements mentioned in this paper will be borne by the District of Columbia, and the money will be appropriated according to the Organic Act of 1878 providing a permanent form of government for the District. That is to say, one half of the amounts appropriated by Congress will be paid from the revenues of the District, which are raised by the taxation of the real and personal property (including franchises) within the District, and the other half will be paid from the Treasury

of the United States, such division having been found to be the most equitable method of providing for the expenses of the seat of government. Moreover, the projects are so arranged that the appropriations for them can be made from year to year, as the District finances may warrant and as population increases; and the increase in land valuations consequent on the improvements should provide for the additional expense by larger revenues from taxation.

There is no question that the moneys appropriated will be expended honestly and efficiently, because it is beyond question that the government of the District of Columbia is conducted with entire honesty, with a very high degree of intelligence, and without political partizanship. This result is not reached, as most writers on the subject have assumed, because of the denial of suffrage to the citizens of the District, thus making a paradox in a republican government. The true explanation is to be found in the fact that under the express provisions of the Constitution the nation's capital is governed by the citizens of the United States, who choose its aldermen and the members of its legislature when they elect senators and representatives; and that Congress deals with the District of Columbia in an enlightened spirit, and with an understanding that comes of familiarity with large affairs.

SHADOWS OF WINGS.

BY WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

SOMETIMES in spring, above the wave or grass,
We start to see a sudden shadow pass,

And with quick-lifted eye behold afar,
As though arrived that moment from a star,

Dark forms half lost in space, that seem to be
God's spies sent hither from infinity.

We pause and watch them—wild birds flying o'er,
Northward to Hudson Bay or Labrador.

Thus o'er the spirit's lens there sometimes pass,
Seen or half seen like shadows in a glass,

Glimpses of wild free wings that lightly fan
The upper regions of the soul of man.

With quickened breath and eager, lifted face
We watch their passage, see them fade in space.

They fade, yet leave behind some sense obscure
Of that high atmosphere serene and pure,

And great winds blowing from earth's impact free—
Some hint of God and of eternity.

(BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.)

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

XIII.

NEXT day, as Damier waited near the Porte Dauphine for Claire, he could reflect on his really parental situation, but feeling more the irritation than the humor of it. After all, where was his authority for this meddling? Why should they submit to it? and why, as a result, should he submit to the hearing of Claire's coming self-justification? He could spare Mme. Vicaud nothing by it, since she knew all that there was to know—and since it was better that she should know it. He had written to her the night before, on reaching his hotel, and told her of the talk with M. Daunay and of the impression it had made upon him. He wondered if she had, meanwhile, had an equally appeasing talk with Claire.

This young woman appeared quite punctually, walking at a leisurely pace along the sanded path, where the full summer foliage cast flickering purple shadows. Claire was all in white, white that fluttered about her as she walked; her hat, tilted over her eyes, had white wings—like a Valkyrie's summer helmet; her white parasol made a shadowed halo behind her head. As she approached him she looked at him steadily, with something whimsical, quizzical in her gaze, and her first words showed no wish to beat about the bush.

"You talked to him last night? I talked a little to mama, or rather she talked to me. I soon satisfied her that I did n't feel for him, *pas grand comme ça d'amour*." Claire indicated the smallness she negatived by a quarter of an inch of finger-tip. "And I think I can soon satisfy you, too," she added. "He told you everything?"

"Everything."

"And you are terribly shocked that an unmarried young woman should take money from a married man who is in love with her? Must I assure you that our relations are absolutely innocent?"

In his stupefaction, Damier could hardly have said whether her first statement or the coolness of her second remark—its forestalling of a suspicion she took for granted in him—were the more striking. Both statement and remark revealed her character in a light more lurid than even he had been prepared for. He was really unable to do more than stare at her. Claire evidently misinterpreted the stare yet more outrageously. She had the grace to flush faintly, though her eyes were still half ironic, half defiant.

"I do so assure you."

"I did not need the assurance." Damier found his voice, but it was hoarse.

Claire, in a little pause, looked her consciousness of having struck a very false note.

"And now no assurance would convince you that I am not very low-minded and vulgar. Well, I am, I suppose. *Que voulez-vous?* Only don't be too much shocked by my frankness; don't be prudish. A man may be propriety itself, but he may not be prudish. Remember that I am twenty-seven, that I know my world (though how I have been able to get my knowledge with such a dexterously shuffling and shielding mama, I don't know), and that I think it merely silly to pretend that I don't know it before a man with whom I am as intimate as I am with you. Of course, on the face of it, to accept money from a married man who is in love with one does suggest a situation usually described as immoral."

Damier was feeling choked, feeling, too, that he almost hated Claire, as she walked beside him, slowly and lightly, opulently lovely, the flush of anger—it was more anger than shame—still on her cheek.

"I must tell you," he said, in a voice steeled to a terrible courtesy, "that it is you alone who inform me of your indebtedness to M. Daunay's kindness. He, I now see, did not tell me everything."

"What did he tell you, then?" she asked, stopping short in the path and fixing her

eyes upon him, in her voice a rough, almost a plebeian, note.

"That he adored you, and that he could be trusted."

"Well, he can be!" She broke into a hard laugh. "*Le cher bon Daunay!* I thought that of course he would paint a piteous picture of his woes. And now you are furious with me because I supposed that, as a man of the world, you might unfairly, yet naturally, imagine more than he told you."

Damier made no reply.

"You are furious, are you not?"

"I am disgusted, but not for that reason only."

"You think I am in love with him!" She stopped again in the narrow path. "I swear to you that I am not!" He would have interrupted her, but her volubility swept past his attempt. "If he had been free I would have married him—I own it; at one time, at least, I would have married him. I am French in my freedom from sentimental complications on that subject. I could have found no other man in this country willing to marry a dotless girl. I should have preferred, of course, a *mariage d'amour;* but, given my circumstances, could I have found anything more desirable than a kind, generous, and adoring friend like M. Daunay?"

"I should say certainly not,"—Damier waited with a cold patience until she had finished,—"but again you have misinterpreted me; I am disgusted not because you love M. Daunay, but because you do not love him."

At this, after a stare, Claire gave a loud laugh.

"Ah!—*c'est trop fort!* You can't make me believe that you want me to love him."

"I don't want you to love him; but I say that the circumstances would be more to your credit if you did."

Her face now showed a mingled relief and perplexity.

"Ah, it is the money, then—that I should accept it!"

"Can I make no appeal to you for your mother's sake—for the sake of your own dignity?"

"I can take care of my own dignity, Mr. Damier." The relief was showing in her quieter voice, her fading flush. "I see how angry you are—and only because I have not pretended with you. Let me explain. I never pretend with you: I can only explain. I must begin at the beginning to do it; and the beginning and the end is our poverty. Mama had a pittance left to her, a year or so after my father's death, by some relations, and that, since then, has been our only *pied-à-terre*. She would never accept the allowance, quite a generous one, too, that her family wished to make her. I don't want to blame her; I know how you feel about her; I appreciate it. But it was, I must say it, very selfish of her; she should have thought more of me—the luckless result of her mésalliance—and less of her own pride. I really hardly know how she brought me up: though, I own, she gave me a good education; I was always at school during my father's life—she avoided *that* soil for me, you may be sure! I give her credit for all that; she must have worked hard to do it. But she owed me all she could get for me, and, I must say, she did not pay the debt." Claire had been looking before her as she talked, but now she looked at Damier, and something implacable, coldly enduring, in his eye warned her that her present line of exculpation was not serving her. "Don't imagine, now, that I am complaining—ungrateful," she said a little petulantly. "I know—as well as you do—what a good mother she has been to me. I only want to show you that she is not altogether blameless—that she is responsible, in more ways than one, for me—for what I am. Let it pass, though. When I came home, a young girl, full of life and eager for enjoyment, what did I find? Poverty, labor, obscurity. It was an ugly, a meager existence she had prepared for me, and, absolutely, with a certain pride in it! She expected me to enjoy work, shabby clothes, grave pursuits, as much as she did, or, at all events, not to mind them. Plain living, high thinking—that was her idea of happiness for me!" Insensibly the ironic note had grown again in her voice. "I remember, too, at first, her taking me to see poor people in horrid places—expecting me to talk to them, sing to them; I soon put a stop to that. At her age, with a ruined life, it is natural that one should wish to devote one's self to *bonnes-œuvres;* but for me, *ah, par exemple!*" Claire gave a coarse laugh. "I had not quite come to that! She gave me the best she had—all she had, you will say; I own it: but not all she might have had. And then she need not have expected me to enjoy—should not have been aggrieved, wounded, because I only endured. Again,—I am not unjust,—it was not all high thinking; she had her schemes for my amusement—*d'une simplicité!* Really, for such a clever woman, mama can be dull! And the people we knew! We had a right

—you know it—to *le vrai grand monde*. You know it, and you are trying, now, to help me to it. But mama did not try. With a little management she might have regained her place in it; but no—her pride again! She seemed to think that *she* was *le grand monde*, and that I ought to be satisfied with that! And now, with all this, you think it strange —*disgusting*—that when I saw that Daunay—*le pauvre!*—was in love with me I should ask him to continue to the daughter the aid that he had extended to the father! There again, for a clever woman, mama is dull—though her dullness has been to my advantage. She can make money, she can avoid spending it, but she has little conception of its value; she does the housekeeping, and, after that, she leaves the management of our resources to me. She is funnily gullible about the price of my clothes; the lessons I give would hardly keep me in shoes and stockings—as I understand shoes and stockings!" Claire laughed. "This dress that I have on—mama imagines it is made by a little dressmaker whom I am clever enough to guide with my taste. I take out the name on the waist-band and she is none the wiser. This dress is a Doucet." There was now quite a blithe complacency in Claire's voice. "And I have always considered myself amply excusable," she went on, "in accepting the small pleasures that life offered me. Of course it has really not been much that I have been able to accept—though he would willingly—and he is not rich—give more. Jewels, for instance, I have never dared attempt—nor even many dresses; that would have been incautious. For mama, of course, must never know; she would be inexpressibly shocked. I can see her face!"

So could Damier. He was conscious of almost a wish to be brutal to Claire, physically brutal—to strike her to the dust where she dragged the image of his well beloved; but, after a moment, he said in a voice quiet enough: "You must tell her now; you must tell her everything."

Claire stopped short in the path. "Tell her!"

"You must, indeed." The full rigor of his eyes met the astonishment of hers.

"Never!" said Claire, and in French, as if for a more personal and intimate emphasis, she repeated: "*Jamais!*"

"I will, then; it is an outrage not to tell her."

Their eyes measured each other's resolution.

"If you do," said Claire, "shall I tell you with what I retaliate? I will run away with M. Daunay. Yes; I speak seriously. I would prefer not to be pushed to that extremity, but I sometimes think that I am getting a little tired of respectability *au quatrième*. It is n't good enough, as you English say; I get no interest on my investment. To tell her! Now, of all times, when I so need the money, when the small gaieties and pleasures you have brought into my life depend on my having it, making an appearance! She would not let me take it. She would be glacial—and firm. Oh, I have had scenes with her! I could not stand any more."

For once Claire was fully vehement, her cheeks flaming, her eyes at once threatening and appealing. He could hardly believe her serious, and yet she silenced him—indeed, she terrified him. Claire read the terror in his wide eyes and whitening lips. Her look suddenly grew soft, humorous. She slipped her hand inside his arm.

Involuntarily he started from her, then, repenting, for even while he so loathed her he had never found her so piteous, "I beg your pardon—but you horrify me too much."

"Come, come," she said, and, unresentfully, though with some determination, she secured his arm, "don't take me *au pied de la lettre*. I am not really in earnest; you know that; I had to use a threat—had to frighten you. Come." That she had been able so thoroughly to frighten him seemed to have restored in her her old air of complacent mastery. "You are wide-minded, clever, kind. Don't misjudge me. Don't push me to the wall. Don't apply impossible standards to me. See me as I am. By nature, by temperament, I am simply a bohemian. It is n't my fault if my mother happens to be a saint, and a horribly well-bred saint; it really is n't my fault if she has handed on to me neither of those qualities. I am perfectly frank with you. From the first I felt that I could be frank with you; I felt that you understood me; don't tell me now that I was mistaken."

"I do understand you," said Damier, "but you horrify me none the less."

"I horrify you because I am a creature thwarted, distorted; nothing is more ugly or repulsive—but if I had had a chance!"

"What would a chance have done for you? You have had every chance to be noble and loving and happy—yes, happy."

"But not in my own way!—not in my own way!" she cried, and now she clasped both hands on his arm and leaned against his shoulder as she looked into his face. "I needed power and wealth—all the real foun-

dations of happiness and nobility. Then—ah, then I should have blossomed. Or else, failing them, I needed liberty and joy—the life of a bohemian. I have had neither the one nor the other, and if I seem almost wicked to you it is because of that; for, to me, wickedness means going against one's nature. I have always been forced to go against mine; I have never had a chance."

Damier gave a mirthless laugh. "On the contrary, to me wickedness means going with one's nature."

"Ah, there we differ; and yet we understand."

Again he had that feeling of perplexity and irritation. Her eyes, the clasp of her hands upon his arm, irked and troubled him, and without, now, any sense of glamour in the trouble and irritation. She seemed to make too great a claim upon his understanding, and to rely too much upon some conviction of her own charm that could dare any frankness just because it was so sure of triumph. He felt that at the moment he did not understand her; he felt, too, that he did not want to—that he was tired of understanding her.

"You are an unhappy creature, Claire," he said. They were nearing the Porte Dauphine, and while he spoke with a full yet distant gravity, Damier looked about for a fiacre. "An unhappy creature with an unawakened soul."

"Will you try to wake it, the poor thing?" asked Claire. She still held his arm, though he had tried to disengage it, and though she spoke softly, there was a vague hardness in her eyes, as though she felt the new hardness in him, though as yet not quite interpreting its finality.

"I should n't know how to: I am helpless before it. It should be made to suffer," he said. A cab had answered his summons, and he handed her into it. "No, I cannot go home with you," he said. "Are you going home?"

"I am going to lunch with old Mlle. Daunay, and see M. Daunay there. I had no chance to speak to him last night." Claire, sitting straightly in the open cab, had an expression of perplexity and of growing resentment on her face; but as he merely bowed and was about to turn away, she started forward and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you going to make it suffer?" she asked. He looked into her eyes. He did not understand her, but he saw in them a demand at once alluring and threatening. His one instinct was to deny strongly whatever she demanded, though he did not know what that was.

"I have no mission toward your soul, Claire," he said. For another moment the eyes that threatened and allured dwelt on his; then, calling out the address to the cabman, she was driven away.

XIV.

ON Damier's return to his hotel early in the afternoon, he found a note from Mme. Vicaud awaiting him. "M. Daunay has just been here," it said, "and destiny has strangely brought this matter to a crisis. His wife is dead, and he has asked me for Claire's hand, feeling that his false position toward me demanded an immediate reparation. He hopes and believes that she loves him; but this, as both you and I must know, is impossible. I am saddened and confused by the whole situation. I do not blame them, but to me it is all displeasing, even shocking—this haste to profit by the wife's opportune death most of all. Will you come and see me? Claire is lunching at his cousin's, and he will find her there. I told him to speak to her himself, as I felt that to act the maternal part of intermediary between them would now be mere formalism and affectation; so I am alone. You will want to speak to me, I know."

Damier, as he drove to the Rue B——, speculated on the rather mystifying significance of the last sentence. He always wanted to speak to her: that she must know; but why now in particular? Since his interview with Claire that morning he had felt almost too shaken by pity for the mother to trust himself with her. He would not be able to help her with counsel and consolation; he would not be able to think of Claire; and at this turning-point in Claire's life it was for that that the mother needed him.

He found her standing in the salon, evidently pausing to meet him, in a restless pacing to and fro. Her eyes dwelt on him gently and very gravely while she took his hand.

"Who could have expected this swift dénouement? But it is best," she said, "and I pitied him very deeply."

"Pitied him—for the past, you mean?" Damier questioned.

"Oh, for the future more!"

Damier wondered over her eyes, over the something tremulous in her smile.

"I saw Claire this morning," he said. "We talked over the matter; she wished to see me."

Mme. Vicaud showed no surprise at this piece of information. "Ah, yes; I understand," she said.

"She certainly told me that she did not love him," Damier went on, "and yet—" He paused, not quite knowing how to put to her his hope that Claire now would reconsider the situation, his hope that she would marry M. Daunay.

It would be the solution of all difficulties, the best solution possible, and the situation could then be defined anew in terms that he more and more deeply longed for. He hardly dared, even yet, before her unconsciousness, define it, and turning away from her, he walked down the room, urging himself to a courage great enough to enable him now to speak to her what was in his heart. Mme. Vicaud was watching him thoughtfully when he faced her again at the end of the room, and with still that look of controlled emotion.

"I, also, have something to tell you," he said.

"Yes," she assented quietly, yet with the look evidently braced, steeled, in preparation for what she was to hear.

"Can you guess?" he asked.

She was standing now, strangely, in the attitude of the little photograph—leaning on the back of a high chair; and her eyes recalled yet more strangely the intentness of the picture's eyes as she said: "You have come to tell me that you love my daughter?"

He was so deeply astonished, so completely thrown back upon himself, that for a long moment he could only gaze helplessly into the eyes' insolubility.

"No," he said at last; "I did not come to tell you that."

"But you do love her?" Mme. Vicaud inquired, with something of gentle urgency in her voice, as though she helped his shyness. "Be frank with me, my friend; I have guessed so much more, seen so much more, than you told me or showed me. Even with all that saddens you, that pains you, you do love her—enough to overlook the pain and sadness?"

"No," said Damier, still facing her from his distance, "I do not love her. I have never needed to overlook anything."

Plainly it was her turn to be astonished, thrown back upon herself.

"But, from the beginning, has that not been your meaning?"

"You, only, have been my meaning."

He saw that her thought, in its disarray, could not pause upon his interpretation of these words. She had straightened herself, both hands on the chair-back, and her wide gaze, her parted lips, and the vivid wonder and surmise in her face made her look curiously young.

"You have, from the first, been so much with her—seemed to take so much interest in her—seemed so to understand her; she was so open so intimate—"

"She is your daughter."

"But that, I thought, added to the certainty: you must, I thought, love my daughter—"

He was forced to beat a retreat for a moment of disentanglement; and, suddenly, disentanglement seemed to demand a cutting sincerity.

"I don't, in the very least, love Claire; I have never, in the very least, loved her; I have only been sorry for her."

"Sorry for her? Because of her dull, bleak life? Ah, have I not been sorry, too?"

"But I not for that," said Damier, "not for that; but because she made me so sorry for you; because"—and he looked at her—"because you do not love her."

He was still at a distance from her, and across it her look met his in a long silence.

Then a strange, a tragic thing happened to her. He had before seen her flush faintly; but it was now a deep, an agonizing blush that slowly rose and darkened in her face. The revelation of look and blush was long before she leaned her elbows on the chair-back and covered her face with her hands.

"Forgive me!" Damier murmured. He felt as if he had stabbed her. He came to her, and, half kneeling on the chair before her, he longed, but did not dare, to put his arms around her and sweep away this complication, and all the others—ah, the others?—the years and years of them that rolled between them!—in a full and final confession. "Forgive me for seeing—it is not your fault; it is my clear-sightedness—"

She made no reply.

"You try to understand her, but she is alien to you. She tears at every fiber of you. There is nothing in her that does not hurt you," Damier said, hastening to speak all the truth, since the moment inevitably had come for it.

Mme. Vicaud lifted her head.

"I do understand her," she said. She did not look at him. Straightening her shoulders, drawing a long breath, she walked away from him to the window; there, her back to him, she added, the truth seemingly forced

from her as it had been from him, "And I hate her."

Damier remained leaning against the chair. The situation, in its strangeness, dazed him. But looking at her figure, dark against the light, he was able to say: "I even guessed that—almost."

"Yet you do not hate her," she said, after a pause of some moments, speaking without moving or turning her head.

Damier paused too. "I have not your reasons," he said at last.

"Ah, my reasons! Yes." She turned to him now, as though she saw in him an accusing world, and faced it in an attitude of desperate self-justification.

"They began with her father," said Damier.

"I hated him," she said. Her eyes looked through him, fixed on the abyss of the past. "I hated him. He was abhorrent to me. I lived with him for fifteen years—fifteen long, long years. I bore his brutality, his wickedness—I am not the woman to use the word prudishly—I can make allowances—wide ones—for temperament, environment, all the mitigating causes: but my husband's wickedness was unimaginably vile; to see it stained one's thoughts." The memory of it, as she spoke, had chilled her to a drawn and frozen pallor; it was as though the blighting breath of the past went across her face, aging it, emptying it of life.

"I bore the ruin he brought; that was nothing—a spur to love, had love been possible. I bore his serene, inflexible selfishness. The only thing I would not bear"—and she still looked full at Damier, but with the same unseeing largeness of gaze—"was his love. *His* love!" She turned and walked across the room. Damier felt his own flesh shudder as he looked behind the curtain her words lifted, felt his own heart freeze in the aching sympathy of its comprehension. He could not speak to her. It seemed to him that she stood at a great distance from him and would not hear him. Her voice, when she spoke again, had less of its haunting terror, but it still thrilled with a deep and tragic note: "All this, as thousands of women have done, because it was my duty—to help him—to uphold him—to stand by him unflinchingly, and—because he was *her* father. You said that my reasons for hating her began with him. Ah, but he was my reason for loving her so desperately—with such a longing to atone to her for him. I gave her all the love he had crushed out of me. You see his picture there; I have schooled myself, so that she may not feel the smirch of him through my horror, to bear the sight of him, to say to myself every day, 'That is the face I loved.' Oh, what madness!—what madness!" She pressed her hands hard upon her eyes. "Some day, perhaps,—since I tell you everything,—I will tell you that story, too—my love-story. The memory of it is like a block of lead upon my heart." Her hands fell, but the memory made her silent, and for a long moment she stood looking down. "But all was hidden from her: the dread,—that soon passed—I was the stronger, he came to feel it, dread fell from me,—the hate that followed it, and the final, the terrible pity,—for I came to pity him when he hung about my life, helpless, like a torn and dirty rag,—all that was hidden from her. I kept her lifted out of the mud he dragged us down to; she never saw its depths. While he lived, and while he was dying,—and horrible to see and hear,—she was at a school. Those days!" She paused and turned away, and then went on: "It was in the winter. Lessons fell away; there was the school, the doctor, all the expenses of an illness to be met. I went into the streets of nights, a man carrying my harp, and sang for money; I had a voice till then, and I braved more than the snow and the night to do it: I was still beautiful. This that you may see how I loved her, how I struggled for her, how like any mother, though now I seem so hard—so hideously unnatural. Ah, I fought—I cannot tell you, you cannot guess, how I fought for her. And then he died, and then there was for me peace and the blossoming of delicious hope. She and I together, saved from the wreck. It seemed to me that I had battled through waves, past rocks and whirlpools, holding her to my breast, and had reached the shore at last—she alive for me, and I for her. And then—ah, then! The shipwreck, the years of struggle, were crude tragedy to my gradual realizing of the subtle disaster that was to poison my life forever. Year by year I saw it coming—I saw him creeping into her. I saw the grave purpose settle round her lips—the steady greed for self. I saw his smile in her eyes; his eyes were beautiful like hers: when I first looked at them, I thought them full of splendid dreams, noble strength. She was not cruel, or brutal, or vicious, as he had been. She submitted placidly; she submitted, and I hoped for happiness. I could not make her happy or unhappy. I meant nothing to her except the thing that fed and clothed her. She took what I could give, and waited for what I could not give.

She lied only when the truth would not serve her purpose better; so, often, she was frank with me. Her grave laugh maddened me, and her indifferent adapting of herself to me —for expediency, not for love. If only she had become a gentle and beautiful animal, to guard from its own instincts! but she is an animal of such hideous intelligence; she knows when I try to guard her, and evades me. Like him, she is corrupt to the core of her; not—do not misunderstand me—that she would do wrong in a conventional sense —and that it is conventional wrong-doing that I dread she has always pretended to read into my horror of evil, making a plaster saint of me so that she may more easily evade the deeply understanding woman of flesh and blood. Hers is the worse corruption, that calculates chances, chooses and manages. It is there in her, I know, though, in its worst forms, latent still—I think."

Damier, white already, felt himself blanch before the rapid glance, like a sword-stroke across his face, that she cast upon him. She guessed at all his knowledge.

Again she turned away and walked up and down the room.

"Hideous, hideous that I should speak so to you, and to you I hoped, yet dreaded— You will wonder how I could have hoped it; how, knowing this, I should not have warned you. But at first I did not think it possible, though I knew her charm; at first I did not understand you, and, not understanding, I guarded you. And then I saw your generous, your pitiful heart, and I saw that it understood Claire, that perhaps you understood her better than I did. With you she was her best self; she trusted you, it seemed, so utterly. I hoped that yours was the clearer vision, that I was warped, no longer capable of true seeing. Yet, when the friendship that I rejoiced in grew, as I thought, into love, there was a terrible struggle in me. My strong attachment to you—you who had opened the prison gates that shut me into my misery, who brought me out of a loneliness so long, so bitter—ah! my friend, do not think that I have not seen and felt it all; but I could not speak to you as I might have spoken had it not been for that struggle in me between the justice owed to you—yet that you did not seem to need—and the duty to her—not to withhold, for your sake, a possibility that might redeem her. My mind was fixed in that struggle; of our friendship, yours and mine, I could not think clearly. If you had been ignorant, if she had hidden herself from you, I should have sacrificed her unflinchingly to you; I should have interposed and shown her to you. But she showed herself to you. I knew, from my knowledge of you, that she would not attract you as she attracts most men, not nobly. I saw from her looks with you, her words, that she would make no efforts so to attract you. I must say all to you, since you must understand all. Claire does not love you, but you attract what is best in her. She relies, I have guessed it, upon the very pathos of her moral ugliness to enchant you, to arouse in you the chivalrous, redemptive qualities she sees in you. And I grew to hope that you saw something that I could not see. I even began to feel a blind, groping tenderness for her through your fancied tenderness; and as I allowed myself to hope that you loved her, I allowed myself to have faith in the redeeming power of your love."

She stood before him now, looking at him with saddest eyes; and Damier, answering them, shook his head.

"Alas, no. It would have been my story over again, the positions reversed, and you without my illusions, had you loved her, married her; and yet it was because you had no illusions that I hoped."

But Damier could not think of dead hopes.

"What you have suffered!" he said.

"Yes," Mme. Vicaud answered, "I have suffered; but do not, in your kindness, your tenderness, exaggerate. I have suffered, but all has not been black. There have been flowers on the uphill road. I don't believe in a woe that is blind to them, or to the sky overhead."

But she still stood looking at dead hopes, not thinking of him.

"Clara," said Damier.

She was a woman of deep understanding, yet even now,—and hardly was it to be wondered at, so lifted through its very intensity was his love for her above love's ordinary manifestations,—even now her name so gravely spoken by him had no further meaning for her than the one openly, proudly, joyously accepted, the meaning of the strange tie that had united them; but, while she accepted it, his look startled her. It showed nothing new, but seemed to interpret newly something she had not recognized before. Smiling faintly, she said:

"You have a right."

"Not the right I would have." He felt no excitement, only the enraptured solemnity that a soul might feel in some quiet dawn of heaven on finding another soul parted

from years ago on earth—long sought for, long loved.

She said nothing, her dark eyes fixing him with a wonder that was already a recognition.

"I love you," said Damier. He had not moved toward her, nor had she moved away. A little distance separated them, and they stood silently looking at each other.

"You mean—" she said at last.

"I mean in every way in which it is possible for a man to love the woman he worships."

The whirl of her mind mirrored itself in the stricken stupefaction of her wan, beautiful features. She caught at one flashing thought. "And I—her mother! You might have been my son!"

"No; I might not," Damier affirmed.

"By age; I am old enough."

"I know your age; you are forty-seven," said Damier, able to smile at her, "and I am thirty. If you were seventy-seven, the only difference would be that I could have fewer years to spend with you; I should wish to spend them just the same. As it is, your age does not make us ludicrous before the world, if we were to consider that."

At this she turned from him as if in impatience at this quibbling, and her own endurance of it, at such a moment.

"My friend! That this should have happened to you!"

"Can it never happen to you?" he asked.

"I would never allow it to happen to me."

"It would not be to look up at the sky—it would not even be to stoop to a flower?"

"I would not allow myself to look, or to stoop, knowing that after I had looked and gathered, the flower would wither, the sky be black."

He saw, as she gazed steadily round at him, that the gaze was through tears. Clasping his hands with a supplication that was, indeed, more the worshiper's than the lover's, Eustace said:

"But would you—would you stoop?"

"I cannot answer that; I cannot think the answer. Your friendship has led me away from the rocky wastes into the sweetest, the serenest meadows." Though she spoke with complete self-mastery, the tears ran down as she said these words, and she turned her face away. "I should be culpable indeed if I allowed you to lead me aside into a fool's paradise, with a precipice waiting for you in the middle of it. I shall be an old woman while you are still a young man."

"Beloved woman, can you not believe that, young or old, you are the same to me? I have not fallen in love with you—I have found you. When I saw your face in the old picture I knew that it was mine."

"The face of a girl. I was nineteen then."

"Do not juggle with the truth. Your face now is dearer to me than the girl's face. Your heart, I believe, is nearer mine than you know. That struggle in you when you imagined that I loved Claire, was it not, in part, the struggle of a sacrifice? Did you not submit because you thought that the side of self-sacrifice must be the right side?"

Still her face was turned from him, and after a silence she said, "Perhaps."

"And if this were our last moment—if there were no question of age or of going on—then—then would you tell me that you have felt something of my feeling—the finding—the recognition—the rapture—own to it with joy?"

She turned to him now and looked at him, at his eager, solemn face, the supplication and worship of his clasped hands, looked for a long time, without speaking. But her face, though she was so white and so grave, seemed, as she looked, to reflect, with a growing radiance, the youth in his.

"I have felt it," she said at last, "but I have hardly known that I felt it."

"You know now?"

"Yes, I know now."

"You could own to it—with joy?"

"If this were our last moment.—Ah, my friend!" He had taken her into his arms.

The long years drifted away like illusions before an awakening. Her girlhood—but weighted with such dreams of sorrow and loneliness!—seemed with her again. She was helpless, though her heart reproached him and herself, yet could not wholly reproach—helpless in a happiness poignant and exquisite. They kissed each other gently, and, his arms around her, they looked earnestly at each other. Speechlessly they looked the finding, the recognition, the rapture.

The meeting in heaven had come; but there was still the earth to be counted with.

XV.

As they heard the tinkle of the entrance-bell, Claire's voice, her step outside, Mme. Vicaud moved away from Damier. She was seated in a chair near the table, and the young man stood beside her, when Claire entered.

Claire paused in the doorway and looked sullenly, yet hardly suspiciously, at them. She had never worn a mask for Damier, yet

he saw in her flushed and somber face something new to him, saw that she lacked some quality—was it confidence, indifference, placidity?—that he had always found in her. He guessed in a moment that her interview with M. Daunay had not been a propitious one.

"I did not expect to see you so soon again, and under such suddenly changed circumstances," she said to him. "What are you talking about? Me?" She took off her hat,—the day was sultry,—pushed up her thick hair, and dropped her length of ruffled, clinging white into a chair. "So; I have seen M. Daunay. He lost no time, it seems. He asked my hand of you first, I hear, mama, in proper form—*très convenablement.*"

"Yes," Mme. Vicaud assented with composure.

"It seems that you discouraged him."

"I could not encourage him from what you had told me, but from what he told me it seems that you did not discourage him," the mother answered.

"I have never been in a position to discourage any useful possibility," said Claire.

Mme. Vicaud, in silence, and with something of a lion-tamer's calm intentness of eye, looked at her daughter, and Claire, after meeting the look with one frankly hostile, turned her eyes on Damier.

"And it seems that you, last night, did not discourage M. Daunay's hopes; he spoke of you with gratitude. What have you to say to it all now?"

"I have nothing to say to it; it has always been your affair—yours and his."

"You made it yours, it seems to me!"

"Unwillingly."

"Oh—unwillingly!" Claire laughed her ugliest laugh. "I don't understand you, Mr. Damier—I began not to understand you this morning"; and, as he made no reply:

"Your present silence does n't accord with your past interference."

"My silence? What do you expect me to say?" Damier asked, with real wonder, forgetting the mother's intimations.

"Can you deny that—apart from your feelings of angered propriety—you were pitifully jealous last night and this morning? I had to assure you again and again that I did not love him—the truth, as it happens."

This speech now opened such vistas of interpretation to the past—of interrogation to the future—that Damier could only, speechlessly, look his wonder at her.

"Were you not jealous?" she demanded.

"Not in the faintest degree.

Her flush deepened at this, an angry, not an embarrassed flush.

"And what, then, was your motive for prying, meddling, cross-questioning as you did? You had a motive?"

"I have always had an interest in your welfare, Claire, but your mother was my motive for meddling and cross-questioning, as you put it."

"Oh—my mother!" Claire tossed her a look where she sat, her arms folded, near the table. "You were afraid for my honor since hers was involved in it? Was that it?"

"Perhaps that was it—and for the same reason I beg you to spare your mother now."

Claire leaned back in her chair and fixed upon him a heavy stare above her heavy flush. "Come," she said, "I have never had pretenses with you—I have always been frank. Do you intend to marry me? There it is clearly; I have no false delicacy, and, *bon Dieu!* you have given me every right to ask the question."

Mme. Vicaud, soundless at the table, now leaned her elbows upon it and covered her face with her hands. "Come," Claire repeated, casting another look upon her; "for mama's sake, you owe me an answer. Spare her the shame—she feels it bitterly, you observe—of seeing my outrageous uncertainty prolonged. Have n't you spent all your time with me? Have n't you taken upon yourself a position of authority toward me—made my affairs your own? Are n't you going to—how would mama put it?—redeem me—lift me? Or are you going to let my soul suffer a little longer?"

"You could hardly speak so, Claire, if you spoke sincerely," said Damier; "you may once have misinterpreted my friendship for you, but you no longer misinterpret it. I have never intended to marry you. It is you, remember, who force me into this ugly attitude. I could not face you in it, were I not sure that your feeling for me has always been as free from anything amorous as mine for you."

"I don't speak of my feeling for you!" Claire cried in a voice suddenly loud, leaning forward with her elbows on the arms of her chair, "but of yours for me! It is not there now—I see it plainly, and I see plainly why. She—*she*—has been talking to you against me!—telling you about some childish follies in my life!—making you believe that I would not be a fit wife for you! Ah, yes!—I know her!" Claire pointed a shaking finger at her mother. "She would think it her duty to protect you against me—I know her!"

"Be still," said Damier in his voice of steel.

Claire, for a moment, sank back, panting, defiant, but silent before it.

"You are conscious of your own falsehood, but you can scarcely be conscious of how base and vile you are. Your mother, when I came to-day, was hoping that I had come to ask her for your hand; she believed that I loved you, and hoped it."

Claire, in her sullen recoil, still remained sunken and panting in her chair.

"Well, then! And what have you got to say to us both, then, if you gave us both cause for such a supposition? What have you meant by it all?"

"What I meant from the beginning I can best define by telling you that to-day I asked your mother to marry me."

Claire sat speechless and motionless. The words seemed to have arrested thought, and to have nailed her to her chair. Damier looked at Mme. Vicaud. Her hands had dropped from her face, and she met his eyes.

"The truth was allowed me?" he said.

"It is always allowed," she answered.

Her face was so stricken, so ghastly, that Damier, almost forgetting, in his great solicitude, the hateful presence in the room, leaned over her, taking her hand.

"Bear it. It is better to have it all over. And, in a sense, it is my own fault. I should have spoken to you sooner—defined what I meant from the first."

"So," Claire said suddenly. Her smoldering eyes, while they spoke, had gone from one to the other. "So; this is what it all meant! Indeed, I cannot blame myself for not having guessed it. You in love with my mother! Or, shall we not more truthfully say, she in love with you?—the explanation, as a rule, you know, of these odd amorous episodes. I begin to understand. I did not suspect a rival in my own mother. Clever mama!"

"Let this cease now," said Mme. Vicaud, in a lifeless voice. "All has been said that it is necessary to say."

"Indeed, no!" cried Claire. She sprang to her feet, braving Damier's menacing look, and stood before them with folded arms, defiantly. "All has not been said! I am to marry the middle-aged, middle-class man of small fortune, and you are to marry the *prince charmant!* Ah, don't think that I am in love with you, *prince charmant*, though I might have loved you had not my mother had such a keen eye for her own interests, and kept mine so dexterously in the background. I might have loved you had you been allowed to fall in love with me. Oh, I know what you would say!" Her voice rose to a shout as she interrupted his effort to speak. "How base, how vile, and how vulgar—*n'est-ce pas?* A girl clamoring over the loss of a husband! Shocking! Well, I own to my vulgarity. I did want to marry you. You have money, position—all the things I never hid from you that I liked; and you interested me, and I liked you, and I could be myself with you. My mother has always been too dainty to secure a husband for me—arrange my future: I have had to do all the ugly work myself; and I liked you because—just because I had to do no ugly work with you. And I clamor now—not because I have lost you—no, it 's not that; but because she—*she* has made her goodness serve her so!—has made it pay where my frankness failed. She is good, if you will; but I tell you that I prefer my vulgarity—my baseness—my vileness to her clever virtue; or is it an unconquerable passion with you, mama?—is it to be a *mariage d'amour* rather than a *mariage de convenance?*"

While Claire spoke, her mother, as if mesmerized by her fury, sat looking at her with dilated eyes and a fixed face—a face too fixed to show anguish. Rather it was as if, with an intense, spellbound interest, she hung upon her daughter's words, hardly feeling, hardly flinching before her insults, hardly conscious of each whip-like lash that struck her face to a more death-like whiteness. Now, drawing a breath that was almost a gasp, she leaned forward over the table, stretching her arms upon it and clasping her hands. "Claire, Claire!" she said, with a hurried, staccato utterance, "I see it all with your eyes—I understand. You have had something really dear taken from you—not love, perhaps, but a true friendship; that is so, is n't it? He seems to have turned against you—is n't it so?—and through me. There is in you an anger that seems righteous to you. How cruel to have our best turned against us! I see all that. Ah, no, no! Let me speak to her!" For, Claire keeping the hardened insolence of her stare upon her, Damier, full of a passionate, protecting resentment, put his arm around her shoulders, took her hand. She threw off the hand, the arm, almost cruelly. "Let me speak to my child! Don't come between us now—now when we may come together, she and I. Yes, Claire, he loves me,—you see it,—too much, perhaps, to be just to you, though he has been so just—more just

than I have been, perhaps; he has been so truly your friend. But now I am just. I am your mother. I can understand. I love him, Claire, yes, I love him; but I understand you. I will never do anything to part us further—understand me! I will never marry him against your will. Oh, Claire, try to understand me—try to trust me—try to love me!" She rose to her feet, her face ardent with the upsurging of all her longing motherhood, its sudden flaming into desperate hope through the deep driftings of ashen hopelessness; and as if swayed forward by this flame of hope, this longing of love, this ardor, she leaned toward her child, stretched out her arms toward her face of heavy impassivity. At the gesture, at her mother's last words, Claire's impassivity flickered into a half-ironic, half-pitying smile. But she did not advance to the outstretched arms. Merely looking at her with this searing pity, she said:

"You would marry him to me if you could, would n't you?—you would, as usual, sacrifice yourself to me; as usual, your radiance would shine against my dark. Poor, magnanimous mama! No, no, no!" She turned and walked up and down the room. "No, no! I am tired of all this—tired of you; and you are tired of me. You will marry Mr. Damier. Why not, after all? Don't let scruples of conscience interfere, especially none on my account. It would not separate us: we are separated; we have always been separated, and that we are gives me no pain. But don't expect me either to live with you when you are married, or to marry my antique lover and settle down to the respectable, tepid joys he offers me. No, and no again. I will not marry him. I leave the respectability to you two excellent people." The glance she shot at them now as they stood together was pure irony. Her mother's pale and beautiful face still kept its look of frozen appeal, as though, while she made the appeal, she had been shot through the heart. Its beauty seemed to sting Claire where the appeal did not touch, and, too, Damier's look, bent on her with a quiet that defied her and all she signified, stung her, perhaps, more deeply.

"My poor chances can't compete with yours, mama," she muttered. "Let me tell you that despair becomes you." She took up her hat.

"Where are you going, Claire?" Mme. Vicaud asked in her dead voice.

"Don't be alarmed. Not to the Seine. I am going to a tea with Mrs. Wallingham. I shall be back to dinner. You will admit me?"

"I shall always admit you."

"Good." Claire was putting in her hatpins before the mirror. "That is reassuring. Console her, Mr. Damier. Try to atone to her for me—bad as I am, I am sure that you can do so. Ah, I don't harmonize with a love-scene!—it was one I interrupted, I suppose. Let me take my baseness—my vileness—from before you." Her hand on the door, she paused, fixing a last look upon them; then, with a short laugh, she said, "Accept my blessing," and was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG MYSTERY.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

IF it touches the heart of a Poet,
The gods and the ages will know it,
For over the waters and crags of time
The winds of the world will blow it.

If ever the Bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
And lo, it will travel from world to world,
Till the kings of Orion sing it!

MARCONI AND HIS TRANSATLANTIC SIGNAL.

I. PREFATORY NOTE.

BY GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

WIRELESS telegraphy has of late attracted more interest and attention than perhaps any other problem in electrical engineering.

Its progress has not been slow. Five years ago my system worked satisfactorily over a distance of about two miles. Since then its range has been rapidly increased, until, a few months ago, by means of improved and attuned apparatus, a distance of over two hundred miles was successfully bridged, and wireless communication at this distance is now an every-day occurrence.

It seems to be a matter of popular belief that any receiver within effective range of the transmitter is capable of picking up the messages sent, or, in other words, that there can be no secrecy of communication by my system.

Were this so, a very important limitation would be imposed upon the practical usefulness of the system, but by the introduction of important and radical modifications in the original system, and by a systematic application of the principles of electrical resonance, this objection has, in very great measure, been overcome.

Mr. McGrath gives a straightforward popular account of the general methods employed, and as complete a history of the development of the system as is possible in the necessarily somewhat limited space at his disposal.

A certain commercial application of my system has already been achieved.

In all, seventy ships carry permanent installations, and there are over twenty land stations in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, besides several in this country. To what further extent the system may be commercially applied is not easy to foretell. My recent successful experiments between Poldhu and St. John's, however, give great hopes of a regular transatlantic wireless telegraph service in the not too distant future.

II. AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF MARCONI'S WORK IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.[1]

BY P. T. McGRATH,
Editor of "The Evening Herald," St. John's, Newfoundland.

AT the marine station on Signal Hill, at St. John's, Newfoundland, on Thursday, December 12, 1901, at 12:30 P.M., Mr. Marconi received distinct and unmistakable electric signals, transmitted through space without wire or cable or other visible or tangible agency, from his station at Poldhu, near Penzance, in Cornwall, England. The whole plan of signals was arranged before he left England, and was carried out in accordance with the preconcerted schedule, as I can testify from having been shown by Mr. Marconi the press copies of his communication in his official letter-book.

That Newfoundland enjoys the distinction of having been the theater of this unequaled scientific development, she owes to her advantageous geographical position, as the "half-way house" of the two hemispheres, the nearest point in America to the Old World. When the first Atlantic cable was laid, in 1858, Newfoundland was its natural western terminus. To-day, for the same reason, Marconi attempts his experiments here.

[1] The substance of this article is derived from talks twice a day with Mr. Marconi during the three weeks of his stay at St. John's. The inventor has also kindly read the proofs with great care.—EDITOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THIS ARTICLE.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

The signature in the upper corner is Mr. Marconi's autograph.

Guglielmo Marconi was born at Bologna, Italy, in 1875, his father being an Italian landed proprietor and his mother an Irishwoman, one of the Jameson family of Dublin, the well known whisky distillers. He was educated at Leghorn under Professor Rosa, and at Bologna under Professor Righi. While yet a youth, he was attracted to the study of electricity, and when only sixteen devoted himself to the development of wireless telegraphy, then in its embryonic stages. His connections being prosperous, he escaped the fate of most men of genius, who, from lack of wealth, are unable to give full play to their talents, and it is partly because of his having been in a position to conduct his experiments without resorting to the shifts and economies forced upon others that we find him, at this early age, a leader in this branch of electrical science.

Great though his latest feat has been, Mr. Marconi holds it to be small compared with his developing the practical working of his apparatus from two miles to two hundred and twenty-five. When he reached the two-mile limit he was balked for a long time, being unable to devise an apparatus which would manifest an observable activity for a greater distance. He was often discouraged almost to the point of despair, but he eventually overcame this difficulty, and after that it was plainer sailing.

Wireless telegraphy as a synonym for the electrical influencing of ether waves dates back almost to the discovery of electricity itself. Wenckler experimented with it at Leipsic in 1746. Franklin knew of it, and is said to have transmitted signals by its means. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, devoted considerable study to it, and at Washington, in 1842, sent a message eighty feet, using this agency. Henry enlarged the store of knowledge on the subject in 1845. Maxwell defined the difference between waves of light and electricity in 1864, and predicted mathematically much of what has since been found to be true. Elisha Gray worked over the problem in Chicago in 1877, and in 1888 Hertz determined experimentally the specific features of the electric vibrations since known as "Hertzian" waves, the basis of all subsequent developments of the subject.

About the same time Edison devised an apparatus by which the roofs of the cars on the Staten Island railway were converted into electrical agencies, which communicated their energy to a special telegraph line strung along by the side of the track, enabling the trains to report themselves as they sped along. But the experiment never fructified.

Mr. (now Sir) William Preece, the engineer-in-chief of the British telegraph system, then began experimenting with the wireless force. In a speech on November 22, 1901, he reviewed the progress of knowledge of the subject in these words:

An immense sensation has been caused in these days by the facility we have acquired of transmitting messages across space to ships in motion at great distances. The completion of an electric circuit through water was effected by Morse in America in 1844, and by Lindsay in Dundee in 1854, and it has been in regular practical use in India, for bridging rivers, for many years. In 1884 the distance to which electrical disturbances upon telephone were conveyed attracted my attention, and I reported the result to the British Association at Montreal. In 1893, at Chicago, I was able to announce the transmission of messages across three and a half miles to Flat Holme, in the Bristol Channel. In 1894 I reported to the Society of Arts that speech had been transmitted by telephone across Loch Ness. My paper ended thus: "If any of the planets be populated (say Mars) with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in electrical order, it would be possible for us to hold communication, by telephone, with the people of Mars." In 1896 Mr. Marconi came to England, and the resources of the Post-office were placed at his disposal for experiment and trial. They were successful. The conclusion I came to was that while his system was practical, the field for its use was limited. In the navy it would be of great service, and in light-ship service it might be beneficial, but that it was going to dispense with submarine cables or with poles and wires was quite chimerical. It is still quite in an experimental stage, but it has attracted an immense amount of attention in connection with the highly successful tour of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is impossible to predict what will happen in the twentieth century. Progress is slow; anticipations are wild. Mr. Marconi, personally, is to be congratulated on what he has already done, and every one wishes him continued success.

Mr. Marconi defines the vibrations as a sort of electrical earthquake. The static electricity of the ether is energized by the oscillating current sent up and down the aërial wire, and is diffused through the infinity of space. As a comparison, he explains that an earthquake is a manifestation of the material electricity of nature, and these waves are her natural electricity. If a weight could be raised sufficiently high, the shock of its fall here would be felt in England, and the solu-

tion of his problem is the providing of a means of so disturbing the ether as to produce waves the effect of which may be appreciable all over the world.

Wireless telegraphy may be said to have been popularized through Mr. Marconi's experiments after he came to England. This he did when he had extended the radius of his instruments from two to five miles. The Continental nations were skeptical as to his attainments, owing to his youth, he being only twenty-one years old, but the British electricians welcomed him warmly. Sir William Preece tested his apparatus with favorable results, and he steadily improved the working of the system.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "LUSITANIA" NEAR CAPE RACE, 1901.

In August, 1898, interest in his exploits had become so great that he was invited to install his wireless system between the royal yacht *Osborne* and Osborne House, Isle of Wight, that the late Queen Victoria might communicate with the then Prince of Wales during his cruises in Cowes Bay and the Channel. I quote one message:

From H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Connaught: Will be very pleased to see you on board any time this afternoon when the *Osborne* returns.

This telegram was sent when the yacht was off Bembridge, at a distance of about eight miles. It is unnecessary that I should detail the gradual steps in the evolution of wireless telegraphy from these minor stages to the most recent one when the Cunard liners spoke to each other at a distance of one hundred miles. Let me proceed to describe the working of the system more fully.

The ordinary reader is more or less familiar with the essential features of ordinary telegraphy, with a wire connecting two batteries one mile or one thousand miles apart. The electrical transmission there is direct and through a visible medium. In Mr. Marconi's system he uses the ether as his medium. He erects a mast or series of masts, with perpendicular wires, at one side of the Atlantic, and forces into the wires oscillations of electricity. The power is supplied by an ordinary alternate-current generator having an output of about thirty kilowatts, the voltage being two thousand. By means of a system of specially designed transformers and condensers, the electrical pressure is increased to fifty thousand volts or thereabouts. This, then, is the voltage available for charging the perpendicular wires.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE STEAMSHIP "ASSYRIAN" ON THE ROCKS NEAR CAPE RACE. Marconi's system will prevent such disasters.

The high-tension terminals of the transformer are connected to two metal spheres, separate from each other by a distance varying from one to two centimeters, one of which is connected with the perpendicular wires, and the other with the ground. On closing the primary or low-tension circuit the vertical wires and spheres become charged, and on

discharging, sparks pass across the "spark-gap" between the two spheres. Under suitable conditions of capacity, self-induction, and resistance, this discharge is oscillatory, and the vertical wires and spheres radiate electrical waves in the ether in all directions, with the vertical wires as a center. Some of these undulations sweep across the ocean to the corresponding station, where they impinge upon similar vertical wires in connection with the receiving-apparatus.

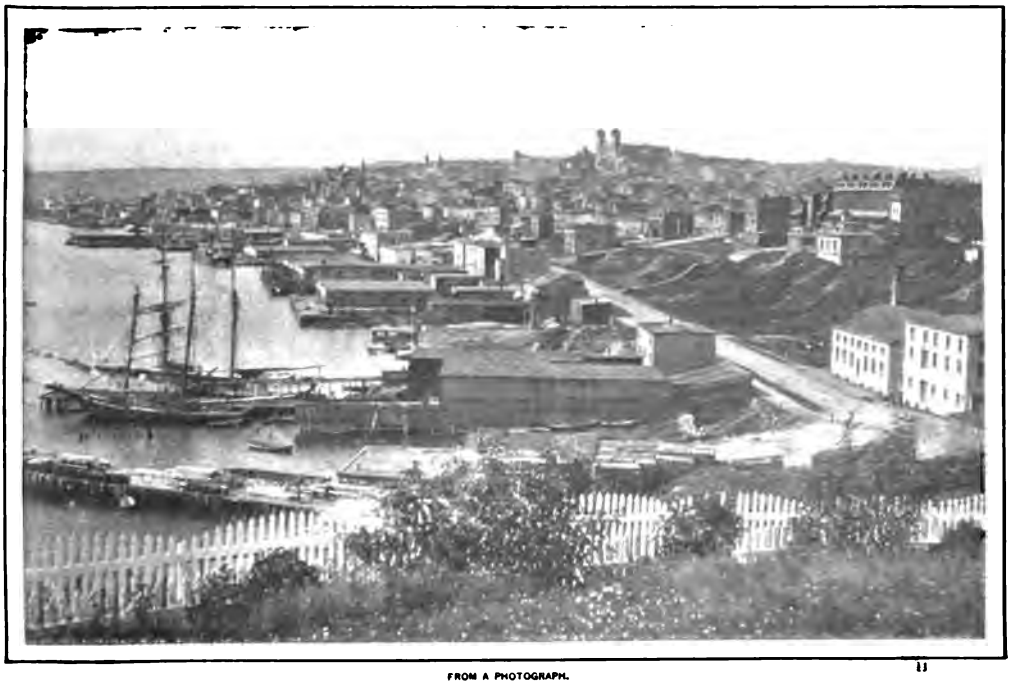
The transmitting-circuit is closed by a telegraphic key, and it will be readily understood that, by depressing the key for longer or shorter intervals, waves will be emitted for longer or shorter periods of time, and the receiver influenced correspondingly.

The vital factor in the receiving-apparatus is an instrument which is known as the "coherer." Mr. Marconi's coherer consists of a small glass tube, one and a half inches long and one tenth of an inch in internal diameter, into which are fitted two metal plugs, separate from each other by about one thirtieth of an inch. This small gap is partly filled with a mixture of nickel and silver filings to which a trace of mercury is added.

The principle of this instrument was discovered independently by Professor Calzecchi Onesti of Termo and by Professor Branly of the Catholic University of Paris, and lies in the fact that under the influence of electric waves the filings undergo a physical change which is manifested by an alteration in their electrical resistance.

In their normal condition the resistance of the filings is very great, but when subjected to the influence of electric waves the resistance falls very appreciably, and allows the passage of a small local current from a single-battery cell. This current is made to actuate a relay, which, in its turn, actuates by means of another battery the Morse recording-instrument and the "tapper" or "decoherer." The function of the tapper is to interrupt the coherer circuit. It is adjusted so as to strike against the tube and shake the filings in it, as otherwise, after the first impulse from the sender, the filings would continue to conduct the local current. On being tapped, however, the coherer is ready for the next impulse from the sending-station, when one of its plugs is connected with the vertical wires and the other with the ground.

A simple illustration of the operative nature of Marconi's ether waves is afforded by the familiar simile of a stone thrown into a placid lake. The disturbance creates a series of ripples, which spread out in ever-widening circles, and any small bits of wood



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S FROM SIGNAL HILL.

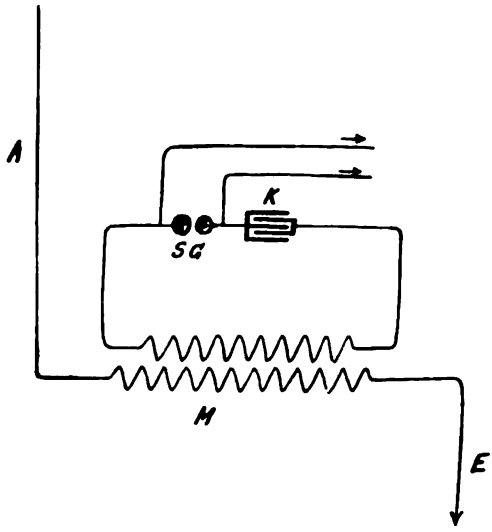


FIGURE 1. MARCONI'S LATEST TUNED TRANSMITTER.

A, aërial or perpendicular wire; *E*, earth or ground; *K*, capacity for syntonizing; *M*, special Marconi transformer; *SG*, spark-gap.

or other light objects which may be floating upon the surface will be set bobbing up and down by each successive ripple.

In like manner the electric waves created by Marconi's transmitter will, under ordinary circumstances, affect any number of receiving-stations which may be within range, by causing an electrical bobbing up and down in each of the perpendicular wires, and each of such stations will receive the message transmitted.

This, it was realized, would minimize the value of the discovery as to its use in war-time, as the enemy would receive the news also; so a scheme was devised whereby the mast and wire were dispensed with and a parabolic copper reflector was substituted, by means of which waves could be sent out in a certain prescribed direction only. But this device, though suitable enough as far as it went, permitted of signaling for only about four miles, between points in sight of each other, and this deprived the main discovery of much of its value. The ether waves influenced by this reflector were stopped by the curvature of the earth, whereas those projected by means of the "aërial" wire suspended from a mast were subject to no such limitations. To obviate this objection, Marconi has experimented with a view to syntonizing the transmitter with the receiver, so that messages destined for a particular station shall be received at that station and no other, unless the others happen to be in syntony or tune also.

To give a clear idea of the significance of this electrical tuning between the transmitter and receiver, it is convenient to consider the well-known analogy which exists in the case of sound waves. Every one is familiar with the fact that on singing a note, say middle C, into a pianoforte, the middle-C string will respond and vibrate in sympathy, but that the other strings do not. Or, again, on bowing one tuning-fork, a second tuning-fork will respond if of the same pitch or tune.

The note of the sound emitted by any instrument is dependent upon the period of vibration, or oscillation, of the instrument, which, in case of middle C, is two hundred and fifty-six per minute. Alter this ever so slightly, and it will no longer respond, it is no longer in syntony, sympathy, or tune. The period of vibration of Marconi's electric waves varies, according to different conditions of capacity and self-induction, from three millions to half a million per second. The capacity and self-induction of the receiving-circuit are therefore carefully adjusted to those of the transmitter, and when this adjustment is exact, the receiver, being in syntony, will respond, while others will not. In a syntonized receiving-circuit the vertical wires, instead of being connected directly with one of the plugs of the coherer, are joined with one end of the primary of a small induction-coil, the other end of which is earthed. The secon-

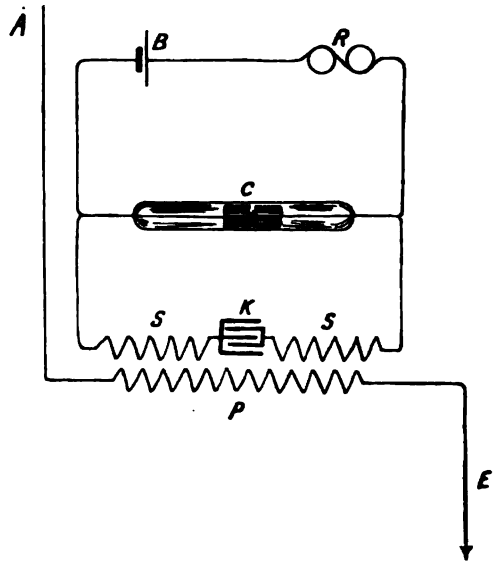


FIGURE 2. MARCONI'S LATEST TUNED RECEIVER.

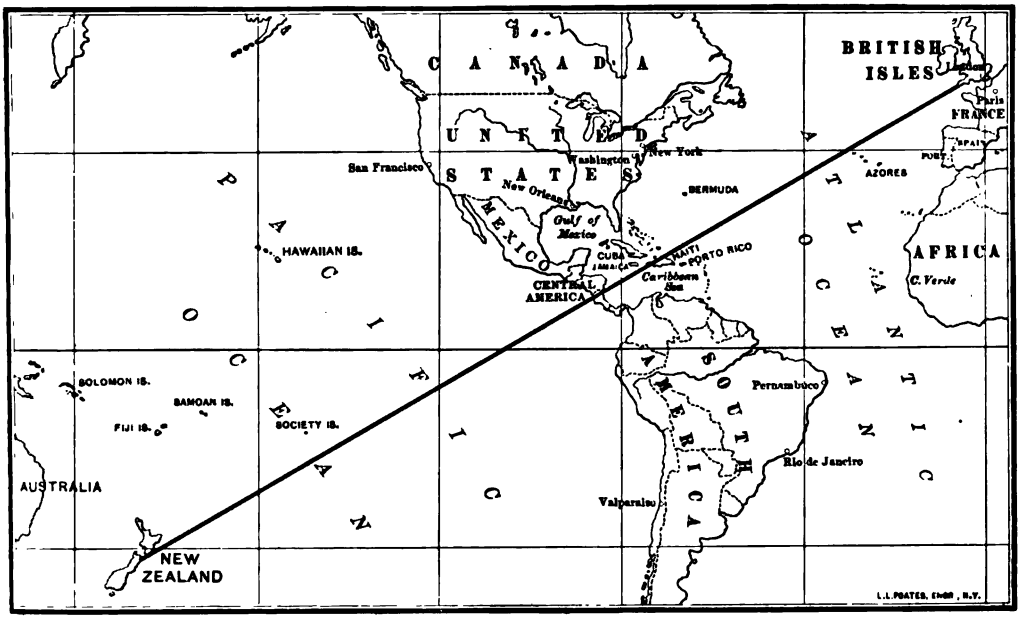
A, aërial or perpendicular wire; *B*, local battery; *C*, coherer (about two thirds of the actual size); *E*, earth or ground; *K*, adjustable capacity for tuning; *P*, primary of syntonizing induction-coil; *S*, secondary of syntonizing induction-coil; *R*, relay.

dary of this induction-coil is connected with the coherer in combination with a suitable capacity corresponding to the periodicity of the transmitting-circuit.

By this means Marconi has been enabled to connect two differently tuned transmitting-circuits with one perpendicular wire and send two messages at the same time, each message being received thirty miles away upon a single perpendicular, and passed down independently to its own tuned receiver. This experiment is described more fully later.

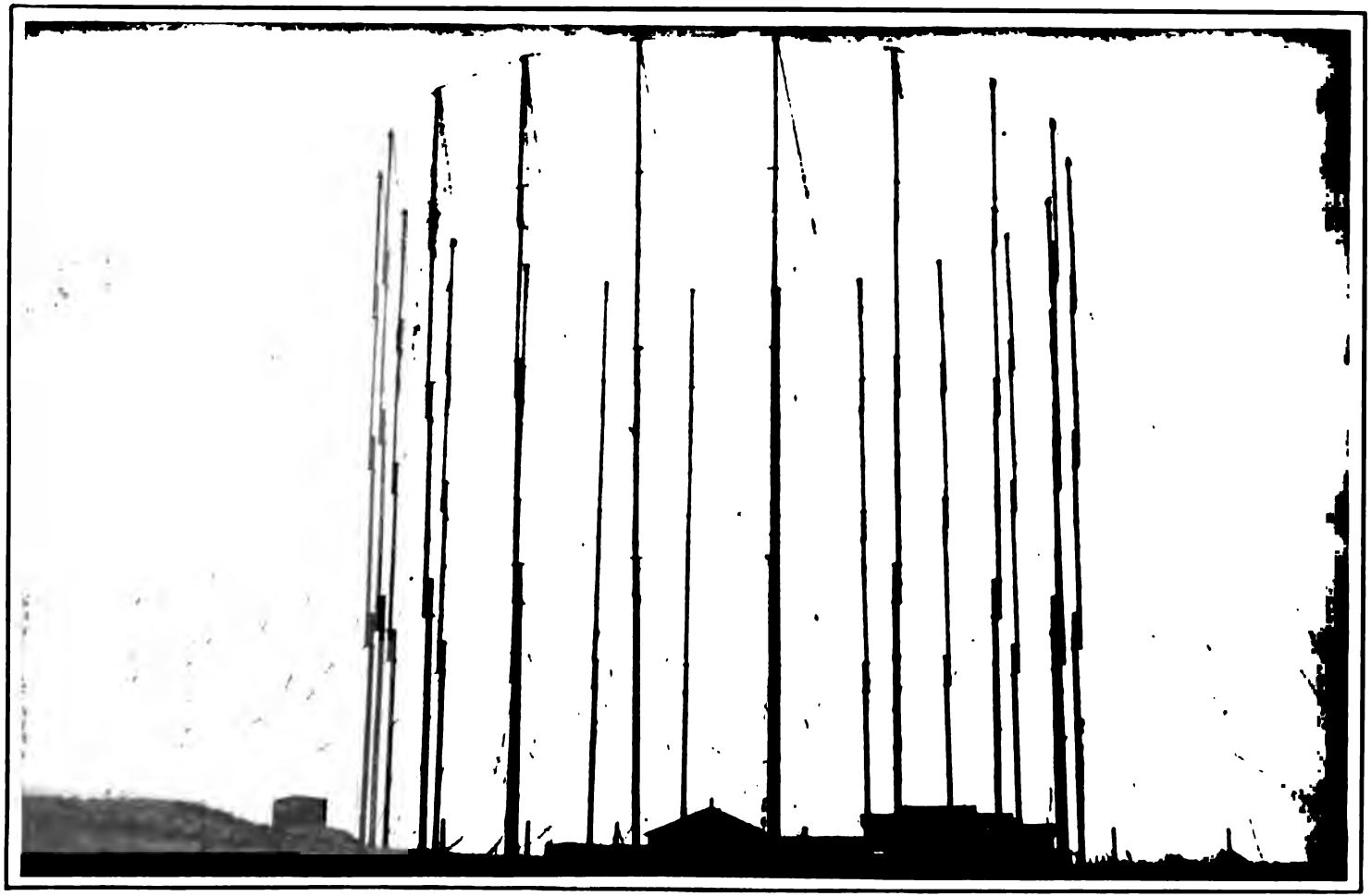
The instruments used on shipboard are of course much less powerful than those used for the transatlantic signaling, the output of the transmitter being only about one sixth of one horse-power, and they are all tuned to sympathy, that is, to the same wave-beat, so that, if in distress, the vessels may signal to each other. The instruments in land stations each have a common and a special tune, so that the secrecy of commercial messages may be properly safeguarded. The tuning of the apparatus can be easily changed, however, so that in war-time the ships of each nation could work their own private code, so to speak. In passing, I may observe that electricity has the same speed as light,—one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second,—and as Cornwall is two thousand geographical miles from St. John's, the transmission of a signal is effected in one ninety-third of a second. A signal through a submarine cable takes one tenth of a second to traverse the same distance, owing to the resistance which the conductor causes.

In his Newfoundland experiment, Marconi employed a new form of receiver, in which the signals were noted in a telephone, instead of being reeled off, as usual, upon a Morse tape; this telephone receiver being much more sensitive. The wisdom of using the former in the transoceanic experiment was abundantly justified, although Marconi and his assistants were greatly depressed the first night on returning to St. John's from Signal Hill, as he told me, without a visible evidence of what he had accomplished, such as the recorder's tape would have furnished.



MAP OF MARCONI'S PROJECT OF TELEGRAPHING FROM ENGLAND TO NEW ZEALAND.

The system has been found of great service for naval purposes. It is installed on board thirty-seven British war-ships. In the late naval manœuvers its efficiency was demonstrated beyond question; signals were transmitted from ship to ship over a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and the reports of the admirals commanding the rival fleets were strongly in its favor. An aërial wire is affixed to one of the masts, the battery and apparatus are connected, and the appliance is the medium of communication between the flagship and the cruiser during the term of manœuvers, though often forty to sixty miles from the admiral and usually in a dense fog. The Cunard,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

VIEW OF POLDHU STATION, CORNWALL, WHENCE THE SIGNALS CAME TO MARCONI AT ST. JOHN'S.

North German Lloyd, Compagnie Transatlantique, and Belgian mail-steamers also use it. The Italian navy adopted it at the very first, and the Russian navy has just announced its determination to follow the same course. The Marconi Company has twenty stations along the British coast for marine purposes, and twenty more in other parts of Europe, besides five in America. For the invention it is claimed, in the first place, that it is the only absolutely certain means of communication during a fog, and, its means from elevations, without enemies in the lowlands being aware of what they were doing. By it, too, it would be possible in ordinary countries for much of the long-distance telegraphing to be done when land wires are interrupted; that is now accomplished by means of the heliograph in India and other tropical countries where there is a great deal of sun, and it is also possible to utilize it for a variety of other purposes.

Last spring Mr. Marconi's company decided to build a large power-station at Poldhu

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. X, ROOM IN WHICH THE MESSAGE FROM CORNWALL WAS RECEIVED.

in the second place, that it is the ideal system of communicating between ship and ship, between ship and shore, and between points of land not possible to be connected by cables or ordinary telegraph wires. Great things are being achieved from its addition to lighthouse equipment, and the English Channel is sentineled with frequent stations. It will be of great value, also, in naval warfare, as an admiral can by its means manœuver ships hundreds of miles apart. It is applied most successfully at sea, where a virtually level surface is obtained; on land its value is diminished one half by the obstruction caused by the diversified physical features of the region it traverses. But it is easy to signal by it from hill to hill, and armies could speak each other by for long-distance signaling. It consists of the buildings in which the instruments are stored and twenty large masts, each two hundred and ten feet high, upholding aërial wires, and connected so as to form a gigantic electrical conductor. The power to energize this is supplied by a generator producing an electrical force equal to thirty-eight horse-power. With this apparatus, signaling was conducted all the summer with Crookhaven, on the west coast of Ireland, two hundred and twenty-five miles away, this station being chosen because there was an almost unbroken stretch of water between the two. While receiving messages at Crookhaven, Mr. Marconi observed that the strength of the signals was such that he felt sure they would be intelligible at ten times that dis-

tance. He accordingly decided to leave for Newfoundland, to attempt the feat of catching the signals there, though his departure was postponed until November, owing to his Poldhu station having been partly dismantled in the big gale which took place in the English Channel in September, its partial restoration occupying him until recently.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

GETTING UP MARCONI'S KITE ON SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. X, MARCONI.

Another inducement attracted him here, that of signaling the ocean liners passing across the Grand Banks, three hundred miles from Cape Race, and he gave this out as his real purpose. He brought balloons and kites to suspend his aërial wire, and while the world thought he was trying to speak with those ships, he was really endeavoring to receive the signals from England. Poldhu was instructed to send daily between 3 and 6 P.M. Greenwich time (11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. St. John's time) the letter S, which in the Morse telegraph code is made by three dots (...), a simple yet unmistakable formula. On Thursday, December 12, 1901, at 12:30 P.M., he received the first signals, repeated at intervals of three minutes. He had previously elevated his aërial wire to an altitude of four hundred feet, but its swaying prevented regular observations. The formula was repeated again at 1:10 A.M. and at 2:20, about twenty-five repetitions of the signal being heard in all. Instead of using the automatic recorder which forms part of the receiving-equipment, Mr. Marconi employed a telephone attached to the apparatus, as the human ear is far more sensitive than any contrivance which has yet been devised. The next day the signals were repeated at 1:38 P.M., Mr. Kemp, one of Mr. Marconi's assistants, also noting the formula on the telephone on both occasions. This proved beyond any possibility that there was no mistake, so the news of this wonderful accomplishment was announced to the world.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

ELEVATING THE MARCONI KITE. X, MARCONI.

The grand scientific truth being demonstrated, Mr. Marconi now proposes to perfect the system so that it may be made applicable to commercial uses. It only requires increased power at Poldhu to transmit signals effective enough to actuate the recorder at the station at St. John's. Following upon that, additions to the same force will permit the electric energy to be projected to the uttermost ends of the earth. Mr. Marconi will build large stations at St. John's

na, the only land intervening being
arrow strip. Cecil Rhodes and he have
discussed "Marconigraphy" as a
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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VEY.

MARCONI AT HIS INSTRUMENT IN THE STATION ON SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, WHERE HE RECEIVED THE WIRELESS SIGNALS.

The telephone earpiece by which the signals were made audible may be seen on the table.

gian government in the Congo, and it may be extended to the arctic solitudes.

While it is a far cry from the two hundred miles for which the system is effective in England to the two thousand which it is proposed to make it achieve across the ocean, its ultimate accomplishment of this distance is only a renewal of the general scientific law demonstrated in the case of the Atlantic cable, the long-distance telephone, and like discoveries.

For the present, Mr. Marconi will devote his attention especially to improving the system for commercial and marine purposes between Europe and America. As I have already explained, the electric waves radiate outward in every direction, and can be caught by any receiver properly tuned to them. Turning to the map of the North Atlantic, it will be seen that three prominent points dominate the ocean shipping highway —Cape Farewell in Greenland, St. John's in Newfoundland, and Fayal in the Azores. The first named is not very important, but the great mass of the shipping of the two worlds passes between St. John's and Fayal. Therefore any signals from Poldhu or from ships in mid-ocean would be received at these two points, or vice versa, and uninterrupted communication could be kept up with steamers from the moment they leave port until they reach their destination. Collisions, strandings, and wrecks could be minimized, and assistance be provided in case of emergency.

Mr. Marconi also believes that his system may become a formidable competitor against the ocean cables. To do so on land is not so easy, as the lines there cost only one hundred dollars a mile, whereas the cables cost one thousand dollars a mile, and require expensive steamers to repair and maintain them. A transatlantic cable represents an initial outlay of at least three million dollars, besides the cost of its maintenance. A Marconi station can be built for sixty thousand dollars. Three of these, bringing the two worlds into contact, will cost only one hundred and eighty

thousand dollars, while their maintenance should be insignificant. What his success will mean can be best grasped by considering the extent of the property which would be displaced thereby, although it is only since August 5, 1858, forty-three years ago, that the first Atlantic cable was laid. There are now fourteen laid along the Atlantic bed, and in the whole world seventeen hundred and sixty-nine telegraph cables of various sizes, with a total length of almost one hundred and eighty-nine thousand nautical miles, enough to girdle the earth seven times. These require a great number of ocean-going cable steamers for their laying and repairs, and while the total value of the cables cannot be easily computed, it is known to be a fact that British capitalists have one hundred million dollars invested in cable stocks.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the cable companies should regard his invention as a serious menace, that the Anglo-American Telegraph Company should have restrained him from experimenting in Newfoundland, or that cable stocks should have declined shortly after his success was announced. An argument is advanced by the cable companies that his system is not effective against theirs because the capacity of his apparatus is limited to twenty words a minute, while theirs can send thirty. But Mr. Marconi plunges his hand into his lucky bag and brings out another marvel, which is to me the most amazing of all. It takes the form of an extract from a letter by Professor A. Fleming of University College, London, published in the London "Times" of October 4, 1900, and shows that he can transmit two distinct messages by means of one aërial wire at the same time. The extract reads thus:

> Two operators at St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, were instructed to send simultaneously two different wireless messages to Poole, Dorset, and without delay or mistake the two were correctly recorded and printed down at the same time in Morse signals on the tapes of the two corresponding receivers at Poole.
>
> In this first demonstration each receiver was connected to its own independent aërial wire, hung from the same mast. But greater wonders followed. Mr. Marconi placed the receivers at Poole one on the top of the other, and connected them both to one and the same wire, about forty feet in length, attached to the mast. I then asked to have two messages sent at the same moment by the operator at St. Catherine's, one in English and the other in French. Without failure, each receiver at Poole rolled out its paper tape, the message in English perfect on one, and that in French on the other. When it is realized that these visible dots and dashes are the result of trains of intermingled electric waves rushing with the speed of light across the intervening thirty miles, caught on one and the same short aërial wire and disentangled and sorted out automatically by the two machines into intelligible messages in different languages, the wonder of it all cannot but strike the mind.
>
> Your space is too valuable to be encroached upon by further details, or else I might mention some marvelous results exhibited by Mr. Marconi during the same demonstrations, of messages received from a transmitter thirty miles away, and recorded by an instrument in a closed room merely by the aid of a zinc cylinder, four feet high, placed on a chair. More surprising is it to learn that, while these experiments have been proceeding between Poole and St. Catherine's, others have been taking place for the admiralty between Portsmouth and Portland, these lines of communication intersecting each other; yet so perfect is the independence that nothing done on one circuit now affects the other, unless desired.

A little more than a year ago, when Mr. Marconi made this experiment, the limit within which it was possible to work this duplex system was only thirty miles. It has since been increased to a hundred miles, and the radius is already being extended. As the growth of the direct system has been, so the effectiveness of this feature must keep pace with it, and the future will perhaps disclose even greater marvels.

In one of our many talks at the St. John's station, Mr. Marconi gave me this digest of his conclusions:

The wireless agency is most effective over marine areas. The unbroken surface of the ocean enables distances to be obtained and results achieved which cannot be approached on land. Over low-lying country two thirds of the distance can be reached, but over tracts where the usual diversified topographical features are found the potency of the vibrations is reduced to one half what it is at sea. High hills do not constitute an obstacle, but the ground itself retards the signals. The vibrations seem to reach slightly farther in fog than in fine weather; atmospheric conditions do not seriously affect them; electrical disturbances are their only foe. Mr. Marconi's later experiments appear to indicate that a pole two hundred feet high gives the best results, as the wire suspended from it comes into contact with sufficiently varied atmosphere strata, while at the same time it can be made thick enough to receive a substantial electrical influence

from the radiating ether waves which are caught by it. With a balloon or kite elevated to an altitude of four hundred feet or so, the wire must be very slight, and the ceaseless swaying of the upholder also interferes with the reception of definite signals. Strangely enough, a horizontal aërial wire is of no value, gives out no energy for his purposes, and was long ago discarded. Nor is it an advantage, in marine signaling, to set up the pole or kite on a high hill.

Proximity to the sea is desirable, and a low-lying spit near the ocean is the best. Another less interesting circumstance is that every piece of ground will not serve for the locating of a station. Some geological formations are perverse; others are responsive. Signaling from one headland, a distance of two hundred miles may be reached; from another the range may be only half that. On ships the aërial wire is suspended from the top of the mast, hanging loosely down among the stays and rigging. It is composed of copper and steel, and will stand a considerable strain. It enters the operator's room at the deck, and the mechanical features are similar to those of an ordinary telegraph-office.

The fact that ocean steamers have not very high masts militates against the enlarging of the radius. The Cunarders' spars are only one hundred and twenty feet high, and the effective range of the vibrations is about a hundred miles. A more convenient height is two hundred feet; with a mast of that altitude it is possible to give effect to every feature of the system yet discovered. It was thought for a time that the curvature of the earth would interfere with the transmission of the signals, but the fallacy of this has long since been demonstrated. Before visiting Newfoundland, Marconi experimented for months with a wire one hundred and fifty feet high, and attained a workable range of two hundred miles. The curvature of the earth in that distance is ten thousand feet, and the success of his transoceanic experiment proves that it will be possible for him to send his signals through the limitless expanse of ether all round the world. The Cunarders take in toll for passengers' messages, every trip, two hundred and fifty dollars, at ten cents a word, the despatches being sent when within a hundred miles of the shore on either side.

Bearing in mind the primary fact that the messages which are transmitted by Marconi's perfected device can be received only by instruments which are tuned to sympathy or to the same periodicity, the following remarks upon the subject of the future of the wireless system, from the "Engineering Magazine" of July, 1901, will be read with interest:

> In commenting on Mr. Marconi's paper (read before the Society of Arts in May) Professor Ayrton said that we were gradually coming within thinkable distance of the realization of a prophecy he had ventured to make four years before, of a time when, if a person wanted to call to a friend he knew not where, he would call in a very loud electromagnetic voice, heard by him who had the electromagnetic ear, silent to him who had it not. "Where are you?" he would say. A small reply would come, "I am at the bottom of a coal-mine, or crossing the Andes, or in the middle of the Atlantic." Or, perhaps in spite of all the calling, no reply would come, and the person would then know that his friend was dead. Think of what this would mean, of the calling which goes on every day from room to room of a house, and then think of that calling extending from pole to pole, not a noisy babble, but a call audible to him who wants to hear, and absolutely silent to all others. It would be almost like dreamland and ghostland, not the ghostland cultivated by a heated imagination, but a real communication from a distance based on true physical laws.

This is the case for this wonderful hand-maiden of modern development at the present moment. So much is absolutely assured; so much more is tentatively ascertained; vastly greater things are predicted for the future. That the fullest success may visit the inventor and his system, that this accompaniment to modern progress may be perfected beyond cavil, and that the whole world may soon come to enjoy the great benefits of this splendid exploit, must be the hope of every well-wisher of the progress and enlightenment of the human race.

THE NATURE OF THE NERVE IMPULSE.

A PHYSICAL EXPLANATION OF ONE OF THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE.

BY ALBERT P. MATHEWS, PH.D.,
Assistant Professor of Physiological Chemistry in the University of Chicago.

As the investigations which form the basis of this article are of general interest, I have prepared, at the request of the editor of THE CENTURY, a brief account of them. It must be remembered, however, that the particular conclusions to which Professor Loeb and I have come, have not yet been long enough exposed to scientific criticism to enable one to speak of them as generally accepted, and they may and probably will require some modification. Until they have received such criticism, these conclusions must be accepted with caution.—A. P. M.

AN interesting feature of the development of modern physiology has been the endeavor to give a physical explanation of the phenomena of life. It is now thought by many physiologists that the phenomena of living matter do not differ in kind from the physical phenomena of non-living matter. The peculiarity of a living organism is due to the fact that it shows at one time a group of properties no one of which is peculiar to it, but which are found associated nowhere else. The various properties of growth, reproduction, movement, and irritability which characterize living things are seen separately all about us. Whenever we see them combined in any one mass of material, we say that it is alive. In consequence of this general conclusion, which represents many years of patient work in physiology, morphology, and other natural sciences, it has for some time been recognized that we may hope to solve these problems by the application of physical and chemical methods and by taking each one separately. Certain physiologists, among them myself, have for some time been convinced that the ultimate solution of one or more of these problems was not far away; that the artificial formation of living matter was only a question of time; and that the prolongation of life was no longer a will-o'-the-wisp, but something entirely within man's power when his knowledge has been extended.

There have been, accordingly, in recent years, several attempts to give a physical explanation of some of these phenomena. For example, Engelmann, at one time in the University of Amsterdam, attempted a mechanical explanation of muscle contraction, and constructed out of a violin-string an artificial muscle, which in some respects closely paralleled the action of a real muscle. By placing a violin-string in water and surrounding it by a wire, he found that, on passing a current of electricity through the wire, the heat of the wire caused the violin-string to take up water and shorten like a muscle. As heat is liberated during muscle contraction, the resemblance of this action of the string to that of the muscle was in some particulars close. Although this explanation of muscle action is probably incorrect, it suffices to indicate the trend of modern physiologists.

It will be readily appreciated, however, that without accurate knowledge of the nature of chemical reactions or of solutions, and without knowing what happens in such a simple case as the dissolving of salt in water, it was manifestly impossible to get any clear idea of what was going on in living matter. Physiology had to wait until we had some clue to the relation between chemical and electrical phenomena—until, in fact, we knew what happened in a solution. That knowledge has been supplied largely in the past ten years by the development of the science known as physical chemistry. This science gave us the idea that the atoms, or ultimate particles of matter, are under certain circumstances, when in solution, accompanied by free charges of electricity. In other words, when sodium chloride dissolves in water it no longer exists as sodium chlo-

ride, but breaks into two particles, a sodium particle which carries a positive charge of electricity, and a chlorine particle carrying a negative charge. The sodium atoms or particles thus charged are called ions, or wanderers, and more particularly cations, as they move to the negative electrode, or cathode; while the chlorine particles are anions and move to the positive electrode, or anode. These atoms carry the electric current through a fluid and are the basis of electrolysis. Furthermore, it was found that we can conveniently treat these charges as if they were minute corpuscles of matter, and may represent them thus, ⊕ ⊖, as the positive and negative electrons.

This conception of atoms associated with electrons, or charges, is at the base of modern chemistry, physics, and physiology.

It will at once occur to every one that some of the chemical and physical properties of a solution of common salt are possibly due to the positive or negative electrons with which the atoms are associated. In other words, here is the link between electrical and chemical phenomena. It will also appear that the physiological action of these salts, and of organic particles as well, may possibly be due to electrical charges associated with the atoms, and not to the atoms themselves.

This was the point of departure of Professor Loeb some four or five years ago. He felt certain that the investigation of the fundamental physiological phenomena from this point of view would yield valuable results. His methods were simple. The first great question he attacked was the relation of muscular contractility to the salts in muscle. It is well known that muscular contraction is accompanied by an electrical disturbance called the negative variation, the contracting muscle being negative toward that at rest. Professor Loeb's method of procedure was to place the gastrocnemius (calf) muscle of frogs in solutions of the salts to be tested. He soon discovered that the skeletal muscles, such as the gastrocnemius, could be made to beat rhythmically like the heart in solutions of ordinary table-salt, or in sodium bromide, sodium sulphate, and other sodium compounds, and the beating could be prevented by placing the muscle in solutions containing a little calcium salts. His most fundamental observation, however, was that it was only in solutions of electrolytes, or electrically charged particles, that contraction would occur. In solutions of non-electrolytes, such as sugar, urea, glycerine, no rhythmic contractions were obtained. This observation clearly indicated that the electrical charges associated with the salts were the essential agents in contraction, and showed him the direction in which to look. He extended these observations to the little jellyfish, *Gonionemus*, in which he found the same phenomena, and Dr. Lingle established them for the heart, in the paper which was so misrepresented in the newspapers. This was the first great step taken.

Professor Loeb at once drew other life-phenomena into the same category, and applying his results to sea-urchin and other eggs, discovered artificial parthenogenesis; that is, he succeeded in making eggs develop without fertilization. He has since established from later experiments that eggs may be started in development not only by electrically charged ions, i.e., positive ions, but also by the extraction of water through non-electrolytes.

Having established the fact that the electrical charges were probably concerned in muscle contraction, it occurred to him that possibly the number of charges might be of importance. There are atoms, for example, or groups of atoms, which carry one charge, others which carry two, or even as many as seven. It had already been established by Hardy and others that the number of charges the ions, or particles, carry in some way affected the power of various salts in precipitating various substances, such as albumin, from solution. During the past summer, at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl, Professor Loeb established the fact that a relationship between the number and sign (positive or negative) of the charges and physiological action probably existed. The eggs of the little fish *Fundulus* will develop either in sea-water or distilled water. They will not develop in pure potassium chloride or in sodium chloride. Loeb found that the poisonous action of these salts could be offset by adding a little calcium chloride or other doubly charged positive ions. Even zinc or lead, which are themselves poisonous, will enable the egg to develop in sodium-chloride solutions, which are also poisonous. It takes only a minute amount of the doubly charged positive ion to do this, and still less of a three-charged positive ion, such as iron. Loeb immediately compared his results to the action of toxines and antitoxines. A small amount of the antitoxine offsets the action of a large amount of the toxine. His main result of the depen-

dence of physiological action on the number and sign of the electrical charges was established.

Meanwhile I had been working for two or three years along the same lines on the relation of salts to nerve irritability and conductivity, having been particularly induced to do so by the brilliant results of Professor Loeb's work on muscle. I found many similar facts, but the nerve was somewhat simpler and the facts easier to interpret, so that I have been able to make more precise, and to extend somewhat, the general ideas which were guiding him.

If we dissect out the sciatic nerve of a frog with the gastrocnemius muscle attached, and place the nerve in a strong solution of sugar, the muscle soon begins to contract violently and continues to contract for half an hour. The nerve is then quite stiff and hard and totally non-irritable. This experiment demonstrates that non-electrolytes, such as sugar, generate in the nerve nerve impulses which descend the nerve and make the muscle contract. The question arises, How does the sugar do this? The shrunken appearance of the nerve suggests that it is by the extraction of water. We may prove this in two ways: first, by allowing the nerve to dry in the air; and, second, by diluting the sugar solution so that it does not extract water so strongly. If we dry the nerve, the muscle contracts just as it did before. If we dilute the sugar solution, no contractions are obtained. By experiments similar to these on urea and glycerine and other non-electrolytes we establish the general law that the change in the nerve which generates a nerve impulse can be brought about by taking water from the nerve. Furthermore, it always happens that the removal of some water, even though it may not be sufficient to generate impulses strong enough to make the muscle contract, will increase the irritability of the nerve. I have seen nerves by this means so increased in irritability that the jar of the floor by walking near by would throw the muscle into a spasm.

Now let us turn our attention to the salts or electrolytes. If we put a nerve into a solution of potassium chloride or calcium chloride of the same strength as the strong sugar solution, the muscle again contracts. The contractions do not last so long, however, nor does the nerve live so long as in the sugar. Probably the impulse is generated here, as it is in the sugar solution, by the abstraction of water. Such is the case, for if we put the nerve in more dilute solutions of these salts, so that the solution does not take water from the nerve, the muscle does not contract. But the nerve quickly loses its irritability in these dilute solutions. This is true for ammonium chloride, magnesium chloride, potassium bromide, ferric chloride, and a large number of other salts—for all salts, in fact, of two- or three-charged cations united with one-charged negative ions. We come, then, to the second conclusion, that when solutions of the salts just mentioned stimulate they do it by removing water. The salts themselves are poisonous and kill the nerve without stimulating it. If we try acids we find similar facts. But when we place the nerve in solutions of alkalies, such as common lye or potassium hydrate, we find that the nerve is powerfully stimulated by solutions still weaker than these. In other words, the nerve impulse may be generated by the specific action of the alkali.

Now let us try common salt, or sodium chloride. If an irritable nerve is placed in a solution of sodium chloride of such a strength as not to draw water from the nerve, after an hour or two nerve impulses are generated and the muscle begins to contract and will continue to contract for several hours. Furthermore, almost all sodium salts will act in this way. Evidently we have here to do with another kind of stimulation than by the withdrawal of water. These salts appear to have a specific action. How shall we explain this? The first and most natural explanation is that the sodium particles (ions) which all these salts have in common are the stimulating agents. This was, in fact, the explanation adopted by Professor Loeb for the muscle and by me in a preliminary paper for the nerve. But this natural and easy explanation is certainly wrong. It is not the sodium or positively charged ions which stimulate, but the chlorine or other negatively charged ions, widely different chemically though these are.

This may be demonstrated in the following way: Let us take the two sciatic nerves from the same frog, so as to avoid individual variations of different frogs. Let us put one into a sodium-chloride solution and the other into a sodium-bromide solution of the same strength. It will be found always that the latter stimulates more powerfully than the former. And if we repeat the experiment with sodium iodide instead of the bromide, stimulation is stronger, and with sodium fluoride it is still stronger. The muscles begin to contract earlier and continue to

contract more powerfully. Now, there are the same number of sodium particles in each of these solutions. The difference can be attributed only to the negative particles of chlorine, bromine, and iodine. It is clear, then, that stimulation varies with the negative ion, and we may infer provisionally that it is the negative ion which stimulates or brings about that change in the nerve which means a nerve impulse. Further evidence for this fact will soon be presented, but we may now add to our first conclusions, i.e., that nerves may be stimulated by the withdrawal of water and by alkalies, which are negative, the third conclusion, i.e., that stimulation may also be caused by other negative ions.

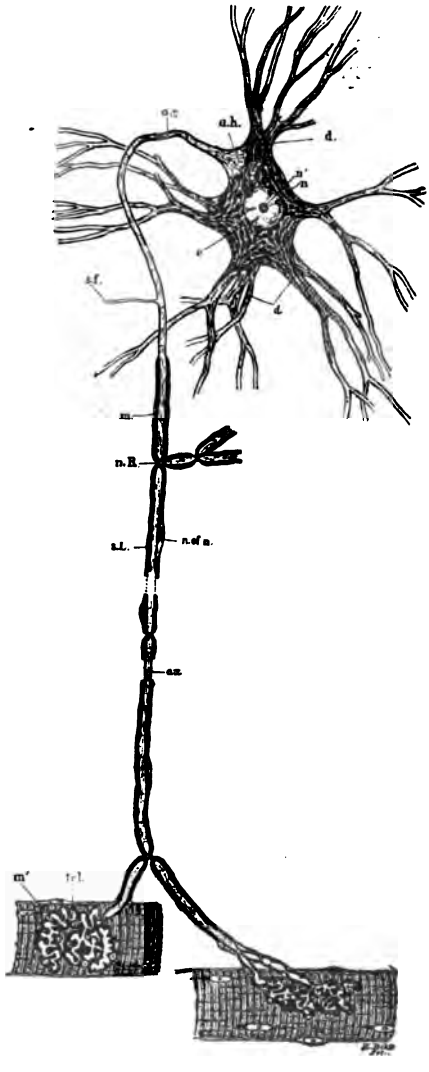


FIGURE 1. SCHEME OF LOWER MOTOR NEURONE.

The motor cell body, together with all its protoplasmic processes, its axis-cylinder process, side fibrils or collaterals, and end ramifications, represents parts of a single cell or neurone. *a. h.*, axone-hillock devoid of Nissl bodies, and showing fibrillation; *ax.*, axis-cylinder or axone. This process, near the cell body, becomes surrounded by myelin, *m.*, and a cellular sheath, the neurilemma, the latter not being an integral part of the neurone; *c.*, cytoplasm showing Nissl bodies and lighter ground substance; *d.*, protoplasmic processes (dendrites) containing Nissl bodies; *n.*, nucleus; *n'.*, nucleolus; *n. R.*, node of Ranvier; *s. f.*, side fibril; *n. of n.*, nucleus of neurilemma sheath; *tel.*, motor end plate or telodendrion; *m'.*, striped muscle fiber; *s. L.*, segmentation of Lantermann.— From Barker's "Nervous System." Copyright, 1899, by D. Appleton & Co.

We can also find out what it is in the negative ion which stimulates, whether it is the electrical charge, or the particle with which it is associated. Let us take, for example, solutions of three sodium salts, the bromide, chloride, and acetate, each of which has one negative charge; of three bivalent salts, the sulphate, oxalate, and tartrate, each of which has two negative charges; and of three trivalent salts, the ferricyanide, citrate, and phosphate, each of which has three negative charges. In comparing these it appears that the last are about equally efficient among themselves and are much more powerful than the doubly charged salts; the bivalent salts are approximately equally efficient among themselves and are far more powerful than the singly charged salts; and that the latter agree fairly well among themselves, although, as I have said, the bromide is better than the chloride. For example, the salts of sodium with three negative charges will stimulate in solutions as weak as one gram molecule (the molecular weight of the salts expressed in grams) in 50,000 cubic centimeters; those with two negative charges in one gram molecule in 25,000 cubic centimeters; and those with one negative charge in one gram molecule in 8000 cubic centimeters. There are certain exceptions which will be touched on later, but the general rule is as stated. These facts show that the composition of the ions has little influence. Their action is due to the electrical charges they bear. Thus the phosphate ion, PO_4, stimulates like the ferricyanide ion, $FeCy_6$, and the sulphate, SO_4, like the borate, B_4O_7, ion. This confirms Loeb's idea of the importance of the number of charges and of the charges themselves. We may now add a fourth general conclusion, i.e., not only is it the negatively charged particle which stimulates, but its peculiar action is due to the negative charges it bears and not to its chemical composition. This, as will be seen, demonstrates the identity of electrical and chemical stimulation.

Before taking up this point, let us turn back and look at the other salts to see what

effect the positive charges have. If a chlorine ion will stimulate when combined with sodium, why will it not do so when combined with potassium? Potassium chloride, lithium chloride, barium chloride, all abolish the irritability of the nerve without stimulation, and yet these same negative chlorine ions when combined with sodium stimulate well. The only explanation is that something prevents the action of the chlorine ion. That the positive electrical charge which is poisonous or which destroys irritability.

We may now proceed to a decisive test of the truth of our general proposition that the negative charges stimulate while the positive prevent stimulation. If it is true that potassium chloride does not stimulate because the influence of the positive charge on the potassium overbalances the stimulating tendency of the negative charge of the chlorine,

FIGURE 2. DIAGRAM OF A NERVE-CELL.

Cell from the optic tract of the cat, lateral from the lateral geniculate body. (After Kölliker.) Radiating from the cell body are to be seen very many protoplasmic processes which show a broad wedge of origin and branch characteristically; the single axis-cylinder process *n* has a smooth surface and tolerably even caliber, which is maintained for a considerable distance from the cell. It gives off a few delicate lateral branches or collaterals, *c*.— From Barker's "Nervous System." Copyright, 1899, by D. Appleton & Co.

something must be the positively charged particle with which it is united. This suggests the possibility that the destruction of irritability is due to the positive ion. We can demonstrate that this is the case in the same way as we have shown the stimulating action of the negative ion. Hydrogen chloride abolishes irritability powerfully, potassium chloride somewhat less, lithium chloride less, and sodium chloride still less. Also the loss of irritability is roughly proportional to the number of charges on the positive ion, salts with three positive charges being highly poisonous. Furthermore, it is it ought to be possible to find a negatively charged ion which would be enough stronger than the chlorine to equal or overbalance the positive potassium. We saw a moment ago that particles with two negative charges will stimulate more powerfully than those with one, and if three charges be present they stimulate still more strongly. If potassium sulphate, in which the single positive charge of the potassium is balanced against the double charge of the sulphate, be taken, it will be found that occasionally the salt will stimulate, but generally not. If a three-charged negative ion, like the citrate, is

combined with potassium, the potassium is overbalanced and stimulation takes place. In other words, for some reason the single charge on the potassium is sufficient to counterbalance a double negative charge on the anion. We find similar facts for lithium, ammonium, and other salts. This experiment was the critical test of the truth of the ideas that salts stimulate by the negative charges of electricity they possess and that the positive charges tend to prevent stimulation. The experiment, it appears to me, confirms beyond any reasonable doubt the truth of the conclusions so far drawn, that chemical stimulation is really an electrical stimulation.

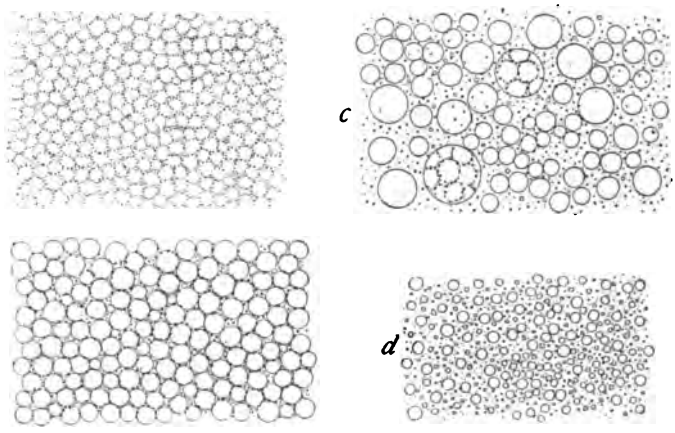


FIGURE 3.

a, protoplasm of the egg of the sea-urchin (*Toxopneustes*) in section; *b*, protoplasm from a living starfish egg (*Asterias*); *c*, the same in a dying condition after crushing the egg; *d*, protoplasm from a young ovarian egg of the same. (All the figures magnified 1200 diameters.) — From "Biological Lectures," 1898. Copyright, 1899, by Ginn & Co.

We have then established this further general conclusion: the positive ion tends to destroy irritability, and its action is roughly proportional to its valence (number of charges), and we may offset the poisonous action of the positive ions by negative ions of sufficient power. This conclusion, I may say, was also independently reached by Professor Loeb. Whether or not a salt stimulates, then, depends upon whether the negative or positive portion of the salt overbalances. In sodium chloride the two charges are nearly equal, but the chlorine is slightly preponderant. In the bromide the negative ion overbalances more; in potassium chloride the positive ion predominates. This idea of the mutual antagonism in action of the negative and positive ions of the salt is destined, I believe, to throw great light on pharmacology, or the action of drugs and of toxines and antitoxines. Of the many curious, suggestive, and most interesting conclusions to which this leads, I cannot speak here, but these lines of work are already being followed in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago, and interesting results may be expected.

It has long been known that when an electric current is passed through a nerve the nerve impulse begins at the negative electrode when the current is made, and that while the current is flowing the irritability of the nerve is reduced near the positive electrode, or anode, and increased near the negative electrode, or cathode. We cannot stop to show how these facts were learned, but they are generally accepted. This change in excitability of the nerve produced by the passage of the current is known as electrotonus. It will be perceived that these facts are virtually a restatement of the facts just learned, that positively charged ions reduce irritability and negatively charged ions increase irritability and stimulate. It makes no difference whether we put our charges into the nerve embarked, so to speak, on atomic boats, or whether by means of the electrodes connected with the battery we increase the number or efficiency of the charges in any part of the nerve. The result will be the same. Negative charges preponderate near the cathode, while the opposite process occurs at the anode. It is impossible in an article of this kind to go into the exact manner in which this is brought about, but the fact cannot be doubted. Whatever may be the exact picture we form of the process, it will be sufficiently clear that the well-established phenomena of electrical stimulation confirm the conclusions as to the electrical nature of the chemical stimulants.

Let us now endeavor to get some idea of what happens in the nerve when stimulation takes place, because a picture of this will make clear the nature of the nerve impulse. A nerve consists of a bundle of fibers. Each of these fibers consists of protoplasm, or living matter, drawn out in a very long process of microscopic diameter and called the axis-cylinder (Figure 1). This process, like all

protoplasm, contains albuminous substances combined with fats and particularly with the nitrogenous fat lecithin. These substances are largely in solution. When such substances as fats, albumins, or common gelatines dissolve they form what is technically called a colloidal solution, or hydrosol, to distinguish it from the true solutions, such as those of salts. We may perhaps infer that in a colloidal solution the particles are accumulated in revolving systems like the planetary systems and have a small motion from place to place, whereas in a solution of common salt the particles are flying hither and thither like the molecules of a gas. At any rate, a solution of gelatine or other colloid possesses certain properties differing from those of true solutions, and as the nerve consists largely of such colloids, it is obvious that we must study the properties of such colloidal solutions to understand the nerve. One of these properties is the power of forming gels. Ordinary gelatine, if cooled, will set or gel. It forms a kind of tissue of gelatine particles with water in the interstices. In this state it is known as a hydrogel. In the case of gelatine, the gel by warming will redissolve. It is called a reversible gel. When egg-albumin is coagulated by heat, it also forms a gel, but this is an irreversible gel. There are reasons for believing that many of the properties of living matter are due to these colloidal substances. This is the opinion held by Professor Loeb, Hardy, me, and many others. Figure 3 shows these gel particles in the protoplasm of the egg as drawn by Professor Wilson.

It has been established by Hardy and others that a colloidal solution the particles of which are electropositive—that is, carry positive charges—is precipitated or coagulated or gelled by electrically charged negative ions. They are held in solution by the positive particles, such as hydrogen. In technical language, the stability of the solution is diminished by negatively charged particles and increased by positive. Furthermore, the efficiency of each precipitating negative ion is roughly proportional to the number of electrical charges it carries.

These facts parallel closely Professor Loeb's results on muscle and my conclusions that the irritability of the nerve is increased by negative charges and diminished by positive. They lead to the idea that the changes in irritability are in some way connected with the colloids of the nerve. From the nature of things our evidence must be indirect, as we cannot see this process in the nerve; fortunately in other cells the process goes so slowly that it may be seen, and little room for doubt is left.

Assuming for a moment that such a change in the colloids is at the bottom of the nerve impulse, as is indicated by the identity of reactions of colloidal solutions and nerves, let us see whether the stimulation will consist in the passage of the colloids from a state of a jelly to solution, or from solution to the jelly. This question, I believe, we are able to answer definitely. The answer is given by our first observations that the extraction of water stimulates the nerve; for as water is the solvent, its removal can have no other effect than the precipitation or jellying of the solution—just as a housewife, who has made her solution of jelly too thin for it to set, boils it down. This conclusion is confirmed by the behavior of the nerve to cold and heat. If a nerve be cooled to about 12° above zero, Centigrade, its irritability increases; it is more sensitive than it was before. But if it is gently warmed it becomes less sensitive until a temperature is reached near its point of coagulation, when its irritability rapidly increases, and at coagulation the nerve is stimulated. Coagulation is a form of jellying. So we have here further evidence that stimulation is gelation. The action of cold will plainly reduce the stability of the solution and tend to set the gel, and under such circumstances the nerve increases in irritability. All the indirect evidence indicates, then, that the stimulation consists in the precipitation or jellying of the colloids. Further evidence is given by the electrical behavior of nerves, but into this we cannot go in an article not of a technical kind.

Convincing optical evidence was presented by Darwin years ago, but has been generally disregarded. Darwin found, in his characteristically thorough researches on insectivorous plants, that when one part of the leaf of the little insect-catcher *Drosera* is stimulated, an impulse travels from that part across to the other side of the leaf and causes movement there. This impulse corresponds in its electrical peculiarities and its relation to salts, in all its details, to the nerve impulse as shown by my results. There can be no doubt of its identity with the process called a nerve impulse. It travels more slowly, to be sure, than does the impulse in the sciatic nerve of the frog, but this is a matter of degree, since in some

nerves the impulse travels only a few millimeters a second. Darwin himself compared this process to a nerve impulse. He says: "Whenever the peripheral extremity of a nerve is touched or pressed, and a sensation is felt, it is believed that an invisible molecular change is sent from one end of the nerve to the other; but when a gland of *Drosera* is repeatedly touched or gently pressed, we can actually see a molecular change proceeding from the gland down the tentacle; though this change is probably of a very different nature from that in a nerve.... It seems therefore probable that the motor impulse consists of the first commencement of a molecular change in the protoplasm which, when well developed, is plainly visible and has been designated aggregation."

Darwin saw that when the impulse passed over the cell, the cell flashed into cloudiness, the finest precipitate appeared in it, and the particles of this precipitate coalesced to form larger particles, and these into drops. This precipitate then redissolved. From Darwin's careful observations there can be no doubt that he was describing most faithfully the formation of a reversible gel. This process, which he calls aggregation, was prevented by the action of ether, chloroform, carbon dioxide, potassium, and some other salts,—just the influences which prevent nerve conduction,—and was produced most powerfully by salts having trivalent negative ions.

There is thus a great deal of evidence that stimulation consists in the passage of the colloids of the nerve toward or to gelation. I think the chain of direct and circumstantial evidence is so strong that, supported as it is by a large mass of confirmatory material for muscle accumulated by Professor Loeb, and not yet published, we may safely accept this conclusion as a fact established with a reasonable degree of probability.

With this conclusion established, the action of anesthetics is readily understood. Anything which will prevent the gelation or precipitation of the colloids will prevent stimulation or conduction. As has already been established, gelation may be prevented by positively charged particles. It may also be prevented by the anesthetics. The anesthetics dissolve fat. Overton and Meyer have recently pointed out this, until now, inexplicable relationship. They found that the anesthetizing power was roughly proportional to the fat-dissolving power of the anesthetic. The colloids of the nerve consist of fat and albumin compounds, which are probably more soluble in a mixture of ether and water than in water alone. If ether is taken, the colloids are precipitated with greater difficulty, and irritability is reduced. This conclusion is not a mere deduction, but rests on well-substantiated observations by Darwin, Loeb, Zoethout, Budgett, and me. Darwin showed that the anesthetics prevented precipitation or aggregation in protoplasm, and others have shown that they will produce the liquefaction or solution of the protoplasm of eggs, infusoria, and other cells, and that their action resembles that of acids, heat, and certain poisons. There is no doubt that a mixture of the anesthetics and water is a better solvent for many of the substances in protoplasm than is water alone.

The light which is thus shed on the nature of stimulation and physical meaning of changes in irritability enables us to form a physical picture of the nerve impulse, although probably a crude and imperfect one. It has long been known that the passage of the impulse is accompanied by a wave of negative electricity, the so-called negative variation. This negative wave cannot pass an etherized point, which shows that it is not simply a movement of inorganic ions or negative particles, but that it is dependent at every point upon the irritability of the protoplasm. These facts have led several prominent physiologists, who have particularly studied the problem, to the conclusion that the negative variation stimulates each successive part of the nerve and is regenerated by the change which it has produced. My results prove the correctness of this view and enable us to form a picture, though, as I have said, a crude one, of what happens. We have already seen that whenever negative charges overbalance in the nerve, the nerve is stimulated, and the stimulation consists in the precipitation of the colloids. We have now to see how, by this precipitation, the negative charges are regenerated. This is possibly brought about in the following way (see Figure 4): The colloidal particles are positively charged. Those charges induce in the water about each particle negative charges, the number of negative charges being proportional to the surface of the particles. Now when two adjacent particles are thrown together mechanically (mechanical stimulation) (Figure 4, *B*) or by heat or in any other way, they coalesce, and the surface of the coalesced particles is smaller than the sum of the surfaces in the separate particles. There is a sudden diminution in the number

of positive charges holding the negative charges. A certain number of the latter are at once set free (Figure 4, *C*). These immediately precipitate the next layer of colloids (Figure 4, *E*). By the coalescence of these particles, negative charges are again liberated (Figure 4, *F*) and the nerve impulse is thus propagated. The speed of its propagation is probably connected with the minute diameter of the axis-cylinder process, which makes the movement take place altogether in one direction. If we prevent precipitation we can stop the nerve impulse and the negative variation also. The process is probably analogous to what goes on in the precipitation of a supersaturated solution. Although the picture just given of the manner in which the negative charges precipitate is probably inaccurate, yet the general conception that these charges are set free and in some way precipitate the colloids has much in its favor.

There is one other feature of these experiments which carries us back to the ultimate constitution of matter itself. When speaking of the stimulating action of the chloride, bromide, iodide, and fluoride of sodium, it was mentioned that the iodide stimulates more effectively than the chloride, and the fluoride more than either. All of these salts contain a single charge of negative electricity, or one negative electron, on their anions. This fact leads us to infer that in attributing the stimulating action to the *number of charges* on the negative ions we have not reached the ultimate property which determines stimulating or chemical action. There is no escape from the general conclusion that it is the charge which stimulates, but why does it happen that the charge on the fluorine atom differs in its effects from the same charge on the chlorine atom? The difference in the effects of the charges is determined by a difference in their movements, and that it is not the charge or number of charges which determines action, but the way those charges move. Let us for a moment consider the action of light on protoplasm. We all know by personal experience, whether by being tanned or by our sense of vision, that light stimulates protoplasm. Abundant evidence has been obtained that it is chiefly the ultra-violet or very short ether waves which stimulate protoplasm and produce chemical reactions. This fact is in the highest degree interesting and suggestive. By red light we may inhibit the motion of some cells—for example, the amœba; by violet, cause it. In other words, the violet vibrations of the ether will produce in protoplasm or other chemical media just those changes which our electrically charged particles do. Now, these vibrations are supposed to be due to the movement of electrons or charges either constituting a part of or associated with the atoms in the sun. We have a demonstration, therefore, that the movement of an electron as far away as the sun will produce the same series of changes in protoplasm as the electron in the nerve. It does not act by its mere existence, either, but by the number of disturbances it gives in a given time to the ether which pervades all space. If an electron produces these effects by its motion so far away as the sun, and these effects are comparable to those of the electrons in the nerve, we are justified in making the hypothesis that the electron in the nerve acts in the same way, i.e., by the impact its motion gives the ether, and particularly by the number of impacts in a given time. In other words, chemical stimulation and stimulation by light are identical.

The reason why a doubly charged or three-

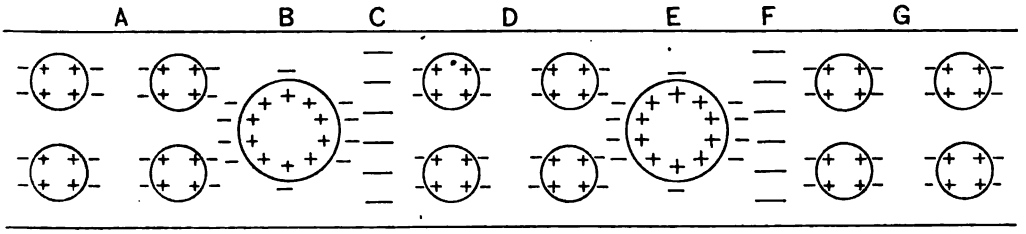


FIGURE 4. DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE CONDUCTION OF THE NERVE IMPULSE.

amount of electricity is the same, the charge is the same. It must be something the charge does which determines its action, and the fluorine charge must differ in some way from that of chlorine. I believe that the charged particle is more effective than a one-charged particle is probably due, among other things, to the fact that the number of impacts delivered in a certain time by two negative electrons is greater than with one. We

know, for example, that substances do give off these ether vibrations, as is shown by the Becquerel rays, the phenomena of fluorescence and phosphorescence, and so on. I have suggested that the electrons and valences may be revolving about the atoms just as the moon revolves about the earth. As we have worlds with one, two, or more moons, so we have atoms with one, two, or more electrons revolving about them or with them.

Into the many interesting consequences of this hypothesis it is impossible to enter here, but it will be seen that the conclusion to which we have come of the identity of chemical and electrical stimulation confirms the hypothesis of J. J. Thomson, of Larmor and other physicists, that the atoms are made up of electrons. I mention this fact to show how any physiological problem, if carried to its foundations, brings us to the same problems with which the physicist is grappling. Unless I am much mistaken, physiology will develop in this direction in the future, and it may, not impossibly, be the case that the peculiar reactions of protoplasm will ultimately shed light on some abstruse physical problems. Living matter, or protoplasm, is of such a character as to furnish us a most delicate reagent for detecting differences in the elements.

THE MAIN RESULTS RECAPITULATED.

In conclusion let us recapitulate briefly the main results of the foregoing paper. It has been shown: first, that the chemical stimulation of protoplasm is really an electrical stimulation; second, that the poisonous action of inorganic salts is due to the electrical charges of the salts and probably to the movements of these charges; third, that the negative charges stimulate protoplasm, while the positive prevent stimulation, and if not counteracted by the negative will destroy life; fourth, that muscle contraction is probably in its essence an electrical phenomenon and that the conduction of a nerve impulse is almost certainly an electrical phenomenon; fifth, for the first time we have a physical explanation, which agrees with all the main known facts, of the nerve impulse and changes in irritability; sixth, we have secured a physical explanation of the way in which an anesthetic produces its effect; seventh, we are led to the hypothesis of the identity of stimulation by light and by chemicals.

PROBABLE PRACTICAL RESULTS.

It will probably be asked, What are likely to be the practical results of these conclusions? It is of course impossible to predict what practical results may follow in the future, but it appears to me probable that the immediate practical consequences will very likely occur in the following directions:

First, the physical explanation thus attained of one of the phenomena of life will, if it proves true, bring us a step nearer the understanding of other life-phenomena, the artificial synthesis of living matter, and the prolongation of life. There is apparently no inherent reason why a man should die, except our ignorance of the conditions governing the reaction going on in his protoplasm.

Second, it looks as if we had at last secured a rational basis of pharmacology. If the poisonous action of salts is due to the electrical charges their particles bear, and we are able to offset this action by particles with the opposite charge, there is every reason to believe that the poisonous action of drugs is also so caused and may in the same manner be counteracted. The credit for this work should be given to Professor Loeb.

Third, we have at last secured, apparently, a basis for attacking the great problem of fermentation, for the peculiar fermentative or catalytic powers of colloidal solutions are probably, in their essence, electrical. A solution of the problem of fermentation probably means a revolution in some of the great industries of the world, for it will enable us to build up our food-stuffs from the soil, the air, and sunlight, just as plants do. It will put in our hands a power of controlling chemical phenomena the results of which can at present hardly be conceived. In the absence of experimental data it is impossible to say definitely whether our results will ultimately illuminate the problem of fermentation or not, but they at least suggest a means of attacking this problem, and I think I do not overstate the probable consequences of the solution of that problem.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Civic Improvement a Phase of Patriotism.

THERE is something enkindling to the imagination in the plans for the improvement of the city of Washington, as described by Mr. Charles Moore in THE CENTURY for February and March, and as illustrated by the accomplished artists who have made their drawings under the direction of the Congressional Commission. The more these plans and pictures are studied, the more thorough, the more magnificent, the nobler, do they seem. It is a part of the good fortune of the republic that men of the taste and large-mindedness of Washington, Jefferson, and L'Enfant shaped the city at the outset, and that its "improvement" should have come, in the ripeness of time, into the hands of an expert commission of the trained ability and moral force of Burnham, McKim, St. Gaudens, and the younger Olmsted. All honor to Senator McMillan for his share in bringing this great scheme to its present flourishing condition, and to the Presidents and secretaries and other officials who have so wisely and enthusiastically coöperated to bring about results the accomplishment of which will enjoy the approval and support of the intelligence of the entire country.

The "old Washington" is not without the attraction given by a fine and liberal ground-plan and the presence of public buildings adhering, under the influence of the city's founders, to the classic style of architecture. The new Washington will certainly compare favorably with any modern capital. Two of the city's existing public monuments are of such transcendent nobility that, being accented by their new surroundings, architectural and landscape, the whole impression will be unique in its magnificence and beauty: we refer to the great white shaft of the Washington Monument, and to the Capitol itself—the most imposing structure of the modern world.

To the devotee of art no new building can ever appeal with the poignant beauty of the ruin that crowns the Acropolis. In its pathetic dilapidation it remains the supreme and unapproached masterpiece of architecture. Nor can any later dome put to shame that which greatened from the brain of Michelangelo. The Capitol at Washington is not in rivalry in our thoughts with the imperious associations of Athens and Rome, or with any of the creations of the ancient world or of the Renaissance. We speak of it in comparison with the finest accomplishments of European art, since the great days, in its power, by reason of its commanding position and of its own lines and masses, to impress the minds of men. Its technical faults, whatever they may be, are lost sight of in its soaring, its imaginative proportions.

The good work planned for the capital city will give new impetus to the advancing tide of civic improvement now passing over the United States. It will be the pleasure of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to do its share in popularizing and extending the movement by a number of articles on various phases of the subject, accompanied by illustrations of a particularly attractive sort.

To us this great esthetic movement appeals as being, in essence, a phase of patriotism.

America's Need of Free Art.

IT will be very difficult, and it ought to be impossible, for Congress to resist the renewed demand for the abolition of the tariff on works of art, which, it will be remembered, was taken off by the McKinley Bill of 1890 and restored by the Dingley Bill of 1897. The arguments for the repeal of this unpatriotic, unwise, and illogical provision are almost too familiar to need restatement. Their force has been increased by the responsible position which America has lately taken in the family of nations.

The only argument in favor of such a tariff was the materialistic and provincial view of art as a luxury. Admitting the sincerity of this view, it must be seen, in the perspective of history, that the luxuries of one epoch may become the necessities of the next. Ice, once in the first class, was long ago judicially pronounced to be in the second. Probably nothing has tended to the health of the people more than the advance of the bathtub to the place of a necessity in house-construction. The palace car, the first-class hotel, the beautiful book, are not taxed as luxuries. The world is moving rapidly toward higher ideals of comfort and beauty; it is a time of great achievements, and the American people have reached a plane of national self-respect when they feel that for them the best is none too good. In spite of Mr. Hamilton Aide's published opinion that we do not love flowers, we are a beauty-loving, indeed a beauty-hungry, people. We are now at that stage of civilization when, aware of our meager opportunities for art education in the past, we are ready to respond with the fullest appreciation to the best that can be offered. This natural inclination, heightened by the fact that we have become the traveling nation of the world, may well make us impatient of the artificial obstacle which legislation has put in the way of our national growth in artistic taste, by the virtual exclusion of many paintings by the great masters which are waiting at our doors.

Merely to put the question on a commercial basis, we are beginning to see what foreign na-

tions, with a more enlightened policy, have long perceived—that beautiful works of art conduce to the beauty of trade products, are the school in which the artisan is to become an artist—to say nothing of the direct effect upon the student of art. In the matter of this education it is futile to discriminate between works of art imported for museums and those for private houses. We have no hermits nowadays, and every great painting is an illuminating and warming flame of beauty that cannot be hid. Every connoisseur is, more or less generously, a contributor to loan collections which are free to the public. The heavy tariff tends to accentuate in the minds of holders of pictures the fact of private ownership, whereas a liberal policy would tend to increase their sense of the responsibility to the public involved in the possession of beautiful art. Let us be done with the idea that anybody is harmed by the presence in his drawing-room of such "luxuries" as a Rembrandt or a Botticelli, and cease to class a Donatello relief with perfumery and champagne.

International copyright has abundantly justified itself as a measure of progress and civilization; so, likewise, will free art. It is to be hoped that the present Congress will take an enlightened view of the question and respond to the demands of the most intelligent public sentiment. The artists, like the authors, do not come as beggars to ask for a bounty, but as men of public spirit to ask for free play in the diffusion of knowledge.

Education and Citizenship.

DURING one of those gloomy periods for New-Yorkers when their local government was in the hands of the morally unfragrant, there was a dinner of journalists and their friends at which President Low of Columbia University was present as the principal guest. On this occasion the chairman declared that he had had a dream of a time when the knowledge and wisdom embodied, so to speak, in the great university would be at the service of the city government. This was years ago, and the dream at that time seemed, even to the dreamer, much more visionary than practical. And yet, to-day, President Low of Columbia has been chosen by the people of the city as their chief magistrate, and other experts lately connected with that university are devoting their knowledge and wisdom to the city's service.

When one comes to think of it, it ought not to be a rare and surprising thing to see the city seeking advice and service not from the frequenters of bar-rooms, gambling-dens, and dives, as has been the case during the reign of Tammany, but, as now, from the ablest, most decent, and most expert men it has, either in its universities or elsewhere. That it should do so shows good sense on the part of the general community and of our new rulers, and a proper sense of the responsibilities of citizenship on the part of men of education, culture, and special training.

It is fortunate for New York and fortunate for the university that Columbia's new president, while a distinguished expert in the science of education, and a scholar "in his own right," so to speak, is also a man very deeply interested in all the problems of American citizenship. No prominent educator in the country has a firmer grasp of the idea that education is a means to an end, that end being not only the leading forward and upward of the individual, but the cultivation in that individual of a sense of duty to the community. In other words, President Butler understands, and none better, the function of a university in a democracy like ours not only to turn out men of good education, but of good citizenship.

OPEN LETTERS

The Carnegie Institution.

AN AUTHORITATIVE STATEMENT.

NOT many months ago, Mr. Andrew Carnegie surprised the universities of Scotland by a gift of ten millions of dollars for the encouragement of deserving students. He has now surprised the learned institutions of America by a gift of the same amount for the advancement of knowledge. As this Open Letter is written, he has not formally made his deed of gift, and the trustees whom he selected have not developed their plans, but enough is definitely known to awaken the highest expectations of good, and to call for the enthusiastic reception of his great project. His general purpose has been clearly stated in a single sentence. He purposes to found, in the city of Washington, in the spirit of Washington, an institution which, with the coöperation of institutions now or hereafter established, there or elsewhere, shall, in the broadest and most liberal manner, encourage investigation, research, and discovery, show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind, provide such buildings, books, and instruments as may be needed, and afford instruction of an advanced character to students, whenever and wherever found, qualified to profit thereby.

A more complete announcement of Mr. Carnegie's plan is given in this informal statement:

> Among its aims are these:
> To increase the efficiency of the universities and other institutions of learning throughout the country, by seeking to utilize and add to their existing facilities, and to aid teachers in the various institutions for experimental and other work, in these institutions as far as practicable.
> To discover the invaluable and exceptional man in every department of study, whenever and wherever found, inside or outside of the schools, and enable him by financial aid to make the work for which he seems specially designed his life-work.
> To promote original research, paying great attention thereto, as being one of the chief purposes of this institution.
> To increase facilities for higher education.
> To make more useful, to such students as may find Washington the best point for their special studies, the museums, libraries, laboratories, observatory, meteorological, piscicultural, and forestry schools, and kindred institutions of the several departments of the government.
> To insure the prompt publication and distribution of the results of scientific investigation, a field considered to be highly important.
> These and kindred objects are to be attained by the employment of able teachers in the various institutions in Washington or at other points, and by enabling men fitted for special work to devote themselves to it, through salaried fellowships or scholarships, or through salaries carrying pensions in old age, or through aid in other forms to such men as continue their special work at seats of learning, or who may be discovered outside the schools.

The present moment is favorable for casting the eye backward over the growth of an idea, and for tracing the various influences which have contributed to its evolution. A small amount of that "original research," which is the dominant note of the scientific world, will show the relation of George Washington to this new movement.

The possible establishment of a national university was brought up in the Constitutional Convention, and was seriously discussed, but the project was dropped, and no mention of it is found in the fundamental law of the Union. When Washington became President he used this language in his first message to Congress (January 8, 1790):

> There is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature. . . . Whether this desirable object will be best promoted by affording aids to seminaries of learning already established, by the institution of a national university, or by any other expedients, will be well worthy of a place in the deliberations of the legislature.

From that time onward, until he drew up his last will, a few months before he died, Washington frequently recurs to his wishes. "The University of the Federal City" is repeatedly spoken of. At the beginning of the year 1795 he points out the advantages of the "Federal City" as a site for a university, and says, if the plan is adopted, he will give to it fifty shares of the Potomac River Company. He adds, however, that the design has assumed no form, and that he does not know who are promoting it. A little later he addresses Mr. Jefferson on the same subject, and gives these reasons for preferring the Federal City for his proposed gift: it will be the seat of government; it is central; half the District of Columbia is in Virginia; there will be an advantage in governmental supervision, and certain studies in law and politics can be favorably pursued in the neighborhood of Congress. He speaks also of his own gift as a part of the endowment. In 1796 a memorial was presented to Congress for the foundation of a national university, but nothing came of it. Finally, in the will of Washington we have the following paragraph, which, like the famous paragraphs that constitute the Monroe Doctrine, is very short, and has been the basis of much discussion in later years:

> . . . as it has always been a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own; contracting too frequently not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome; for these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or, indeed, ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation), my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure than the establishment of a University in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education, in all the branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government, and as a matter of infinite importance, in my judgment, by associating with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.

Whatever may have been the source of Washington's idea, it was not a passing thought, for his recorded commendations of it cover nearly ten years. But there was little public discussion of the subject for nearly three quarters of a century, although it was repeatedly mentioned in Presidential messages. At length, in 1873, a member of Congress, the Hon. John W. Hoyt of Wisconsin, afterward governor of Wyoming, brought the subject forward, and from that time to this he has been the unselfish, undaunted, and persistent advocate of a national university to be organized and endowed by Congress. In spite of the opposition and coldness which the project has encountered, he has lost no opportunity to urge its importance; he has never lost his zeal and confidence. Eminent members of the national legislature have intro-

duced the appropriate bills, and yet no final action has been taken by Congress. The support of distinguished men in every part of the country has been secured, and yet, at the same time, strong objections have been raised in various quarters. Many wise and patriotic persons have been apprehensive that Congress would not be, as years roll by, the best supporter of advanced education, and others have thought that the country already had more than enough institutions exercising the university functions.

Recently other influences have been at work. Many persons who admire the management of the Smithsonian Institution have thought it desirable that the work of that establishment should be so enlarged as to exercise, in part at least, the functions of a university; but the authorities of the Smithsonian have not seen the way clear to any such expansion. Many of those who are connected with the scientific bureaus of the government became aware of the great resources of Washington which might be opened to students properly qualified to profit by them, and probably at their suggestion, Congress consented to the opening of these resources to those who might be enrolled in the institutions of the District of Columbia. Five institutions in the District are called universities—the Georgetown University, under the Jesuit fathers; the Columbian University, controlled by the Baptists; the Howard University, for the instruction of Africans; the Catholic University, chartered by the Pope and fostered by the Roman Catholic prelacy; and the American University, projected by the Methodists. This simple enumeration shows how divergent have been the wishes and aims of those citizens who have agreed with Washington that the Federal City offered exceptional advantages for advanced instruction.

Another factor has entered into this complex problem. Many influential and patriotic ladies, in different parts of the country, have formed the George Washington Memorial Association, and, among other objects, have undertaken to collect a fund which might be applied to the erection, in Washington, of a memorial building in honor of Washington, to be used as a central, administrative building for the national university, if such an institution should come into existence.

Just before adjournment, in the summer of 1901, Congress authorized the opening of the scientific bureaus and libraries of Washington to students from any part of the country. This was an opportunity which was immediately seized by the Washington Academy of Sciences and by the George Washington Memorial Association, just referred to, and they united their forces in the establishment of an independent body to be known as the Washington Memorial Institution. This movement received the support of a large number of the presidents of colleges throughout the land, and in the autumn of 1901 everything looked favorable for the beginning of its work, except the lack of funds. In a private way some efforts were made to secure, if not an endowment, a sufficient income to carry on the work of the new organization.

Then came a great surprise. Mr. Carnegie announced his desire to found an institution in the city of Washington upon the plan already indicated at the beginning of this letter, and those whom he has selected for this work are about to proceed to the unfolding of his purposes.

The form of organization is very simple. Under the general law of the District of Columbia, six persons—namely, Messrs. John Hay, Edward D. White, John S. Billings, Charles D. Walcott, Carroll D. Wright, and Daniel C. Gilman—formed an incorporation at Mr. Carnegie's request, and subsequently, on his nomination, selected twenty-seven persons to be the trustees, namely: the President of the United States, the President of the United States Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the president of the National Academy of Sciences, *ex officiis;* Grover Cleveland, John S. Billings, William N. Frew, Lyman J. Gage, Daniel C. Gilman, John Hay, Abram S. Hewitt, Henry L. Higginson, Henry Hitchcock, Charles L. Hutchinson, William Lindsay, Seth Low, Wayne MacVeagh, D. O. Mills, S. Weir Mitchell, W. W. Morrow, Elihu Root, John C. Spooner, Andrew D. White, Edward D. White, Charles D. Walcott, and Carroll D. Wright.

It is obvious that a body like this, which is made up of men whose homes are in widely scattered parts of the country, and who are evidently selected because of the interest they have shown in the welfare of the country, cannot manage the details of scientific investigation. They will doubtless select certain executive officers, but even these will not be qualified, without a great deal of expert advice, to determine the value of the various methods of procedure which will quickly be presented for their consideration. Accordingly, the next step forward will be to appoint a number of counselors or experts, to whom will be referred important questions of a scientific character, the selection of competent helpers, and the best methods of publishing results. It is proposed, in other words, to select, in different departments of knowledge, men who, by their ability and experience, have shown themselves worthy of confidence. They will constitute the scientific corps of the institution, and will be chosen because they are qualified and willing to coöperate in advancing the purposes of the institution.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Carnegie's gift does not supersede any action on the part of Congress to establish a university, in the ordinary sense of that word, where a faculty shall be assembled, laboratories provided, and postgraduate students admitted. All the plans thus far projected for a national university have looked toward postgraduate work, extending the opportunities now provided in colleges and other institutions throughout the land. This form of activity is foreign to Mr. Carnegie's purposes, and his purposes can be carried out with or without the establishment of a national university by Congress. That question stands now, as heretofore, on its own merits.

The friends of scientific research will await the further development of the Carnegie Institution with profound interest. Even those who would pre-

fer the organization of a national university, supported by Congress, must perceive upon reflection, if they do not at the outset, that Mr. Carnegie's plans are as broad as the field of knowledge, that the amount of his gift surpasses any other endowment in the world for the specific purpose of extending science, and that the spirit of coöperation which he enjoins upon his trustees must bring the new institution into close affiliation with all that is best in the country. He will deserve not only the applause but also the gratitude of mankind.

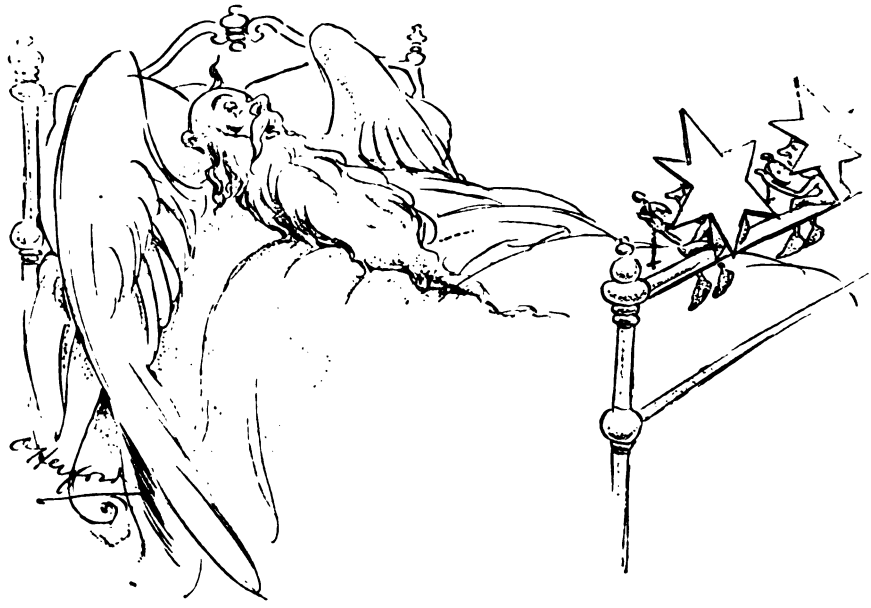
Daniel C. Gilman.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

WHEN Sirius was the Dog-star, 't was a very gay affair
That took place not on earth at all, but 'way up in the air;
The ball-room was well lighted with electric Northern Lights,
Which thus enabled all to see most truly wondrous sights.
The music for the dancing was the sort one seldom hears,
And was rendered very sweetly—'t was the Music of the Spheres.
Old Father Time said, with a sigh: "I think I 'll go to sleep;
My hour-glass is not needed, for the Stars their Watches keep."

The company arrived by scores. The Sleet was Hailed with joy;
The Fogs all came in Clouds, of course, and acted strangely coy;
And those who came on Trade-winds were the ones that bought and sold,
But higher classes came in state, and e'en the Thunder Rolled.
The Frost came on his Icicle—a chainless, bevel-gear;
Said Mr. Ice: "I see you ride, but Peddle nothing here."
Before they danced, there came a sound of "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
At which each one exclaimed: "I know that that is Saturn's Ring!"

"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."



"THE STARS THEIR WATCHES KEEP."

Then came a knock both loud and bold. Said
all the little Stars:
"That knock is Papa Jupiter's; if it 's not Pa's,
it 's Mars'."

'T is hard to tell of all that host which really
was most fair:
Aurora Borealis wore a Rainbow in her hair;
Her sparkling glance could not surpass Miss
Lightning's brilliant Flash—
And, by the way, the latter's tongue could sting
like any lash.
Both ladies, too, were jealous of Miss Luna
beaming near,
And said: "We do not want Miss Luna Moon-
ing round us here."

"THE GREAT, BIG DIPPER AND THE SMALL WERE ALWAYS IN DEMAND."

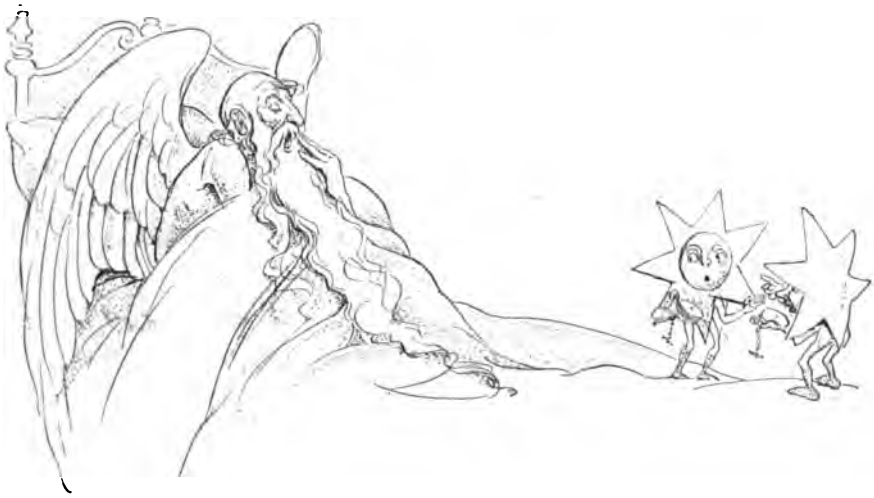
She really once Eclipsed the Sun, 't is said,
upon a time;
No wonder, then, the other belles refused with
her to chime.

Now, at all balls, it is a fact, some Wall-
flowers there must be;
The Wall-flowers here were old Fixed Stars,
as lonely as could be.
And Satellites, they sat till lights began to fade
and wane,
But not a partner asked them out; their wait-
ing was in vain.
When heated with the dancing, guests would
pair off hand in hand
Where the Great, Big Dipper and the Small
were always in demand;
While those who wished to take Ice-cream
strolled down the Milky Way,
And with their cream were served Snowflakes
—nor were they asked to pay.

At last old Father Time awoke as rested as
could be.
A little Meteor cried out: "Oh, look! Time 's
Up!" said he.
And so the guests all had to go. The Shooting
Stars went first,
And in their haste to get ahead, a number of
them burst.
Orion's Belt Line Train appeared, and to it he
was led.
"Go home at once, you Fogs!" called he.
"You 're surely Missed," he said.
And so the dance was ended, and the Comets
took their flights,
The Pleiades remaining to turn out the North-
ern Lights.

Though Sirius was the Dog-star, that ball was
gay, you see.
I 'd like to see a Planet Plan It better than
did he!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



"'OH, LOOK! TIME 'S UP!'"

Inside Facts.

You see, all her people were eager
To have it hushed up very soon;
So the statement, explicit though meager,
"The dish ran away with the spoon,"
Was all the reporter could gather
Of her sudden elopement with him,
And of course you 'll admit it was rather
Provokingly slim.

But I 've since heard the truth of the matter;
I 'll tell it to you, if you wish.
There was much idle gossip and chatter,
And every one blamed the poor dish.
You see, she was awfully pretty,
And belonged to a very rich set;
And the spoon—well, of course 't was a pity
That ever they met.

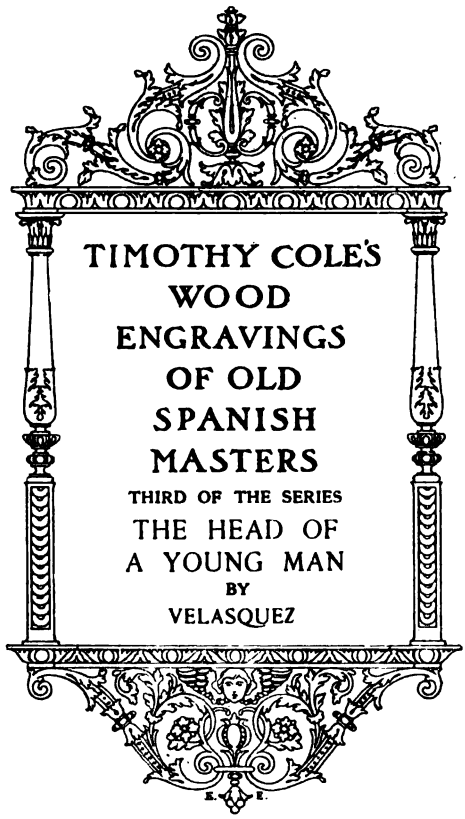
The meeting was quite accidental;
It occurred at a dinner one night:
And as both were a bit sentimental,
Of course it was love at first sight.
The spoon to the end of his handle
With sudden emotion was thrilled;
While the dish, never dreaming of scandal,
With rapture was filled.

Then the spoon grew more recklessly daring—
He was fond as a lover could be;
All sorts of rash vows he was swearing,
And he murmured, "Sweet dish, fly with me!"
"I will," and the dish smiled with pleasure.
The first chance to fly they embraced;
And now they 're repenting at leisure
For wedding in haste.

Carolyn Wells.

AN ANTIQUE AUCTION.
"Last call!—who says ten?"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
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OF OLD
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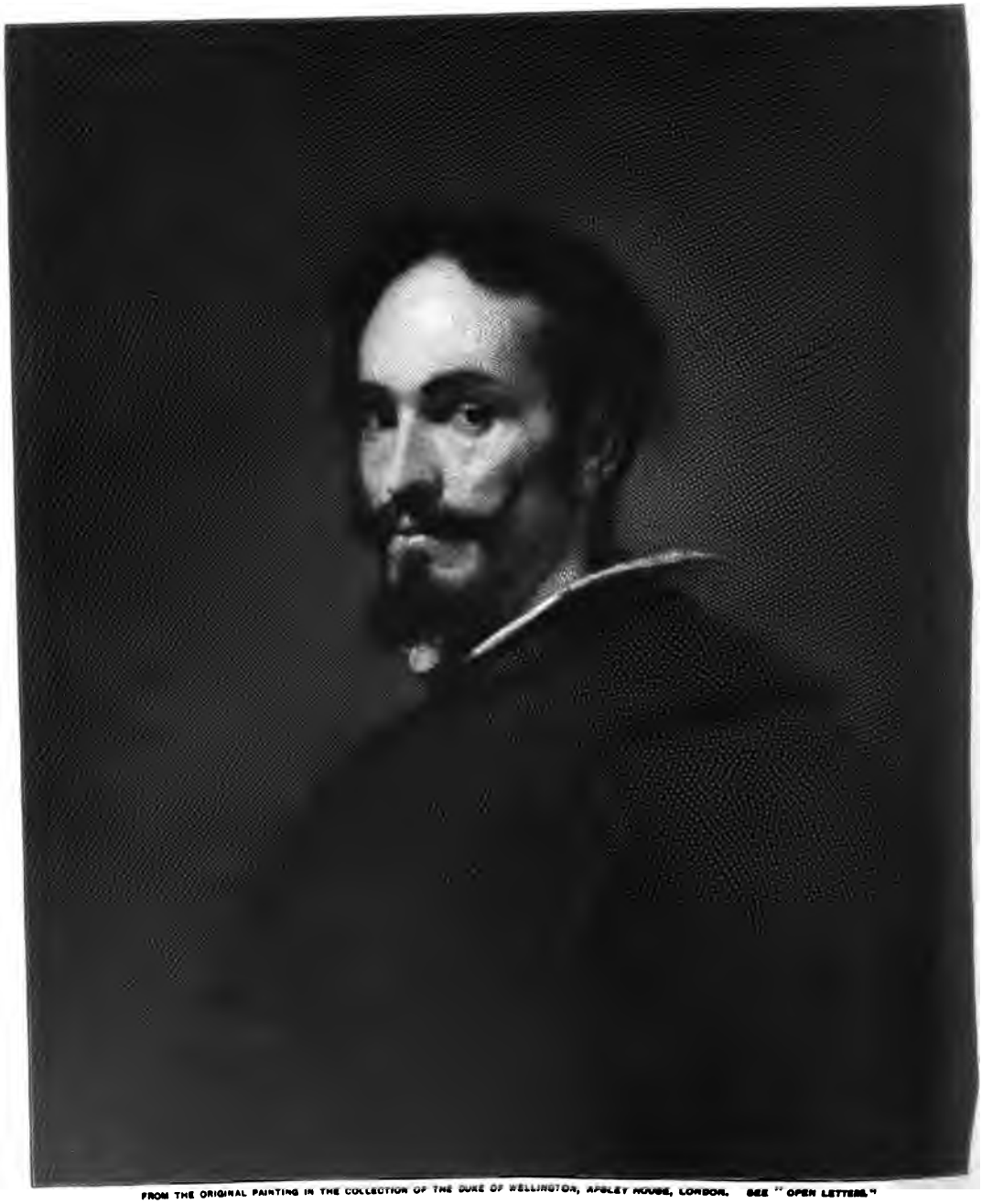
THIRD OF THE SERIES
THE HEAD OF
A YOUNG MAN
BY
VELASQUEZ



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, APSLEY HOUSE, LONDON. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN. BY VELASQUEZ.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: THIRD OF THE SERIES.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII. APRIL, 1902. No. 6.

"THE PLAINS ACROSS."[1]

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "The Boy Emigrants," "First Across the Continent," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

DURING the ten years immediately following the discovery of gold in California, the main-traveled road across the continent was what was known as the Platte River route. Starting from Council Bluffs, Iowa, a town then famous as the "jumping-off place" for California emigrants, the adventurers crossed the Missouri by a rope ferry and clambered up a steep, slippery bank to the site of the modern city of Omaha. The only building of any considerable dimensions in the early fifties was a large, unpainted, barn-like structure, which, we were proudly told, was to be the capitol of the Territory of Nebraska, the Territorial organization of which was authorized by Congress in 1854.

Crossing the Elkhorn during our first day's journey, we soon after struck the Platte, and our long, long tramp across the Great Plains had fairly begun. "Plains" very fairly describes the country lying along the Platte valley; for where the land was not a dead level, it was an undulating meadow skirting the river and belted along the stream with cottonwoods and willows. Thence the trail followed the river for about two hundred miles, and then, at the junction of the North Fork of the Platte, deflected northward, and, striking the Sweetwater, after crossing the upper waters of the North Fork, followed that beautiful stream through a hilly and picturesque country to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains and over the Great Divide.

The trail from the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake valley grew more and more difficult as we approached the rocky fastnesses of the Wahsatch range of mountains, that defends the land of the Latter-Day Saints on its eastern border. Leaving the valley and skirting the northern end of Great Salt Lake, the route followed the general course of the Humboldt, crossed the dreadful desert which takes its name from the river, and we finally caught sight once more of civilization

[1] In the rude ballads and songs of the time, the phrase for crossing the plains was "the plains across"; never by any chance did the verse-maker write "across the plains." This form of locution was at once adopted by the plainsmen, who unconsciously drifted into the use of the more poetic phrase, "the plains across"; and to this day you will find old pioneers scattered among the solitudes of the far Northwest who never admit that they came across the plains; they came the plains across.

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in Honey Lake valley, at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada. Here the trail began a toilsome ascent of the gigantic mountain wall, and scaling the roof of the world, as it seemed to us, slid down into the valley of the Sacramento through the wooded ridges of the Plumas mining region.

The distances from Council Bluffs, roughly estimated at the time, were as follows: 487 miles to Fort Laramie; 802 to South Pass; 900 to Fort Bridger; 984 to Salt Lake; 1340 to the head of the Humboldt; 1767 to Big Meadows, in the heart of the Sierras; and 1878 to the floor of the Sacramento valley. We left Omaha on the 27th of May, and made our first camp in the valley of the Sacramento on the 4th of October.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A BULL-WHACKER.

The loaded whip was used with two hands and was twenty feet long, or more, in the lash. In some cases it had a horseshoe-nail in the end of the snapper.

The average cost of a journey to California in those days did not greatly vary whether one took the water route by the way of Cape Horn or the land route by the trail just described. In either case the emigrants usually clubbed together, and the cost per man was therefore considerably reduced. A party of overland emigrants, supplied with a team of horses or oxen,—preferably the latter,—and numbering four or five men, were expected to invest about five hundred dollars for their outfit. This included the cost of provisions, clothing, tent, wagon, and animals, and a small sum of ready money for

emergencies by the way. The necessaries of life were few and simple. The commissariat was slender, and included flour, dried beans, coffee, bacon or "side-meat," and a few small stores—sugar, salt, baking-powder, and the like. In those days the art of canning goods had not been invented, and the only article in that category was the indispensable yeast-powder, without which bread was impossible. The earliest emigrants experimented with hard bread, but soft bread, baked fresh every day, was found more economical and portable, as well as more palatable.

But, after all, beans and coffee were the mainstay of each well-seasoned and well-equipped party. In our own experience, good luck (more than good management) furnished us with enough of these two necessaries of life to last us from the Missouri to the Pacific. The coffee, it should be explained, was bought in its green state, and was browned and ground as occasion required. That variety of pork product known as side-meat was a boneless slab from the side of a mast-fed porker, salted and smoked. In western Iowa and Missouri we usually found this meat corded up in piles after it had been cured. Corn-meal, that beloved staff of life on the Western frontier, was an unprofitable addition to the stores of the emigrant. It was not "filling," and its nutriment was out of all proportion to its bulk. Hot flour bread, made into the form of biscuits, and dipped in the "dope," or gravy, made by mixing flour and water with the grease extracted from the fried bacon, was our mainstay.

Does the imagination of the epicure revolt at the suggestion of so rude a dish? To hundreds of thousands of weary emigrants, trudging their way across the continent, spending their days and nights in the open air and breathing an atmosphere bright with ozone, even ruder viands than this were as nectar and ambrosia.

The evolution of cooks, teamsters, woodsmen, and herders from the raw materials of a party of emigrants was one of the interesting features of life on the Great Plains. Here was a little company made up of a variety of experiences and aptitudes. Each man's best faculty in a novel service must be discovered. At the outset, none knew who should drive the oxen, who should do the cooking, or whose ingenuity would be taxed to mend broken wagon or tattered clothing. Gradually, and not altogether without grumbling and objection, each man filled his own proper place. No matter if the members of the party were college-bred, society men, farmers' sons, or ex-salesmen; each man found his legitimate vocation after a while. The severest critic of another's work was eventually charged with the labor which he had all along declared was not rightly performed by others. By the time the journey was fairly undertaken, the company was manned in every section as completely as if each worker had been assigned to his place in a council of the Fates. It was just and fit that he who had steadily derided the cooking of every other should show the others how cooking should be done; and common consent gave to the best manager of cattle the arduous post of driver. There was no place for drones, of course, for this was a strenuous life. Before the continent had been crossed the master spirits had asserted themselves. It was an evolution of the fittest.

I have said that these assignments to duty were not accomplished without grumbling and objection. Indeed, the division of labor in a party of emigrants was a prolific cause of quarrel. In our own little company of five there were occasional angry debates while the various burdens were being adjusted, but no outbreak ever occurred. We saw not a little fighting in the camps of others who sometimes jogged along the trail in our company, and these bloody fisticuffs were invariably the outcome of disputes over divisions of labor.

I recall one company from southern Illinois made up of an elderly man, his three sons, and a son-in-law. Their fights were many and violent, and, oddly enough, it was the son-in-law who usually sided with the gray-haired sire against his undutiful boys. In a sophisticated condition of society, I dare say, we should have regarded these bouts with something like horror; but I am bound to say that, in the simple savagery of our nearness to nature, we looked on with equanimity, if not amusement, while this happy family fought and mauled one another like wild beasts. They appeared to enjoy the fight, and we never could see that any bad blood was engendered by their frequent battles.

It should not be understood that the length of time required to traverse the distance between the Missouri and the Sacramento was wholly consumed in traveling. Nobody appeared to be in a feverish haste to finish the journey; and it was necessary to make occasional stops on the trail, where

conditions were favorable, for the purpose of resting and refitting. A pleasant camping-place, with wood, water, and grass in plenty, was an invitation to halt and take a rest. This was called a "lay-by," and the halt sometimes lasted several days, during which wagon-tires were reset, ox-yokes repaired, clothes mended, and a general clean-up of the entire outfit completed preparatory to another long and uninterrupted drive toward the setting sun. If the stage of the journey immediately before us was an unusually difficult one, the stop was longer and the overhauling more thorough.

A day's march averaged about twenty miles; an uncommonly good day with favorable conditions would give us twenty-five miles. The distances from camping-place to camping-place were usually well known to all wayfarers. By some subtle agency, information (and sometimes misinformation) was disseminated along the trail before us and behind us, and we generally knew what sort of camping-place we should find each night, and how far it was from the place of the morning start. So, when we halted for the night, we knew pretty accurately how many miles we had covered in that day's tramp.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

FRESH BUFFALO MEAT.

Of course riding was out of the question. We had one horse, but he was reserved for

emergencies, and nobody but a shirk would think of crawling into the wagon, loaded down as it was with the necessaries of life, unless sickness made it impossible for him to walk. In this way we may be said to have walked all the way from the Missouri to the Sacramento. Much walking makes the human leg a mere affair of skin, bone, and sinew. We used to say that our legs were like chair-posts. But then the exercise was "good for the health." Nobody was ever ill.

Some of the difficulties of the way would appal a teamster used only to the smooth tracks of civilized life. Wagons were hauled through obstructions that seemed to a tyro simply insurmountable. The trail, for a great part of the way after leaving the valley of the Platte and before entering the desert plains of the far interior, was rough and rocky, now climbing steep hills and now dropping abruptly down steeper declivities. Crossing rivers and creeks was often perilous and attended with loss and hardship by the upsetting of wagons and the damage done to stores. At the worst of these crossings we always found companies detained by the stress of circumstances who were engaged in helping one another over the stream. All hands resorted to the process of "doubling up," as many yoke of cattle as were required being drafted from the assembled caravans to "snake across" the various wagons one after another. The cheerfulness with which these emigrants, total strangers to one another, buckled to the work, never leaving it until all were safely over, was beautiful to behold.

We had privately ridiculed an enormous prairie-schooner in one of the larger caravans that we passed at long intervals. It was as big as a small house, and required four yoke of oxen to draw it. When we came to the Malade, a small but very difficult stream beyond the South Pass, we found our big friend, with many other lesser craft, stalled on the banks of the river, puzzled to discover means of crossing. The stream was deep, swift, and narrow, and the banks were steep almost to perpendicularity. Lower down, the creek was a good fording-place for light wagons, but loaded teams like ours would be stalled in the oozy bottom. Finally, the uncouth owner of the great prairie-schooner, with the aid of many yoke of cattle and a large company of men, managed to get his wagon across the stream in such a way that the forward end rested on the farther bank and the hinder end on the hither brink, thus making a safe and commodious bridge. The wagons were now unloaded, and their contents were carried across on this novel bridge. The lightened wagons were driven across lower down, and, the entire day being spent in this adventure, all hands went into camp on the farther side of the never-to-be-forgotten Malade.

Grass, wood, and water were three necessities of life on the trail. But these were sometimes very difficult to find. Usually one or two of the party went on ahead of the rest and looked out a suitable camping-place where those essentials could be found. Fuel was sometimes absolutely unobtainable, possibly a few dry weeds and stalks being the only combustible thing to be found. In the buffalo region we depended wholly on the buffalo-chips with which the ground was plentifully bestrewn. The dung of the buffalo, some of which had lain there for countless ages, exposed to the action of sun, wind, and rain, became in time a desiccated mass of chewed and digested grass, as light as cork and as dry as tinder. This made a fire like that from charcoal.

There was something impressive to an imaginative mind in striking one of these lonely haunts of the buffalo on a short cut-off from the main-traveled trail. Here was no trace of human activity, and the innumerable signs of herds of buffalo were as undisturbed as they were before a white man trod the plains. A sentimental person might say that the existence of the buffalo, now becoming prehistoric, was a providential dispensation for the coming emigrant across these treeless spaces. The much-despised sage-brush, sure sign of a barren soil, and the far more despised and sticky greasewood, an ill-flavored herb, supplemented the buffalo-chips as we pressed farther to the westward and into the region of alkaline deserts.

Emigrants who were dependent upon open fires for cooking were often in very hard case. We were fortunate in the possession of a small sheet-iron camp-stove, for the heating of which a small amount of fuel was sufficient. This handy little apparatus was lashed to the rear end of the wagon when on the trail, and when it was in use, every sort of our simple cookery could be carried on by it with the most satisfactory results. When we were obliged to camp for the night on wet ground after a rain, the flat-bottomed camp-stove, well heated and light, was moved from place to place inside the tent until the surface on which we must make our bed was fairly dry. Sometimes, however, we camped

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

SEARCHING FOR AN EASY FORD.

down on the damp ground; and sometimes, before we learned the trick of digging a ditch around the tent when signs of rain appeared, we woke to find ourselves lying in puddles of water. In such a case it was better to lie in the water that had been slightly warmed by the heat of one's body than to turn over into a colder stream on the other side. These experiences were novel and interesting; nobody ever suffered seriously from them.

But no wetness, no wind and rain, ever discomposed us as did the mosquitos in the valley of the Platte. I used to think that Lewis and Clark, in the journal of their expedition across the continent in 1804-06, laid too much stress upon the nuisance of the "moschetoes," as they called these pests. I had not then made the acquaintance of the Platte River insect. The mosquitos did not trouble us by day, but at dusk they seemed to rise out of the ground in clouds, filling the air and being taken into the breathing apparatus of sufferers. The cattle were tormented almost to madness, and sleep for us was impossible except by surrounding the camp with "smudges," or low fires built to make smoke without heat. The tent was smoked out before we turned in for the night, and the fly-entrance was carefully secured; but no precaution would exclude all of the winged inquisitors. Two mosquitos in a tent, among five men, were as efficient for mischief as two hundred. After a night of fighting these enemies to sleep, one rose in the morning unrefreshed, jaded, and weary beyond words of description. More than once, after a night of sleepless torment, I went to sleep while walking by the side of the patiently plodding ox-team, stumbling into wakefulness just as I lost consciousness. In such a plight it was good to get on ahead of the teams, when one was at liberty to go, and dropping by the side of the trail, sleep the sleep of the just until the teams came along to wake the weary one. Nobody wore garments that could be soiled or disfigured by dust or mud, and it was a great comfort to those of us who were city-bred to feel that abandon which rough clothing and a community of roughness give to a wayfarer in the wilderness.

In the matter of the necessaries of life, we had times of plenty and times of scarcity. There were places where our cattle were knee-deep in wild, succulent grasses, and there were times when they had nothing but the coarse and wilted sheaves of grass carried along the trail from the last camp. Flour, coffee, and bacon never failed us; and there were times when we had more fresh meat than we could eat. In the buffalo country, of course, we had the wholesome beef of that then multitudinous animal in every possible variety. In the Rocky Mountain region, antelope, prairie-dogs,[1] black-tail deer, jack-rabbits, and occasionally sage-hens gave us an enjoyable change from our staple diet of bacon and bread. The antelope were very wild and timid, and no one thought of chasing them; they were brought down by stratagem. A bright-colored handkerchief fastened to a ramrod stuck into the ground was a lure which no antelope could resist. A small drove of these inquisitive creatures would circle distantly round and round the strange flag: but ever drawing nearer, sometimes pausing as if to discuss among themselves what that thing could possibly be, they would certainly come at last within gunshot of the patient hunter lying flat on the ground; a rifle-ball would bring down one of the herd, and the rest would disappear as if the earth had swallowed them.

In the heart of the buffalo country the buffaloes were an insufferable nuisance. Vast herds were moving across our trail from south to north, trampling the moist and grassy soil into a black paste, and so polluting the streams and springs that drinking-water was often difficult to obtain. The vastness of some of these droves was most impressive, in spite of the calamitous ruin they left behind them. As far as the eye could reach, the surface of the earth was a heaving mass of animal life; the ground seemed to be covered with a brown mantle of fur. As we advanced along the trail, the droves would quietly separate to our right and left, leaving a lane along which we traveled with herds on each side of us. From an eminence, looking backward and forward, one could see that we were completely hemmed in before and behind; and the space left for us by the buffalo moved along with us. They never in the least incommoded us by any hostile action; all they asked, apparently, was to be let alone.

A great herd of buffalo, moving rapidly, made a sound like a muffled roar of thunder; and when such an army struck a stream of water, the silvery flood was instantaneously transformed into a turbid tide. If a few scattered buffalo were cantering away from dreaded man, not one of them could resist

[1] A species of marmot, delicate of flesh and feeding on vegetable products.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL

A LANE THROUGH THE BUFFALO HERD.

the temptation to fall and roll in a buffalo "wallow," if one chanced in his way. A bare spot of ground on which the buffalo have rolled is a wallow, and, once bare, it is kept so for ages. The buffalo is not the clumsy animal he looks in captivity or in pictures. It is a fleet horse that can overtake him; and to see him drop into a wallow while on a keen run, roll over and over two or three times, and skip to his feet and away with his comrades with the nimbleness of a kitten, is a sight to be remembered.

In the early fifties the buffalo country embraced nearly the whole of what is now the State of Nebraska. We killed our first buffalo at the mouth of Wood River, ten days from the Missouri, and I do not remember that we saw any after passing Fort Laramie. In those days it did not seem possible that the buffalo could ever be exterminated. But white men and Indians were alike moved by a spirit of destruction; they killed for the mere sake of killing. At several places along the rivers we saw heaps of skeletons of buffalo at the foot of bluffs over which they had been driven by the Indians to indiscriminate and needless slaughter. We passed countless numbers of carcasses left by reckless white butchers, untouched save by the coyote and the wolf of the night. One morning, just after moving out of camp, we came to the camping-place of a party of emigrants who had abandoned one of their wagons, and from it had made a big bonfire in which were slowly roasting the carcasses of four mighty buffalo from which the choice parts only had been removed. It is needless now to waste sentiment over the extermination of the buffalo. He can never be replaced, and we may solace ourselves with the reflection that the extinction of the big game greatly helped to solve the Indian problem. No game, no wild Indian.

Our last glimpse of civilization was "Grand Island City," a village of six or eight houses, on the Platte, in what is now Hall County, Nebraska. This was on the 6th of June, and a few days before we had passed through Columbus, another paper city. Columbus boasted an inn, a blacksmith-shop, and a trading-post. The passage of the Loup at that place was accomplished by means of a rope ferry, for which service the ferryman, before landing us on a sand-bar near the farther bank of the stream, exacted a fee of a dollar and a half for each team; the cattle were swum across. The tide of travel was so great that we were obliged to wait all day for our turn to cross. I asked the proprietor of the ferry if he had had any touch of the California fever. With a twinkle of his eye he surveyed his ferry and his smithy, and said: "Wal, I allow this yere is Californy enough for me."

Our trail, after leaving the last settlements, was strewn with lame and abandoned cattle and the discarded material of those who had preceded us. As large companies passed on, they found their burdens lightened by the needful consumption of food-supplies; wagons were left along the trail, and the next comers helped themselves to such parts as they needed, or fancied they needed. I knew of more than one such thrifty party who picked up and mended a broken wagon, only to find, later on, that they had encumbered themselves with something that they did not want. Queer-looking contrivances for mining, worn-out clothing, and even valuable tools, were plentifully scattered along the trail. Everybody seemed to be stripping for the conflict with the rude forces of nature that was to come when we reached the heart of the continent. It was our habit to gather fuel from the flotsam and jetsam of the plains; but it often happened, in spite of this forethought, that the only fuel to be found in an otherwise excellent camping-place would be a few handfuls of dry grass, a cluster of dead weeds, or a clump of the ill-smelling greasewood.

Although we traveled a part of the time through what was known as a hostile Indian country, we were never molested by the red men. Friendly Indians came into our camps to beg, to pilfer, or to sell buckskins and moccasins. Before us and behind us were several attacks upon caravans, the victims usually being few in number and unprepared for a skirmish. But while we were in the region deemed dangerous from Indians we massed in with other companies of emigrants, so that we were seldom less than one hundred and fifty strong; a regular watch was kept by night, and the wagons were parked in a circle which could be used as a defense in case of an attack. The Sioux and the Cheyennes were on the war-path, but their field of action was far to the north of our trail. The "Goshoots," as they were called, committed the depredations of which we heard many terrifying tales. The proper title for that tribe, as we afterward learned, was Gosiutes; they were a branch of the Utah Indians. As soon as the amalgamated caravans were fairly clear of the hostile territory they resumed their individuality,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MOONLIGHT IN THE WESTERN DESERT.

each company moving on at such a distance from those behind and before as would preclude the possibility of rivalry at the places for drinking and feeding cattle.

In the regions where alkali was abundant it was difficult to find streams that were not more or less impregnated with the dreadful stuff. In some places the shallow ponds formed by springs were dark brown in color and fairly burning to the taste with alkali. In others the limpid liquid, which looked harmless enough, tasted so strongly of the alkali that it was dangerous for the cattle to drink of it. Around some of the alkaline ponds we saw multitudes of small animals that had been poisoned by drinking at the margin. Usually our cattle shunned the more noxious of these deadly reservoirs; but sometimes their frantic thirst urged them to drink of the waters less impregnated with alkali, and the result was that, in the course of weeks, the whole interior economy of a poor creature would become so corrupted with the poison that it would stagger along for a brief space and then lie down to rise no more. It was also impossible to prevent the cattle from nibbling at the bunch-grass into which alkaline dust had been blown; and in this way they got the poison into their stomachs.

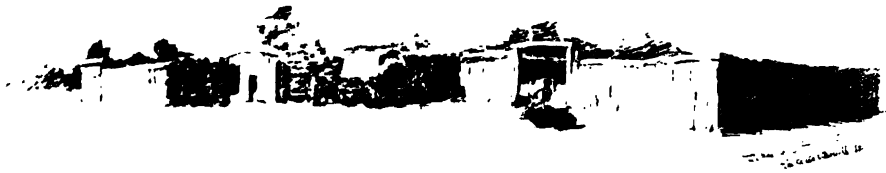
We had a camp pet, a mongrel dog, a large yellow creature, affectionate of disposition, and a most vigilant sentinel at night. He came to us on the Platte River trail, having apparently lost his master; and a faithful and lovable friend he proved to be. As he selected me for his special guardian, I found it necessary to shoe him when we were in the alkali region, the stuff having so penetrated the soft parts of his feet that he could not walk without pain. With thick, soft buckskin I made Pete (for that was his name) a set of moccasins, and having greased his feet with bacon fat, a sovereign remedy for alkali poison, I sewed on his novel coverings. Instead of wagging his tail with gratitude, Pete deliberately lay down on the ground, and with his teeth tore off his moccasins, licked his well-greased feet, and limped along the trail barefoot.

Another pet was a little steer with a crumpled horn, Tiger by name, but dog-like by nature. He, too, was a personal friend of mine, and, when unyoked, he would follow me about the camp with all the affectionateness that Pete could show. Poor Tige managed to absorb enough alkali to lay him low very soon after we reached the wholesome heights of the Sierra Nevada, but while he was with us he was our most devoted servant. He never shirked his share of the load, and in the most trying crises of our wearisome journey he was always patient, gentle, and hard-working. He was extravagantly fond of sugar, and if I held out my hand with a few grains of it in the palm, he would canter up to the yoke from afar with great cheerfulness. On the desert, where food and water were not to be had except as we carried them in the wagon, Tige refused to eat the wilted grass brought from the last green spot; but, one day, resting his nose on my shoulder, as I sat on the wagon-tongue taking my spare noonday luncheon, he fancied the dish, and with his big red tongue he calmly licked up my portion of stewed beans.

In the course of weeks, the camp, wherever it might be pitched, took on the semblance of a home. The tent was our house; the rude cooking- and eating-apparatus and the comfortable bedding were our household furniture, and the live stock about us was our movable property. Except in the most trying and difficult straits, evening found us busy with household cares and amusements. Our neighbors were changeable, it is true, but we often found new and pleasant acquaintances, and sometimes old friends from whom we had been separated for weeks would trundle up and camp near us. In a party that joined forces with us and accompanied us from the Upper Platte to the Sacramento there was a fiddle,—it would be a misnomer to call it a violin, as played by the owner,—and in our camp was a flute. Occasionally we were joined by other fiddles and by big, manly voices. The favorite songbook on the trail was "Old Put's Songster," a copy of which has been preserved with pious care in the library of the Society of California Pioneers. It was in this classic that was to be found the celebrated ballad of "Joe Bowers," a name subsequently immortalized by Bret Harte in one of his poems. The opening stanza of the ballad ran thus:

My name it is Joe Bowers, I 've got a brother Ike;
I came from old Missouri, yes, all the way from Pike.
I 'll tell you why I left thar, and how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy, so far away from home.

Pike County, Missouri, was so numerously represented on the trail that year that every Missourian was known as a Pike. Ar-



OLD FORT BRIDGER, EAST OF SALT LAKE CITY.

kansas, too, had a large share in the migration, and it was safe to say that at least one half of those we met on the way across the continent were either Pikes or Pukes: by this last epithet were the Arkansians cheerfully known. Pike County emigrants were blessed with children, and their big prairie-schooners were overflowing with white-headed tots in assorted sizes. On one Missouri wagon we saw this tender plaint:

O Missouri, O Missouri, I much regret to see
You so much altered for the worse from what you used to be.
Time was when all the people were all happy and content,
But now they are so very poor, scarce one can get a cent.

Death, as well as life and song, was on the trail. In the summer of 1850 there was an outbreak of cholera which spread all along the territory now known as Wyoming. The graves of the fallen were to be seen dotting the plains, usually defended from prowling beasts by sections of wagon-tires driven into the earth over the mounds that covered the forsaken dead. In our own time we assisted at more than one funeral, generally that of a feeble woman, or an infant child, borne down by the hardships of the journey. In one or two instances, where affection had conquered many obstacles, we saw large cairns made to mark the graves of loved ones, built of stones that had been brought from a considerable distance. The north side of Independence Rock plunges perpendicularly into the ground, and along its foot appeared to have been a choice burial-ground. On the smooth face of the rock were painted, or rudely chiseled, the epitaphs of many who slept with the great precipice for their colossal headstone.

Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater (one of the affluents of the North Platte), was a landmark to which we had looked forward with exceeding longing, inasmuch as it marked one of the long stages of the journey. The rock is a huge ledge, several acres in extent, nearly level on top and inaccessible on all sides but one. Chimney Rock was another landmark on the Upper Platte. It is a tall, chimney-shaped mass, over two hundred feet in height, and visible for a long distance before it is reached. Laramie Peak, about forty miles west of Fort Laramie, was seen, sharp and well defined against the sky, seventy miles away; it is one of the salient peaks of the Rockies. Naturally, however, we regarded with the greatest interest the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. In one respect the pass was a disappointment. The trail ran westward over a broad and gradually ascending route, with the mountains retiring discreetly to a considerable distance on each side.

The peaks of the loftiest and most distant ranges discernible from the pass were those of the Wind River Mountains, far to the north and west. They were sharp and needle-like against the tender azure of the sky, and their thin blue sides were laced with snow. On each side of the route, which in the pass had all the appearance of a wide boulevard (if I may use an urban illustration here), the scenery was rich and varied. Openings amid the undulating forests were lordly parks, and winding cañons gleaming with creeks and rivers lent a pleasing brightness to the scene. One could almost fancy he saw orchards and meadows scattered through the hills and valleys in the middle distance. It was hard to realize that this was a primitive wilderness as yet untrodden by the white man's foot.

It was here, in July, that we did realize how far "up above the world so high" we were. The rarefied air was invigorating, and accelerated heart-beats, as we climbed, gave token of a thinness of the atmosphere we had never known before. The nights were very cold, and a bucket of water left outside the tent would be found well skimmed with ice in the morning. What kept the mosquitos alive was to us incomprehensible. They did not trouble us at night, but they were seen drifting about during the day. At a short distance up one of the hillsides of the pass, we climbed to a snow-bank and had some boyish fun at snowballing; and fluttering over the coarse, granulated snow was an immense cloud of yellow butterflies. Butterflies, mosquitos, and snow—a curious com-

bination for the delectation of the emigrant tenderfoot.

One of the famous landmarks to which we had looked forward with great interest was the Devil's Gate of the Rockies, through which we passed before beginning the climb of the backbone of the continent. It was a far more impressive spectacle than the pass. The gate is double, and through one of its tall, black portals murmurs the Sweetwater on its way to join the North Platte. The trail lies through the other fissure, trail and stream being only a few hundred rods apart.

In the South Pass we gazed with a certain awe upon Pacific Spring, a memorable bit of water that marked the dividing of the ways. It was a few yards to the south of the trail, a mossy spring welling out of a rocky chasm and flowing southward. Fifteen or twenty feet from the fountain, a spur of rock separated the rivulet, so that a part flowed to the eastward and eventually found its way into the Sweetwater and thence into the Platte, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the rude Atlantic. The other half of the stream flowed westward and slipped down into a woody cañon, where it found one of the affluents of the Big Sandy, and thence into Green River, the Colorado, and the Gulf of California, and was finally absorbed in the Pacific Ocean.

Another memorable object of natural scenery in this region was the fantastic formation known as Ancient Ruins Bluffs. A lofty structure, apparently of stone and marble, lifts itself from the plain through which Green River winds its way. The material is sandstone and indurated clay, which the winds and the whirling sands have wrought into an impressive monument of castles, turrets, donjon-keeps, parapets, towers, and frowning walls. These airy structures are several hundred feet high, and at a distance it is difficult to believe that they are not the work of men's hands. The natural disposition of young folks is to climb any impressive cliff or mountain; but these enchanted castles offer no coign of vantage by which even the most expert can find a way to the soaring battlements above. Point of Rocks, on Sulphur Creek, in what is now the western part of Wyoming, was another mighty agglomeration of spires and turrets, reminding one of a castellated city rather than a single group of rocks, wind-worn and ragged. Near Fort Bridger, farther along the trail to the westward, we saw a very curious formation of basaltic rock. The crystals were hexagonal in form, dark-colored, and varying in size from a sixteenth of an inch, and even smaller, to eighteen inches in diameter. It was wonderful to see how in the minute interstices between the larger columns the fragile crystals had insinuated themselves.

At Fort Bridger we had a slight taste of civilized life, though we were yet on the savage frontier. Here were four companies of dragoons with all the paraphernalia of war, to say nothing of women, dogs, and sheep. Here was a large and well-stocked store kept by an army sutler, where one could buy pretty much anything that civilized people really need. One man's want manifested itself in a hand of tobacco; for another nothing short of a handful of raisins would suffice, and a third hankered for a stick of red-and-white candy. Here, too, we got our first newspaper since leaving the Missouri. It was "The Valley Tan," published in Salt Lake City, and then more than two weeks old. No matter, it was a newspaper. The first domestic manufacture introduced into the Mormon settlement was that of leather; and to that was given the distinctive title of "valley tan," it being tanned in the valley. As other articles were made by the isolated people, each was called "valley tan" to distinguish it from the imported sample; and, very naturally, the first newspaper was given the same name.

Two days from Fort Bridger we entered Echo Cañon, one of the most delightful spots which I remember on the long, long trail. The cañon is about twenty miles long, and could be readily traversed in a single day; but we loitered through it, so that we were more than two days in its charmed fastnesses. On each side of the route the cliffs tower to a great height, marked with columnar formations and clouded with red, white, yellow, and drab, like some ancient wall of brick and stone. The crests of these towers are crowned with verdure, and here and there are trees and vines that line the cañon and climb upward to the flying buttresses of the rocky walls. A delicious stream of water crosses and recrosses the trail; and while we were in the cañon, grass and fuel were abundant. To make our comfort complete, great quantities of wild berries hung invitingly from the bushes by the sides of the way. Silvery rivulets fell from the walls of the cañon, and wild vines and flowers in great variety bloomed against the buttresses and donjon-keeps of the formations through which we threaded our way.

Crossing the Weber, we entered one more

FIRST VIEW OF SALT LAKE FROM A MOUNTAIN PASS.

cañon, and suddenly, one afternoon, emerging from the mouth of Emigrant Cañon, we looked down upon one of the fairest scenes on which the eye of man has ever gazed—the Great Salt Lake valley. It was like a jewel set in the heart of the continent. Deep below us, stretching north and south, was the level floor of the valley. Far to the westward rose a wall of mountains, purple, pink, and blue in the distance. Nearer sparkled the azure waters of the Great Salt Lake, and in the lush greenness of the valley was the sylvan city of the Latter-Day Saints. The city was embowered in trees, as if it were a congeries of farms spread over a large space, a few tall buildings rising here and there to denote that this was indeed a city in the midst of the wilderness. The descent to the floor of the valley was steep and dangerous. Looking fearfully over the parapet of rock that guarded one side of the narrow trail, we saw more than once the mangled wrecks of unfortunate emigrants—wagons, cattle, and impedimenta heaped in wild confusion and ruin far down in the rocky ravines.

There were no welcoming embassies to meet us; no brass-band and municipal delegation came out to escort us into the city of the Latter-Day Saints. Two low-browed men, surly and unwelcoming, told us where we could camp in the ragged suburbs of the city, that particular open space being named Emigrant Square, for the benefit of such as we; but Emigrant Square was not sufficient to hold us all. Camps rose in the fields and vacant lots all about us, and it was evident that our company was not longed for by the Saints. Before us there had been a few invasions of the long-enjoyed privacy of the Mormon settlement. The scattered drops of the overland migration had been resolved into a shower. The tide had risen. It was an inundation.

Two or three days sufficed us for a stay at Salt Lake City. The Saints took every opportunity to let us see that we were not welcome, and frequent thefts of cattle and horses at night, among our neighbors, warned us that it would be well to "light out" as soon as possible. For the Mormons it should be said that the irruption of emigrants was certainly undesirable. There was no downright lawlessness, but the campers were not careful to avoid giving offense to the citizens. At that time the city was supplied by water from the mountains, the clear, cool streams flowing through the streets in open channels lined with gravel and kept scrupulously clean, so that one could drink from any place without fear of taking in base matter; and these watercourses were let in or shut off at the boundary of each man's lot at his own pleasure. The newcomers, with their innumerable herds of cattle, were untidy in a settlement where animals were not allowed at large, and where the watercourses were kept pure by strict regulations with heavy penalties attached.

While we stayed, the Mormon women flocked around the camps peddling fresh vegetables and milk, in exchange for which they always asked for tea, never for cash unless the coveted herb was not to be had. A goodly supply of excellent fresh vegetables could be bought for a single "drawin' of tea," a measure too vague for the masculine understanding. The fresh provisions which we found so plentiful were a luxury to men long used to the spare diet of the plains, and the poor women who brought them to camp were generously treated. For the most part, these women had a washed-out and faded look; they never ventured upon any light talk with us; their sad appearance was in their mild dickering as well as in their forlorn garb.

The route from the city of the Saints lay around the northern end of the lake, but, in order to reach the road to Bear River, we were obliged to cross a few fenced fields, and this involved long parleys with surly owners. We passed through a string of small towns on our way up to the main-traveled trail, the last of these being Box Elder, now known as Brigham City. Box Elder was a settlement of about three hundred people, and boasted a post-office, a blacksmith's shop, a trading-post, and a brewery. At this last-named establishment we bought some fresh yeast, which served us a good turn in bread-making for many a day thereafter. We bought new flour in Salt Lake City at a fair price, having skimped ourselves on that article for some time on account of the exorbitant cost of it at the trading-posts on the trail. At Fort Bridger, flour was thirty-five dollars a barrel, and bacon was one dollar a pound. But the Mormons could sometimes ask big prices for what they had to sell. At the crossing of Bear River the ferryman demanded three dollars for each team carried across the stream, the cattle being swum over even at that price. We went on ten miles up the river, where we found a good crossing and saved our money.

Two days after leaving Box Elder we left the valley and struck Deep Creek, one of

the numerous streams in that forbidding land, which "run well for a season," and then sink into the sandy, barren ground. Here we passed into what is now Idaho, Pilot Springs and Stony Creek being the first water we found beyond the present boundary-line. The trail over the Goose Creek Mountains was very difficult and stony, but the beauty of the view somewhat compensated for the labors of the climb. The surface of the earth seemed tossed up into a tumult of waves that had stiffened as it rose and fell. Winding among the peaks were belts of forest and undergrowth, lush and rich in color, but far away from our trail, which led through broken plains and steep valleys.

No dweller on the sea-coast can realize the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere in these great altitudes. Mountains that we knew to be at least one hundred miles away seemed to be within easy walking distance. Two of our number, while we were lying by one day, set out to explore a snow-field apparently two miles off. They were gone nearly all day, and reported the field to be about twenty miles from camp.

At the City of Rocks, in what is now Cassia County, Idaho, we learned the particulars of a so-called "Indian massacre" that had taken place on the trail ahead of us, and had caused great alarm among the emigrants. As was apt to be the case, white men were the aggressors, and the red men were goaded to attack. Five white men were killed, and when we reached their camping-place, a day or two later, we came upon the wrecks of their wagons, punctured with bullet-holes and stained with blood.

We were now approaching the edge of the Great Desert, which, stretching from the Bitter Root Mountains, in northern Idaho, to the southern boundary of Arizona, interposed for many years a barrier that was supposed to be impassable to the hardy emigrant. Now came long night marches and dreary days spent in traversing a region intolerable with dust, heat, rocky trails, and sideling hills. After leaving the Sink of the Humboldt the trail ran westward over a vast chaos of split boulders, broken stones, and powdery soil. Crossing occasional bluffs and wearily traversing winding cañons, the emigrants toiled on their way, hoping for rest and refreshment at some of the springs whose names had been given us, but whose actual condition belied their reputation. At Antelope Springs, for example, we found only a confused mass of mud and mire packed with splintered rock and befouled by droves of cattle that had preceded us.

Sage-brush offered us fuel, and, dipping up water by the spoonful, we secured enough to make a pot of coffee; but our poor animals could only sniff thirstily of the wet ground and swallow their disappointment. Twenty miles away were Rabbit-hole Springs, where water was always to be had, and a night drive took us there. Mounting a rocky ridge, we plunged down on the farther side about midnight, and, to our great surprise, found that we had driven into an encampment of weary emigrants who had pitched their tents directly on the trail and on both sides thereof. In the twinkling of an eye, confusion dire and inextricable reigned. The angry campers swarmed out of their tents like wasps, repelling the invaders with hard words. But, advising them never to camp on a trail again, we gathered up our herds and wagons and swept on down the defile that led to the long, sandy plain on whose farther edge were the much-desired springs.

It was a clear, starlight night, and the trail was over a plateau, the sandy surface of which was undulating and springy. It was an ideal road for an ideal night. Passing ahead of the train, one could fancy, in the deadly stillness of the mysterious desert, shut in by darkness and the billowy sand, that he was a lost man, a mere waif on the great ocean of those "unexplored regions" which we have seen marked on ancient maps. The stillness was so utter that my faithful Pete, who followed at my heels, frightened by its deadliness, would occasionally trot up to my side, whining in his loneliness, and, reassured by a kindly word, drop back to his place in the rear-guard. Darkness, silence, and unfathomable mystery covered the Great Desert.

Rabbit-hole Springs did not disappoint us with a scant supply of water. A dry, rounded hilltop, covered with a baked crust of earth, rose by the side of the trail, and on its summit was a group of wells, sunk in square holes, with rude steps leading down thereto. The precious fluid was plentiful and good: we and all our cattle drank and were abundantly refreshed.

Camping at four o'clock in the morning, we had a short rest, and then pressed on over a rocky ridge, below which stretched another long and undulating plain, torrid in the blinding heat, and at noon giving us the spectacle of an extraordinary mirage. The long caravans ahead of us seemed to carry on their wagon-tops shadowy duplicates of

each vehicle; and on the top of these, which had their wheels in the air, were other ghostly teams driven through the hazy atmosphere, their wheels on the wheels of those below. It was an astonishing and most unusual sight. Far to the westward and northward, the ranges of hills were punctuated with needle-like summits that pierced the sky. The peaks, flaming in red and blue, looked like masses of heated metal turned out to cool on the arid waste.

The last day's drive in the desert was the hardest of all. Twenty miles lay between us and the Honey Lake valley. It was to be traveled in the night; and as the numerous trains and caravans swept down into the plain from the point of rocks on which I was sitting, waiting for our wagons to come up, it was pathetic to note the intentness with which this multitude of home-seekers and gold-seekers set their faces westward. There was no haste, no fussy anxiety, but the vast multitude of men, women, and children who had left all behind them to look for a new life in an unknown land trooped silently down into the desert waste. The setting sun bathed the plain in golden radiance, and eastward the rocky pinnacles of the ranges through which we had toiled were glorified with purple, gold, and crimson. It was a sight to be remembered—as beautiful as a dream, hiding a wilderness as cruel as death.

Honey Lake belied the sweetness of its name. It was a small sheet of muddy water, but emptying into it was a sparkling river, or creek, known as Susan's River, which, meandering through an emerald valley and watering many a meadow, gave unwonted beauty to a scene the like of which had not been gazed upon by the toil-worn plainsmen for many a day. Here, too, we got our first glimpse of the Sierra Nevada. It was a majestic sight. The pale green of the lower hills broke against the dark olive that defined the base of the pine-clad foot-hills. Above, and broken by many a densely shadowed gulch and ravine, rose the high Sierra, bald with rocks and slides in places, and bristling with sharp, snowy peaks that were lifted to the skies.

After the privation and poverty of the desert, the wild abundance of the forests of the Sierra was luxury indescribable. We camped by crystal waterfalls with rank and succulent grasses all about us; overhead were the spreading branches of noble pines, and our camp-fires were heaped with an extravagance of fuel. But we soon found how hard it was to climb the mountain-range; and when, after a day's solid rest and comfort, we reached the crest of the ridge, we saw that the trail pitched almost perpendicularly over the sharp backbone of the Sierra. Two or three trees that grew by the place where the track led to the brink were

THE SKULL OF A GRIZZLY BEAR.

scarred and worn nearly through by ropes that had been wound around them to let down the heavy wagons into the abyss below. The cattle were taken out of the teams and driven down through the undergrowth of thickets; and then, making a rope fast to the rear axle of each wagon, one wagon at a time was carefully lowered down the steep declivity.

That arduous labor over, we passed through the "Devil's Corral" and camped in Mountain Meadows, a very paradise of a spot, in which it seemed as if we were surrounded by every luxury imaginable, albeit we had nothing but what uncultivated nature gave us. Here we left our faithful Tige; the poor little steer died in the midst of plenty. Pressing on, we passed through mining settlements of queer names and no names, and, late in September, making the summit of Chaparral Hill, the Sacramento valley burst upon our view.

The vale of the new Eldorado was tawny and gold with sear grass and wild oats. In the distance rose the misty mountain wall of the Coast Range; nearer a heroic outline of noble peaks broke the yellow abundance of the valley's floor. This was the group known as Sutter's Buttes, near the base of which was Nye's Ranch (now Marysville), the goal of our long tramp. Dogtown, Inskip, and a little host of other mining hamlets, claimed our attention briefly as we swept down into the noble valley, on whose farther edge, by the historic Yuba, we found our last camp.

Here we met the wave of migration that earlier broke on the shores of the Pacific. In the winter of 1849–50 two hundred and fifty vessels sailed for San Francisco from the ports of the Atlantic States; and their multitudes of men were reinforced by other multitudes from other lands. In a single

year the population of the nascent State was augmented by an influx of more than one hundred thousand persons, arriving by sea and by land. We were late, but behind us toiled other thousands, some of whom, blockaded in the snow-bound mountains, paid dearly for their tardiness in starting on their way to the Golden Land. They were never missed in the final make-up of the State. For without Territorial tutelage, full-orbed and panoplied in Freedom, California sprang into Statehood.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BY MABEL EARLE.

THE long spring rains had lulled the world,
And all the winds were low.
Far out above the shadowed hills
The stars were fading slow.
An hour before the Easter dawn
He found me weeping so.

I could not bear to watch the stars;
I knelt beside my bed,
Nor heard the lifting of my latch,
Nor sound of any tread,
Till in the dark I felt His hand—
His hand upon my head.

I heard His voice, but what He said
No man can ever know.
My heart grew still beneath the Face
That vanquished death and woe.
It was an hour before the dawn,
And all the winds were low.

MY GOLF.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,
Author of "The Four-masted Cat-boat," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY.

I AM naturally very nervous. All my friends say that I lack repose, that I am too strenuous. "Take up golf, old man," said one. "It is what you need. It will keep you out in the open, it will teach you the value of deliberation, and it will cure your nervousness, and give you a repose of manner that you can get in no other way."

I am spending the summer in the country, and although there is no course near us, the country-side is full of natural advantages for the pursuit of the game, and I determined to take it up.

I did not care to go to the expense of a whole outfit, as I might not like the game after I had learned it, but the next time I went down to New York I bought a driver, thinking to practise repose with it.

I bought a particularly stout one that cost me five dollars, as I figured that if I put a little more into the purchase price I 'd gain in the end. But now I 'm sorry that I did not buy a very cheap one, because then, when I had tripped up the old gentleman in the Fourth Avenue car on my way to the Grand Central, it would have broken the club, and that would have ended my golf. But the stick was stout, and the old gentleman fell and broke his leg

instead, and also dropped a bottle of wine that he was taking home, having just received it from a returning sea-captain.

He told me that he did not mind the break in his leg, because he had broken it before in the same place, and he knew just how long it would take to mend it, and he needed a rest from business cares, anyway, which he never would have taken if he had not been forced to it in some such way; but he was all broken up over the spilt wine, as it was a very rare vintage, and he never expected to receive any more.

I apologized all I could and offered to put him up at any hospital he might select, but he would n't hear of it, and as the wine was priceless, there was nothing left for me to do except to feel miserable and show it plainly, which I did.

He was an old golfer himself, and after I had helped him out of the car (and lost my train by so doing) he showed me the proper way to hold my stick so that I should n't trip up anybody else. The pleasantest part of my golf experience was while we were waiting for an ambulance—for I had telephoned for one at my own expense. We sat on the curbstone, and he would n't hear of my accompanying him; said he believed in the rigor of the game, like Sarah Battle, and he ought to have seen that I was a beginner and kept out of the way of my club.

He was so entertaining that I was really sorry when the ambulance came and he rolled off toward his home.

As for me, I had missed the last train for the day, so there was nothing to do but to put up overnight at a hotel, and that with dinner and breakfast cost me four dollars more. So far, the game had come to nine dollars, and I had yet to make my first inning.

I will hastily pass over the broken car window on the way up in the train next morning. I might have pushed an umbrella or a cane through it, and I contend that it was not because it was a golf-stick, but because I lacked repose, that I did break the glass. Of course I had to settle with the conductor, but I think that three dollars was too much to charge me for the glass. The car was ventilated after I had opened the window in this artificial way, and thousands rose up and called me blessed in different parts of the car, for, needless to say, the car was warm and the other windows were too tightly wedged to open, even with superhuman efforts. I should like to recommend to the Consolidated Company a judicious use of golf-sticks on their windows; then there would not be so much smothered profanity

"HE WAS AN OLD GOLFER HIMSELF."

on the part of men, and overstrained muscles on the part of women who foolishly attempt the impossible.

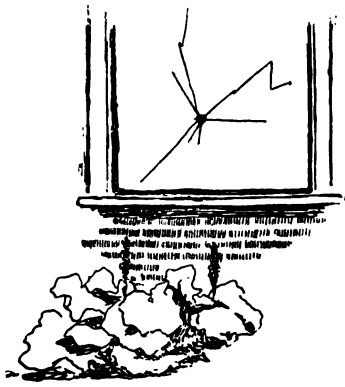
I hold that the London way is preferable to ours. There you know that the bus windows cannot be opened, that they were manufactured shut; but in this country you know that a car window may be opened in a perfectly normal way under proper conditions. The fact that the conditions never are proper, coupled with the knowledge that the windows were meant to open, is what makes travel in summer in America so absolutely unendurable.

But I digress.

I was unable to do any golfing after I had reached my abiding-place in the country, as I found in the mail an order for a Christmas story, and as it was July the affair cried haste and kept me busy all day. But next morning I awoke early, aware that the golf fever had seized me, and I was up before any one else in the house, as every one else knew, for my lack of repose caused me to express my exuberance of spirits in merry roundelays—that is, they were merry to me, but disastrous to the dozers.

My youngest son soon joined me, and was delighted at my request that he act as my caddy. He prepared my tee—I had had coffee in bed: I never take exercise with stomach empty.

I adjusted the ball, gazed earnestly at the object I desired to approximate, swung my club in the air, made several false starts in the most approved fashion, and then I let drive.



My next-door neighbor, a wealthy gentleman from New York, was awakened by the crash of glass, and came running down-stairs in his pajamas. I tried to cultivate repose as I reflected that I had disturbed his, and while cultivating it I went over to see just what damage I had inflicted. I had put quite a curve on the ball, for it was fifty feet to the left of its intended destination.

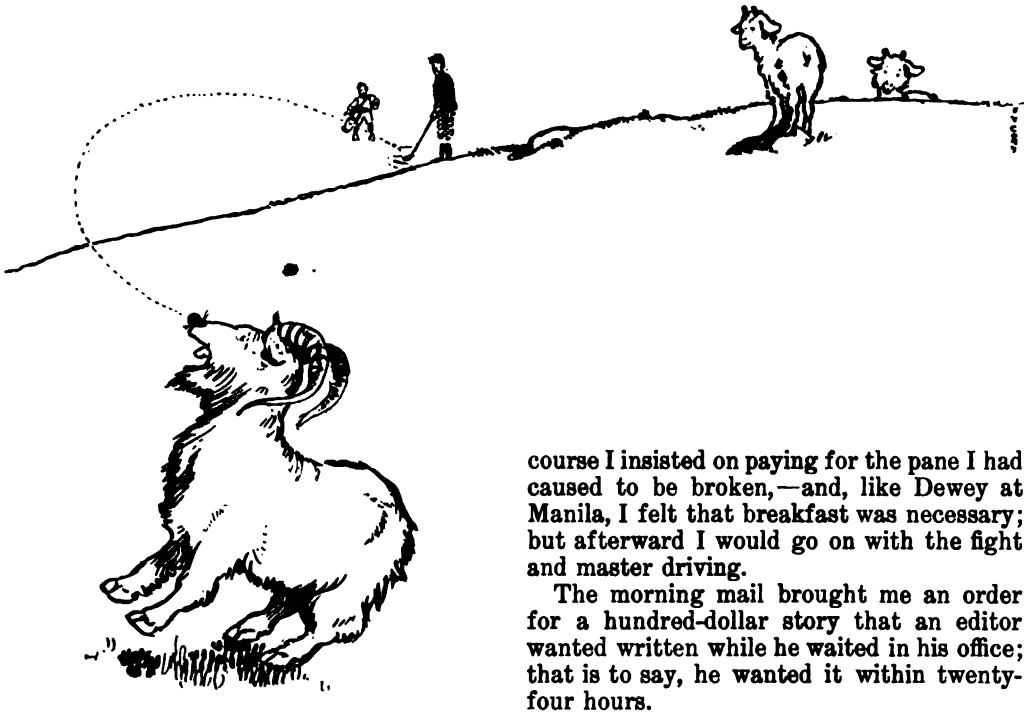
I walked over and gazed at the ten-dollar opening I had made in his plate-glass window. My son was overjoyed both at the crash and at the jagged opening. That is youth. *I* felt no joy.

My neighbor was not gazing at the opening I had effected, but at a little faience vase which had tried in its ineffectual way to stop the rapid progress of the ball.

Even as the old gentleman of two days before had overlooked the damage to his leg, but had grieved at the spilt wine, so my friend could have overlooked the broken glass, but the vase was an heirloom and virtually priceless.

Here let me stop long enough to ask why it is that people will load up their summer houses with priceless treasures. I never yet bought anything that was priceless; in fact, I always insist on having the price plainly marked. And when people give me priceless things I do not put them in my summer house. I go even further than that. The place where I spend my winters I regard

"I LET DRIVE."



"MY SON SAW HIM DROP."

simply as a house of detention until I can return to my summer place, so I never load it up with priceless treasures; therefore at no season of the year could such an accident have befallen me as I had caused to fall upon my neighbor.

He would not hear of my buying him another vase,—he is a little deaf,—and I was glad he would not, nor did I raise my voice. My golfing had cost me enough already, and when I buy faience I want it for myself.

But he was somewhat sarcastic at my expense, and that I did not like. I like sarcasm to be prepaid, although I like to do the shipping myself. He said that I was not cut out for an athlete, and that at my time of life if I did want to take up games of skill I 'd better go out to the Bad Lands, that could n't be damaged, or to the Desert of Sahara. Altogether he made me feel very sorry that I had not bought a putter instead of a driver. Putting is wholly innocuous and innocent. Those who made a name for themselves in the late sixties at croquet, as I did, should be able to putt with ease, while driving of all kinds is and always has been dangerous and difficult.

Still, there is too much of the sportsman in my make-up to allow me to submit tamely to setbacks. It was now breakfast-time, and I had had a little ten-dollar practice,—for of course I insisted on paying for the pane I had caused to be broken,—and, like Dewey at Manila, I felt that breakfast was necessary; but afterward I would go on with the fight and master driving.

The morning mail brought me an order for a hundred-dollar story that an editor wanted written while he waited in his office; that is to say, he wanted it within twenty-four hours.

I generally pay immediate heed to such orders, because I think that editors who take the trouble to order things in this world, where so much is forced upon the unwilling, ought to be encouraged; but the golfing fever was on me, and after breakfast, instead of going into my workroom, I secured my son once more and sallied forth to try a little more driving.

This time I went farther from the haunts of men, and took up my station in a very wild field full of shrubs and weeds, and, as I supposed, containing nothing valuable—certainly no vases or rare wines.

I have heard people say that they found it hard to hit the ball squarely; that they generally dug up earth, or chipped slices of gutta-percha from the cross-hatched sphere, or fanned the circumambient air. But my troubles were of a different nature. I hit the ball every time I strove to, and the first time I hit it in that field I seemed to conceal it in a lusty whortleberry-bush some fifty feet distant.

My son and I consumed nearly the whole of a pleasant morning looking for that ball. We visited every bush and shrub that was big enough to harbor a ball, but we could not find it, and at last, after several hours' search, I reluctantly gave up and sent my boy home after another one. While he was gone I threw myself down upon the grass to rest, and I found the ball, or, to speak more accurately, my hip found it. And it was n't

ten feet from the place where I had stood when driving. I can account for this in only one way. When people lose their way in the great woods they circle round and round, and at last bring up where they started from. I dare say that lost balls do the same, and that this one was on its way back when I found it.

While yet my son was gone, I placed the new-found ball on a little tee of my own making, and with a strength born of long

"LOOKING FOR THAT BALL."

waiting I whirled my club through the soft July air and smote the ball.

Will somebody tell me why farmers in New England should raise Angora goats, and if so, why they select wild and scrubby pastures to raise them? I am told that it is a profitable industry, and that in a few years, instead of the cattle upon a thousand hills, it will be the thousand Angoras on a single hill, so prolific and so useful are they. But they are inimical to golf, and hard as their heads are, they are not so hard as a ball driven by a strong man with a five-dollar club.

There were little kids in that field not worth more than twenty-five dollars apiece, and they went scot-free after my terrible drive. They bleated and leaped and cropped the rank herbage, all unaware of the fact that the father of the herd, imported from Turkey, had been laid low by a golf-ball. My son saw him drop, and my son found the ball on the ground in front of him.

I did not know that he was highly valuable, but small boys have a way of picking up information, and my son told me that Mr. Hermance, a gentleman farmer and a neighbor of mine, who had just gone into the industry, had paid one thousand dollars for this miserable animal that was now worth no more than its wool and its hide and its carcass would bring. It did not interest me to recall, as I did immediately, that I had read in an afternoon paper that Angora leather made the best golf-bags in the market. I did not care to buy a golf-bag just then.

I decide quickly. I took the next train for New York and proceeded to get insured for one thousand dollars in favor of Mr. Hermance. Then I registered an oath to play no outdoor games more dangerous than puss-in-the-corner.

Then I returned to my summer home to write the story that the editor was waiting for so patiently, and nothing better coming into my head, I wrote up my experiences at golf under the foregoing title. While they were not written by an expert golfer, they should hold much of interest to the average beginner, and if the reading of them shall save to the world a few pieces of faience, a few rare vintages, a few legs, and a few Angora rams and other cattle, I shall not have written in vain.

THE DICENTRA

BY JOEL BENTON

I KNOW a flower of such a faint, fair hue
As never meadow nor the roadside knew,—
Dear to the Hamadryads and to Pan,—
Of hermit-heart, and shimmerings Protean;
Fragile in form as leaf or bloom can be,
And timider than the Anemone.

Petaled unique, in opalescent guise,
Choicest of floral woodland mysteries,—
Companioned by the cavernous rock and shade,
Blushing to find its cool retreat betrayed,
The loved Dicentra, hidden from sun and sky,
Perennial comes all beauty to defy.

Thick-jeweled wonder of the mold of woods,
Inhabitant of elfin solitudes,
Arrayed in costume of a sort so rare
That queens for it might well in tears despair;
Neighbored by stalwart beech and priestly fir,
And palpitant to the soft zephyr's stir.

O orchid rival, daintier than the rose,
No garden favorite thy fond sorcery knows,—
Here through some subtle, unimagined spell
The forest marvel's year-born miracle,
In opulent bounty, fills a sunless space
With sculptured beauty and transcendent grace!

R. WEIR CROWELL

AUSTRIAN. GERMAN. AUSTRIAN. ENGLISH. GERMAN. ITALIAN.

MOORISH. GERMAN.

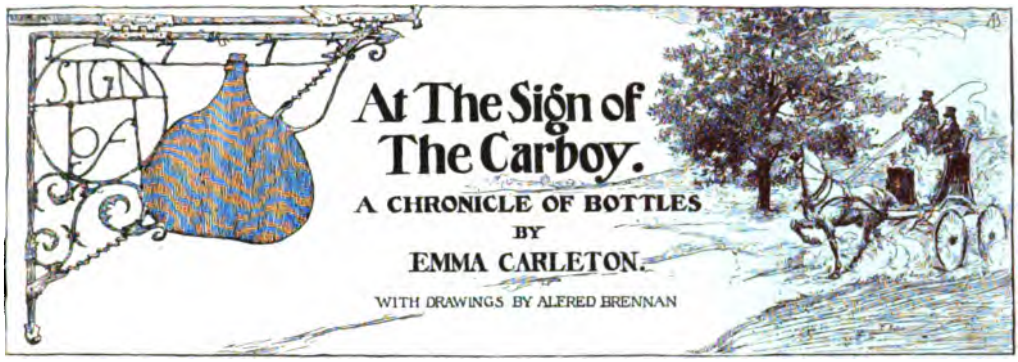
MOORISH. OLD ITALIAN. PERSIAN.

MOORISH.

SPANISH. GERMAN. FRENCH.

SCOTCH. MODERN ITALIAN. GERMAN.

BOTTLES OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



At The Sign of The Carboy.

A CHRONICLE OF BOTTLES

BY

EMMA CARLETON.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALFRED BRENNAN

IN all the ages of all the world's arts and crafts there has been nothing achieved more beautiful, more artistic, or more fascinating than the creation of glass vessels; and yet the serious proposition that the glass bottle is an object to inspire earnest appreciation and enthusiastic admiration has been generally received with scant respect and reluctant credulity. It is not, however, for the art children of glorious old Egypt and enchanting Venice to succumb lightly to uninitiated detraction. The pursuit termed "bottle-collecting" must be acknowledged as distinct and original in pleasure to the eye and delectation to the "inward eye," and with a few time-tested credentials the bottle may speedily ingratiate itself.

From fabric alone the bottle claims prestige as of noble origin: high scientific authority has placed glass, in value to mankind, above that precious metal, gold. For humanity's needs and progress glass has done what gold could never do, and in beauty-power—in captivating color, in rare grace of form, and in splendid luster—glass is incomparable. Oriental stuffs charm by glow or delicacy of hue; time-aged metals give delight by glory in tone or reflection; old china has its effective eloquence of lovely, mellowed light; but in glass alone is found the very heart and core of color, beautiful translucence. In ancient Venice the *phiolarius*, or maker of glass vessels, and other workers in this exquisite material were often granted exalted rank, it being justly esteemed a rare and intellectual occupation to evolve from such dull and commonplace ingredients as alkali-dust and sand the clear and ethereal substance of which bottles are fashioned. The early Venetian glass-workers, in ceremonial processions to celebrate the doge's election, attracted and delighted the eyes of the populace by exhibitions of beautiful vials, scent-bottles, and decanters. Spiritual forces, too, have not been voiceless concerning the high purpose of this most refined and elegant trade: the legend yet lives among devout latter-day glass-makers that the great St. Peter was the original inventor of cathedral glass.

The bottle has always been beloved and honored of art. In innumerable old prints and paintings it is shown with notable frequency. Not merely is presented what may be termed the bottle rampant, or the bottle in action, in the foreground, as depicted in representations of feasts, revels, or orgies,—betrothals, weddings, and christenings,—but the bottle couchant, the bottle in the background, of value as a touch of homely domestic detail, or as a choice bit of artistic accessory. A collection of unique bottles—a cabinet for the mind's eye—may be gathered from the genre-paintings of the old Dutch and Flemish artists.

JAPANESE BOTTLE. BLUE GLASS, DECORATED IN GOLD AND ENAMEL.

With these great masters of art the bottle was almost a brush-autograph, so often does it appear: now the single quaint bottle in the open casement, or the bottle in groups and rows on window-ledges against the leaded panes; again in clusters hung against the wall, or

ROSE-WATER BOTTLE. PERSIAN. AMERICAN. AMERICAN. SPANISH. SCOTCH. SCOTCH. WINE-BOTTLE. PERSIAN.

in niches sunk in the shadowy fireplaces. Bottles show in long rank and file on chimney-shelves, or peer from deep nooks over old arched doorways; they gleam through half-open closet doors, or are visible among old books on curious high shelves near the ceiling. A girl in church, at early mass, on the way to the fields, has a water-bottle beside her as she kneels in the pew; and even "Death, the Friend," is represented with a bottle hanging beneath the folds of his robe. Other schools of painting, too, through a long procession of years, have found the bottle lend itself happily to the portrayal of a wide range of human interests: it figures effectively in still-life studies, in the artist's studio, in old apothecary-shops, in antiquarian dens, or in the armorer's workshop; in biblical, ecclesiastical, and historical paintings; in landscape and other nature scenes.

The outdoor bottle has a long, pictorial history: the traveler's bottle; the harquebusier's flask; the Austrian mountaineer's bottle; the Alsatian pilgrim's bottle, swung from her side in a beautiful netted bag; the laborer's bottle, hung from his donkey's neck or half hidden beside the haycock; the gleaner's bottle, dangling on his back as he plods homeward. In the fifteenth century hunting-horns were fashioned of glass, and the feet or pedestals of ancient civic gold and silver drinking-cups were modeled as bottles.

Among the chosen themes of Oriental art

OLD DUTCH PAINTED AND GILDED BOTTLES. OLD HOLLAND GIN-BOTTLES.

A GROUP OF DUTCH BOTTLES.

SHOWING ICE-CHAMBER. CAPRI. SPANISH. OLD ENGLISH. AUSTRIAN. HUNGARIAN. HUNGARIAN.

are the water-carrier's bottle, in many odd and beautiful designs, the sherbet-dealer's bottle, and the familiar narghile, or bottle-pipe. Equally interesting, no doubt, would be the bottle in literary art; but it would entice too far afield. Dr. Johnson and his intellectual contemporaries are seldom represented unflanked by certain sturdy old black bottles; and in the well-known picture, "A Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's," appear several beautiful bottles and three ornamental old decanters.

Throughout the whole wide and captivating realm of collections, be it conceded, there is probably no other curio-quest so thoroughly "caviar to the general" as the collection of bottles; hence it is an open secret that the unique pursuit is flippantly and humorously regarded by a large and misguided majority of otherwise reasonable beings. By these uncomprehending onlookers, the bottle-collection, in interest and artistic value, is classed somewhere near that old-time childish diversion, the button-string; and fond friends, who generously make over to the bottle-lover all their own lightly held bottle-shapes of beauty or comely ugliness, never fail to garnish the gift with many "odd quirks and remnants of wit" at his expense. Even the old-bottle dealer, unmasked, stands revealed merely a financial sympathizer, and, after a trade is closed, facetiously offers the insatiate bottle-collector free use of his shackly old push-cart and his horse's straw

SNUFF-BOTTLE. SCHNAPPS-BOTTLE. GIN-BOTTLE. GIN-BOTTLE. SNUFF-BOTTLE. GIN-BOTTLES. SCHNAPPS-BOTTLE.

A GROUP OF DUTCH BOTTLES.

hat for the more convenient and disguised conveyance homeward of the newly acquired and embarrassing heaps of bottle-treasure.

Bottle-washers, too, in the old-bottle shops have their hilarious fling at the collector; jocosely and seriously they persist in the belief that, on the sly, somewhere, the bottle-collector is manager of a large and prosperous professional sideboard; and unremittingly they press upon him, in jest and in earnest, ornate sets of bottles and decanters adapted to this interesting but invisible public refreshment establishment. Otherwise they hold his taste in bottles at low estimate, and insist in audible undertones that odd bottles or "bottles without mates ain't no good," and "a person must be cracked to pay out good money fer them fool furrin bottles what can't set up."

AN "APOSTLE" OR "MONK" BOTTLE.

To the humor-view of the bottle-quest, however, the bottle-lover can afford to be lenient, since, to his own breast, he is at times unquestionably droll. The most astonishing as well as "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek"; therefore the reckless, short-sighted, extravagant collector who finds himself on the street-cars accompanied by a huge, fragile, misshapen, suspicious-looking bundle, and without the necessary car-fare left in his pockets, must needs debate thoughtfully whether he is not, after all, at least one tenth as absurd as he temporarily suspects himself to be.

On close and serious analysis, the chief charm of the bottle will be found to lie in its heterogeneity; for surely nothing fashioned by man so nearly resembles mankind in point of numbers, dissimilarity, character, and association. Bottles are "as varied as nature herself," and as illimitable in interest. In the pursuit of artistic "beds and tables, stools and candlesticks," the enthusiast may halt occasionally; but the realm of bottledom allures ever onward—a boundless "Land of the Glittering Plain." Bottles are, further, inexhaustible by reason of their fancied perishableness. The accepted fragility of the bottle surrounds it with a world-wide, peculiar, and unparalleled care; hence it is singularly and tantalizingly numerous and long-lived. The boy who tosses hundreds of bottles through the air to the man at the washing-tank, in the second-hand bottle-shop, will testify that they are seldom sure of being able, between them, to break one bottle a day.

Fascinating in variety, the bottle is also attractive by unlimited individuality. This

HUNGARIAN. VENETIAN. SPANISH. ITALIAN. ITALIAN WITH ICE-CHAMBER. ITALIAN OIL-AND-VINEGAR CRUET. ENGLISH.

EARLY AMERICAN BOTTLES.

one captures by a lovely flashing color; that one, perhaps, by its queer little misshapen neck; and the other by its unique flavor of age or foreign birth. Curious, indeed, are the foreign bottles; the collector may journey to accumulate these beautiful treasures for his cabinet, or they will accommodatingly cross land and sea to his hand. Bottles have daring dispositions and lead adventureful lives; beyond tea-pots or pitchers do they seek out and experience comedy, romance, and tragedy. A treasured bit of a bright bottle from France was once tossed up on the wave at the feet of a bottle-lover idly musing on a New Jersey beach. From oversea came this spherical bottle in dainty silken network; and a Spanish scutcheon imprints the seal of that symmetrical pale-green jug. By a stately, bediamonded, tall, clear bottle from Malaga stands an alluring peacock-blue bottle wearing the bell and ribbon of Paris. Graceful Chianti flasks, large and small, may be collected by the dozen, as they deserve to be. No two Chianti bottles are exactly alike, even in color; and they are all artistically charming in their long, irregular necks, globular shapes, and bubbled texture. Six of the same size will differ surprisingly in minor details of design. The same is true of the old-fashioned, high-shouldered, black-green Holland bottle and of the flat-sided, portly Rhine jug, in all tones of glowing red, its glass fabric resembling hammered brass. The crudely applied handles of the Rhine jugs are also interesting studies in dissimilarity. Doubly German is the little Rhine jug, as ruby-red glass is declared to be a German discovery.

Notably far beyond the bottles of interesting design and lovely tint which the average collector acquires in the old-bottle shops, at the hands of importers, from old corner cupboards, old garrets, or old apothecary-shops, are the bewitching and bewilderingly beautiful bottles, ancient and modern, accumulated, precious bit by precious bit, on

FANTASIES IN GLASS.

CABINET OF A BOTTLE-COLLECTOR.

personal pilgrimages in odd corners of the Old World. Such collections contain objects of art, pure and simple, in all variety of perfected quality, form, and color. In the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, are treasured nearly three hundred vessels of rare Venetian glass, including a large number of exquisite bottles and vials, the gift of Mr. James Jackson Jarves twenty years ago; and in a few private collections in New York are massed many bottle-forms of superb grace and beauty. From a bottle-cabinet of such character the bottle-history of the world might readily and graphically be set forth.

In these brilliant and elegant types of bottle-making in all times and countries, the cunning artificer has expressed in glass, as if in arrested, crystallized strains of prismatic music, many ethereal, dainty, graceful, refined, quaint, and subtile fancies. From Germany and Holland come the snuff-bottles, in shapes drolly comfortable; the grotesque schnapps-bottles; the slim or burly gin-bottles, suggesting a sturdy burgomaster and his pretty young frau—squat, flattened old Dutch bottles, admirably painted and gilded. They bear decorations of national import, such as distinguished coats of arms, tavern festivals with inscriptions of hearty good cheer, and spirited naval battles surrounding medallion portraits of mustachioed admirals of the old Dutch school.

Akin in slender grace are the Persian rose-water bottle, the vase-shaped Scottish bottle, and the twisted Venetian types, while the early American flagons and the Persian wine-bottles exhibit community of taste in that artistic fourth dimension, shapely rotundity. One common, yet deviated, intention in outline also allies the small English and Spanish vials, the twin bottles for oil and vinegar of France, Spain, and Italy being similarly alike in type and varied in detail, suggesting the rare double tear-bottles of the Assyrians.

Well may the bottle-skeptic who came to scoff remain to admire such enchanting diversity of artistic achievement in glass, the lightness and delicacy of "metal" united to wonderful purity and brilliance of hue. No choice in interest lies between this blue Japanese bottle, richly enameled in gold, and the unique Greek, Moorish, and Hungarian bottles. An admirable defiance of artistic precedence, also, may be recognized in the curious, long-spouted Spanish wine-carriers and in the oddly constructed, ice-chambered bottles of Italy. The Austrian flasks, in outline and in warlike figure-decoration, suggest themselves possible remote ancestors of the early American patriotic flask. The "old Venetian spirit" survives in the preservation of rare beauty-expression in this incomparably beautiful material. Merely the old Italian carboy, with its quaint latticework throat, and the tallest of tall modern Italian bottles, straw-netted and tasseled, in permissible paraphrase, "leave a vision of Venice in the eye for days."

High toward the head on the roll of artistic beauty must be placed the straw-wrapped or husk-covered bottles. To the lover of basketware these basket-woven bottles breathe forth a duplex charm; they are often red and blue silken-tasseled, and have little straw stoppers attached by tiny straw cords. Of many attractive forms and sizes are they, ranging from the little Parisian basket-woven, pale-green perfume-flask, past the wide-mesh-covered clear or golden crackle bottle, to the tall blue-green Austrian bottle in coarse husks, or the large, imposing, willow-cased carboy, akin to the treasured "Carlavero's Bottle," which gave Charles Dickens such a world of pain and pleasure. The craftsmen of ancient Egypt covered glass bottles with wickerwork and with papyrus-stalks. Such bottles are still used in Egypt under the name of "damadjan." The more prosaic English word "demijohn" is doubtless a philological cousin of the Egyptian papyrus-covered bottle. The French say "dame-jeanne,"—"Lady Jane,"—a pretty name for a demijohn. Damagan, a town in Khorasan, Persia, was once famous for its artistic glass-works.

Beautiful crackle-glass comes to the collector's cabinet from the sixteenth century, and is a wonderful result effected by plunging the half-blown bottle into cold water, and then reheating it to hold together its partly shivered fabric. Unique among foreign-born acquisitions are the bottles of Bordeaux, being mere graduated series of pale- or deep-green flattened bubbles, ranging from two to four, five, and six bubbles.

In early American glassware the history of our national art progress has been written. Choice and precious indeed are the crude blue-green and brown amber bottles made early in the nineteenth century—the portrait bottles bearing busts of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, De Witt Clinton, Zachary Taylor, Kossuth, and Jenny Lind. Local decorative subjects on many lines of idea were treated by the first American bottle-makers; and the most exquisite Venetian bottle cannot outrank in value, to a patriotic American collector, the primitive old flasks

ornamented with Indians, masonic emblems, the eagle, stars, flags, log cabins, cannon, and steamships, or such outdoor themes as the seasons, birds, fruits, trees, sheaves of wheat, the fisherman, deer, the gunner and his hounds, and the first bicycle. The earliest American railway, with a car drawn by a horse, is historically celebrated on a glass flask, as well as the bold Pike's Peak pilgrim, with his staff and bundle.

Glass in fabric is so beautiful that even grotesque designs cannot entirely rob it of charm; hence the "fantasies in glass" come fitly into collections. Among foreign bottle-curios are found Buddha bottles, dragons, sea-horses, ships, gondolas, fountains, violins, whales, and lion bottles; bottles with horizontal stories or perpendicular divisions; and glass jugs with horns or whistles in the handles. American curio-bottles show a wide but more practical range, expressing national jocosity in such shapes as cigars, pistols, monuments, eggs, boxing-gloves, bird-cages, canteens, lanterns, scallop-shells, shoes, slippers, roller-skates, barrels, castles, snails, birch-bark logs, cones, pyramids, figures of Uncle Sam, Santa Claus, and the like.

Bottle-marks are an interesting bypath in bottle-study, and are valuable for bottle-identification. Blown in bottles and flasks are innumerable trade-marks; many of these are curious, such as foreign shields, flags, and other heraldic designs, monograms in script and print, antlers, beehives, flower-baskets, old-time two-wheeled ox-carts, a lyre, a counting-house safe, a mortar and pestle, the full moon and the word "moonshine," a mortar with a bird perched on its edge, and a myriad other symbols of commercial ownership.

The health history of the American race for a century is registered in the old drug-bottles, all in such bad, bubbly green glass that it becomes good to the eye by mere force of superior inferiority. Old perfume-bottles and the quaint toilet-sets of our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' day have, also, great charm and interest. From these and other bottles of association stretches away a long and delightful vista: old heirloom decanters and carafes, and family fruit-jars of fine and simple outlines; a rare net-meshed purple glass camphor-bottle, which came over from England in 1790, in a new ship, with Grandmother Mary Haynes, then a girl of eighteen, now more precious to its owner than could be that royal-gold bottle embedded with one hundred and seventy-six cameos, treasured in the Green Vaults of Dresden. Priceless, too, the bride's old Bohemian bottle of other days, in rose-color and gilt, still faintly redolent of neroli-water; the little violet-hued scent-bottle, memorable of the great-aunt who danced with Lafayette; the quaint old, ridged, dark-blue vinegar-bottle of colonial days; the half-pint green amber hunting-flask of Uncle John Watson, born in Trenton, New Jersey, during the Revolutionary War; and the British wine-bottle, flaked with the beautiful iridescence of time and exposure, unearthed in digging over old Harlem battle-field.

Unrivaled among the mistakes in modern bottle-history, no doubt, stands the "apostle bottle," or "monk bottle," a plump red amber bottle decorated with the figures of six monks, represented standing in Gothic archways, engaged in various devotional exercises. This bottle was designed to please the Catholic clergy, but so signally fell short of its intention that it was financially a failure also. The old-fashioned soda-water or "pop" bottle—modeled after the ancient amphora for wine or oil, with a pointed base—is choice for its deep-blue or sea-green coloring, and is further to be cherished for the sake of genial Handy Andy, who described it as a bottle without a bottom.

Bottles, as congenial esthetic companions, gravitate into fit arrangement upon close acquaintance, as easily and readily as familiar friends around a hearth in studio or library. In numerous company, a collection should be disposed on the shelves of glass-cabinets, lighted by an adjacent window, to bring into play the exquisite color-melodies resulting from juxtaposition. An unused doorway, also, may be fitted with shelves to receive the luminous overflow of the cabinets; and bottle-shelves adjusted across a double or single window in a "den" make a decorative bottle-scheme of recognized effectiveness. Under the shelves of floor- or window-cabinets, on tiny hooks, bottles, large or small, may be suspended by wire loops—a safe and satisfactory method of utilizing space and assisting in the desired distribution of brilliant tint and tone.

Considered singly or blended in a collection, the bottle, antique, beautiful, or curious, proves itself to have great resources for entertainment and artistic gratification. In all phases it opens a wide and absorbing field. In old Venice, at the period of its highest supremacy, glass-making was characterized as the "necromancer's art." Time and change have not robbed it of power; its magic "to bind the material captive to the intellectual" is still wondrous and vital.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH ALEXANDER II.

BY A WITNESS OF HIS ASSASSINATION.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MLLE. HORTENSE RHEA.

IN my five years' sojourn in Russia I played at least fifty different parts. I was at my best in characters that require dash, vivacity. Long before I thought of studying English, I was called upon to play an American, a charming woman, but full of eccentricities. Two or three days before the performance, the comedian M. Raynard asked me why I did not play it with an accent, as the part had made a great hit in Paris on that account. Although I had never done anything of the kind, I tried it. The effect was amazing, and that part which, played as it was written, would have been, if not altogether insignificant, still not of great importance, became the prominent one of the play. This proves that success often depends upon a mere trifle.

As we played only four times a week, the intervening days between the performances were generally devoted to giving dinners or attending them. At those dinners we met not only the company, but celebrated people in the world of letters and of the nobility. Every day, from four to six, each actress held a sort of "at home." These receptions gave rise to little coteries, which were not without piquancy. Each had her followers, and on the day of her benefit these followers outdid one another in showing their appreciation of the object of their special admiration. Not only magnificent bouquets were thrown at her feet, but most costly presents of silverware, gold, and diamonds were lavished upon her; for the Russians are, without exception, the most generous people living.

But, of all, a farewell benefit is one of the most interesting sights one can witness. One is entitled to it after twenty-five years' service. The beneficiary receives a pension from the crown, and the emperor usually decorates him as a token of esteem and appreciation. I had the good fortune of being present at the one tendered to Mme. Lagrange, the ingénue, who, although forty-five years of age and a grandmother, had retained all the freshness and sweetness of youth. She was petite, blonde, with laughing eyes, and an expression of innocence and ingenuousness so fascinating that it had made her keep her position in spite of years and intrigues. Mme. Lagrange came to Russia when she was twenty years old, and the czar had for her such regard, esteem, and admiration that when he met her on his morning walks he used to say, "I shall be lucky to-day; I have seen my good angel." And she was an angel of goodness, virtue, and devotion.

If the stage needed any defense, such a woman would be sufficient proof that it is not what narrow-minded mortals think it—a place of perdition. The woman whose principles are bad will be a disgrace to a throne as well as to a hovel; the one with a pure and virtuous soul will retain it unsullied in any condition of life. The stage may elevate the mind, but it can never degrade it.

I can say in all sincerity that the five years spent in Russia were among the happiest of my life. Why then leave this paradise? Because a land disturbed by politics is not safe. Long before the emperor's assassination the city was a prey to nihilism. Every day searches were made, streets were turned up, mines discovered that would have blown up whole squares had they not been checked in time. At the theaters candles were placed in the halls, in case the gas should be suddenly extinguished by superior order. When the czar came to the performance we all trembled, lest something might occur. His assassination was the sad climax that justified our fears.

The Emperor Alexander II was one of the most amiable men to meet. He came to the theater twice a week. I met him for the first time while playing *Marion Delorme* in the "Comtesse de Santerre." Between the acts he came on the stage, and I was in-

troduced to him by Baron Küster. He told me that the play pleased him more than twenty years before, when he had seen it rendered by Mme. Allan. This was very flattering, as Mme. Allan was one of the greatest actresses of her day. He went on talking of plays and players for at least ten minutes, and left me, saying, "I will not detain you any longer, mademoiselle. The public may become impatient waiting for its *Marion*."

In spite of his noble bearing and his dignified mien, the czar did not inspire one with awe, but with respect and love. That he was thoroughly good and magnanimous, one could feel. The night after the attack on his life by Solovieff, he came on the stage and gave, I may say, a humorous account of the unsuccessful attempt, and as an overzealous member of the company exclaimed, "Oh, Sire, no mercy for such a wretch!" a rather severe look of reproach, which we all noticed, was his only answer. A word of pity or intercession would have been more welcome to his generous heart, especially from a woman.

Knowing his fondness for comedy, we all tried, in order to secure his presence, to find a comedy for our benefit. The last one I gave was "La Boule." How he enjoyed it! All the best comedians were in the cast. He came on the stage and expressed his delight in the kindest terms. He congratulated me on my success, and said: "Vous êtes toujours charmante, mademoiselle, mais ce soir plus que jamais." Those were the last words addressed to me by him who, a few days later, was to fall a victim to the murderous plots of the nihilists.

Shall I ever forget it? It was on a Sunday, about two o'clock. We were rehearsing a new play. Some of us were in the greenroom when the emperor passed, escorted by his Cossacks. We were standing at the window, and with a smile he gave us the military salute we knew so well. He had hardly turned the corner when we heard an explosion. We looked at one another, and the same thought crossed each mind—an attempt on the emperor's life! We rushed out, and arrived at the corner of the street just in time to see, two hundred yards from us, the explosion of the second bomb, which proved to be the fatal one. The first had killed two Cossacks. While they were arresting the assassin, the czar, deaf to the entreaties of his coachman, who wanted to drive on with all speed, came out of his carriage to say a word of sympathy to his dying soldiers. He took their hands, and addressing their murderer, he said: "Wretch, see what you have done in your blind fury!" After a last look of pity at his faithful servants, he was about to reënter his carriage, when a man, standing at the door, dropped another bomb, which he had kept concealed in his handkerchief, and that one not only killed the nihilist himself, but mortally wounded the emperor. In a moment the street, before deserted, was crowded with people coming from every direction. Sleighs were going to and fro, and all we heard was: "Thank God, the emperor lives!" His carriage being damaged, he was placed in a sleigh and driven to the palace, where he expired a few hours later. His legs had been shattered.

On the following day his son was proclaimed emperor. No sight could have been more heartrending than that of the young czar and his lovely wife returning in gala dress from the Winter Palace, where the new emperor had just taken the oath. On their way to the Palace Annitchkoff, while people cheered them, and tears were running down the pale cheeks of the newly made czarina, the emperor was motioning the crowd to keep silent.

The body of the emperor lay in state at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in the fortress on the Neva, where he was buried a week later. Thousands of all ranks, including all the members of the court theater, paid, during that week, a visit to the fortress, and were allowed a last look at the remains of him who was only a few days before the czar and all-powerful ruler of all the Russias.

After the fatal event the theater was closed, but we were obliged to remain in St. Petersburg until the end of the season. My contemplated change was now decided. I spoke of it to a friend of mine, M. Pierre Corvin, author of "Les Danicheff." He suggested that I study English, and if I were successful, to try my fortune in America. But why study English? Why not return to Paris? Because, like the Americans, I am too independent. I had had some experience before going to Russia. I knew that in Paris, without strong influence, doors do not open. I left St. Petersburg for London, where I went determined to renew, in another country and in another language, the success I had achieved in Russia.

RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE BUDDHA.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HIS BIRTHPLACE AND ONE OF THE BURIAL-PLACES OF HIS ASHES.

BY T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

IT seems strange that the recent discoveries mentioned in the title—in some respects the most important archæological discoveries yet made in India—have attracted so little attention in Europe and America. But this was almost inevitable, at least till now. One of the discoverers published his results in a monograph in "The Archæological Survey Reports of Northern India," a few copies of which may have reached Europe. The other published his in the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," which has no circulation outside the few members of that learned society. No account has yet appeared, either in Europe or America, intended to appeal to the increasing number of the cultivated public interested in such matters.

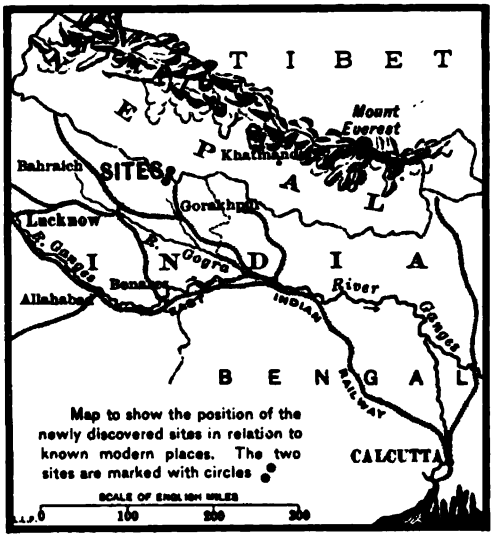
Having now visited the sites myself, and obtained, through the kindness of Mr. Peppé, copies of the only existing photographs, none of which has yet been published, I venture to think that the time has arrived when such an account can be given. I purpose to set out, as clearly and briefly as possible, first, why the discoveries had not been made before; secondly, how they were at last made, and what has been found; and, in the third place, to point out a few of the most important results of the discoveries.

Why were these discoveries, on or close to British territory, so long delayed? The names of the places were known, but the clue to the identification of the sites had been lost. This happened in two ways.

The standard account of the last few months of the life of the great Indian thinker and reformer is contained in the "Book of the Great Decease," a kind of Buddhist gospel composed by his disciples a generation or two after the teacher's death. This strange and touching ancient document, translated by the present writer now twenty years ago, describes the last journey of the Buddha from Rajagaha, about ten miles south of the Ganges, at the point where Patna now stands, to Kusinârâ, more than one hundred miles north-northwest of that spot, and on the southern slopes of the Himalaya range.

The old man, then eighty years of age, had been accustomed to journey, in the dry seasons, from place to place, holding conversational meetings at the villages where he halted on the way. Once more, for the last time, he set out on such a tour. It was a well-observed rule in the order of "mendicants" that he had founded for the members to keep themselves, as far as possible, in such bodily health as would facilitate the mental self-culture they aimed at. Such details as are available tend to show how high was the average length of life among them. But the inroads of age cannot be resisted. The stages in the master's journeyings became shorter, the rests much longer. The names of seventeen halting-places are given; and we are told that, after a long rest at Vesâli, three months were occupied by the remainder of the tour. But this book had become unknown in India, for the view of life that we now call Buddhism gradually lost its adherents in India, and was finally extinguished in fire and blood in the course of the Mohammedan invasion. The few contemptuous references to the great reformer, found by the discoveries of Sanskrit literature in the medieval writings of the priests, are so vague that the eminent Sanskritist Horace Hayman Wilson believed him to be nothing more real than a sun-myth. The books of the Buddhists had then long since been lost in India. Missionaries or refugees had carried them to Ceylon, Nepal, and other adjacent countries; and their very existence was unknown to European scholars.

Archæological employers in India were compelled, therefore, as regards the oldest (that is, the Buddhist) monuments, to rely on second-hand authorities. And they made use chiefly of the travels in India, in the seventh century A.D., of the Buddhist pilgrim Yuang Thsang, translated under the generous patronage of the French govern-



ment by a French savant, M. Stanislas Julien, in 1857.

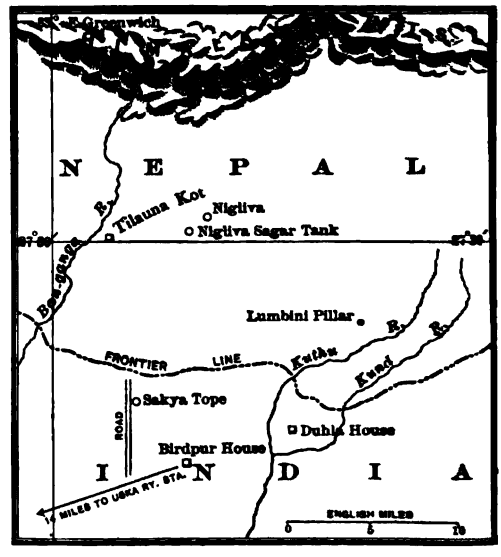
These travels threw a flood of light on the ancient geography of India; but they were especially difficult to follow in regard precisely to the sites of the birth, cremation, and burial of the Buddha, for these all lay in the Tarai, the belt of jungle on the lower slopes, and on the level ground at the foot, of the Himalaya Mountains.

I have drawn from my notes a rough map which will explain their position. No better one is obtainable, as surveying is not permitted over the frontier, and the Nepalese have no maps. The whole of this district, from the southernmost slopes of the Himalayas downward, was a wilderness when the pilgrim visited the holy places,—had been, indeed, a wilderness for centuries before his time,—and remained so till a few years ago. The modern explorer, in endeavoring to trace out the route of the pilgrim of old, found it difficult to follow his account of his devious path. Authorities differed accordingly in their interpretations of his statements, and of those of other Chinese pilgrims afterward translated. The solution of the problem of the Buddha's place of burial—or rather, as we shall see, of one of the eight different places where the ashes from his funeral pyre were buried—came in another and quite unexpected way.

The tract in question—the Tarai—had been utilized by the government of India to reward its supporters. Half of it, down to about fifteen miles south of the mountains, was ceded, after the Mutiny, to the government of Nepal. The other and smaller half had been granted, mostly before the Mutiny, in large lots, to certain Europeans who had done good service, under the condition that the grantees should, within a reasonable time, clear the jungle away and bring the land under cultivation. The boundary between the ceded district and the English territory is a purely artificial one. The line is marked only by a narrow strip of neutral ground, about thirty feet broad, and, at intervals of about a mile, by pillars of rough masonry. The largest and oldest of the grants, immediately to the south of this boundary-line, is the Birdpur estate, the property of the Gibbon and Peppé families. The road from the last railway-station, at Uska terminus, runs for fifteen miles through the estate, and ends abruptly in a paddy-field, opposite No. 44 of the boundary pillars. The Nepalese approve not of roads. So there it stops.

But half a mile before it stops, in English territory, therefore, and on the Birdpur estate, there are several ruins—almost too ruined, indeed, to deserve the name, being mere mounds covered with vegetation. Bricks, however, peep out on them and around them. They are certainly, therefore, the sites of what once had been buildings of some kind. And they must have been ancient buildings, for the bricks are of that size—fifteen or sixteen inches long by ten inches broad and three inches thick—which is the unfailing evidence of great antiquity.

In 1897 Mr. William Peppé, one of the resident partners and managers of the estate,



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE LUMBINÍ PILLAR.

dug a deep trench across the top of the largest of these mounds. He discovered that it was a solid tumulus, built, in concentric circles, of these huge bricks throughout. It was therefore one of the stupas, solid domes, often of extraordinary size, which, in pre-Buddhist and Buddhist times, were erected as memorials of the famous dead. Everywhere throughout the world burial cairns or tumuli are found, and are regarded as prehistoric. But they are of earth, or of earth and stones, not of brick; and they are of no great height and are usually long. It is only in India that the further step has been taken to build them of brick in bell-shaped domes, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, or even three hundred feet high. It was specially the Buddhists who built them. Placed as they are on rising ground or on the tops of hills, they still form a striking feature in the landscape of Buddhist countries. In ancient times, covered throughout with white cement, ornamented at the base with pillars and with the well-known Buddhist rails, and finished off at the summit with the so-called Buddhist tee, rising like the cross at the summit of the dome of St. Paul's, they must have been objects of surpassing beauty. The dome of St. Paul's, as seen from Waterloo Bridge, whence the church itself is hidden from view, and only the beautiful form of the dome is visible against the sky, gives to one who has not seen the Buddhist stupas the idea of what they must really have been like.

PILLAR IN THE LUMBINÎ GARDEN.

During the next year Mr. Peppé dug a well ten feet square down into the center of this ruined stupa. After removing eighteen feet of the solid brickwork, a huge slab of stone was discovered. On clearing it out he found it to be the cover of a great stone box. The cover was broken into four pieces; but it fitted so perfectly into a groove round the sides of the coffer that the pieces held firmly together, and could be removed without injury to the contents of the box.

This coffer is itself a remarkable object. It weighs about fourteen hundredweight, has been hollowed out, at vast cost and labor, from a solid block of sandstone, and must have been brought from a long distance, as there is no sandstone anywhere near.

Inside this massive and costly coffer were three stone urns or vases, a stone box like a jewel-casket, and a crystal bowl, all intact, together with fragments of what had been wooden vessels of the same kind. The four stone vessels were all of steatite, or soapstone, and had been carefully turned in a lathe, the marks of which were still visible. The bowl of crystal was exquisitely worked, and had a closely fitting lid of the same substance, the handle being carved to represent a fish. The lid lay separately on the floor of the coffer, possibly shaken off by the same earthquake that had broken the solid lid of the coffer itself.

In the vases were fragments of bone, a quantity of dust and fine ash, several hundred small jewels exquisitely carved in carnelian, shell, amethyst, topaz, garnet, coral, and crystal, and quantities of stars, flowers, and other minute objects in silver and gold. The jewels were as fresh and clear as on the day when they had been deposited in the coffer. The silver was tarnished and dull, the gold still bright. Many of these minute objects were pierced for threading, and portions of silver wire were found in the coffer and in the vases.

Now, according to the Pali literature of the fifth century B.C., women of high rank were clothed from the waist downward, and wore over the breast an elaborate ornament called *pilandhana*, arranged in patterns that covered nearly the whole front of the body. On the oldest sculptures hitherto found—those of the third century B.C.—bas-reliefs representing goddesses or the women of the wealthier classes give examples of this ornament. There can be little doubt, especially in light of the evidence that will immediately be shown, that the greater part, if not the whole, of this treasure of delicate jewelry had been, not separate jewels, but combined on silver wire to form such necklaces or breastplates. They must therefore have been the gift of the women of the community by whom this ancient monument was erected.

But when? by whom? in whose honor? There is no evidence of age save the size of the bricks. No coins were found. Some of the pieces of gold bear emblems like some of those on the most ancient coins. But no coin has been found exactly like any single piece, and the same emblems may very well have been used for ornaments and for coins. We should only have known, in the vaguest way, that this was an important and ancient monument, if it had not been for a few letters inscribed on one of the steatite urns.

These letters—the oldest yet found in India—are thirty-seven in number, and record, in an ancient dialect of the Pali language:

This place of deposit for the remains of Buddha, the August One, is that of the Sâkyas, the brethren of the Distinguished One, in association with their sisters and with the wives of their sons.

Simple as this short record is, the words are fraught with meaning. It seems to imply that there were other places of deposit belonging to other people. Now, the "Book of the Great Decease" states that, after the cremation of the Buddha, the ashes were distributed in eight portions to the neighboring king of Magadha and the seven free clans, including the Sâkyas, who occupied the adjoining country. Each of these claimed the portion allotted to them on the ground of their relationship with the Buddha, and undertook to put up a stupa, or cairn, and to establish a festival in honor of the great deceased. It is quite in harmony with this, the most ancient account we have, that the Sâkyas speak, in their inscription, of "This place of deposit," and lay stress on the fact that they were "the brethren of the Distinguished One."

It will easily be understood that the kings of the two neighboring monarchies of Kosala and Magadha, then rapidly rising in power, did not like the free republics, such as that of the Sâkyas. Three years before the Buddha's death the king of Kosala had swooped down upon the Sâkyas, destroyed their city at Kapilavastu with great slaughter, and driven the remnant of the people away. It was not previously known where they had settled. The site investigated by Mr. Peppé is almost certainly the place,—the new Kapilavastu,—the old one being at or close to Tilauna Kot, an ancient and ruined town marked on the map, page 838. We can only imagine the feelings with which they, in all the bitterness of defeat, of the loss of their independence and of their ancient home, put up, as the chief ornament of their new settlement, this monument to the greatest of their clan.

But the full significance of this curious discovery will more clearly appear in connection with the other, which we must now very briefly describe.

The most ancient inscriptions hitherto found in India had been the famous edicts of the Buddhist emperor Asoka. In these he inculcates on his subjects the special virtues of the Buddhist laymen: obedience to parents; kindness to children, friends, and animals; self-control and generosity; and, above all, complete toleration. It is, I believe, unique in the history of the world to find such things the subject of royal edicts. Some years ago rumors had reached the British territory of another Asoka pillar in the Nepalese Tarai. But no foreigners are allowed without special permission in Nepal, and it was not till 1895 that arrangements were made for an English archæological officer to go over the border to inspect it. The inscription was found to record the fact that Asoka, in the twenty-first year of his reign, had visited the spot—Niglîva (marked on the map)—to pay his respects at the stupa of Konagamana, one of those previous teachers whose follower the Buddha gave himself out to be.

Now, the Chinese pilgrims, in their accounts of the sacred sites, mention this place. They describe it as being a few miles only from Kapilavastu, where the Buddha's parents had lived, and where he spent his youth. Here therefore was a plain indication of the long-lost site of that city.

There was no time, however, for further investigations then. In the next cold season the archæologist Dr. Führer, returning to work, found the Nepalese governor encamped close by another pillar. The existence of this one had also been known for years, as it had been frequently seen by English sportsmen. Medieval inscriptions, visible on it above the ground, had even been copied out. But the present was the first opportunity that had occurred for this pillar to be excavated with a view of ascertaining whether it also was an Asoka pillar. The Nepalese willingly dug it out, and, some three feet below the surface, a beautifully cut inscription in five lines of Asoka letters, and in the local dialect of Pali, was found upon it. The meaning is:

Devânam Piya Piyadassi [epithets of **Asoka**] *came himself in his twenty-first year and paid rev-*

THE SÂKYA STUPA, SHOWING MR. PEPPÉ'S EXCAVATIONS.

BUDDHA'S SARCOPHAGUS.

THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CAVE.

VASES FROM THE SÂKYA STUPA.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

ASOKA RAIL, AND A MOHUNT WITH FOLLOWER.

erence here. And he put up a stone pillar, with a stone horse on it, on the ground that the Buddha, the Sâkya sage, was born here. And the village Lummini, since the Exalted One was born there, is hereby relieved of its tax of one-eighth share of the produce.

The word translated "horse" is doubtful in meaning. The pillar is at the base of a small hill, on which is a shrine erected in honor of the local deity Rummin Dei, the goddess of Lummini. In 1897 two civilians, Mr. Hoey and Mr. Lupton, on a flying visit to the spot, obtained access to the shrine. They found that it contained a recumbent figure of Mahâ Mâyâ, the Buddha's mother, represented in bas-relief as just having given birth to the future teacher.

As is well known, the earliest Buddhist books only once incidentally mention the Lumbinî garden. But the commentators relate that when, after the fashion of the country, she had started toward her mother's house to be confined there, the pains came upon her on the way. She took refuge in a small public garden called Lumbinî, the common property of the two clans, her father's and her husband's. It was there that the babe was born. The spot where the pillar now stands must have been pointed out in the third century B.C. to Asoka as that garden. There, all through the centuries, though the great teacher and his teaching have long been forgotten, the villagers, worshiping they know not what, have retained in their village shrine the evidence of the respect in which the teacher's mother came, in the third or fourth century of Buddhism, to be held by his later followers.

I did not see the shrine and the images myself when I had the good fortune to visit the place in January of 1900. The key had been mislaid. But Mr. Mukherji, a Brahman in the temporary employ of the Archæological Survey, subsequently obtained access to the little room, below the level of the courtyard outside, where the bas-relief, half buried below the floor, is still visible in the dim religious light. It is clear that the original floor lies still farther down, and it is much to be desired that it should be properly excavated.

The old bathing-pond lies close to the pillar, and there are the remains of its ancient stone facing. On the other side of the

shrine are four small cairns now buried in the jungle. The whole site should be completely and carefully explored. It is at the present moment occupied by a lama from Tibet, but the existing building was put up by a Hindu who is supposed to have settled there since the district has been reclaimed.

The discoveries already made here and by Mr. Peppé definitely fix, for the first time, the position of the district occupied in the sixth century B.C. by the Sâkya clan. Up to about twenty miles north of the present arbitrary boundary-line between English and Nepalese territory it is an absolutely level plain, covered in recent years with rice-fields. The huts in which the peasantry live are not scattered over the plain, but are gathered together in villages four or five miles apart. There are a dozen places within fifteen miles of the Lumbinî pillar where unmistakable signs of ancient buildings are visible from afar over the surrounding country. There are about the same number of ancient sites on the English side of the border. It is probable that the Sâkya land extended over all this district, and included also the lower slopes or spurs of the Himalaya range. The whole of it had been abandoned as jungle until quite recent times. The monuments are undisturbed, except by earthquake and natural decay. There can be little doubt that further exploration will bring to light the other sites mentioned in the books and further inscriptions of the very early date of that on the Peppé vase.

It is exceedingly likely that some will be discovered which are older still. For it has recently been proved that an alphabet, introduced from Babylon or founded on Babylonian script, was in general use in India, for inscriptions and short communications, at least as early as the seventh century B.C. The letters on the Peppé vase are closely related to, and some of them identical with, those on the Moabite stone, the discovery of which, on the borders of Palestine, made so great a sensation only a few years ago. This strange and interesting fact gives fresh support to the hypothesis, now rapidly gaining adherents, that all the forms of writing in the world may eventually come to be traced back to the inventive genius of that white race, older than the Semites, older than the Aryans, whose blood flows in the veins of the modern Chinese.

But we need not venture into discussions which will occupy students of the early history of mankind. These discoveries reveal a very high state of culture in the Sâkya country in the sixth and probably in the seventh century B.C. It had been hitherto supposed that all buildings in India in that time were of wood. We now know that brick was also extensively used, at least for public or communal buildings.

The costly and accurately fitting stonework of the coffer, the lathe-turned steatite vases, the delicate and beautiful jewelry, and the exquisite workmanship of the crystal bowl, are evidence of the stage then attained, among the Sâkyas, in the higher mechanical arts. This stage necessarily presupposes a long course of previous development. Artistic facility of this kind is not produced in a generation, not in a century.

But, after all, far the most striking and important piece of evidence is the purpose for which this monument was built. Let us think for a moment what it means. Even if built now it would be a magnificent mausoleum. At that time, under those conditions, it must have been, to say the least, a remarkable effort. And it was a communal effort. The freeholders of the clan probably built it themselves. There were no bricklayers then to be hired for money. The women were in sympathy with the movement; they gave of their best; and their help was freely acknowledged, and put forward as of importance, in the few words of the inscription. The man whom the clan, men and women alike, thus honored was neither famous warrior, nor powerful king, nor wealthy benefactor. He was not even a great preacher or a popular political leader. He was a thinker, a man who, in earnest about the ultimate problems of life, wandered about from place to place and taught, in conversations only, his views on ethical self-culture, his theory of emancipation through self-mastery. He was a sort of Socrates, only his opinions went much further. The one hundred and eighty-six "Dialogues of the Buddha" that have survived in the shape given to them by his disciples show that his views of life ignored the current hypothesis of God and the soul, and were entirely incompatible, in other points also, with the priestcraft and the popular superstitions of the day. Is this the sort of man usually honored by the community, even now?

It is to be hoped that the Indian government will at once either undertake or encourage further excavations on both sides of the present boundary-line in this Sâkya country, where the results obtained have been important and interesting, and where, therefore, further search is full of promise.

RAILWAY-STATION AT CHESTER HILL.

THE BEAUTIFYING OF VILLAGE AND TOWN

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

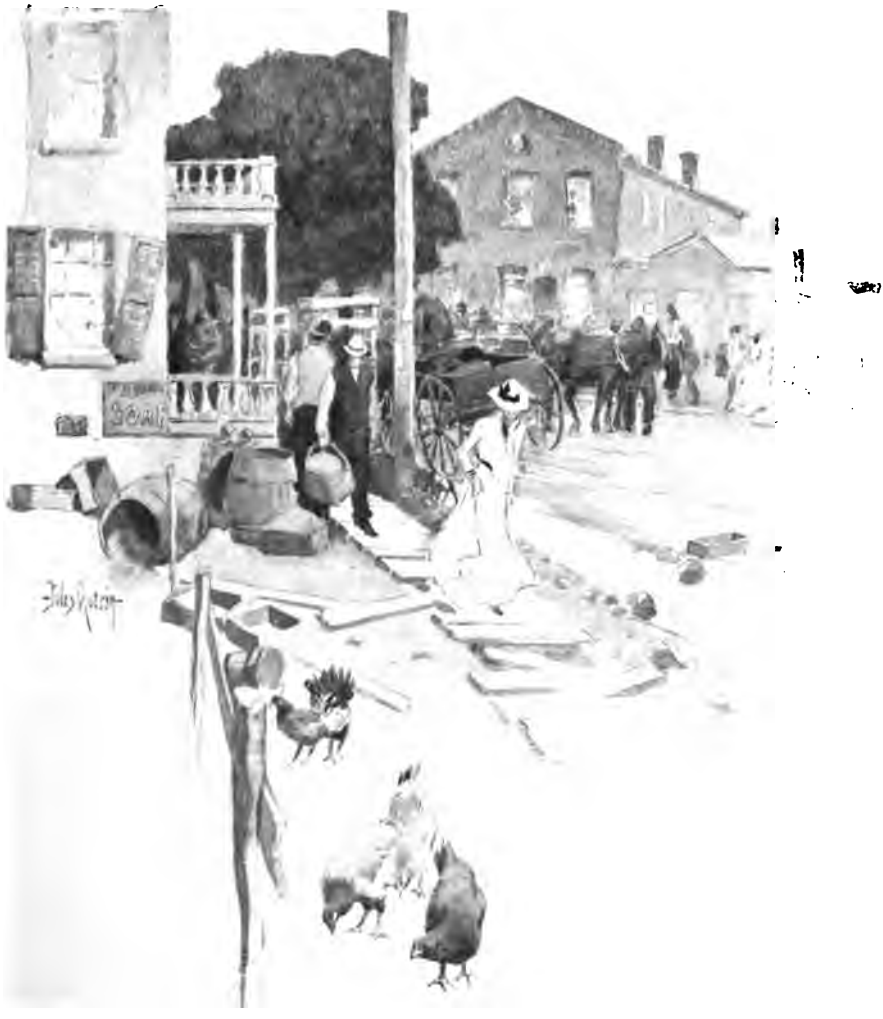
WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUERIN

ONE of the most hopeful chapters in the record of American progress toward the ideals of a higher civilization is that which tells of the development of a more beautiful life for the people at large. The love of the beautiful probably exists in every human being, and, in some shape, strives for expression. To unfetter it, to give it the means of intelligent utterance—that is one of the great aims of civilization. In the movement toward this end the unit is found in the embellishment of the home and of home life. Here its expression—at least within the walls—is an affair of the individual or of the family alone, except in so far as it is shared with friends and guests. This is a vast field in itself, and to our achievements therein the myriads of beautiful homes throughout the length and breadth of the land bear witness. But the moment we step without our doors what we do begins to concern others, and thereby we enter more or less into relations with the world at large. As a rule, every person shapes his home surroundings, without and within the house, chiefly to suit himself. But in external conditions he usually begins to be governed by the motive of winning public approval, the desire to please the sentiment of the community in which he lives. One has a sense that others are affected by what he does there, though perhaps he is not aware of it. But in some fashion, while following his own preferences and standards of taste, often perhaps with curious results, there are certain social standards to which he is likely to conform. There are few who deliberately choose to offend public sentiment in these things; the shortcomings usually proceed from indolence, ignorance, or perhaps a perverted taste that deems the bad to be good. But, wherever a social standard in these things has been set, the average citizen is likely to conform to it.

It is with the growth of these standards that we have to do, the progress of the movement that is giving attractiveness to villages and towns, lending them beauty and charm, and making life therein more worth the living; that is spreading out through the lonely countryside and enriching and beautifying life there; and that is bringing touches of nature into the desert hearts of great cities. Many are the ways in which this spirit is making itself felt: in more beautiful home surroundings; in better architectural standards, domestic, mercantile, and public; in better-kept highways, improved paving, good sidewalks, etc.; in the beautifying of public places, creating parks and playgrounds, planting shade-trees in town and country, protecting scenes of cherished beauty and setting them apart for public en-

joyment; and in organizing associations for accomplishing some of these ends through voluntary effort, and inducing action on the part of municipalities, etc., toward effecting other improvements of perhaps more comprehensive character.

The beginning of the new century has witnessed a vast sum of achievements in these directions. Hundreds of communities in all parts of the country have responded to the movement, and are growing beautifully and intelligently. In many instances the transformation has been wonderful. It is not a matter of training a new generation in habits of good taste. Right precept and example are usually sufficient to induce prompt improvement. And the i makes itself simultaneously felt alor ous coördinate lines of effort. In s the newest and crudest communities, seem hopelessly involved in raw u the response is often the most alert. I first visited the capital of a certair beyond the Mississippi, nothing coul been more depressing than the imp which it made. Every street was slough of mud in wet weather, an suffocating with dust when dry. The city had a correspondingly slouch kempt, and vulgar appearance. Ten later I found a wonderful change: the all well and smoothly paved, good bui



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A COMMONPLACE VILLAGE STREET.

on every hand, pleasant and tasteful homes the rule, the whole city well groomed in appearance, and the seat of a genuine civilization.

Perhaps no better term for characterizing the general tendency expressed in this movement can be found than that of "civic beauty." Under this designation would be embraced all the aspects of the striving for the beautiful in our daily surroundings—the beauty that relates to citizenship, from the activities of the individual in making his home a harmonious element in a beautiful community, to the various forms of collective activity that work to weld the beauty of parts, as expressed in homes, in streets, in schools, in shops, in industries, in churches, in civic edifices, into one beautifully ordered whole. Beginning humbly at the countryside with "village improvement," and enlisting nature's gentle art at the outset, its influence has spread over the land, its wholesome breath has wafted sweet new life into cities, and it has grown to be "civic improvement."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A WELL-ORDERED VILLAGE STREET.

Almost half a century has passed since the movement took organized form in a little mountain town in western Massachusetts. Stockbridge was a right shabby-looking country town in those days of 1853, and a sense of its shabbiness prompted a refined young lady—Miss Mary Gross Hopkins, who later became Mrs. J. Z. Goodrich—to organize a society to make the town a beautiful one, the expressed purpose being to encourage the civic spirit by preserving the historic associations of the place and in various ways awakening a sense of pride in the community. That the most intensely practical side of a thing is found in the ideal is exemplified in the history of this society. Its ideal was civic beauty; and the beauty that hard-headed, matter-of-fact persons are so apt to scoff at, asking, "What is it all worth?" soon turned into hard dollars and cents for the whole region. Clothed with beauty as with a garment, the fame of the town spread abroad as a place well worth living in. Every dollar expended for beauty has brought thousands back; vast wealth has sought the region, and given golden values to pastoral acres and rocky hillsides. Close by, in response to this spirit, the town of Lenox has become a world-famous pleasure-resort, and the country round about is filled with palaces. Civic beauty and prosperity are convertible terms. The example of Stockbridge speedily became contagious, and made a garden of many a Massachusetts town.

This pioneer organization of its kind became the Laurel Hill Village Improve-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

WAYSIDE, SHOWING TANGLE OF BUSHES.

ment Society of Stockbridge, from the fact that a beautiful hill of that name, given by a public-spirited family as a pleasure-ground for the people in 1834, was transferred by the town into the keeping of the association. The annual meetings of the society on this hill are famous festival occasions, and the park has been made worthy of the trust.

Important civic improvements were undertaken at the start. Streets and sidewalks were improved and neatly maintained; examples early set soon made general a high standard in the care of house-grounds; the town was induced to establish w works and to light the streets. society coöperated with the ra company and paid half the cost tasteful station, and of enlargin station grounds to a spacious beautiful garden. The old Indian l ing-ground was preserved and ma with a picturesque and simple m ment of unhewn granite, inscrib "The Friends of our Fathers."

Such a collective public spirit urally promoted public-spirited b icence in individuals. Stockbridge the home of the celebrated Field ily. Cyrus W. Field gave ten thou dollars for a park, and fifty-eight a of beautiful land. His brother, D Dudley Field, erected on the com a clock-tower with chimes, and le his will a fund of five thousand dol partly for its maintenance and pa for keeping the cemetery in order. influence of the society has done much to mote enlightened action on the part of town in favor of public improvements. To influence are due the fine public library the drinking-fountain in front, and the lection of historical relics, including writing-table of Jonathan Edwards, who long the pastor there; also the village cas and monuments to soldiers of the Civil V and of the Revolution. The constitutior this society has served as a model in organization of many similar improvem associations throughout the country.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

CELEBRATION AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

trees, cleaning and repairing sidewalks, and doing such other acts as shall tend to improve and beautify the village. The direction of activities resides with the executive committee. The planting or protection of a tree under direction of the committee, or the annual payment of one dollar or its equivalent in labor, entitles a person to membership; but any child under fourteen years is eligible on payment of twenty-five cents or its equivalent in labor. Twenty-five dollars down, or three annual payments of ten dollars, entitle one to life-membership.

Much as has been done by such organizations, the future of like activities seems destined to achieve vastly greater results. There is a National League of Improvement Associations, with headquarters in Springfield, Ohio, which appears to have done considerable effective work in spreading an interest in the movement. And now that the federated women's clubs of the country are giving their attention to the work as a feature of the "social service" activities that they are entering upon, we may look for systematized efforts that cannot fail to yield rich and abundant fruit. The women's clubs of the country, in other beneficent works of which they have made a feature, have shown great energy, intelligence, and sagacity. In this field they may be expected to make an enduring mark. Since the movement originated with a woman, and women have generally played a leading part in these improvement organizations, it seems particularly appropriate that the organized women of the country should take the work definitely in hand.

An important question is: How can such work be made most effective—productive of the best results, and enduring? Probably in every case of the organization of such a society the work has been worth the while; something has been accomplished, and even when the organization has had only a brief existence, something definite usually has been the outcome. Moreover, the aims and ideals may have found other vehicles for effectiveness. For instance, a certain society in a New England town did effective work for several years. But the town rapidly grew into a city, and the population lost much of the old-time social solidarity, for everybody no longer knew his neighbors. Probably the society might have adapted its methods to the changed conditions, but it did not. a standard of taste had been established in the care of house-grounds, where shabbiness had been the rule, and this standard prevailed so generally as to give a new character to the community; the town had been induced to establish a new cemetery; and a public disposition toward improvement had been so promoted that when, some years later, a system of parks and playgrounds was proposed, it was easy to induce the young city to enter upon it.

To the success of such work the fundamental principles should be held clearly in view, the aims should be definitely understood, and the most practical methods for their realization should be adopted. The question of who does the work is one of primary importance. So far as possible, the coöperation of all classes—the "leading citizens" and the workers—should be sought. It should be kept free from the suspicion of cliques, or of working for any particular or sectional interest. The latter has been a stumbling-block for such associations when formed in sections of cities; in some instances they have been known to work for local public improvements at the cost of the whole community and against the interest of other sections, and have degenerated into instrumentalities for selfish, if not corrupt, politics. The highest motives of public spirit should be professed and adhered to. It is also important that both sexes should engage in the work. Women have more leisure for such tasks, and show an intentness and directness of purpose that give great capacity for working to definite ends. On the other hand, especially when public actions are desired, the fact that men are engaged in the work is likely to have weight in its favor.

First in order in activities of this kind comes cleanliness. Clean streets and public places, clean private premises—with these secured, the first great transformation in the community takes place. When nuisance-breeding rubbish-heaps are cleared away, and vacant lots covered with all sorts of litter are cleaned up, everybody notes the improvement and is interested in seeing it maintained. Orderliness, of course, goes hand in hand with cleanliness. The latter cannot be secured without good order. And with good order there is an aspect of neatness that commands popular respect. It pleases the public eye. Nearly everybody

will desist from throwing rubbish into a well-kept place, and from scattering torn-up paper or other litter in a clean street. Public sentiment is easily cultivated in favor of public cleanliness and order. A notable instance of its growth is to be found in the agitation against spitting in public places since it was determined that the practice was a danger to public health. The posting of notices with regulations against it, and the frequent discussion of the subject in the press, have made a strong impression upon public sentiment, and in consequence the offense is not practised to anything like the same extent in communities where there has been such agitation.

Good streets and sidewalks, clean and smooth, are among the best tokens of advanced civilization. Cleanliness means health, and smoothness means the economy of energy,—human, animal, and mechanical,—which is equivalent to economy of money. Every little unevenness of surface presents a corresponding push against energy expended, amounting to enormous aggregates of wasted force in the course of a day. For instance, there is probably less fatigue from walking three miles over a smooth sidewalk, say of artificial stone, than from one mile over an uneven walk of stone or brick.

The final aim is the achievement of beauty. To this cleanliness and order lead. Without them there can be no real civic beauty. They stand at the base of it, and give the good surfaces and true lines from which beauty is developed. But cleanliness and order are not sufficient in themselves. While they lead to beauty, they stop far short of it when made the final aim. Indeed, at times they become antagonistic to beauty. There are certain forms of beauty, for instance, which, when unappreciated by the undeveloped taste, are considered unbeautiful, and are held in abhorrence. Perhaps the most familiar example is found in the typical rural wayside, grown up spontaneously with brush and brier, and presenting a charming tangle of wild luxuriance that ever delights the eye —common bushes of all kinds: elder and wild rose, Virginia creeper, clematis, blackberries and raspberries, and hundreds of other beautiful things. But all this means untidiness, and nothing more, to the eye untrained to beauty.

So every few years a sprucing-up fit seizes the town authorities, and a gang of men sallies forth armed with bush-scythes, and mows everything down, leaving the road-margins a roughly naked arid waste. No good at all has been accomplished by this, and the money and energy expended might profitably have been employed in making good roads.

Neatness and order always command our respect; but carried no further they may remain very unsympathetic, as, for instance, in the impression made by a plain and immaculate house standing austerely in an expanse of smoothly shaven lawns unrelieved by trees and shrubbery, or even flower-beds. This is bareness, which is something quite different from simplicity. The latter is ever a desirable quality. It often confers beauty with the help of nothing but a few shade-trees or of some well-disposed masses of shrubbery.

In all work of civic improvement it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the attainment of what is truly beautiful should be constantly held in view. It is not sufficient to shape things according to what we ourselves may deem beautiful. Personal standards are apt to differ greatly in such things. There are probably few persons of good taste who have not at some time admired some things which they later found very ugly. But there are certain standards of beauty that are commonly agreed upon by persons of recognized good taste. The best thing, therefore, is to ascertain what these standards are, and then to conform to them. It would be difficult to say just what constitutes absolute beauty; but it appears to be derived from certain relations and proportions between elements of form, line, mass, color, etc.—the mode of their disposition meaning the difference between harmonious and discordant effect, as in music.

Custom does much to set the popular standard in such matters. Perhaps for the great majority of persons a thing seems beautiful because it is commonly held to be such. Passing fashions do much to establish such standards, and while they are responsible for much that is false, they often leave a residuum of the good and the permanent. But there are certain things that always seem beautiful, regardless of transitory standards—things like the simple beauty of a flower, or the subtile and perhaps intricate charm of landscape qualities. The beauty of such things rests upon eternal verities.

Organized effort can do much toward educating public taste in appreciating the beautiful. One of the most effective means is to ascertain the best literature upon the subject, and recommend for general reading that which presents in interesting and popu-

lar shape good standards in things like domestic architecture, the improvement of house-grounds, the adornment of streets and public places, etc. It would not be difficult to make out a list of such works, and it would be of great service if public libraries would make a feature of a collection of the kind. In such a way there may be inculcated in an intelligent community the principles from which it might be learned what is beautiful and what is ugly, and the reasons why they are so, illustrated by corresponding examples. And it would often be practicable to indicate existing object-lessons, both as to the good and the bad.

To keep the interest alive in organized work of the kind, it is essential to be able to point to practical results achieved, and to hold out various desirable things to be definitely aimed at. The community should be interested by some definite advance made each year—certain tangible objects accomplished, and certain inviting ends to be looked forward to. And the public should be impressed with the practical advantages derived from such activities—how they actually pay in dollars and cents by increasing the attractiveness of a place, and consequently the value of property, as well as in adding to the beauty of existence and making life richer and fuller.

There is probably no better way to sustain popular interest, and make virtually the whole community participate in the work of an association organized for such objects, than to follow the example set by the parent organization of American local improvement associations, and make the annual reunion of the society the occasion of a great public summer festival. The annual dinner at Ashfield, Massachusetts, likewise illustrates the possibilities of such an event. The fact that a group of celebrated men have made Ashfield their summer home has rendered this gathering an occasion of national interest; the great newspapers of the country always take pains to give reports of what is said and done, and the fame of the little mountain town is spread throughout the land.

Such a summer festival can be made exceedingly attractive. As the "old home day" it would be the occasion for children of the town living in distant parts to return to the scenes of their youth and renew the cherished associations. There are usually some of these who have grown rich in the world's goods, and such an occasion would encourage them to contribute to objects of public improvement. Pains should be taken to keep track, as far as possible, of natives of the town living at a distance should be annually reminded of th and invited to participate. In sii the interest of summer residents enlisted, and they would also b to contribute to such public-spirite In fact, summer residents are ofte stay for objects of local improve maintenance of public libraries, e attractiveness can be given to such Not only would they keep active the terest in works of improvement, bu ceeds of the various forms of ente that may be devised should furnis the chief means for carrying on suc

Delightful festal features may b for an occasion of the kind. Not o be made the great local day of the for games, dances, dinners, and out tivities of various kinds, many of w severally be made to contribute to cial returns for the objects in view, is usually some local feature—such or lake—that may be made the scen picturesque celebration. An exa what might be done in many place nished in the beautiful illuminat parade that takes place every su various New England towns, all the the river participating. Enchantin can be obtained in general illum And quite in keeping with the ob such movements for local improven adornment would be the taking of pains to secure artistic results in of festival decoration in honor of One of the most notable instances direction is that of the important tion that took place at Manchester Sea, on Cape Ann, a few years ago. of resorting to the conventional ar monplace forms of decoration, that are limited to monotonous drapings tional flags and red, white, and blue str about various mottos and crudely shields, etc., the matter of decorati intrusted to the artist Mr. Ross Turn had given special attention to such pr The result was a harmonious schem predominant colors of the kind best a to a richly decorative effect. Altogetl annual festival such as has been sug with pains taken to make it a genera tractive and, so far as possible, a pictu occasion, furnishes probably one of th best means to assure a permanent in in the spirit of public improvement rural community or a town of moderat if not for a city of considerable rank.

LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

III. TWO MEN.

"These ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone."

A PALE young man sat down on a bench in the park behind the reservoir on Forty-second street. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned, and said in a slow, tired way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The ruddy man said: "Not if you 're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet, and said:

"It 's a poor business you 're in."

"You don't look as if yours was any better." He sat down. "What 's your callin'?"

"I 'm an iron-worker; bridge-work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That 's so. I 'm just out of Bellevue Hospital; got hurt three months ago."

"I 'm just out of hospital, too," he grinned.

"What hospital?"

"Sing Sing."

"What? Jail?"

"Yes; not bad in winter, either. There 's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work—"

"Work—good God! I wish they 'd get me some."

"You ain't bad enough. Go and grab somethin'. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out, and get looked after by nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Did n't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No! Why the devil should they? I 'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?"

He felt his loneliness.

"Yes; I 've got to go after that job. It 'll give me time to look about me. Gosh! but you look bad! Good-by."

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.

LITERARY VALUES.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I.

THE day inevitably comes to every writer when he must take his place amid the silent throngs of the past, when no new work from his pen can call attention to him afresh, when the partiality of his friends no longer counts, when his friends and admirers are themselves gathered to the same silent throng, when the spirit of the day in which he wrote has given place to the spirit of another and a different day. How, oh, how will it fare with him then? How is it going to fare with Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson and all the rest of them? How has it fared with so many names in the past, that were, in their own day, on all men's tongues? Of the names just mentioned, Whittier and Emerson drew more from the spirit of the times in which they lived, shared more in a particular movement of thought and morals, than the other two, and to that extent are they in danger of dropping out and losing their vogue. The fashions of this world pass away, fashions in thought, in style, in humor, in morals, as well as in anything else.

As men strip for a race, so must an author strip for this race with time. All that is purely local and accidental in him will only impede him; all that is put on or assumed will impede him—his affectations, his insincerities, his imitations; only what is vital and real in him, or subdued to the proper harmony and proportion, will count. A malformed giant will not in this race keep pace with the lesser but better-built stripling. How many more learned and ponderous tomes has Gilbert White's little book left behind! Mere novelty, how short-lived is that! Every age will have its own novelties. Every age will have its own hobbies and hobbyists, its own clowns, its own follies and fashions and infatuations. What every age will not have in the same measure is sanity, proportion, health, penetration, simplicity. The strained and overwrought, the fantastic and far-fetched, are sure to drop out. Every pronounced style, like Carlyle's, is sure to suffer. The obscurities and affectations of some recent English poets and novelists are certain to drag them down. Browning, with his sudden leaps and stops, and all that Italian rubbish, is fearfully handicapped.

Such a poet as George Meredith, for whose meaning, much of the time, one must grope as in a fog or in the dark, can he weather the ages? Will he clarify with time? In Browning we look through a clear glass, but one twisted and contorted; in Meredith it is the same glass with the addition of a film of smoke or mud.

Things do not endure in this world without a certain singleness and continence. Trees do not grow and stand upright without a certain balance and proportion. A man does not live out half his days without a certain simplicity of life. Excesses, irregularities, violences, kill him. It is the same with books; they, too, are under the same law; they hold the gift of life on the same terms. Only an honest book can live; only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time. Any selfish or secondary motives vitiate a work of art, as they vitiate a religious life. Indeed, I doubt if we fully appreciate the literary value of the staple, fundamental human virtues an

qualities—probity, directness, simplicity, sincerity, love. There is just as much room and need for the exercise of these qualities in the making of a book as in the building of a house, or in a business career. How conspicuous they are in all the enduring books—in Bunyan, in Walton, in Defoe, in the Bible! It is they that keep alive such a book as "Two Years Before the Mast," which Stevenson pronounced the best sea-story in the language, as it undoubtedly is. None of Stevenson's books have quite this probity and singleness of purpose, or show this effacement of the writer by the man. It might be said that our interest in such books is not literary at all, but purely human, like our interest in "Robinson Crusoe," or in life and things themselves. But the experience itself of a sailor's life would be to most of us very prosy and distasteful. Hence there is something in the record, something in the man behind the record, that colored his pages, and that is the source of our interest. This personal element, this flavor of character, is the salt of literature. Without it, the page is savorless.

II.

It is curious what an uncertain and seemingly capricious thing literary value is. How often it refuses to appear when diligently sought for, labored for, prayed for; and then comes without call to some simple soul that never gave it a thought. Learning cannot compass it, rhetoric cannot compass it, study cannot compass it. Mere wealth of language is entirely inadequate. It is like religion: often those who have it most have it least, and those who have it least have it most. In the works of the great composers—Gibbon, De Quincey, Macaulay—it is a conscious, deliberate product. Then, in other works, the very absence of the literary motive and interest gives an esthetic pleasure.

One is surprised to read the remark of the "Saturday Review" on the lately published letters of Whitman,—letters that have no extrinsic literary value whatever, not one word of style,—namely, that few books are so well calculated to "purge the soul of nonsense"; or the remark of the fastidious Henry James on the same subject, that, with all their enormities of the common, the letters are positively delightful. Here, again, the source of our interest is undoubtedly in the personal revelation—the type of man we see through the letters, and not any wit or wisdom lodged in the letters themselves.

One reader seeks religious or moral values alone in the works he reads; another seeks scientific or philosophical values; another, artistic and literary values; others, again, purely human values. No one, I think, would read Scott or Dickens for purely artistic values, while, on the other hand, it seems to me that one would go to Mr. James or to Mr. Howells for little else. One might read Froude with pleasure who had little confidence in him as a historian, but one could hardly read Freeman under the same circumstances.

I suppose one comes to like plain literature as he comes to like plain clothes, plain manners, simple living. What grows with us is the taste for the genuine, the real. The less a writer's style takes thought of itself, the better we like it. The less his dress, his equipage, his house, concern themselves about appearances, the more we are pleased with them. Let the purpose be entirely serious, and let the seriousness be pushed till it suggests the heroic; that is what we crave as we grow older and tire of the vanities and shams of the world.

To have literary value is not necessarily to suggest books or literature; it is to possess a certain genuineness and seriousness that is like the validity of real things. See how much better literature Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg is than the more elaborate and scholarly address of Everett on the same occasion. General Grant's "Memoirs" have a higher literary value than those of any other general in our Civil War, mainly because of the greater simplicity, seriousness, and directness of the personality they reveal. There is no more vanity and make-believe in the book than there was in the man. Any touch of the elemental, of the veracity and singleness of the natural forces, gives value to a man's utterances, and Lincoln and Grant were undoubtedly the two most elemental men brought out by the war. The literary value of the Bible, doubtless, arises largely from its elemental character. The utterances of simple, unlettered men—farmers, sailors, soldiers—often have great force and impressiveness from the same cause; there are in them the virtue and seriousness of real things. One great danger of schools, colleges, libraries, is that they tend to kill or to overlay this elemental quality in a man—to make the poet speak from his culture instead of from his heart. "To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movement of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in

the woods and grass by the roadside, is the flawless triumph of art," and who so likely to do this as the simple, unbookish man? Hence Sainte-Beuve says the peasant always has style.

In fiction the literary value resides in several different things, as the characterization, the action, the plot, and the style, sometimes more in one, sometimes more in another. In Scott, for instance, it is found in the characters and the action; the style is commonplace. In George Eliot the action, the dramatic power, is the weakest factor. In Mr. Howells we care very little for the people, but the art, the style, is a perpetual delight. In Hawthorne our pleasure, again, is more evenly distributed. In Poe the plot and the style interest us. In Dickens it is the character and the action. The novelist has many strings to his bow, and he can get along very well without style, but what can the poet, the historian, the essayist, the critic, do without style—that is, without that vital, intimate, personal relation between the man and his language which seems to be the secret of style? The true poet makes the words his own; he fills them with his own quality, though they be the common property of all. This is why language, in the hands of the born writer, is not the mere garment of thought, not even a perfectly adjusted and transparent garment, as a French writer puts it. It is a garment only as the body is the garment of the soul. This is why a writer with a style loses so much in a translation, while with the ordinary composer translation is little more than a change of garments.

I should say that the literary value of the modern French writers and critics resides more in their style than in anything else, while with the German it resides least in the style; in the English it resides in both thought and style. The French fall below the English in lyric poetry, because, while the Frenchman has more vanity, he has less egoism, and hence less power to make the universe speak through him. The solitude of the lyric is too much for his intensely social nature, while he excels in the light dramatic forms for this very reason. He has more power of intellectual metamorphosis.

III.

LITERATURE abounds in attempts to define literature. One of the most strenuous and thoroughgoing definitions I have seen has lately been published by one of our college professors; it is a most determined attempt to corral the whole subject. "Nothing belongs to real literature," says the professor, "unless it consists of written words that constitute a carrying statement which makes sense, arranged rhythmically, euphoniously, and harmoniously, and so chosen as to connote an adequate number of ideas and things, the suggestion of which will call up in the reader sustained emotions which do not produce undue tension, and in which the element of pleasure predominates, on the whole, over that of pain. Practically," the writer goes on to say, "every word of this description should be kept in our minds, so that we may consciously apply it as a test to any piece of writing about the literary character of which we are in doubt."

Fancy a reader, in his quest for the real article, going about with this drag-net of a paragraph in his mind. Will the definition or description bear turning around upon itself? Is it a good sample of literary art? The exactness and literalness of science are seldom permissible in literature. That a definition of anything may have literary value it must possess a certain indirect and imaginative character, as when Carlyle defined poetry as the heroic of speech. Contrast with the above John Morley's definition of literature: "All the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form." This is much better literature, because the language is much more flexible and imaginative. It imparts more warmth to the mind; it is more suggestive, while as a literary touchstone it is just as available.

Good literature may be a much simpler thing than our teachers would lead us to believe. The prattle of a child may have rare literary value. The little Parisian girl who, when asked by a lady the price of the trinkets she offered for sale, replied, "Judge for yourself, madam; I have tasted no food since yesterday," expressed herself with consummate art. If she had said simply, "Whatever your ladyship pleases to give," her reply would have been graceful, but commonplace. By the personal turn which she gave it, she added almost a lyrical touch. When Thackeray changed the title of one of his novels from "Scenes from Town Life," or some such title, to "Vanity Fair," he achieved a stroke of art.

One trouble with all definitions of literature is that they proceed upon the theory that literature is a definite something that

may be determined by definite tests like gold or silver, whereas it is more like life or nature itself. It is not so much something as the visible manifestation of something; it assumes infinite forms, and is of infinite degrees of potency. There is great literature, and there is feeble and commonplace literature: a romance by Hawthorne and a novel by Haggard; a poem by Tennyson and a poem by Tupper; an essay by Emerson and an essay by Foster—all literature, all touching the emotions and the imagination with varying degrees of power, and yet separated by a gulf. There are no degrees of excellence in gold or silver, but there are all degrees of excellence in literature. How hard it is to tell what makes a true poem, a lasting poem! When one asks himself what it is, how many things arise, how hard to narrow the list down to a few things! Is it beauty? Then what is beauty? One meets with beautiful poems every day that he never thinks of or recurs to again. It is certain that without one thing there is no real poetry—genuine passion. The fire came down out of heaven and consumed Elisha's offering because Elisha was sincere. Plan and build your poem never so deftly, mankind will not permanently care for it unless it has genuine feeling. It must be impassioned.

The genus Literature includes many species, as novels, poems, essays, histories, etc., but our business with them all is about the same—they are books that we read for their own sake. We read the papers for the news, we read a work of science for the facts and the conclusions, but a work of literature is an end in and of itself. We read it for the pleasure and the stimulus it affords us apart from any other consideration. It exhibits such a play of mind and emotion upon the facts of life and nature as results in our own mental and spiritual enrichment and edification.

Another thing is true of the best literature: we cannot separate our pleasure and profit in the subject-matter from our pleasure and profit in the personality of the writer. We do not know whether it is Hawthorne himself that we most delight in, or his style and the characters and the action of his romance. One thing is quite certain: where there is no distinct personal flavor to the page, no stamp of a new individual force, we soon tire of it. The savor of every true literary production comes from the man himself. Hence, without attempting a formal definition of literature, one may say that the literary quality seems to arise from a certain vital relation of the writer with the subject-matter. It is *his* subject; it blends with the very texture of his mind; his relation to it is primary and personal, not secondary and mechanical. The secret is not in any prescribed arrangement of the words: it is in the quality of mind or spirit that warms the words and shines through them. A good book, says Milton, is the precious life-blood of a master spirit. Unless there is blood in it, unless the vital currents of a rare spirit flow through it and vivify it, it has not the gift of life.

In all good literature we have a sense of touching something alive and real. The writer uses words not as tools or appliances; they are more like his hand or his eye or his ear—the living, palpable body of his thought, the incarnation of his spirit.

The true writer always establishes intimate and personal relations with his reader. He comes forth, he is not concealed; he is immanent in his words, we feel him, our spirits touch his spirit.

If a writer have not a distinct quality and flavor of his own, he can make no contribution to literature. He may write faultless English; that will not save him. He must write vital English; his sentences must bud and sprout out of himself, as the plants and trees out of the soil.

A successful utterance always has value, always has truth, though in its purely intellectual aspects it may not correspond with the truth as we see it. I cannot accept all of Ruskin's views upon our civilization or all of Tolstoï's upon art, yet I see that they speak the truth as it defines itself to their minds and feelings. A counter-statement may be equally true. The struggle for existence goes on in the ideal world as well as in the real. The strongest mind, the fittest statement, survives for the time being. That a system of philosophy or religion perishes or is laid aside is not because it is not or was not true, but because it is not true to the new minds and under the new conditions. It no longer expresses what the world thinks and feels. It is outgrown. Was not Calvinism true to our fathers? It is no longer true to us, because we were born at a later day in the world. With regard to truths of science, we may say, once a truth always a truth, because the world of fact and of things is always under the same law, but the truth of sentiments and emotions changes with changing minds and hearts. The tree of life, unlike all other trees, bears different fruit to each generation. What our fathers found nourishing and satisfying in religion,

in art, in philosophy, we find tasteless and stale. Every gospel has its day. The moral and intellectual horizon of the race is perpetually changing.

IV.

IN our modern democratic communities the moral sense is no doubt higher than it was in the earlier ages, while the artistic or esthetic sense is lower. In the Athenian the artistic sense was far above the moral; in the Puritan the reverse was the case. The Latin races seem to have a greater genius for art than the Teutonic, while the latter excel in virtue. In this country, good taste exists in streaks and spots, or sporadically here and there. There does not seem to be enough to go around, or the supply is intermittent. One writer has it and another has it not, or one has it to-day and not to-morrow; one moment he writes with grace and simplicity, the next he falls into crudenesses or affectations. There is not enough leaven to leaven the whole lump. Some of our most eminent literary men, like Lowell and Dr. Holmes, are guilty of occasional lapses from good taste, and probably in the work of none of them do we see the thorough ripening and mellowing of taste that mark the productions of the older and more centralized European communities. One of our college presidents, writing upon a serious ethical subject, allows himself such rhetoric as this: "Experiment and inference are the hook and line by which Science fishes the dry formulas out of the fluid fact. Art, on the other hand, undertakes to stock the stream with choice specimens of her own breeding and selection." We can hardly say of such metaphors what Sainte-Beuve said of Montaigne's, namely, that they are of the kind that are never "detached from the thought," but that they "seize it in its very center, in its interior, and join and bind it."

V.

THE keener appreciation in Europe of literature as a fine art is no doubt the main reason why Poe is looked upon over there as our most noteworthy poet. Poe certainly had a more consummate art than any other American singer, and his productions are more completely the outcome of that art. They are literary feats. "The Raven" was as deliberately planned and wrought out as is any piece of mechanism. Its inspiration is verbal and technical. "The truest poetry is most feigning," says *Touchstone*, and this is mainly the conception of poetry that prevails in European literary circles. Poe's poetry is artistic feigning, like good acting. It is to that extent disinterested. He does not speak for himself, but for the artistic spirit. He has never been popular in this country, for the reason that art, as such, is far less appreciated here than abroad. The stress of life here is upon the moral and intellectual elements much more than upon the esthetic. We demand a message of the poet, or that he shall teach us how to live. Poe had no message but that of art; he made no contribution to our stock of moral ideas; he made no appeal to the conscience or manhood of the race; he did not touch the great common workaday mind of our people. He is more akin to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon. Hence his deepest impression seems to have been made upon the French mind.

In all our New England poets the voice of humanity, of patriotism, of religious ideas, of strenuous moral purpose, speaks. Art is subordinated to various human passions and emotions. In Poe alone are these emotions subordinated to art. In Poe alone is the effort mainly a verbal and technical one. In him alone is the man lost in the artist. It is impossible not to feel this kind of mastery in him. No other American poet approaches him in this respect, in that unfettered creative technical power. In ease, in splendor, in audacity, he is like a bird. One may understand and admire him and not be touched by him. To be moved to anything but admiration is foreign to pure art. Would one make meat and drink of it? Our reading is selfish, we seek our own, we are drawn to the book that is going our way. Can we appreciate beyond our own personal tastes and needs? Can we see the excellence of the impersonal and the disinterested? We want to be touched in some personal and intimate way; but art touches us in a general and impersonal way. No one could take to himself Shakspere, or Milton's "Thyrsis," or Keats's odes as directed especially to his own personal wants and aspirations. We forget ourselves in reading these things, and share for the time the sentiment of pure art, which lives in the universal. How crude the art of Whittier compared with that of Poe, and yet Whittier has touched and moved his countrymen, and Poe has not. There is much more of the substance of character, of patriotism, of strenuous New England life, in the one than in the other. "Snow-Bound" is a metrical transcript from experience; not a creation of the imagination, but a touched-

up copy from the memory. We cannot say this of "The Bells" or "The Raven," or of the work of Milton or Keats or Tennyson. Whittier sings what he feels; it all has a root in his own experience. The great poet feigns the emotion and makes it real to us.

We complain of much current verse that it has no feeling. The trouble is not that the poets feign, but that the feigning is feeble; it begets no emotion in us. It simulates, but does not stimulate.

It is not Wordsworth's art that makes him great; it is his profound poetic emotion when in the presence of simple, common things. Tennyson's art, or Swinburne's art, is much finer, but the poetic emotion back of it is less profound and elemental.

Emerson's art is crude, but the stress of his poetic emotion is great; the song is burdened with profound meanings to our moral and spiritual nature. Poe has no such burden; there is not one crumb of the bread of life in him, but there is plenty of the elixir of the imagination.

This passion for art, so characteristic of the Old World, is seen in its full force in such a writer as Flaubert. Flaubert was a devotee of the doctrine of art for art's sake. He cared nothing for mere authors, but only for "writers"; the work must be the conscious and deliberate product of the author's literary and inventive powers, and in no way involve his character, temperament, or personality. The more it was written, the more it savored of deliberate plan and purpose,—in other words, the less it was the product of fate, race, or of anything local, individual, inevitable,—the more it pleased him. Art, and not nature, was his aspiration. And this view has more currency in Europe than in this country. In some extreme cases it becomes what one may fairly call the art disease. Baudelaire, for instance, as quoted by Tolstoï, expressed a preference for a painted woman's face over one showing its natural color, "and for metal trees and a theatrical imitation of water, rather than real trees and real water." Thus does an overweening passion for art degenerate into a love for the artificial for its own sake. In the cultivation of letters there seems always to be a danger that we will come to value things, not for their own sake, but for the literary effects that may be wrought out of them. The great artist, I take it, is primarily in love with life and things, and not with art. On these terms alone is his work fresh and stimulating and filled with good arterial blood.

VI.

TEACHING literature is like teaching religion. You can give only the dry bones of the matter in either case. But the dry bones of theology are not religion, and the dry bones of rhetoric are not literature. The flesh-and-blood reality is alone of value, and this cannot be taught, it must be felt and experienced.

The class in literature studies an author's sentence-structure and paragraphing, and doubtless could tell the author more about it than he knows himself. The probabilities are that he never thought a moment about his sentence-structure or his paragraphing. He has thought only of his subject-matter and how to express himself clearly and forcibly; the structure of his sentences takes care of itself. From every art certain rules and principles may be deduced, but the intelligent apprehension of those rules and principles no more leads to mastery in that art, or even helps to mastery in it, than a knowledge of the anatomy and the vital processes of the stomach helps a man to digest his dinner, or than the knowledge of the gunsmith helps make a good marksman. In other words, the science of any art is of little use to him who would practise that art. To be a fiddler you must fiddle and see others fiddle; to be a painter you must paint and study the paintings of others; to be a writer you must write and familiarize yourself with the works of the best authors. Studying an author from the outside by bringing the light of rhetoric to bear upon him is of little profit. We must get inside of him, and we can only get inside of him through sympathy and appreciation. There is only one way to teach literature, only one vital way, and that is by reading it. The laboratory way may give one the dry bones of the subject, but not the living thing itself. If the teacher, by his own living voice and an occasional word of comment, can bring out the soul of a work, he may help the student's appreciation of it, he may, in a measure, impart to him his own larger and more intelligent appreciation of it. And that is a true service.

Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakspere or Chaucer or Dante or the Arthurian legends. The course becomes a mere knowledge course. My own first acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar. We parsed "Paradise Lost." Much of the current college study of Shakspere is little

better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter: no meaning of word or phrase escapes them, every line is literally picked to pieces; but of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had an intellectual exercise and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture. To dig into the roots and origins of the great poets is like digging into the roots of an oak or a maple, the better to increase your appreciation of the beauty of the tree. There stands the tree in all its summer glory; will you really know it any better after you have laid bare every root and rootlet? There stand Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspere. Read them, give yourself to them, and master them if you are man enough. The poets are not to be analyzed, they are to be enjoyed; they are not to be studied, but to be loved; they are not for knowledge, but for culture—to enhance our appreciation of life and our mastery over its elements. All the mere facts about a poet's work are as chaff compared with the appreciation of one fine line or fine sentence. Why *study* a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting-room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaintance of his living soul and to feel its power?

The mere study of words, too,—of their origins and history, or of the relation of your own language to some other,—how little that avails! As little as a knowledge of the making and tempering of a sword would help a man to be a good swordsman. What avails in literature is a quick and delicate sense of the life and individuality of words—a sense

Practised like a blind man's touch,

or like a musician's ear, so that the magic of the true style is at once seized and appreciated. "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" No more is there in much merely correct writing. There is the use of language as the vehicle of knowledge, and there is the use of it as an instrument of the imagination. In Wordsworth's line,

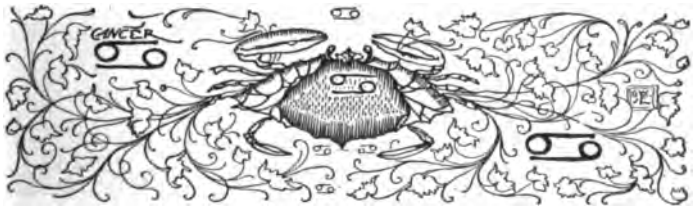
The last to parley with the setting sun;

in Whitman's sentence,

Oh, waves, I have fingered every shore with you;

in Emerson's description of an Indian-summer day, "the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the wide, warm fields"—in these and such as these we see the imaginative use of words.

Most of the Homeric and Dantean and Shaksperian scholarship is the mere dust of time that has accumulated upon these names. In the course of years it will accumulate upon Tennyson, and then we shall have Tennysonian scholars and learned dissertations upon some insignificant detail of his work. Think of the Shaksperiana with which literature is burdened! It is mostly mere shop litter and dust. In certain moods I think one may be pardoned for feeling that Shakspere is fast becoming a curse to the human race. Of mere talk about him, it seems, there is to be no end. He has been the host of more literary parasites probably than any other name in history. He is edited and reëdited as if a cubit could be added to his stature by marginal notes and comments. On the contrary, the result is, for the most part, like a mere growth of underbrush that obscures the forest trees. The reader's attention is being constantly diverted from the main matter—he is being whipped in the face by insignificant twigs. Criticism may prune away what obscures a great author, but what shall we say when it obstructs the view of him by a multitude of unimportant questions?



A FRIEND OF THE FIELDS.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING TO JOHN BURROUGHS (BORN APRIL 8, 1837).

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

OLD neighbor of the fields, "Good day!"
"Good morrow!" too, upon the way.
Boon fellow of the forest folk,
Close confidant of reverend oak,
Oh, be it long till your "Good-by!"
To friendships of the earth and sky.

Stay with us yet a long, sweet while;
Go on with Life another mile:
Here is the Blue Jay with his brag,
And here your friend, the faithful Crag;
Here stays your sister the Bright Stream
To sing her dream into your dream.
Yes, all your old, firm friends abide
This side the silent Dark Divide—
All the meek things that love the ground,
And live their days without a sound;
All the shy tenantry that fill
The holes and shelters of the hill;
And all the bright quick things that fly
Under the cavern of the sky.

You find the friendships of the glen
More constant than the oaths of men.
Yet bear another while with towns,
The push of crowds, the praise of clowns:
Stay yet a little longer—stay
To tell us what the blackbirds say;
To hear the cricket wind his horn,
And call back summer to the corn;
To watch the dauntless butterfly
Sail the green field, her nether sky;
To hear, when mountain darkness falls,
The owl's word in his windy halls.

Stay yet a little longer here
To bind the yellow of the year;
To hoard the beauty of the rose;
To spread the gossip of the crows;
To watch the wild geese shake the sedge,
And split the sky with moving wedge;
To eavesdrop at the muskrat's door
For bulletins of weather lore;

They gage the angles of their flight.

Still preach to us uncheerful men
The sunny gospel of the wren;
And tell us for another while
Of Earth's serene, sustaining smile.
Bear with us till you must be gone
To speak with White and Audubon.

THE SONG OF THE TOAD.

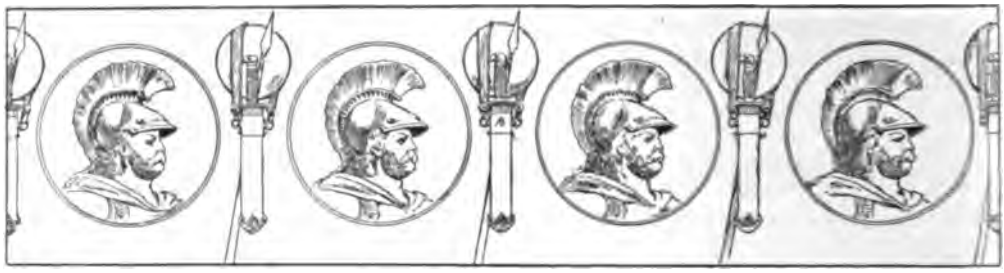
BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

HAVE you heard the blinking toad
Sing his solo by the river
When April nights are soft and warm,
And spring is all a-quiver?
If there are jewels in his head,
His wits they often muddle,
For his mate will lay her eggs
Into a drying puddle.

The jewel 's in his throat, I ween,
And song in ample measure,
For he can make the welkin ring,
And do it at his leisure.
At ease he sits upon the pool,
And, void of fuss or trouble,
Makes vesper music fit for kings
From out an empty bubble:

A long-drawn-out and tolling cry,
That drifts above the chorus
Of shriller voices from the marsh
That April nights send o'er us;
A tender monotone of song
With vernal longings blending,
That rises from the ponds and pools,
And seems at times unending;

A linkèd chain of bubbling notes,
When birds have ceased their calling,
That lulls the ear with soothing sound
Like voice of water falling.
It is the knell of winter dead;
Good-by, his icy fetter.
Blessings on thy warty head:
No bird could do it better.



THE SEAMY SIDE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND,
Late Acting-Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.

THE reveille was sounded by a cavalry bugler across the lightening parade-ground. Before the full, clear notes had struck the mountain-side and wavered back in mellow overtones, the call was caught by a sleepy infantry bugler and thrown quivering out again. Then the artillery musicians took up the hated strains in different keys, and the silvery discord reached the outposts, who sent it back in distant, tremulous tones.

The red sun looked over the shoulder of an eastern hill, brought its slanting beams to bear upon the misty valley, and the steaming, tropical day had broken.

In the convent across the parade-ground, the doctor woke from humid unconsciousness, stared sleepily at a lizard overhead, and turned on his cane-bottomed bed to avoid the glare of sunlight that came pouring through the myriad shell window-panes. An artillery-mule brayed noisily for his breakfast, and a chorus of neighs came from the troop-horses.

The major's orderly clattered along the teak flooring of the corridor and knocked sharply at the doctor's door.

"The major's compliments, and there will be an advance of two companies at eight o'clock. Will the doctor have a detail ready to go with them?"

"Very well."

The messenger saluted and clattered off, waking the sick in the adjacent wards. The doctor groaned, and climbed stiffly out from under his mosquito-netting. The osier of water he poured over his head somewhat revived him. Before creeping into his clammy clothes he bandaged his legs from the ankle up, for the fertilizer in fields about a native town is not good for open sores. As he finished dressing, "sick-call" sounded from the gates. Half the garrison responded, and, gaunt and hollow-eyed, came trooping in. The other half were not on sick-report, but should have been. The doctor walked through the waking wards, and the patients watched him apathetically from their hard little cots. Most of them were the color of their khakis. Those that were not had no color at all.

"B Company—Adams. What's the matter, Adams?"

"Fever, sir."

"How often do you have your chill?"

"Every day, sir. It 's coming on now." The man's lips were blue and retracted over his teeth.

"All right. Three of these every four hours. Can't put you on sick-report, Adams. Got no one for guard-duty now."

"Very good, sir." The man shambled off to relieve the prison guard: that meant four hours in the sun, with two hundred rounds swinging from his stomachless waist.

"Billings. Dysentery, eh? Yes, I remember; had it four months now? Think you can manage to get about? I've got no more cots in the hospital. Sergeant, mark Billings sick in quarters, and take this can of soup and see that he gets nothing else. When you run out, report to the hospital steward.

"Brooks. Dhobie itch—nonsense, man; we 've all got that. Can't walk? You 'll have to, Brooks; your company 's going on a hike this morning. Come, none of that; get along with you. Steward, give him some chrysarobin ointment, two per cent.

"D Compan-e-e-e—Atkins. Yes, I see; got an abscess on your leg—bamboo thorn—yes. Steward, got a clean knife? Can't put you on sick-report, Atkins; your company 's going

out. Keep that thing as clean as you can. Steward, send that man that 's just fainted up to the ward. If you have n't got any more cots, let him spread his blanket on the floor."

Forty men were treated in an hour and a half. Not one but would have been a bed-patient in a city hospital, and the doctor knew it; but Filipinos can't be expected to commit suicide, so thirty went to duty, and ten were marked sick in quarters. Then the doctor got his breakfast, had his chill, and made things ready for the advance.

Promptly at eight o'clock the assembly sounded, and the men fell in with a pitiful attempt at snap and spirit. Forming for a "hike" was different from lounging through guard-mount, and a different interpretation was apt to be put upon a truly involuntary lassitude. They were watched indolently but critically from the shade of the nipa huts where the other companies were quartered. Filipinos squatting on their heels in the shade of the huts looked on with gloomy indifference, while the naked brown babies, who had many friends in the forming ranks, ran beside and pattered joyously to the men who were ordered out to kill their fathers. The colonel, a lean old hound who had an absolute immunity from fear, fever, and fatigue, surveyed them sadly.

"Sloppy-looking crowd, chuck-full of fever —and sand. Hardly hold their rifles. When we came out here I had a thousand sharpshooters and a thousand crap-shooters. Look at 'em now. That 's what comes of camping in a fever-hole like this. H'm, very well, captain; get the company in motion."

"Shoulder—h' arms! Right forward—fours right—*march!*"

The column swung down the dusty road; a feeble cheer came from the nipa huts; some of the men grinned, but most of them were too intent on keeping pace with the others.

Four miles down the road they struck across the rice-paddies and forded a shallow stream from the banks of which came a few ineffectual shots that ceased at their approach; then they were ordered to deploy from the bamboos on the other side. Far across the fields to the right they saw some scattering puffs of bluish white. The bamboos behind them snapped and crackled noisily. By the roadside, five hundred yards in advance, they saw the other company waiting for them to get abreast. More than one of them, who cared little for the bullets, looked with dread upon the sun-scorched stretch of meadow they must cross, and wondered if they had strength to reach the other side. The fight ahead was not an exhilarating danger. It was hot, heartbreaking work, with perhaps a painful wound in payment. Some of them looked wistfully at the cool shade of the bamboos, and wondered what they would not be willing to give to be able to throw off their heavy accoutrements and stretch out at full length for as long as they wished. Three men had dropped out, one from heat and two from general exhaustion. Another fell, but his reputation could not stand it; and at the jeers of the men about him and a cutting remark from his captain, he scrambled to his feet and tagged along behind.

They neared the outer trench, and occasionally could see dark objects along its edge. Behind, a splendid creature in white and glitter was walking back and forth. They lost sight of him after the first volley, but later found his finery in an abandoned hut.

"Compan-e-e-e halt! Ta-ta!" sang the bugle. The men dropped in their tracks. A scattering fire came from the extreme right. In front of the doctor a tall stalk of meadow-grass swayed slightly and fell. There was not a breath of air.

Thug! Ugh! A man at the other end of the line doubled sidewise like an alligator.

A call came for the doctor. He got up and started down the line. He went quickly, and not altogether from professional zeal or motives of humanity. For ten minutes they waited, while the sun blazed down upon them, struck the steaming ground, and radiated back, stinging their nostrils as they breathed. Little shivers ran up and down their backs —not the kind that come in a military drama when the orchestra plays the national hymn, but the kind one has when one gets into a very hot bath. Several of the men fell asleep. These were the country boys from Hoosier towns who were used to getting up at five to milk, eating on the stroke of the clock, and going to bed at eight sharp. Up to this time their greatest irregularity had been the annual circus or a semiannual country ball. The townies, hollow-eyed but cheerful, made profane remarks and discussed their favorite saloon. The old grim-visaged veterans, who paraded with service stripes from the wrist to the elbow and who had baked and fried before on alkali plains, chewed placidly and held their peace, with a vigilant gray eye peering from beneath a bushy brow, while the keen-edged weapons of sun and fever and discomfort were blunted on their leathery hides.

A spatter of firing from the left, and the air was cleft by queer, uncanny sounds. They heard a patter of feet in the road and saw the other company streaming toward the trench.

"Ta-ta! Rise up!" sang the bugle. They rose up, some eagerly, some wearily, some sleepily, all willingly.

"Up with you, boys! Get at 'em! Run 'em out! Give 'em hell!" "Hell" is a good word in connection with anything military. It is not profane; indeed, the only trouble is that it is too mild. The Krags began to answer the Mausers and Remingtons. A yell went up, and the enemy began to leave their trenches. Many, however, stayed. Some of the Americans stopped before they reached the trench, but none went back. The doctor was well in the lead, because it was safer there. The men in khaki overran the trench, and fought their way raggedly into the town, where they found many peaceful "amigos" in their peasant costumes, most of whom were smoking quietly. All were dripping with perspiration, however, and one or two showed red blotches through their linen clothes. Along the shore, numerous outrigger canoes were paddling vigorously across the river's mouth. The presidente hastened to the "K. O."[1] to assure him of his enduring sympathy with the American cause and to deplore the resistance offered by many quarrelsome citizens over whom he had no control. There was fresh earth on the front of his tunic, a black smudge across his right cheek, and a large tear in the crown of his new straw hat. Everybody was resting but the doctor and his satellites. A boy fresh from college and wearing a red cross upon his sleeve was directing some Chinese coolies in carrying the wounded to a near-by hut. The doctor made his way to a captain.

"Got any prisoners, Miller?"

"No. Why?"

"I want some one to carry some of these shot people back. I 've got a couple of nasty compound fractures. Our boys are played out. Why can't I impress some of these scoundrels?"

"'T won't do. They 're peaceful citizens." The captain grinned. "Ask the major."

The doctor asked the major.

"Yes, take the whole outfit if you want. If they kick, bat 'em over the head with your gun. Orderly!" A country boy of seventeen saluted. "Give Captain Miller my compliments, and tell him to detail a dozen men for the doctor to escort the wounded back to camp."

[1] Military slang for commanding officer.

There were violent protests on the part of the natives, but the old Hibernian corporal in charge of the escort gave one of them an argument that floored him. After that there was no more hesitation. A native dreads a blow from a white man's fist. It is an unknown quantity. Extra stretchers were quickly constructed from bamboos and palm thatch lashed together with tough grass twine. The little procession moved off down the road. Later the rest of the company would abandon the town and the Filipinos would reënter it; but such is war.

As they were about to start, a couple of soldiers came from the town, carrying a wounded native. He had shot one of them through the forearm, but that did not signify: fighting is an open game.

Half-way back a man sat up suddenly on his stretcher, gasped a woman's name—and died. It did not matter much. He had had dysentery for five months, and it is better to die of bullet than of bowel trouble.

Another man began to bleed from the armpit, and the compress would not control the hemorrhage. The doctor noticed it, and called a halt.

"Corporal, leave me an intelligent man with plenty of nerve, and go on. I 've got to fix this fellow."

"Very good, sir. Johnston 's a college graduate. Johnston, fall out and stay with the docthor. Won't ye have some wan to watch the nagurs, sir?"

"Yes; you might leave me another man." He was stripping off the soldier's shirt. The axillary artery bleeds fast.

"Rooney, fall out! Forward, march! Good luck, docthor!"

"Johnston, I want you to give this man some chloroform. Do you know how?"

"I never tried it, sir, but I think I can."

"All right." He opened his field-case and took out the necessary tools.

The doctor had never seen the subclavian tied, but he "cut through all the Latin names" until he struck the artery and passed a ligature around it. Twice the man got too much chloroform, and once or twice he did not get enough; but the bleeding stopped, and, strange to say, both wounds afterward healed.

It was four o'clock before they reached camp, and dark before the wounded could be left for the night. When they *were* left it was with plenty of operating in sight for the following day.

The hospital, already crowded, was filled to overflowing. Then the hospital rations

ran low, and the doctor was beginning to cast covetous eyes upon the rotund bodies of the caribao. The following morning, however, as he looked seaward in search of the delinquent steamer, he received a shock. In the offing lay a bulky, gleaming vessel that seemed to tower upward in story after story of shining deck-houses. She had a big white funnel with a black rim around the top, and from her foretopmast truck fluttered a small white flag with a scarlet cross. A launch had just left her, and the doctor could see it mount and disappear behind the swelling rollers that boomed over the beach.

The orderly of the day before sent sharp echoes along the vaulted corridor.

"Come in!"

"The major's compliments, and he would like to see you, sir."

The doctor slipped into his blouse and hurried over to headquarters. He found the major sitting at a rosewood table in his shirt-sleeves, poring over a dirty map and puffing at a cheroot a foot long. He looked up, and blew the ashes off the map.

"Doctor, the hospital-ship arrived early in the morning, and brings us orders to abandon this place and send all of our sick and wounded aboard. Will you arrange to move them as soon as possible?"

"How, sir?"

"The best way you can. The artillery and cavalry will be out of here by noon. They claim that we 're not strong enough to hold the place."

"Good Lord! we took it. I guess we can hold it."

"Orders are orders. You can get bull-carts enough."

"Bull-carts, major, for compound fractures! And just at the end of the rainy season, too. You know what the roads are."

"Well, how *could* you move them comfortably?"

"Balloons are the only things I can think of. They seem to think we can handle dysenteries and rheumatisms like canned goods. And as for gunshot fractures—pshaw! it makes me sick."

"Well, doctor, it 's got to be managed someway. Can't leave the sick, and we 've got to go."

"They 're all sick—the whole battalion."

"Including the doctor. You 'd better get a relief from the ship. Had any fever—"

"103 for the last five days. Well—how soon must I get 'em out?"

"As soon as you can—by to-morrow night, anyway."

"I 'll want a big detail to handle hospital stuff."

"The adjutant 'll give you all you want."

Men were despatched to secure all the available bull-carts; others who could hardly carry themselves carried heavy hospital stores. The surgical cases were forced to go undressed. At noon the artillery and cavalry left with much clatter and jangle. Toward dusk the outposts sighted a large party of natives crossing the road half a mile away. In the hospital the patients' rifles and belts were laid beside their cots. The guard was doubled. Some slept at their posts from sheer weakness and fatigue, but there were no drumhead court martials in consequence.

As soon as it grew light enough, the work of moving the patients began. Temporary splints of bamboo were applied over the ordinary dressings in the fracture cases. The sick helped the crippled to move, and the crippled were moved without a murmur. A long sergeant, with a face like a mummy and limbs that rattled when they struck together, dropped a photograph from his bursting blanket bag. A mate beside him picked it up and looked at it curiously.

"Who 's that good-lookin' feller, Jack?"

"Me."

"You! fer heaven's sake!"

That was all, but he helped him more gently into the cart, and carefully pillowed his head on his folded blanket. The sick were loaded, four to a cart, and the five-mile trip began. The ship's boats could not land upon the beach near the camp, as the surf was too high, so they had to go around to the river's mouth. Bull-carts are not adapted to ambulance use. The box is small and square, and set solidly on a heavy axle. The wheels are the transverse sections of a tree. Springs are unknown. At the end of the rainy season a Filipino road resembles a flight of steps laid flatwise. To travel one even in a springy volante is like riding a lame camel. Most of the way the road led across scorching meadows, where the dust of the first bull-carts and the armed escort hid the sufferings of those that came behind. Some wilted into the bottom of the carts in huddled heaps, their heads thumping against the side with every jolt. Others hung halfway out, their arms swinging grotesquely, and the burning rays blazing into their half-closed eyes. Their canteens were soon dry, and their tongues got caked and hard. Several of the wounded began to bleed, and that attracted the flies. When they presently reached a palm grove, the doctor stopped the

procession and sent some of the natives up after the green nuts. One green cocoanut will furnish a deep drink to three thirsty men, and the milk is deliciously flavored. Those are the things that men remember; they seem to forget the agony of thirst.

Half-way to the boat they got a few stray shots from a hillside five hundred yards away. One of the bullets went through a wounded private's hand. Just before they reached the landing, there was a wide, shallow creek to cross. Over it a bridge was built of bamboo and thatch. The supports were stout pieces of bamboo firmly planted in the mud, and supporting stringers of the same material, that were lashed in place with strong, flat withes of bark. The flooring, also of bamboo, was thickly covered with thatch, that choked the interstices so that the foot of a draft-animal could not slip through. A bridge like this is strong, but not firm. The first cart went a little too near the edge, as the overhanging thatch concealed the margin of the string-piece. This threw all of the weight upon the latter, which buckled gently down, sliding bull, cart, and passengers quietly into the ooze. It was not a long fall, and the landing was soft; but, once in the grateful wetness, the caribao refused to budge. The cart had fallen on its side, and the patients were thrown roughly into the water; but fortunately they were fever patients, not wounded, so the mishap mattered little as mishaps go.

It was dusk when they reached the river-bank, where they found a small white launch with a large green stripe upon her side. She had in tow four big boats, into which the patients were promptly packed. The doctor went out with the last boat, to hear the latest six-weeks-old news, and to get a cold drink. Pale-faced, unshaven men in pajamas leaned lazily on the rail and watched the wounded as they came aboard. A hospital steward, with a pencil and paper, tallied the latter like pieces of cargo. But they did not care, for they caught a glimpse of clean, cool wards, fresh, snowy linen, and behind a curtain a porcelain bath-tub. They saw an ice-cooler with round frozen beads of moisture, and over their heads a big electric fan was whirring with a cooling hum. One poor skeleton with dysentery thought of his brother, filled with fever, who was to stay ashore with his company, and the tears came. Most of the men thought more of their bunkies ashore than of their own good fortune.

Forward in the mess-room the doctor was sitting in the draft of the doors that opened on each side. His blouse was unbuttoned, and he had a drink six inches tall, composed of gin, lime-juice, sliced pineapple, sugar, seltzer, and ice. This sensuous combination is known as a "gin bath." The doctor thought he would like to bathe in one every afternoon of his life. The mess-room Japs were spreading clean linen on the table; against the bulkhead a music-box was discoursing sweetly the latest popular airs. The doctor's eyes wandered dreamily up and down shelves filled with the newest publications, then rested on the iceberg floating in his "bath." He thought of his poor old major, and sighed deeply.

An orderly saluted in the doorway.

"One of the patients just come aboard very bad, sir. The nurse would like to have you see him."

"Which one?" asked the shore doctor, wearily.

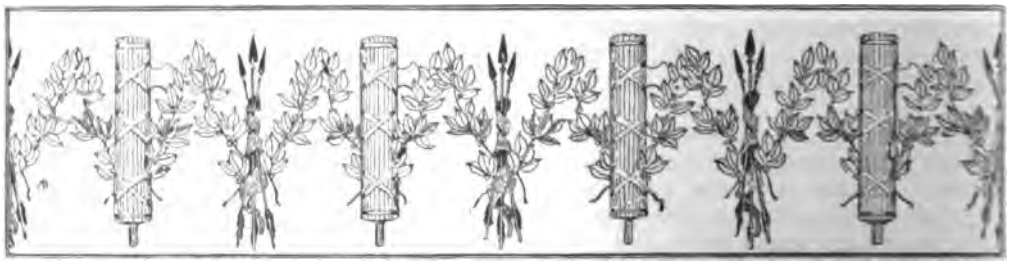
"The tall, thin sergeant, sir."

"Yes; he 'll die to-night. Too bad; just when he 's struck something to live for."

The corporal at the gangway came to the mess-room door.

"Launch 's going ashore, sir."

"All right. Good-by, you fellows! Thanks for the magazines. Good night!" And the doctor returned to the glories of war.



DISCIPLINING THE R. & O.

BY WILLIS GIBSON.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

THE affair at Hanley Junction is a touchy subject with President Dixon of the R. & O. Railroad. It is also a touchy subject with the '99 Enderlin foot-ball team. But the people who get speech with President Dixon are too busy for joking, and the '99 Enderlins are big men, so nobody bothers them much about it, either. They do say, though, that Enderlin graduates are blacklisted from the R. & O. pay-roll, and that an Enderlin man will walk his feet to aches and blisters sooner than travel over the R. & O. And this is the way of it.

On the morning of Thursday, November 9, 1899, the Enderlin foot-ball squad—coaches, regulars, subs, and trainers, thirty in all—boarded the R. & O.'s Number Two for Riverton, where they were dated for a game with State "U," Friday, the 10th. Now, the R. & O. is not a fancy route to Riverton, it being necessary to quit the main line at Hanley Junction and thence follow the forty-mile Riverton Branch to its terminus. The Gilt Edge is direct and two hours faster. But the Rooters' Club, a noisy, sportive crowd, was booked via the Gilt Edge, and as the "U" game was important, the team managers did n't favor intimacy with the Rooters.

Going down on Number Two the Enderlins were meek as divinity students, and sharp at 1:15 their special parlor-car was switched out at the Junction. Then things began to liven up. It was only a twelve-minute wait while Seventy-six, the branch passenger, loaded the baggage and hooked on to the parlor-car, but the Enderlins did n't waste a second of it. They went at the depot like Sioux warriors charging a prairie-schooner. They sacked the lunch-counter, wrote autographs on the virgin plaster, marked the opinion "No good" on the "Rules for Passengers," and tore from the walls of the women's waiting-room the oil-painting "Tumwater Cañon on the G. N." and the mammoth photograph of the "Tri-State Flier." They reversed the station sign and chalked "Bumtown" on the back. They mounted Swensied, the agent, on a baggage-truck, and raced him up and down the platform until he was near fainting from fright and dizziness. They threw company coal at the town marshal, and, when he objected, hustled him to the jail and locked him in with his own keys. Lastly, they took a turn through the Main-street stores, and not a raider came away without some trophy, from a Gem Bakery chocolate-cake for Quarter-back Lamb, to Brown & Sons' Hiawatha cigar sign for Head-coach Butler. Butler was an alumnus of three schools, and knew how to enjoy these pranks.

The minute Seventy-six pulled out, Swensied sent Chicago a full account. Two hours later the Riverton agent wired Chicago that Seventy-six was in, with the parlor-car seedy as though it had been six months in immigrant service. Chicago did n't understand about college sports. Chicago could n't have been madder had drunken tramps or rioting strikers done the mischief. Jerry Knox, superintendent of the North Division, reached the Junction on Number Four at one o'clock Friday morning. Before breakfast he heard Swensied's story. Knox had spent the most of his college days raking clinkers out of engine grates and pushing turn-tables around, and was n't much of a joker. He proceeded, however, to adjust matters the best he knew how. The surviving depot decorations, the benches, and the coal-bin he removed to a distant hand-car shanty. The lunch-counter service he annulled temporarily. The women's section and the baggage-room he padlocked. Swensied he instructed to keep his mouth shut and office door bolted. Then he ordered the parlor-car returned to Chicago, and went east himself on Seven. Dropping off at Sixty-second street shops, he trudged to the weedy "bone-yard" siding, and, after some pondering, there selected, to bring the Enderlins home, baggage 1 and coach 4, two of the six passenger-service cars with which the R. & O. had commenced business in '58.

After these arrangements it certainly

looked as though the Enderlins' ride up would be dull, so far as the company was concerned. But many the railroad plan goes wrong in winter. Hours before sunrise Saturday, the day of the Enderlins' home-coming, a blizzard started west of the Mississippi, and when Number One got out to fight it at twelve o'clock, with two engines and a rotary ahead, sticky snow had coated the rails and choked the cuts for two hundred miles.

Number One was due at Hanley Junction at 8:30 P.M. to pick up the Enderlin cars, brought in from Riverton on Seventy-seven. But at four o'clock she was two hours late and losing, and Chicago sensed that the foot-ball men would have time enough around the Junction to tear down the depot and have fun with the agent, if they happened to take the notion. Knox wanted to order an engine from Cardigan and send the Enderlin train in extra. But the general super was sore at the blizzard, and said neither the depot nor Swensied nor the whole town, for that matter, was worth the coal. Later in the day Number One fooled away two hours more in a drifted gully near Freeport, and that put her four hours to the bad in all.

When Swensied first heard the storm news he felt sickish. When, after dinner, the bad "OS" reports[1] from Number One began scratching through the relay and tock-tocking off the sounder, he felt worse and yet worse. Eight inches, say, of light snow stood on the Western prairie; eight inches of snow and a wind to move it were always good to knock out the branch for a week. All afternoon Swensied prayed like an evangelist for that wind; but though the clouds gathered gray and threatening, they simply threatened. Toward supper-time he opened on the branch pony-wire, and asked Riverton if there was any rough weather thereabouts. Riverton answered promptly, got far enough to say there was a blizzard on; then the circuit broke somewhere, and Swensied went crazy rattled. He did n't know now whether to expect Seventy-seven and the Enderlins or not; but he never stopped praying for wind, and added, besides, spread rails and burned culverts and broken axles.

Seventy-seven was due in at 8:15; yet, when at that time Swensied strained his eyes along the straggly poles of the branch, he could n't sight her, and he began to hope that something had really laid her up. But as he turned from the clock a minute later, and stared into the dusk, he saw a little pile of black smoke beside the farthest pole.

Tommy Garrity, Seventy-seven's engineer, anxious for supper and night's rest, brought his train to the platform as though he were drawing fast mail. By the time Swensied had looked to his door-locks, Seventy-seven had unloaded the foot-ball men and their trunks, and had moved to the upper yard, her day's work done.

When the Enderlins trampled over the threshold of the men's waiting-room, Swensied could see, without half trying, that they came in a right blue mood, and he whitened. They *were* a tough set, for looks, those Enderlins, six-footers every one, with faces bruised and scarred. Three agents in a hundred, perhaps, might have bluffed them; Swensied, however, was not of the three, and he knew it. So did the Enderlins. King, captain and right half, led his men to the ticket-window. With a fist-blow on the sill that set stamps and ink-wells dancing, and drove pinned time-tables swishing from the partition, he inquired: "How 's that train, Ole?"

Swensied, when not rattled, was an agent dignified and ambitious, and his rightful given name was also dignified and ambitious—Nordahl. When a man dubbed him "Ole" a flare-up was sure—usually. But to-night there was no flare in him; his one idea was to lead into the bad news gently.

"A snow-storm below Freeport, gentlemen," he began timidly, "is interfering—snow 's something you or I can't help, you know,"—smiling painfully,—"is interfering with our trains. Number One will be a trifle—"

"What 's that you say?" bellowed the captain. "Train late? How late?"

"She may make up," evaded Swensied; "we 're doing everything possible—"

"Oh, get to it!" broke in King. "How late 's the train?"

Thirty pairs of fierce eyes asked the answer. Swensied swallowed hard, braced himself, and blurted it out: "About—four hours."

For a while the collegers' talk was hot and ugly, and Swensied sweated under it; but at last Captain King turned away, and the others turned with him.

King strode across the waiting-room. Nearing the stove, he stretched his palms toward it, then stopped, puzzled, and laid a wary finger-tip on the cold metal.

"There 's no fire in this stove," he announced sorely.

"And no grub in the café," declared a

[1] In telegraphic parlance "OS" signifies "All offices take notice." It is repeated before the report of the departure of a train from a station.—EDITOR.

"And all the pretty maps and pictures," added Center-rush Cook, with a wistful lift of the eyes.

A moment of silence and surprise followed; then King spoke up: "This 'll have to be investigated." With a single bound he was at the ticket-window again.

"What 's the reason there 's no heat here, and no lunch?" he demanded.

As Swensied squirmed and groped for answer, King spied the office stove, which, primed with a few pine sticks, was glowing a pleasant red about its middle.

"Have you got a fire in there?" King inquired viciously.

"A little one," gulped the agent.

"Open your door, then, and let us in," commanded the captain.

"My orders—" stammered Swensied.

"Open that door!"

"Better open," purred Cook over the captain's shoulder, with a careless lean on the partition that made it bulge inward like a bellying sail. Swensied opened. The rush that followed for places by the fire was like a free-lot scramble in the Territory. King drew the safe, Cook the coal-scuttle, Manager Henry the copying-press, Lamb and Butler the sill of the ticket-window, the rest choice floor-space. Swensied, swept under the table with the onslaught, was fished out and set by his instruments, with Deering, an ex-operator, to oversee him.

King opened the talk:

"The R. & O. people are certainly reaching for our scalps to-night," said he. "It 's too bad we can't get back at them somehow."

"Yes," agreed Cook; "the road does need disciplining."

"Why not do it to-night?" suggested Henry.

"Do what to-night?" queried King.

"Discipline the R. & O.—some of the officials, that is."

"Not bad," assented Cook, thoughtfully. "Any of the Moguls live around here, Ole?" This to the agent.

"No," replied Swensied.

"Not even one? You 're not thinking," reproached Cook. He reached up and caught Swensied's arm in a pinch tighter than a bulldog's.

"Mr. Dixon, the president of the road, is stopping with Colonel Long at Kenyon Farm," admitted Swensied.

"Three miles east," answered Swensied, with a grin. "I would n't go out there, though, if I were you. The colonel 's a hot-tempered man, and careless with firearms. He 's got a regiment of servants and hired hands to help him, besides."

"We might try a little kidnapping act after Dixon goes to bed," put in Henry.

"But he 's not going to bed," objected Swensied, then stopped, scenting a blunder.

Cook plucked at the agent's arm once more. "Why is n't he?" he asked.

"'Cause he 's going east to-night on the same train with you fellows," groaned Swensied, defiantly. "But you won't have a chance to bother him,"—he was pert again now,—"Dixon won't come to the depot till train-time—keeps posted by telephone." He pointed to an instrument on the rear wall. "And on Number One you 'll have to keep quiet. The crew won't stand for anything else."

"You talked to Mr. Dixon over the phone this afternoon," hinted Cook, innocent-like.

"Yes; at one o'clock. He asked for news of the blizzard. I told him then about Number One."

Cook picked an R. & O. folder from the rack, and glanced down the main-line schedule. Swensied was trapped, yet he did n't see it.

"I don't see how you reported Number One four hours late before she had been on the line an hour," said Cook, lazily.

"I estimated," stammered Swensied.

"'T won't go down," responded Cook. "You simply told Dixon the train would be behind. Is n't that so?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"It 's nine already, half an hour after train-time. Dixon ought to ask for particulars soon, had n't he? Now, if he rings you in a few minutes, and you don't answer, he 'll likely amble over without particulars rather than miss his train, won't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, you won't answer the bell," concluded Cook, with decision.

At 9:05 the phone rang, and, as Cook had predicted, rang in vain. From that time on the Enderlins planned zealously. The pleasant glow faded from the stove and the depot chilled, but nobody cared; rich sport was in prospect.

At 9:30 carriage-wheels rumbled outside. The collegers shifted to the waiting-

room. The street door swung back, and a smallish man with bushy gray hair and a black slouch stepped in. The Enderlins were looking for corpulence and a silk hat; nobody paid the smallish man heed. The newcomer stared,—until that moment he had completely forgotten the Enderlin squabble; a man in his position must forget much in three days,—then he moved briskly for the platform door. Thus John Dixon, President of the R. & O., sauntered in and would have sauntered out again had not Swensied, in a voice shaky with reverence, greeted him:

"Good evening, Mr. Dixon."

In an instant every door and window owned a sentry. Dixon halted, and cast a quick look at Swensied—a look with venom in it. Swensied felt the sting next day.

It was only a second that Dixon regarded the agent; then he faced the Enderlins.

"Well, gentlemen?" he inquired. His tone was very cold. It was a tone that always wilted plotting directors and erring employees. But the Enderlins were not disturbed by it. King spoke first for them.

"You are President Dixon?" he asked.

Dixon scowled and nodded.

"These gentlemen, with myself," proceeded King, "make up the first foot-ball team of Enderlin College. You have perhaps heard mention of us. My name is King; I have the honor to serve as captain. Our team desires to place before you a business matter concerning your railroad, Mr. Dixon, if you will be good enough to listen. We have selected Mr. Frederick Cook, the young man directly on your left, to explain our case. I trust you will give his remarks careful attention."

King stepped back, and Cook advanced cordially. Dixon ran his eye over the sentries, and glowered red as an anarchist. It was galling business to be caught this way, especially as it had been he who had laughed loudest at Knox's scheme for punishing these athletes.

"First," began Cook, "let us put things as comfortable as possible. Deering, will you kindly bring that coal-scuttle for the president to sit on?" Deering was in with the scuttle in a jiffy. "I hate to offer you so poor a seat, sir," went on Cook, "but this waiting-room, for some reason, is not provided with benches or chairs. There was a chair in the agent's office, but it was n't a good one." Barrett and Tweed, wrestling for Swensied's chair, had rent it to bits. "Place the scuttle against the partition, will you, Deering? Now, Mr. Dixon, if you please."

Dixon fidgeted. Aside from the indignity of being so bullied, the upturned scuttle did n't look comfortable. Yet he sat finally, and the Enderlins squatted on grips and suit-cases in a semicircle before him. Cook took a stand just outside the half-ring and fronting Dixon, and commenced his speech:

"As you are doubtless aware, Mr. Dixon, our team traveled by the R. & O. Thursday last from Chicago to Riverton. We have no fault whatever to find with the company's arrangements on that occasion.

"We started back from Riverton this afternoon, and, though I regret to say it, we are dissatisfied, much dissatisfied, with our return trip to date. Since the opening of the training season, September 1, our team has covered almost five thousand miles. We have used all sorts of rail routes, from four-track trunk-lines in New York to lumber roads in North Michigan. We have tried a good many things on the Lakes, from five-hundred-thousand-dollar Buffalo liners to fifty-foot Chicago harbor-tugs. We have junketed a bit on the Upper Ohio. And never, in all this traveling, have we suffered accommodations half so bad as those provided by the R. & O. Railway this evening."

Great applause of hands and feet from the collegers.

"We understand, sir, that your company is constantly striving for improvement in passenger service. I believe your folder makes reference to such a striving. Charley Henry, read that passage."

Henry opened an R. & O. folder, and read:

"The R. & O. Railway Company desires that its passenger service be high-class in every respect, and is, at all times, working to that end. Suggestions for betterment, or complaints regarding imperfections, are earnestly invited by the General Passenger Agent."

"Very good," resumed Cook. "Mr. President, we have in mind both suggestions and complaints. But letters are so colorless, so unconvincing. In this case it has seemed to us desirable that a representative of the company be on the ground to see for himself the abuses of which we complain. The general passenger agent being out of the question on such short notice, we turned elsewhere, and your depot agent here was thoughtful enough to suggest you. We at once realized that no man could be better fitted for this investigation than the system's

annoyances which I will now outline."

More applause, through which Dixon sat red and sullen.

"We came down to Riverton depot at 5:30 this afternoon. At the platform, instead of the handsome parlor-car allotted us Thursday, there stood two curious coaches. They were of the kind you see at expositions, jealously roped in, and labeled with yellow newspaper clippings and dates that remind you of American history. One had sliding doors in its sides, the other a string of narrow slits much like cell windows. The agent told us the car with the doors was for baggage, and we let him put our stuff into it. The other one he said was for passengers, and we climbed aboard. Mr. Dixon, there was n't a stove or a lamp or a spring in that car. The seats were packed in close as shingles on a roof, and they were harder than adamant, with backs built just right to stab a man in mid-spine. And the baggage-car was the same thing without the seats.

"At 5:45 we got under way. You have heard tell of men who have fallen down the Rockies and lived; of men who, barreled up, have crossed the Whirlpool Rapids and lived: but I say, in all justice, the medals should go to the hardy sons of Enderlin who for forty miles rode and suffered in the R. & O.'s heirloom passenger-coach."

Loud applause.

"What with the five star-shaped wheels and the three ordinary square ones jolting over the rails like runaway boulders, the springless trucks battering against the floor like pile-drivers, and the loose couplings kicking like broncos, we were tossed around that coach like corns in a popper. We took more bumps from the sharp edges of that car than we have in all our season's playing. Twice, while the train was hill-climbing, we got off and ran alongside in a try for rest and warmth. And all this on empty stomachs; for, you must know, not a hotel or restaurant in Riverton would serve us dinner before six o'clock."

Dixon grinned a little at this, despite his wrath.

"And that baggage-car! Before we had been out of Riverton ten minutes there was n't a lock, nor hasp, nor strap left on our trunks. The motion shook the buttons off our flannels and cracked the starch from our dress-shirts. Brittle things like shaving-years. And we suspect the trainmen got their share, too, but we were too weak to search them.

"After such a trip, when we reached this station at 8:25, we were, as you may imagine, nearly done for. Yet our hearts were glad with visions of a brief stop in cozy waiting-rooms with cheery fires and steaming luncheon, then the express, and our Chicago hotel by midnight. And what greeted us, Mr. President?

"A depot cold as Siberia; a lunch-counter, the one place in town where food is attainable by night, barren as the Sahara; and an express four hours delayed." This last was old news to Dixon; he had heard Number One reported twice since his entry.

"You observe, of course, the low temperature around us, and the empty shelves in yonder alcove. But coming as you do from warm rooms and hearty dinner, you cannot appreciate these conditions to the full. You are chilled, perhaps, but not half frozen. You are surely not hungry.

"Your agent tells us you plan to go east on this Number One to-night. We are going to ask you, Mr. Dixon, to abandon that idea. We want you to look into the discomforts of Hanley Junction depot carefully and from a true standpoint. Therefore we think it best that you postpone your departure to the next east-bound train, which is due here, at what time, Henry?"

Henry consulted his folder, and announced, "Number Seven, Chicago local, 6:10 A.M."

"By 6:10, sir," continued Cook, "you should be tired, cold, and hungry—fit to appreciate things properly. We would gladly stay and assist in your investigation, were we not ticketed out of Chicago at 8:30 to-morrow morning on the way to another game.

"But before we leave, Mr. Dixon, we want to give you a little trip over the Riverton Branch on the old-time train about which I have said so much. If you will be so kind as to walk with us now, we will wake the branch engineer,—he lives but a short way up-track near the roundhouse, the agent says,—fire up the engine, and get started at once. This train being the only one on the branch, we interfere with nothing, run no risks, and we promise you, besides, the liveliest ride of your life."

And thus Cook's speech ended, amid a

thunder of cheers and yells, with Dixon the maddest man in three States.

Dixon did n't want to walk to the engineer's house, nor to the roundhouse, nor anywhere else, but he could n't well hang back, with six husky giants tugging at his coat-sleeves, and six more prodding him from behind; and so the whole party, save Swensied, who was voted harmless, marched for the cottage of Engineer Tommy Garrity.

The Enderlins knocked at Tommy's door close upon 10:30. After a space, Tommy, clad somewhat haphazard, and carrying a wrench big as a sledge-hammer, opened and asked their business. They told him. Tommy did n't sympathize with it. If Dixon had n't tipped him a wink, Tommy would certainly have started a row with that wrench. But Dixon did wink, and after that the branch engineer came along without further fuss. The Enderlins had neglected to take the fireman's address, and when they inquired of Tommy, he only swore; so they decided to do the firing themselves, which was a very poor decision, by the way.

The roundhouse, a simple one-stall shed of frame, was soon reached, and Tommy and his assistants went to work on engine 45. But the old 45 was not a quick steamer, and not until 11:30 did they get her over the turn-table and coupled to her train. And the only men who noted the hour were Dixon and Tommy Garrity.

The collegers figured that Dixon would feel the rough spots better if he had a car to himself, so they packed him in 4, the coach, and fastened the doors. They themselves camped on the tender, where 't was warmer and softer going, so they said. And very gleeful were they when Tommy yanked at his throttle; for the sport was rich, and the discipline running smooth as a June sunrise.

But Dixon, 'prisoned back in the passenger-coach, was weary of the frolic, and the moment the rusted wheels groaned with the start he sought to rid himself of it. By the time the train was clear of the yard he had pried the lock from the rear door with the poker, and stood viewing the landscape from the platform. But Tommy Garrity, trying to shake up the college boys, had taken on speed fast, and Dixon, deciding hours at the Junction wiser than months in hospital, did n't jump, as he had intended.

The Riverton Branch is a railroad of puny ties and worn siding-iron dumped into the hills west of Hanley Junction carelessly, with never a cut nor a fill, much as one might lay a matting strip over an uneven lawn. The rolling begins right from the Junction yard, with a tough two-mile grade up Johnson's Hill. The train had scaled three quarters of a mile of this grade when Dixon thought of something different. Quick as a cat he was through the coach, past the other lock, and out on the forward platform, working at the couplings. There was play, as Cook had intimated, in the draw-heads, a foot at least: the platforms slipped wide agap one minute, shot tight together the next. A dozen times, as the buffers parted, Dixon snatched at the pin, and a dozen times missed crushed fingers narrowly. It was ticklish, too, balancing there on his hands and knees in the cold and darkness. More than once he lurched for the ditch, and saved himself by a circus catch at an icy hand-rail. But at last, when the train was a quarter-mile below the hill's summit, the space between the platforms yawned longer than usual, and narrowed slowly. Dixon got a fair hold on the pin, and lifted it clear. Engine 45 and baggage 1 forged up and over the summit, and dipped down the incline beyond. And no one aboard was the wiser for the break save Tommy Garrity. It 's a poor dub of an engineman who does n't know when he 's lost half his train, and Tommy was much better than a dub, and, besides, he was on a job destined to boost him to the main line within a week.

Dixon's car, the 4, slowed readily on her stiff bearings. Stopping a little below the hill's brow, she rocked undecided on her trucks awhile, then started grinding back for the Junction. The 4 was heavy if nothing else, and Dixon had n't touched a brake for twenty years; by the time it dawned on him that there was n't any chain on the front brake-staff, the 4 was sailing downhill full thirty miles an hour, on a beautiful bee-line for the town hall. For a time Dixon thought he 'd been foolish not to jump on the out trip, after all; but finally he got the rear wheels tied solid, and the 4 began to feel something dragging. Two minutes later she came scraping into the station curve, tame as a toy express-wagon.

In the meantime engine 45 and baggage 1 clattered merrily along, the college firemen —crafty Tommy had six of them in service —shoveling coal to the furnace with the haste of men feeding sand-bags to a bursting dam, the steam wasting the while from the safety-valve till it hung like a fog all around the cab. So running, the train had covered almost six miles, when King, crawling back through the baggage for a look in

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"MORE APPLAUSE, THROUGH WHICH DIXON SAT RED AND SULLEN."

at the president, found both the president and his special car had disappeared. King scrambled to the tender again, and told his facts in a hurry. The Enderlins ordered Tommy to stop and reverse; the president must be recaptured. And reverse Tommy did; but the return was tedious, for Tommy said 't would be a bad thing to hit that stray car in the dark.

Now, at the time of leaving the roundhouse there had n't been to exceed four buckets of coal in the tender, and four buckets don't count for much against six crazy firemen. Before the train had backed a mile the coal gave out. After the last shovelful the 45's steam tumbled fast as a broken parachute; yet she kept moving for two more miles. Then, midway on the west incline of Johnson's Hill, she suddenly weakened. Tommy locked the tender wheels with the air, and shoved in her throttle.

"What 's the matter?" clamored the collegers.

"Nothing 's the matter," replied Tommy, with scorn, "'cept that this engine 's dead. Did n't I know there was n't coal enough? Sure I knew it; but I ain't managing your excursion."

Then there was turmoil in Tommy's vicinity, with Enderlins jabbering at him and Enderlins jostling him, and Tommy edging for the handiest shovel. But just here Cook became speculative about the time, and when he held his watch to the sleepy gagelamp, he broke the turmoil up.

"Never mind that engineer, fellows," he cried loudly. "It 's five minutes to midnight. If we want that 12:30 train we 've got to run for it."

And that was the last Tommy Garrity saw of the Enderlin foot-ball team. Their dash up Johnson's Hill was like the charge of the Minnesotans at Gettysburg, their flight down the other side like the rout of the Federals at Bull Run field. Billy King ran as never had he for a touch-down. Charley Henry sprinted as never had he for field-day medal. Fat Oakes and stubby Burr, men supposedly heavy-footed, raced neck and neck with the leaders. But the pace was all too slow. Even as they gained the hilltop, a far-off steady rattle and roar grew upon the night.

Before they had crossed a half-mile of the down grade, a dancing yellow speck rushed out of the southwest, and behind it trailed a chain of little yellow squares. Of a sudden a pinkish cloud flounted at the fore; then, after a long time, a harsh whistle-shriek hurtled over the fields. The chain of yellow light came nearer and slower, drew up for a minute by the Junction switch-lamps, then moved on again. The little squares dulled and contracted, the rumble lessened and waned, and presently there was nothing left but two pin-points of crimson; then even they blinked out, and the night settled blacker than before. Far to the northward a blizzard moaned in the hills.

It was a quarter to one, and snowing lightly, when the Enderlins trudged past coach 4, standing dark and lonesome on the curve, and stumbled into the depot. The place was deserted and silent, save for the sounders pattering faintly within the locked telegraph-office, and the rush of a rising wind outside. But on the south wall a lamp burned smokily, and beneath it hung a paper sheet. On the sheet a note was scrawled:

Enderlin Foot-ball Team.

Gentlemen: An important Chicago engagement to-morrow afternoon prevents me from devoting any more time to your investigation at present, and I am accordingly about to leave here for the city mentioned on train One.

I am unable to make use of train Seven, due 6:10 A.M., as you requested, for the reason that said train is not operative to-morrow,—you will so notice by more careful examination of our time-tables,—the day being Sunday.

I believe you also desire to reach Chicago Sunday morning, in time to connect with some early train. But by missing train One you have forfeited your connection, via our line at least, as there will be no other Chicago-bound train stopping at this station until 8:30 Sunday night. On this account I regret that train One cannot be held for your benefit, but owing to my ignorance of the intended duration of your stay on the branch, I do not feel that such a course would be consistent.

Should you still desire this connection upon your return, provided that be not too late, your best plan, in my opinion, will be to walk across country to Pratt station on the C. S. & C. There is a train leaving there for Chicago daily about 4 A.M. Pratt lies due east six miles. Follow the track past the roundhouse, then turn into the first wagon-road.

Referring again to this investigation, I have come to but one conclusion so far, viz., that Hanley Junction needs an agent smarter than the present man. Steps will be taken immediately to remedy this trouble. Should we make any further moves bearing on this matter, you will be advised.

Hoping my departure will not disappoint you too much, I remain,

Yours very truly,
John Dixon.

King read the note aloud twice, then, without comment, buttoned close his ulster, picked up his grip, and stalked out into the storm. And behind, with never a word, filed his comrades.

As the Enderlins crunched up-track toward the roundhouse, a gale of swirling snow swept down the right of way to meet them —a snow that cut like dry sand, that blurred the yard switch-lamps, and hid the struggling men one from another. Overhead the storm-tuned telegraph wires dismally sang and sang.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

HEAD OF MENELIK ON AN ABYSSINIAN COIN.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MENELIK.

BY OSCAR T. CROSBY.

MENELIK II, scion of Solomon and Sheba, is matinal, even nocturnal. His work begins at 3 A.M. Such industry seemed altogether admirable until I learned that arrangements had been made for my reception at 9 A.M., and that meant getting a somewhat fever-stricken body into evening dress just after breakfast, then galloping through Addis Abeba, the mud-hut capital of Abyssinia, to the *gébi*, or palace, there to be presented in due time and form before the Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

True, evening dress is not *de rigueur*, but Colonel Harrington, British diplomatic agent at the court of the King of Kings, prefers that the occasional traveler fortunate enough to be his guest should show respect to the monarch by wearing formal dress; and as for the incongruous hour, Menelik is happily ignorant of Mayfair convention.

After passing through several rabble-filled inclosures, our mounts were left with a Boy (when boy means man, I think it should be capitalized), and further progress to the royal presence was found to be easy enough. A few steps across an untidy court led to the front door of the gébi, or to the adjacent open-ended throne-room. When I first saw Menelik he sat squat in the palace doorway, his hangers-on, whose titles would be more imposing than their appearance, standing or bowing about him. Their white cotton cloaks, slashed with a twelve-inch-broad red stripe, worn toga fashion, were effective, and had been clean. This graceful garb is inartistically supplemented as a covering by a pair of foolishly tight cotton drawers. But the king was clad in a black silk toga, his shoeless, black-hosed feet leaving an uneasy impression of unfinished toilet. There is

more dignity in bare feet than in stockings.

Looking past the doorway where sat the Presence, one saw a chamber which seemed to be quite unfurnished, unless a helter-skelter of Sèvres plate, surveying-instruments, books, and boxes may be called furniture. Probably my own humble offerings have gone to swell the pile

MENELIK'S THRONE-ROOM.

SIDE VIEW OF MENELIK'S PALACE.

raised by the gratitude of travelers and the intelligent cupidity of governments. In the throne-room were one or two good Oriental rugs, but the dais itself was covered by one of common, gaudy European make. The whole structure looked like a boat-house, or a starter's stand at the races. It is small and dingy. The entire group of royal buildings seems rusty and poor, though not to the Abyssinians, a people of some refinement, yet strangely ignorant of almost every mechanical art. Much more than the natives themselves can accomplish is represented by these buildings, for they are the work of East Indian carpenters under European direction. Far in the north of Abyssinia stands a great stone castle, now in ruins, relic of the time, more than three hundred years ago, when the secular seclusion of the country was broken by the wonderful Portuguese, who, in those days, found and ruled or ruined so many forgotten or unknown corners of the earth.

DRAWN BY F. I. BENNETT, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. BAIRD

MENELIK'S SUPREME COURT.

Their desire to place the Abyssinian Church (which is of Tyrian or Egyptian origin) under the authority of Rome was doubtless a sincere prompting of religion. But the harquebus of the year of our Lord 1500 was not vastly superior to the barbaric bow and arrow, and we all know that a Mauser helps in the quick propagation of the gospel of the Prince of Peace. However that may be, the Portuguese were finally swept out on a tide of blood; the door was shut against our world, and the Abyssinians returned to fighting and worshiping in their own untutored way.

DRAWN BY E. HERING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

SOMALI SPEAR-THROWING CONTEST.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Bruce, a Scotch wanderer, pushed the door open just a little, and since that time it has never been entirely closed. It was a loud knock that the British gave in 1867, when they marched a big army to Magdala, from the Red Sea across a desert, up the plateau's side, and all because the half-mad Emperor Theodore had imprisoned a number of Europeans who were caught in Abyssinia about the time that an unanswered letter from Theodore to Victoria (the Foreign Office has its dead-letter department) had made the suspicious and vain barbarian ready to do murder to white strangers, as well as to his much-slaughtered native population. Not a man was lost by the invaders, the prisoners were released, and the big army marched down the mountain back to the sea. But it was not Abyssinia that had yielded so easily; it was only poor, forsaken Theodore, who promptly sought oblivion in suicide.

Then followed a time when the awakened energy of the Nile Delta sent Egyptian soldiers, led by a motley array of generals from the Old World and the New, to plant the crescent on the Red Sea's shores, and to seek sovereignty in the table-lands and deserts that had forgotten Egypt's name some thousands of years ago. Abyssinia felt the strife of Islam's contending powers, the Mahdi beating at the western doors, while Ismail's armies marched and fought on the northern and eastern borders. The fantastic-heroic figure of Gordon, worshiping Christ and fighting for Mohammed, was seen struggling across Abyssinia from the Sudan to the sea. In such days of turmoil came Menelik, son of Hoilo Milekat, King of Shoa, into a bloody inheritance. While Theodore fronted the British at Magdala, the young Menelik raised an army and claimed the crown of Shoa—of Shoa only, not of the empire. That honor went to John, or Ras Kassai, whose good offices toward the British were valued at a certain number of rifles and something of helpful "influence."

A confusion of wars follows, with John

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

A GROUP OF ARISTOCRATS.

and Menelik in bloody competition for a crown, and Egyptians, Sudanese, and finally Italians, appearing in various episodes of slaughter. As early as 1878 John was forced to recognize Menelik as King of Shoa, and when, in 1889, the emperor fell in battle with the dervishes, his bastard son Ras Mangasha was unable to take away from Menelik's strong grasp the scepter of the Negus Nagasti.

Now it came to pass that young Italy had her dream of empire. A treaty made with Menelik was declared to mean that Italy *must* be Abyssinia's intermediary in dealing with any other European power. Menelik declared that in his native Amharic tongue he read only "may," not "must," and so they fell to blows. But no bloodless Magdala victory was now fated to the white man, for Menelik had gathered in his sole hand the whole power of Abyssinia. In one dreadful day it was exploded against sixteen thousand men of Italy's best battalions, and with such terrible effect that March 1, 1896, records the most tragic defeat ever suffered by a great European power at the hands of black men.

"Blackened men" would better describe the Abyssinians, for they are Semitic to the bone and sinew of them, and some faces still show the rich, warm color of Arabic ancestry, a pure blood, not tainted by mixture with the blacker currents of aboriginal Africans. Not so the king himself. His face is good enough and strong enough, but by no means as aristocratic as those of many of the feudal lords who call him master. That the passion of Solomon was democratic is proved by numbers written in three figures; but Love did not stoop either on one side or on the other when he bound to-

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

AN ABYSSINIAN MODE OF PUNISHMENT.

interwoven ingenuity of the divorce statutes of Dakota could give legitimacy to the birth of Menelik I (mythical head of the Abyssinian line of kings), nor could envy take away its illustriousness. But the mother of our Menelik (second of that name, twenty centuries after the first) was a wayside woman, they say, who gave to her son, however, as much of strength and energy as tradition has given to the very son of Solomon.

In the minds of Menelik's familiars there dwells, I believe, a sincere liking, even admiring friendship, for the man, as well as respect for the king. Such, also, seemed the sentiment of the few resident Europeans met in Addis Abeba.

His manner toward strangers is kindly, unostentatious; his interest in all things new, and to him understandable, is ever keen. He has already seen many of the smaller, transportable things of our material civilization, for the four European nations which, through their diplomatic agents, are good enough to watch Abyssinia (and one another) have sent many a camel and mule gift-laden on the long journey up from the distant sea. Shall a little bird whisper to him, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"?

That best of wise little birds, strong common sense, has already, I think, spoken to the watchful king; and, after all, there is no Sinon among the gentlemen who so worthily represent Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy at the court of the African monarch.

Whatever may be the ultimate designs of these powers, or, rather, whatever they may chance to do when "something happens," no one of them is now ready to try conclusions with Abyssinia, united under Menelik's rule; nor is any one of them willing to risk European war disturbance by a charitable attempt to "pacify it," should faction rend Abyssinia. There is among them, therefore, a most friendly appreciation of the quiet, smiling, hospitable Menelik, who welcomes, defies, watches, and justly entreats Briton, Muscovite, Gaul, and Roman.

"After him the deluge; and may he live long!" is their cry; for a deluge is ever destructive, and there is always uncertainty as to whether one's ark has power to survive a storm.

Should Menelik's death bring trouble (and, alas! he has no recognized heir), two of these Czar has maintained in this African capital of huts a larger mission than either England or France, no one outside of St. Petersburg seems to know.[1]

Certain it is that Russia has no apparent interest in Abyssinia, or in any other part of Africa, unless it be granted that such interest exists because the Abyssinian Church

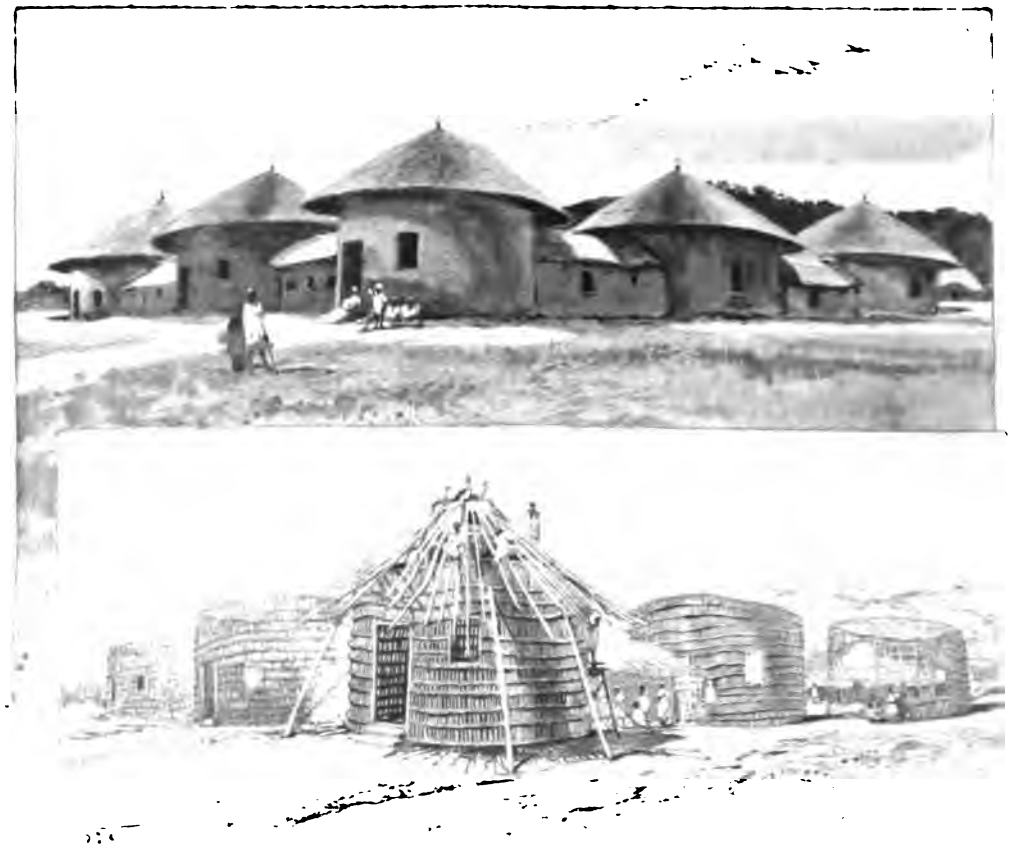
DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

A FREIGHT-CAR OFF THE TRACK.

derives from the Coptic body in Alexandria, and that that Coptic is closer in doctrine and form to the Greek than to other European churches. But the Orthodox Church is not active in the propaganda of its faith, unless the proposed convert appears in the rôle of a possible subject to the White Czar.

There remains another Russian interest in the person of Liontief,—Mr. Leontieff, Count Liontief, or the Duke of Equatoria,—a picturesque figure, perhaps adventurer, perhaps Russian diplomatic scout. His European title seems to be of his own making. The "dukedom" of Equatoria arises from a grant made to him by Menelik, with a proviso that Leontieff should first subdue the people, now independent, who inhabit the Equatorial Province, and provided furthermore that if any revenue can be had from the doomed savages, a portion of it shall be sent to Addis Abeba, together with evidence of the recognition of Menelik as suzerain. Inasmuch as any other human being would seem

[1] The Russian minister and his twenty Cossacks did not return to Abyssinia after going out to escape the rainy season of 1900. Two medical officers remained.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

COLONEL HARRINGTON'S RESIDENCE, UNDER CONSTRUCTION AND FINISHED.

to have equal rights with Menelik in making the grant, this appears a clever means of putting a price on non-interference with the plans of the resolute Russian. The minister from St. Petersburg and his twenty Cossack guards seem to have taken no part in the Leontieff business venture; yet for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is *not* peculiar. Neither religion nor Leontieff seems to be a satisfactory explanation of the Russians' presence. Let me then suggest that it may be only part of the Russo-Frankish *ami et allié* program; that it is meant to declare that the British lion shall not be permitted to swallow his Abyssinian brother without, at least, bidding others to the feast.

The Italian minister, Captain Ciccodicola, merits the thanks of his countrymen. He has remained, after the exit of all his bleeding and imprisoned fellow-soldiers, administrator of the bankrupt hopes of a nation; and he has remained with dignity and distinctly as *persona grata* in a semi-civilized land where the unhappy day of Adua has rendered "Italiano" a term of reproach to which all white strangers may be subjected. He has very recently concluded with Menelik a treaty defining a frontier between Abyssinia and Eritrea, the name given by the Italians to the deserts around Massawa, their unimportant port on the Red Sea. This arid area Italy may still hold as a poor monument to her dead sons and to her day-dreams of empire. Securing this, Captain Ciccodicola's work is done.

Of all save the three principal *dramatis personæ*—Menelik, Colonel Harrington, representing England, and M. Lagarde, representing France—we thus clear the stage. It is a noble stage, this great plateau lifted into separate existence out of deserts and wildernesses, smiling with green prairies, laughing with sweet waters, moving with fat herds. Across it marches Menelik, attended by one hundred thousand men, each barefooted, bareheaded, scantily clad, and bearing a rifle, a cartridge-belt, and often a goatskin

full of meal. These soldiers are marshaled into place by the governors of provinces, such as Ras Makonen and Ras Workè, or subordinate officers, who are all feudal lords. These, too, are barefooted, bareheaded or lightly turbaned, wearing a toga, perhaps of silk. As a background to this armed mass are the patient toilers in the fields, some peasant Abyssinians, many Gallas, and a small number of wilder tribes, Agaa, Shinasha, and Shankalis.

As stage-followers, Colonel Harrington and his assistant have a body-guard of only four sowars (East Indian soldiers), an Eurasian gentleman as medical aid, and a bright young Tigré Abyssinian as interpreter, besides the usual numerous retinue of servants.

M. Lagarde and his assistant muster a guard of natives, several French merchants, true pioneers, and particularly an enterprising Frenchman, M. Chefneux, who, while associated with the Swiss adviser of Menelik, M. Ilg, has done virtually all that has been accomplished in the way of putting civilization's iron fingers on the throat of wild nature in this virgin land. From Harar, two hundred miles inland, there has been built a telephone line to Addis Abeba, five hundred miles inland. Incongruous, absurd, it seems, to toil up and down mountain paths where the hardy mule must falter, to sweep across empty plains, to thread straggling villages of mud huts, to dispute the right of way with donkeys driven by nearly naked Gallas, and everywhere to see the telephone poles; such is the march from Harar to Addis Abeba. But M. Chefneux has done more. From Jibuti, in French Somaliland, almost opposite Aden, he is hurrying the completion of a railway; a construction-train carried me over forty miles of it in February, 1900. Another forty miles may now be finished. It is aimed at Harar, and is the wonder of those Abyssinians who have ventured toward the border to see a miracle. All this bears the name of France, and is excellent "business" for the French minister; but across the stage, following M. Lagarde, is the shadow of Marchand sadly retreating from Fashoda.

The meaning of such an incident as that of Marchand's march is known to Menelik through the views of it that Messrs. Harrington and Lagarde choose to give, such information as may be gleaned from the few white traders and travelers whom the king may question, but chiefly through M. Ilg, whose nationality, neutral in European politics, fits him to be a wise counselor to an African king. Yet, even with this aid, Menelik must often be perplexed to give proper relative weight to the European powers who solicit him. He has never been outside of his own kingdom; has probably never seen a boat, save one of Marchand's, which lies in front of the palace, in sections, as borne there by porters; has never seen a wheeled vehicle, save a few small mountain guns; speaks no European language; and must devote most of his time to internal affairs. Such an expansive body of water as the ocean, I fancy, he cannot conceive; the rotundity of the earth has been explained to him, but was not grasped. He marveled when I told him of the difference in time between New York and Addis Abeba. Of New York he seemed not to have heard when I referred to it as the big city of my country. Pictures of great commercial buildings and views of cities made, I thought, rather a faint impression on him. The Brooklyn Bridge was more effective, and he marveled at its height, though just how the interpreter translated figures and distances I do not know, since in ordinary transactions with Abyssinians no unit of length was discovered. The Capitol at Washington, which was described as corresponding to his residence, made some impression on him when its size was explained.

When the books were put aside, a new magazine pistol which I had picked up in Paris came in for minute examination, and then took its place in a collection of small arms which must now be well-nigh complete.

Among the illustrations shown were some of the big New England cotton-mills. These I tried to identify to Menelik as the places in which were manufactured nearly all of the cotton goods which his subjects wore, a fact that I had learned with surprise and pleasure while on the coast. In other ways, also, I tried to make clear my nationality; but in the end he dictated, or his secretary wrote: "Mr. Crosby, the *Englishman*, has permission to go down the Blue Nile." The fact that I came first with the English interpreter and afterward with Colonel Harrington and Mr. Baird, that I had my tent in Colonel Harrington's compound, that I was officially under the wing of the British representative—these things obscured, I fear, the elaborate explanations given as to the relations, geographical and political, between the great unknown republic and the European states, concerning which Menelik has some vague notions. He knows quite enough of them to fear their influence, even while wishing to possess for himself and his people the power which resides in the white

HUTS PROTECTED BY ZAREBA.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN L. BAIRD.

ARCHITECTURE EXTRAORDINARY.

camp, begging to be cured of leprosy, of elephantiasis, of epilepsy, of cataract, of ordinary sore eyes. The tears of one poor child I shall not be able to forget. One eye was completely covered by a cataract, the other nearly so; yet there was in her face the brightness of hope. When I said that no thing could be done, the tears came. Her father counseled that she should again turn to the priest. Then the weeping was more violent. She had believed in them, she had done all that they had directed, and she had grown worse; now that the white man refused help, there was no longer any hope.

man's knowledge of things. But he seems quite determined not to import new religious ideas together with the rifles and the cotton cloth which he covets. Abyssinia is not open to missionary work. Indeed, why should it be? Menelik's ancestors were Christians when yours and mine were painted blue and worshiped Thor and Woden in German forests. Conversion of the nation seems to have been quickly accomplished, about 350 A.D., by Frumentius, a castaway missionary from Antioch.

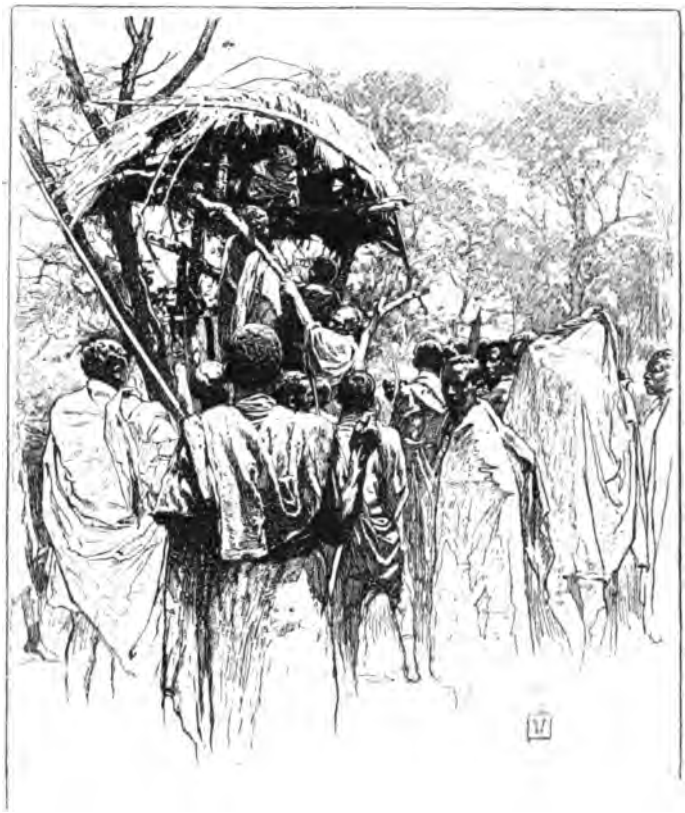
The high priest of the Abyssinian Church is still sought among the Egyptians; but he cannot leave the country of his adoption save by the portal of death, and the native priesthood leaves him more of dignity than of power. Religious service is wholly formal: chanting of priests in the inner circle, a sort of holy of holies; chanting by acolytes, just outside, in the annular space between the inner and outer mud walls; and, standing or sitting on the floor in the same space, a few old men, a few women and children.

Healing of the sick by incantation is attempted; and in one case I chanced to see, far in the interior, the mighty power of religion, aided by the magic of a green umbrella held by a priest over a sick child as it was taken in and out of the sanctuary. In regions where white men are rarely seen, the sick clustered about my tent at every

In the larger churches the outer walls of the inner sanctuary are bedizened with paintings in which saints, devils, and Abyssinian nobles are crowded cheek by jowl. The work would be absurdly bad if seen in Rome, but in a country where the mechanical arts are almost unknown it seems startling, and I was not surprised when informed by an intelligent Galla native that this work is attributed to the Falasha, a recluse tribe of Jews, forgotten by the centuries, hidden in the wilds of Abyssinia since some unrecorded migration from some unknown land. They live apart, and wash themselves after conversation with other tribes.

The cloak of Christianity is not cut to as close a fit in Abyssinia as by theologian

gaged in slowly strangling them. His efforts meet with much opposition from many of his Christian subjects, and probably even more from the Mussulman and pagan elements of the population. Yet I saw, in traversing a considerable region heretofore not visited by white men, only one slave-caravan.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGUES LE ROUX.

JUDGES DISPENSING JUSTICE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

That I was permitted to enter this region seemed greatly to surprise the local dignitaries, for they all know that their ruler has made some sort of agreement with white men to suppress the slave-trade, and wondered that entry could be made in the far western region, where, as a necessary concession to the powerful slave-owners, the king still permits the trade in men. They wondered, too, that an alien should come into the sequestered gold-bearing region. That I should want to descend at several points to the bottom of the mile-deep gorge where

slave-marts and from river fords leading to what must be placer-fields for gold-mining. But the strong words of the king's passport, and my evident indifference to the gold-fields, finally prevailed, so that, with some persuasion and some browbeating, I made my way along the great river, descended the steep escarpment of the Abyssinian plateau, traversed a desolate no-man's-land of sacked villages (monuments of the Mahdi and of Menelik), boated down the river a few hundred miles through the just reviving Sudan, and returned to civilization at Khartum about five months after leaving the west coast at Zeila, in British Somaliland.

For a thousand miles of this journey, from Gildessa on the east to Wombera on the west, the name of Menelik meant safety, and the rulers of provinces rose to show respect when they saw the seal of the king, who has

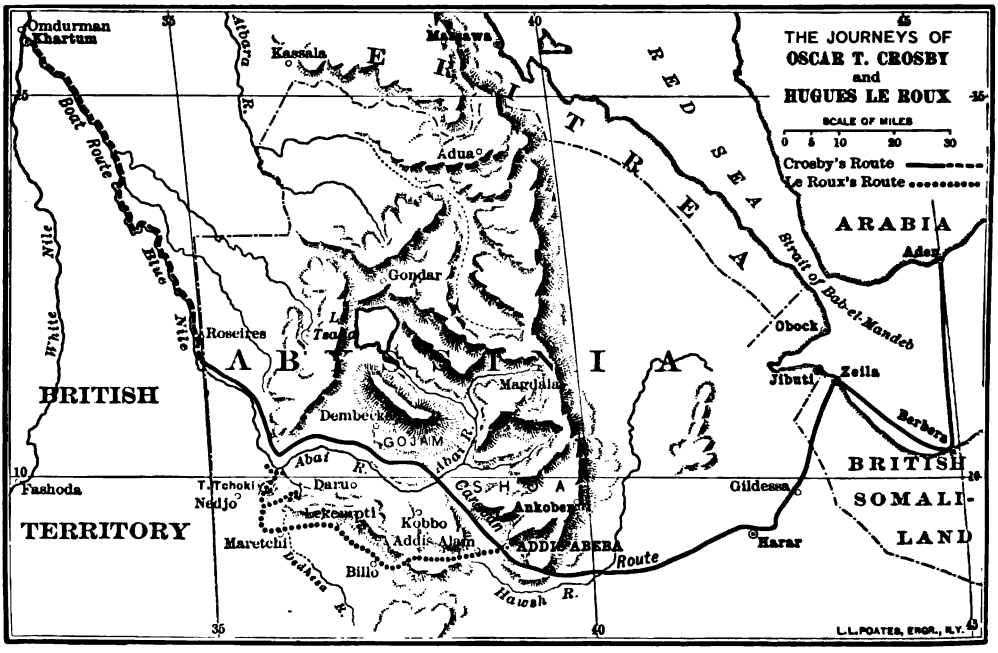
scarce had time to learn to write: that is work for his hirelings. Throughout the land, all through Abyssinia proper, contented peace prevails. On the border an unfinished policy of expansion keeps armies in constant motion; at the very foot of the western escarpment were seen the corpses of some very black fellows (nobody seemed to know or care just who or what they were), killed in a recent fight with Menelik's frontier garrison at Wombera.

More menacing, it seemed to me, than these sporadic wars between the king's rifles and the spear-armed savages, are the questions arising between Menelik and his European concessionnaires—Leontieff in the south, the French railway company in the east, and a British mining company in the west, where a part of the supposed gold-fields, as yet insecurely held by the Abyssinians, has been put under the control of a London syndicate.

Earnestly striving toward what we call progress, Menelik is, perhaps, jeopardizing the independence, the very existence, of the several millions of people over whose destinies he has been set as steward. He and his people are Asiatic-African. Their ideals are not our ideals. The glitter and the noise of us, even as faintly reflected and echoed in far Abyssinia, have fascinated the ruler, who is, it may be, too much "enlightened" for lazy content, and not enough enlightened to understand the dangers that come to black moths fluttering about the flame of civilization. Does he know—can he know—that it is not a pure flame of sweetness and light? that it burns with the fire of international jealousies—a fire so terrible that the very fear of death keeps it in check among those whose passions feed it, but which may be allowed to burn and destroy in all the waste places of the earth?

The future is hid from all; but it seems that a decree has been set by the all-controlling Power—a decree giving over, for at least a time, the sovereignty of the world to *our* civilization of steam and steel, the foundations of which shall be laid everywhere, even though cemented by the blood of all the black men who are urged by the same Power vainly to strive against "benevolent assimilation."

Verily we are as clay in the potter's hand. We may not praise or blame the vessel because of the service to which it is put by the Maker, but we may say that to us it seems large or small, strong or weak, symmetrical or malformed. And so in history it shall be written of Menelik II that his nature was large, strong, symmetrical, and chosen by the Power for great purposes.



From the coast to Addis Abeba, the routes of Mr. Crosby and M. Le Roux virtually coincide. Mr. Crosby's journey down the Blue Nile is indicated by dashes.

DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

CHARMS. ABYSSINIAN COIN. CHARMS.

NEW TRAILS IN ABYSSINIA.

BY HUGUES LE ROUX.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

[THE material for the following article was obtained during a visit to Abyssinia which the writer was invited by the Emperor Menelik to make in order to write a book on the country. The emperor sent him, at the head of a small troop of Abyssinians, chosen among his best soldiers, to make a map of the frontier bordering on the country of the Benichargoul negroes, the most savage in all Africa. During the expedition M. Le Roux determined the course, hitherto unknown, of the Blue Nile. To recompense him, Menelik gave the name Hugues Le Roux to the mountain which stops the Blue Nile in its southward course and turns it toward Egypt.—EDITOR.]

WHEN Colonel Marchand returned after his great journey across Africa he was greeted with this question: "From the Cape to the Nile, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, what was the most wonderful thing that you met on your way?"

He answered: "A meteor fallen straight from heaven among deserts and swamps—Abyssinia."

This exactly expresses it. Of all the surprises held in reserve for us by the discovery of Africa, the most tremendous is this: the existence of a Switzerland, an African Tyrol, the area of which is greater than that of France. At a glance, this island of basalt, surrounded by sand and marsh, appears to be a chaos of mountains struggling against one another; but when one has climbed to high peaks like Mount Detjem, which measures fifteen thousand feet, or almost the height of Mont Blanc, one straightens out the confusion of first impressions.

It becomes evident that the Abyssinian table-land has sprung out of the earth at a single volcanic upheaval that lifted it to heights varying between eight thousand and ten thousand feet. The valleys one sees here and there are only the depressions which followed this unique irruption.

A moment ago I used the name of Switzerland. I return to it now. As the Swiss Alps turn the Rhine into the North Sea, the Danube into the Black Sea, and the Rhone into the Mediterranean, so the chain of mountains back of the Emperor Menelik's present capital, Addis Abeba, sends to the threshold of the Red Sea an immense river, which loses itself in the sands about twenty leagues from the coast, after having tossed about in its deep waters huge crocodiles, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and elephants. Toward the south, in the direction of Lake Rudolph, runs the river Omo; and to the north, through the streams of a tributary of the Blue Nile, the hills are drained into the Mediterranean. I was able to drink at the sources of these three great rivers in less than two days' time as I followed in hot pursuit after a fine herd of antelopes.

A single detail suffices to give an idea of the incredible fertility of these rich lands, washed, like Egypt, by slimy waters. The nine or ten million inhabitants who make up the population of Abyssinia scorn the fruit of vineyards, which grow readily on the hillsides at an altitude of ten thousand feet. They place before wine a drink composed chiefly of fermented honey. Now, it must be admitted that if there is no honey without bees, there are no bees without flowers; and perhaps we shall cast a glance

DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

WOMEN AT ADDIS ABEBA.

of envy upon this African people who, while the vast stretches about them were being reduced by thirst to a state of desolation, have traversed the centuries refreshed and gladdened by a vintage of flowers.

According to the records kept by the Abyssinians themselves in honor of their people, the first capital, Axum, was founded by Abraham. When, as the story goes, centuries later the swarthy Abyssinian queen whom the Scriptures call the Queen of Sheba came to the great Solomon and offered him her love, she was not making an innovation, but rather returning to revive tradition at the source whence this tradition had first been drawn. The dynasty of monarchs who still reign over Abyssinia, after alternate victory and defeat, is descended directly from Menelik, first of that name, offspring of the love that Solomon bore the Ethiopian Queen of Sheba.

The queen brought back from Jerusalem, and surrounded herself with, priests and Jews of note, who exercised over the Abyssinians an influence that has lasted to the present day. This influence is particularly noticeable, after sixteen hundred years of Christianity, in the striking contrasts existing between the written law, which remains strictly in accordance with the Old Testament, and the country's customs, which are imbued with Christian charity.

During the year 333 A.D. the Abyssinians were converted to Christianity. An old record, which I found in the archives of the Emperor Menelik at Addis Abeba, relates the incident as follows: Two youths, natives of Tyre, Frumentius and Edesius, had occasion to cross the Red Sea. They were driven on to the western shore near the town of Adulis, which was then used by the Abyssinian kings as a port and as a bond with the world at large. The two young foreigners were led before the king and queen.

DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

THE MUSIC OF NEGUS.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

IN CAMP ON THE HAWSH.

The sovereigns received the shipwrecked travelers with great honors, and conferred upon them a share in the administration of the country's affairs Now, these two youths were ardent Christians. They made known their belief very cautiously, and practised it at the same time with so much tact and firmness that the King and Queen of Abyssinia, wishing to be converted and to convert their people to Christianity, sent their two favorites under escort to Alexandria, that they might ask the patriarch, the bishop of

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

MARKET-PLACE AT ADDIS ABEBA. BARS OF AMOLE, WHICH SERVE AS CURRENCY.

accomplish the divine work you have begun?"

Thus he ordained and consecrated them as bishops. Then he sent them back to win as many souls as possible to the Christian faith. Traditions are long-lasting in Abyssinia. The bishop, or *abouna*, as they call him, whom I saw officiating at Addis Abeba on the fête-day of St. George, was descended

DRAWN BY PRUETT SHARE.

SOLDIERS EN ROUTE.

in a direct line from the mission of St. Frumentius. That is to say, since 333 the Abyssinians have kept the habit of asking, when their abouna dies, for another bishop from Alexandria. According to an old custom, they pay for him with a good sum of ready money, and from that moment the bishop becomes their own. He is forbidden to leave Abyssinia; he grows rich there, and there he is buried.

This Christian worship, together with the tremendous mining and agricultural interests of Abyssinia, signaled it to the Mussulmans as a prey greatly to be coveted. The contest between Islam and the Christian

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRESCO IN THE CHURCH OF LEKEMPTI. ABYSSINIANS VANQUISHING THE ITALIAN SOLDIERS AT ADUA.

kingdom began actually in 1255. I heard the name of the despised conquerors on the lips of all my retainers and of all my soldiers.

Ignorant as they are, it was with horror only that they recalled the memory of the Mussulman general, Mohammed Grané. Abyssinia realizes perfectly well the wrong done her by the Mussulmans in isolating her from the rest of the world, in cutting off her only accessible exit by way of the Red Sea, in blockading her north, south, and west toward the Sudan, in forcing her back into the mountains, in besieging her to the beginning of this twentieth century, like a beleaguered citadel. The hatred which the Abyssinians have conceived against this chief, this hereditary enemy, is manifest in all sorts of ways, even the most unexpected.

On my journey across the desert I added a guard of Issas to the Abyssinian escort sent me by Emperor Menelik. Several of these Issas were Mussulmans. They used regularly to cut the throats of the wild animals we wounded in hunting. I have seen my Abyssinian men, after a long day's march, go to bed without food rather than touch the beasts killed by a Mussulman.

Left to their own resources, and to uncommonly frail religious ties with the rest of the world, the Abyssinians have kept the Byzantine forms which were given to them in the fourth century of our era. Their court etiquette is Byzantine, intricate and in striking contrast with the simplicity of their customs. The titles of the chief dignitaries who surround the emperor are Byzantine—Afanegous ("Mouth of the Negus"), Wombera ("Chair of the Negus"), etc. Byzantine also are the frescos and the miniatures which decorate the manuscripts and the church walls.

Far off in Wallaga, back of the great river Didhesa, to the west between the White Nile and the Blue Nile, I found a church wherein some local artist had pictured on the walls the triumph of Menelik and his victory at Adua over the Italian troops. There were battalions in uniform, bristling with guns, cannon pouring forth fire and smoke, Italian bersaglieri, with their feathered hats; and all was handled in Byzantine style, like the mosaics at Ravenna.

This Byzantine spirit holds equal sway over the monks who fill the numerous monasteries in Abyssinia. Carried away by their knowledge of the Ghese, which is their sacred

language, they write endless "Discourses on the Seven Thrones." They willingly live in obedience to monastic customs of great austerity. They do nothing toward the education of the young generation, who grow up wholly ignorant of the Christian religion.

To be sure, the Abyssinian parochial clergy are quite unfitted to teach what they ignore themselves. They have sunk even lower than the Russian country clergy, and for the same reasons.

They are overburdened with the women and the children. They give communion to the new-born babies as soon as they have been baptized, nominally to benefit by their angelic purity, in reality to rid themselves of the trouble of teaching them later. They never preach, under the pretext that it would be vain to put side by side the word of man and the Word of God.

Their most evident duty consists in hanging around the neck of the newly baptized child a cord called the Christian cord, which looks exactly like a shoe-string. Theoretically this string is supposed to carry a cross. I am forced to state that, as things go, the cross is almost always missing. It is replaced by a silver ear-cleaner; but faith makes whole. My soldiers value this ear-cleaner more highly than their lives.

A young boy native of Wallamo, an astonishing pagan, ignorant of the name of any god whatsoever, who was taken prisoner, and offered to me by a friend, said to me one morning: "Give me a Christian's cord."

"Do you want to become a Christian?" I asked.

"I don't care about that, but I must have a Christian's cord, because all your soldiers jeer at me now. They point their fingers at me and say: 'Look at the Wallamo without a cord! He is no better than a dog.'"

It would be unfair not to mention in passing that these poor people, however ignorant they may be of the laws of the religion they profess, have at least kept the pith of Christian morals, the good which distinguishes them from Islamic teachings—the doctrine of forgiveness.

You cannot dismiss a servant, or, with regard to a culprit, take a stand which every one believes just, without being visited by the friends and the enemies of the delinquent.

They all come and entreat you: "You are a Christian? Forgive him." And the humble do not ask merely that pardon shall be granted by their masters; they endeavor to practise it among themselves.

During the explorations that I made in the west, a rather good-for-nothing boy who was in my private service tried to kill my head servant. The victim demanded, as was his right, that the law of retaliation be applied; but the rest of the servants united in an appeal to the irate man, and the next day he came to me and said:

"I have forgiven the murderer; give him his freedom."

Without going very deeply into Abyssinian history, it is well to recall that this empire was made up long ago of three kingdoms: in the north, Tigré; in the west, Gojam; in the east and south, Shoa. Abyssinian tradition relates that it is the King of Shoa who is descended from the Queen of Sheba and Solomon. Therefore, by right, the supremacy in the confederation is his. But when the Mussulmans came down upon Abyssinia the rich provinces of Shoa were their first prey. The King of Shoa, an ancestor of our Menelik, had to seek refuge with his vassal, the King of Tigré. This king took advantage of the occasion to usurp the title of Solomon's descendants, and to declare himself "King of Kings" in Abyssinia.

The honor of having reasserted the ancestral dominion and placed Abyssinian politics upon their traditional footing is due to the present emperor, Menelik II. He was born a subject to the King of Tigré; victory restored him to his proper place, and the unusual authority he has made use of during the forty years of his reign is an outcome of the political and religious situation whereby, together with the supremacy of his dynasty, he has reinstated the Abyssinian traditions themselves.

He owed his success at the start to his own qualifications as general and manager, but also to the reliance he placed just at the right moment in two able men, M. Ilg, a Swiss engineer, and M. Chefneux, a Frenchman brought up in diplomacy, whom he made his counselors, and who for twenty years have remained with him, in perfect unity of sentiment and friendship.

One may truly say that in Abyssinia every able-bodied man is a soldier. Military training begins for the young Abyssinian virtually from the day he is born, hung as he is in a bit of cloth over his mother's back, and expected to cling there and be on the lookout for his own safety.

As soon as he is eight or ten years old he invariably becomes the servant of a soldier;

AN ABYSSINIAN VILLAGE.

He walks before him, carries his gun with great pride, cleans the firearms, and takes care of the trappings, the horse, and the mule of his master. He learns how to handle a gun in defending himself against wild animals. He also acquires in this way the astonishing power of endurance in walking which leaves Europeans bewildered.

Although most of the Abyssinians are very tall, their muscles are not well developed. This is probably due to poor food and excessive fasting. I am inclined to believe that the secret of their admirable resistance lies in their superior way of breathing. Used as they are to living in the mountains, at an altitude varying between six and eight thousand feet, they are astonishingly narrow through the hips, and have a marvelous chest development. When we were hunting I used to enjoy watching them descend at an unheard-of speed into the valleys, and climb up the opposite hillsides, barefooted, over the stones, with an agility which was fatal even to the antelopes. Add to this accomplishment as racers the habit contracted by these mountaineers from their infancy of walking daily ten, twelve, or fifteen hours at a stretch, often without food, and one is not surprised that the Italians were unable, in spite of the excellence of their troops, to get the better of them as easily as Crispi imagined. It can also readily be understood that the English, attracted by the western placer-mines, thought twice before attempting an attack on the western frontier.

DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.

GALLA WOMEN.

DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.

TELEPHONE CABIN BETWEEN HARAR AND ADDIS ABEBA, IN THE VIRGIN FOREST.

My impressions are those of a man who has seen for himself, who has visited the country throughout, and has been himself in command. Armed with Gras guns and Russian guns, and with an abundant supply of cartridges, readily renewed by a very practical system of storehouses filled with food and firearms, scattered everywhere and kept up by the emperor, the Abyssinians, as good marksmen as the Boers, are at present safe among their mountains. While they remain united I look upon them as invincible.

I also have had occasion to observe the great power of resignation and patience under suffering common to these primitive men. One night a soldier who had retired with a loaded gun by his side made a sudden movement which sent off the gun. It was a Winchester of big caliber, charged with Dumdum bullets used in hunting large game. The moment the report sounded the whole camp was on the lookout. Presumably it was caused by a raid of thieves or the sudden appearance of a lion. In the semi-obscurity I put out my hand, and felt the man lying on the ground bathed in his own blood. The bullet had shot off his left thumb, and had fractured his right arm at the biceps. I was obliged to amputate, on the spot, this pulp. I had never seen an arm cut off nor a bone sawed away. Nevertheless, the binding of the arteries and the operation were performed in the dim lantern-light as best I knew how. Not only did the man not complain, but he seemed perfectly insensible to the pain. He recovered.

Another time I took care of a gold-miner whom negroes had attacked in the swamps. They had cut his brother to pieces, and the man himself they had left for dead, pierced through and through with lance-wounds. In this condition the poor wretch dragged himself along without food for two nights and a day over terrible mountain roads. When at last he fell supplicatingly at my feet he was a mere mass of mud, blood, and flies; yet he, even he, did not utter a murmur. He wanted life, and he lived.

When a people show such devotion to their native soil, such iron will in defending it against any attack from without, this soil must be good. And, in reality, Abyssinia is nothing more, on three sides of its mountain slopes, than a huge pile of alluvial earth. Modern scientists have proved that the richness of Egypt is due, not to the White Nile, which brings only running waters from the great lakes, but to the Blue Nile, to streams of the Abyssinian mountains, which for centuries have poured forth unchecked the wonderful mud whereby a whole desert is made fertile.

Now, this treasure of alluvium does not flow toward the north alone in the waters of the Blue Nile and its tributaries; it spreads in every direction over Abyssinia. In order to become one of the earth's jewels, Abyssinia awaits only the formation of great companies which will build dams and regulate the irrigation of these huge well-watered plains, that in appearance and chemical ingredients recall the "black lands" of southern Russia.

On the varied levels of the Abyssinian table-land everything may be cultivated in the way of luxurious products—rubber, coffee, cocoa, vanilla, spices, mulberry, etc. As a matter of fact, the combination of a tropical heat and an Alpine altitude, so to speak, produces in Abyssinia climatic conditions which are certainly unique. These different plateaus resemble nothing so much as a series of greenhouses placed one above the other—cold, temperate, and hot.

No matter what the altitude, the temperature is remarkably fixed. I was able to live in Abyssinia for six months, under a tent, at an average height of sixty-five hundred feet, without ever being inconvenienced by the cold. Wherever I went I met with vineyards and palm-trees, growing readily even at an altitude of eight thousand feet. It is true, also, that these unusual conditions have made Abyssinia an inexhaustible coffee-granary. The fact is now established that this precious plant is not only abundant in Abyssinia, but that it is native to this plateau. It was from the Abyssinian province of Kaffa that coffee, hitherto unknown, was first carried into Arabia. This gave it its name. Even nowadays the inhabitants of Kaffa do not take the trouble to cultivate the coffee-plant; they are satisfied to gather coffee wild under the trees—coffee-trees of a size so prodigious that the natives cut them down and out of the trunks make boards thick enough to build their houses. The quality of the aroma is so superior that the English decidedly prefer it to the true Arabian Mocha, or, to speak more literally, to all the Red Sea coffee which goes to Mocha and there receives a baptism of good origin.

As things now stand, all these products are raised by the Abyssinians only in proportion to their limited needs. They are spoiled by this land of unrivaled fertility,

which, in certain places, gives as many as four harvests a year. They ask of it merely the cotton necessary to roll themselves in gay-colored coverings, which, when they travel, protect them against the night chill. They sow just enough corn, wheat, durra, sorghum, and canary-seed to live on, and they leave the stretches of land that fire or continued occupation have devastated to grow wild as prairie-lands, which serve as pasture for quantities of goats and enormous sheep, whose wool becomes a long, shaggy coat, and especially for fine herds of cows and zebus with humps on their backs which are luscious eating.

The richness of the Abyssinian pasture-land is manifest also in the great number of wild animals living among the fields in the mountains. During a few months of hunting I brought down, with the aid of my men, over a hundred and fifty antelopes of every size and kind, zebras, ostriches, hippopotamuses, elephants, wild animals of all coats, leopards, hyenas, and lions; not to mention the varieties of birds renowned for their plumage or their good eating—egrets, guinea-fowl, marabouts, bustards, prairie-hens, etc. In one single day, near Mount Assaboth, in the Dankali land, I saw a herd of over three hundred elephants. The forest bowed under them; the air was clouded by the dust that rose as they passed. One can get an idea of the size of these African elephants from a characteristic detail: the Emperor Menelik, not long ago, sent as a present to the president of the French republic a pair of tusks that measured nearly ten feet in length. This wealth of ivory is one of Menelik's chief revenues. He demands the yearly supply of a certain number of elephants' tusks as tribute from his chief vassals, with one of whom, the Dedjaz Gabrezghuier, I stopped for over a month, while he was busied in getting together the wherewithal for his yearly tribute. From all sides his soldiers returned laden with the remains of elephants. At the same time he employed an army of twenty-five thousand men to wash the sand of the rivers which carry the gold down into the Wallaga valleys.

On this subject I may be allowed to maintain the silence demanded by the Negus. He has determined to develop the agricultural interests of his kingdom before the mining interests. He does not want his people to come in contact first with the scum of civilization, which flocks wherever the word "gold" is pronounced. He knows that the sight of these miscreants would incite his people to rebellion, and cause him to fail in his desire to awaken to modern civilization a country that slumbers in strangely archaic beliefs. These plans are too noble and too wise to be thwarted by a sincere friend of Abyssinia and of the Negus. Therefore I shall not abuse the confidence which I have been almost alone in obtaining.

It seems to me, however, useful that the United States should know this: the prospecting of the Wallaga holds in reserve for future gold-seekers surprises worthy of attracting the immediate interest of the United States in Abyssinia, for the building of railroads and for supplying proper machinery.

American manufactures have got a start in Abyssinia, and their first appearance on the market was met with brilliant success. The silver thalers with the head of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria or of the Emperor Menelik have only a limited circulation. The true coins are, on the one hand, salt, on the other, a peculiar cotton stuff called *aboudgidide*.

The salt is used in bars. It is collected in the dry bed of a lake near the shores of the Red Sea. Carried by mules or by men, it penetrates as far as the Sudan. There is not an Abyssinian to be found without a little ball of it in his pocket. On meeting a friend, they solemnly produce this treasure, and offer it as good people long ago used to offer snuff. Each one breaks off a bit of the precious article, and they both go on their way, bowing.

Aboudgidide is a cotton material imported from America. It has taken such hold on the market that even in the remotest west it is used as the most convenient means of exchange. This new rôle has completely upset the course of affairs. Aboudgidide is sold by the importer, one may say, with almost no profit at all. It is when he exchanges it for rubber, coffee, ivory, civet, and gold-dust that he realizes his profit. Even though aboudgidide should cease to be used as money, and become merely an article of exchange, it is a certain thing that the United States can hold the ground it has gained. To be convinced of this, it suffices to read, in the consular reports addressed yearly to the Foreign Office by the commercial agents of his Majesty the King of England, the complaints of English officials stationed in Somaliland, at Berbera, and at Zeila. They watch, powerless and sorrowful, the invasion of the Somali and Abyssinian market by American industry.

Personally I used a great deal of aboudgidide in making tents for my men, in arranging their clothes, and for general needs on the march or in camp. I can state from experience that the cotton material is soft and pliable, and that it wears extremely well. The Abyssinians, both men and women, make a sort of chemise of it, which they wear under their Byzantine toga bound in purple, the *chamma*. The men add to this attire a sort of Zouave trousers, full at the waist and close at the ankle. In case of a tear, they neither mend nor piece, but they hang the garment on the nearest tree by the roadside, so that some one poorer than they may get this rag, and then they come to their master with a pitiful expression on their faces. "You see—I serve you; I am naked." The result is always a distribution of aboudgidide. And the great piece of material is no sooner spread out on the earth than it melts away like snow in America; for here one can climb higher than the clouds without meeting any white on the mountain-tops.

The Abyssinian women would willingly change the simplicity of their costume for something more elaborate, but, as in all countries where the warrior holds the first place, they must resign themselves to seeing the men better dressed than they. It is the man who wears velvet and fine cloaks of black satin. It is for his horse that he puts aside the brilliant percales, with flowers or stripes, sent from France or from India. The Abyssinian woman of the people is well dressed only on condition that she has woven her own chamma, and secretly economized enough to have a border of silk embroidered by Greek or Arab needlewomen on her tunic, which falls open at the throat.

The women of the upper classes are more dainty. They never go about the town except on very valuable mules, accompanied by a number of soldiers. Their feet, very arched and slender, are covered with socks of brilliant colors, generally pale in tone. The emperor has set the fashion for such tints. The veils which envelop them are always white, and, if their position permits such luxury, they are made of the finest silk. A cape of black satin falls to the knees. It is lined with light-colored silk, lavender or pink. A felt hat with a broad brim covers the hair, arranged in a most beautiful fashion, which dates from Byzantium and the refinements of the Empress Theodora. Unfortunately for the passer-by, the face, often of great beauty, is covered, and one can scarcely perceive at a glance the brilliancy of the eyes.

This precaution is not inspired by the wish to appease, as in Mussulman countries, the husband's feelings. Abyssinian women do not pride themselves on being very faithful, and their respect for the conjugal tie is not unbounded. But they are superstitious. They are terribly afraid of the evil eye. They dread lest a look of envy cast on them as they pass should wither their beauty. The women who have never been good-looking, and those who have ceased to be so, practise this trying custom with more rigor than the pretty ones. Thus they awaken for themselves and for others a few moments of illusion.

In a country where the customs are so easy-going it is not possible that marriage should be very stable. The Abyssinians have found an admirable way of combining their religious scruples and human frailty. They have established two kinds of marriage. First, the marriage called "by communion." The priest administers holy communion to the husband and wife, who kneel before the altar. He breaks the sacred bread, and gives part of it to each. This marriage is indissoluble. Not even death breaks the tie. The widower or the widow may not remarry. The Abyssinians are very proud of this severity, but they almost never make use of it. The emperor himself wedded the Empress Taïtou only after long years of a much less ceremonious marriage. In this latter, by far the most common, it suffices to find the father of the fiancée, make a proposal, and deposit a dowry, which becomes the woman's in case of divorce. The father blesses the couple somewhat peremptorily, and the newly wedded go off to their own home, after a banquet at which both families are united. There are no further formalities, religious or civil.

When marriage is made as easy as this, one may conclude that divorce proceedings are still less complicated. The Queen Taïtou was married and divorced several times before she became empress. The daughters of the emperor, all the great ladies at court, and ordinary persons, are in a similar position with regard to marriage.

All judicial forms have the same simplicity. The Negus himself for important cases, his Afanegous ("Mouth of the Negus") for those of secondary consideration, his ras and his governors in the provinces, dispense justice publicly, as in the days of St. Louis. The witnesses are summoned, and the accused is cross-questioned before the

crowd. The emperor renders judgment, inspiring himself from a collection of national laws, the principles of which are Judaic—I mean that they are based upon the cruel law of retaliation. The first theft is punished with whipping, the second by the loss of the hand that has offended, and the third by the loss of the foot which ran to carry the thief away from punishment. In cases of murder the victim's parents claim the assassin after his sentence is pronounced. They deal him the same blow that he dealt, and the execution is performed immediately after the trial on the market-place. I was present at more than one. The details are sometimes of overwhelming cruelty. The emperor told me that he was grieved at the violence practised in the execution of murderers by the parents of their victims. He does all in his power to further the usage of a "blood-ransom," especially when the murder has been committed accidentally or in passion. He has even gone so far as to advance the murderer the sum necessary for his ransom. Whenever he can, he demands to judge the assassins himself. Then he hangs them high and quickly, without useless torturing. But he is uncompromising on the question of honesty, and sanctions the mutilation practised as punishment for theft.

"Why," he said to me on this subject, "could you wish me to build prisons, and let honest men wait upon criminals? When the amputation of a hand or a foot has healed, I let the criminals go on their way. They are henceforth reduced to living on public charity. The sight of them is a great example."

The result of this iron rule is in every case perfect. When one sets foot in Abyssinia, one is in absolute safety with regard to one's life and one's belongings. It is a safety more secure than that offered by well-trained police in no matter what civilized state of Europe or America. I was able to go to the other side of Wallaga, to cross Abyssinia from one end to the other, without once being robbed. Yet I traveled in lands that are still unsettled, and where, less than six years ago, one could not go with the certainty of coming out alive.

This swift transformation certainly does honor to the Emperor Menelik. Here is a touch which pays undoubted tribute to his nobility of soul:

Once he was called upon to judge one of his great vassals who had refused to obey. The man was taken to Addis Abeba, the emperor's seat of justice, and in the midst of an immense throng he knelt before his master, with a heavy stone balanced on the nape of his neck.

The emperor was greatly annoyed by this vassal, and he kept him in his humiliating position. Then, vying with one another, all the chiefs, officials, and courtiers began to accuse the culprit. They murmured that he had done not only what they reproached him with, but this and that. In a cowardly manner the accusations were multiplied and swelled into an outcry. Suddenly the Emperor Menelik made a gesture to command silence. He was greatly moved. Those who saw him say that he really appeared to them at that instant like the "Lion of Judah" bristling his mane.

He said to the kneeling rebel: "Come, throw off the stone; rise, and go on your way: for you are less guilty than those who wish to obtain judgment from an angry man."

Emperor Menelik gave the definite pledge of his esteem for Western civilization in renouncing with iron will the isolation wherein his predecessors had placed all their confidence. In 1882 he addressed to the president of the French republic a letter drawing up in these terms his plans of reform:

"I wish to open up, to make safe for science, commerce, and industry, the routes which lead from Shoa to the rich southern countries."

In order to attain such civilized ends, the emperor has given his faithful friends, M. Ilg and M. Chefneux, a grant for all the railroads which, starting from the French harbor of Jibuti, on the Indian Ocean, at the entrance of the Red Sea, must in time unite the rich provinces of the west, land of gold and coffee, with the shipping-dock where all the vessels of the world will touch. Already the first branch of this railroad, that which connects the harbor of Jibuti with the mountains of Harar, is almost finished; the deserts of Issa and Dankali have been traversed; and the greatest natural difficulties presented by the soil have been overcome.

(BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.)

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,
Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

XVI.

ME. VICAUD said nothing. She drew her hand from Damier's and sank again into the chair from which she had risen. Hope, ardor, and love, forever perhaps, were dead within her. She had hated her daughter, but under the hatred had been, always, the hidden flame, not, perhaps, of love, but of longing to love. She hated no longer, and the flame was quenched. Even in his nearness to her, Damier could not look with her at that slain longing. Walking away from her, he stood for a long time, gazing unseeingly over the garden, in silence. At last he turned and came to her. Her arm leaned on the table and her head upon her hand. With unutterable weariness she looked up at him.

"And now," she said, "you must go, my friend."

"Go?" Damier repeated.

Years of resolute endurance looked from her eyes; the weariness was not a wavering. Her face seemed sinking back into the abyss from which he had rescued it.

"Yes, you must go."

"And leave you with her!"

"And leave me with her," she assented monotonously.

"Never—never!"

She passed her hand over her brow, pressing her eyelids, as if in the effort to dispel her deep fatigue and find words with which to answer his harassing protest.

"Yet you must. I have the wonder, the treasure of your love for me. I will keep it always. I will never forgot you. But it is impossible, even the friendship, now. We must not drag what is dear to us in the mire. I could not keep you as my friend under her eyes. I must live with her, and for her; that is the only life possible for me. I made it for myself. Whatever her cruelty, whatever her baseness, I have only to remember that I am responsible for her, that I am her only chance. And after this her presence in my life makes yours wrong. She knows now that you are not a friend only, and as a husband you could not remain. Such a *ménage à trois* would be as detestable as it would be grotesque."

"She will marry!" cried Damier. "She must marry M. Daunay."

"I do not think that she will marry him; but if she does marry, I could not separate my life from hers, though then I could see you again, but as friend, as friend only."

Damier burst out into a smothered invective:

"And you think of sacrificing the rest of your life to that creature—who has no love for you—whom you cannot love! What can you do for her? You can never change or soften her."

He felt that the vehemence of his despair and rebellion dashed itself against a rocky inflexibility, although she still bent her head upon her hand with the same deep weariness, not looking at him, still spoke on with the same monotonous patience:

"I cannot call the fulfilling of the most rudimentary maternal duty a sacrifice. You forget that my youth is past, and that with it the time for sacrifices is past, too. I have no claims on life. Life, at my age and in my position, can only be a dedication. I can, perhaps, never soften or change her: but I can still protect her; I can still lend her the dignity, such as it is, of my home and my companionship. And I can pity her, most piteous creature—whose mother has no love for her."

"Ah, you do not love me!" cried Damier, and all his youth was in the cry. "You sacrifice *me* with such composure! You give yourself to have your life sucked out of you by this vampire shape of the past. And it is me you rob! It is my life you immolate, as well as your own! What of my claim on life—my claim on you? You have no conception of what you are to me, or you could not speak of shutting me out from you; you could not think of sending me away! You

could not speak so—think so—if you loved me!"

From her chair she now looked up at him, not with weariness, with a look curiously vivid and tender. "You speak like a boy," she said.

Damier flung himself on his knees beside her. "And you think that I can leave you when you can look at me like that—love me like that!"

"Because I do." She let him take her hands, and went on, almost smiling at him: "Because I love you like that, and because you love me like that, and because I am so much older than you—can't you feel it? how like a little boy—passionate, unruly in his grief—you seem to me! And because, in spite of my age and your boyishness, we do yet love each other so greatly that the very greatness of our love makes the question of our being together or apart really of not such significance."

"Of not such significance!" poor Damier cried. "I am to find you in heaven, then!"

"Probably." She did smile now, but he guessed that it was the brave smile she could summon over anguish. He guessed that her feeling of his boyishness was less apparent to her than her feeling of his power over her, his right to her. She might never yield to the power, never own to the right, but to guess that she felt them was assurance enough for the moment, and the pallor of the face that smiled at him was a reproach to him.

"No, no," he said; "I shall keep you there—and I shall keep you here, too. I will rescue you. I will find out the way. And I will leave you now and give you peace for a little while. You are terribly tired."

"Terribly," she assented. "It is kind and generous of you to go now."

"But my going is to be taken as no token of submission. I will return."

"To say good-by."

"So you say."

"So you will do." And she still smiled, all tenderness, all inflexibility.

"Never, never, never!" said Damier.

XVII.

DAMIER, for his own part, felt no need of peace. A passionate protestation, a passionate determination, filled him. At his hotel, as if in answer to vague plans and projects, the figure of M. Daunay, rising from a chair, confronted him. From M. Daunay's relief and alacrity he guessed that he had been waiting there for some time—ever since, he further guessed, his conversation with Claire.

"You have heard?" asked M. Daunay, and a host of questions looked from his eyes.

"That you have proposed to Mlle. Vicaud, yes; and that she has answered you, I fear, not favorably; yes, I have heard."

"You have seen her?"

"I was with her mother, speaking with her of it, when Claire came."

"I have intruded thus upon you," said M. Daunay, "in the faint hope that you might be able, after seeing her, to give me some encouragement, since from her I could elicit none. She was sullen, silent, reproached me for my haste. After all these years!" M. Daunay groaned, and dropped again into his chair, folding his arms and bowing his head in a despairing acquiescence to fate's cruelty. "After all these years!" he repeated.

Damier saw down a long vista of them, sunny with the encouraging smiles of the charming Claire.

"You have assured me," Daunay presently said, "that you were not the cause of this change in Claire."

It was a rather perplexing question, but Damier was able truthfully to answer it with: "I can again assure you that it is only through her relation with her mother that Claire interests me."

"And so she has assured me, again and again, and that all her affection was for me. And yet, now that I can claim her—now that I come, trusting and hoping, she turns from me; she mutters that I am too old, not rich enough. Ah, *mon Dieu!*"

Claire, clearly, Damier also saw, had never endangered her certain hold upon M. Daunay's usefulness by confessing to him her expectation of larger achievements. She would evade him, and hold him, as long as she had need of him.

Part of her anger to-day had, no doubt, been due to the fact that the sudden crisis had forced her into a decisive attitude toward him while yet uncertain that she could with safety give him up. Yet, indeed, she had been able to avoid absolute decisiveness—so M. Daunay's next words proved:

"She told me that all her affection was still mine, but owned to higher ambitions; she had never, she said, hidden from me that she was ambitious, and life now was opening new possibilities to her. Could affection and ambition be combined, had I a large fortune to gild my middle age and my

unimportance, she would at once marry me."

"She is utterly unworthy of you," said Damier.

At this a faint, ironic smile crossed the Frenchman's face. "Ah, *mon ami*," he said, "you need not tell me that. If I love Claire, do not imagine, as I told you last night, that I am blinded by my love. I love her *d'un amour fou*—and I recognize it. She possesses me; she can do what she will with me; I should forgive her anything. But I know that I am a captive—and to no noble captor."

"Just heavens!" Damier broke out, indifferent, in his indignant pity, to his own interests, "shake off this obsession—and her with it! Leave her; go away; do not see her again. What misery if you were to marry her!"

"What will you? I adore her!" His helplessness seemed final. He presently went on: "But I came to-day to ask for your help. You occupy a peculiar position toward Mme. Vicaud and her daughter; you have influence with them both. Use it in my favor, I beg of you. Intercede for me."

"Any influence I have shall, I promise you, be devoted to that purpose. I can hardly hope that your hopes will be realized; their realization could not be for your happiness. Pardon me, but have you never suspected that Claire is like her father—that she, too, is a miserable creature?"

For a long moment Daunay looked at him.

"She is like her father," he then said; "but have you never suspected, or, rather, do you not now see, that, because of that, my claim is all the stronger? What man not knowing it, marrying her in ignorance of it, would not repent? I should never repent. She is like him, if you will, but she is, irrevocably, the woman I love. More than that, she is the child I love; I have watched her grow up. From the beginning, she has been *ma petite Claire;* so she will be to the end—whatever that end may be."

M. Daunay spoke with a profound feeling, a profound sincerity that the emotional tremor of his voice, the emotional tears in his eyes, only made the more characteristic and touching to Damier. He got up and grasped the Frenchman's hand in silence.

A knock at the door broke upon this compact of sympathy; a garçon brought a card to Damier and said that the lady waited for him in the salon below. The card was Lady Surfex's, and on it was written:

Must see you at once, on most important matter concerning Mme. V.

"Wait for me here," Damier said to M. Daunay. "This may concern you as well as me."

He found Lady Surfex in the drearily gaudy salon, her face ominous of ill tidings.

"My dear Eustace," she said,—they were alone, yet her voice was discreetly low,—"a horrid thing has happened—or is going to. I thought it best to come to you at once. Claire Vicaud runs away to-night with Lord Epsil."

And, as he stared at her in stricken silence:

"I found it out by chance. I was at Mrs. Wallingham's. They were there—Mlle. Vicaud and Lord Epsil. I watched them, indeed, with some uneasiness, as they sat, with ostentatious retirement, in a dim corner. I saw them go out together. Do you know, Eustace, my distrust of that girl and of that man—in justice to her, I must say it—was so great that I really was on the point of following them—asking her to let me drive her home; but I hesitated, people I knew came in, I had to speak to them, and so some time went by. Then, about half an hour after they were gone, Mrs. Wallingham came to me and whispered that a maid—a discreet English person who was dispensing tea in the dining-room—had overheard Lord Epsil saying to Mlle. Vicaud that they would take the night train to Dinard, and that his yacht was there. The woman came at once to her mistress. And now, Eustace, what can be done to save *her?*" They both knew to whom the pronoun referred; a conventional saving of Claire had significance only in reference to her mother.

Damier was steadying his thoughts.

"The night train." He looked at his watch. "There is time," he said.

"For what, Eustace?"

"There is only one chance. One can't appeal to her heart, or conscience—or even, it seems, to her ambition; but one might to her greed—offer her some firmer, surer competence. I had thought of it dimly before. I could catch that Dinard train—go with them—find some opportunity for seeing her alone before they reach Dinard—or before they reach the yacht."

"But, Eustace,"—her helpless wonder reproached his baseless optimism,—"what *could* you do? You can't beard the man; she is of age—goes willingly. What a situation!"

"I could offer her half of my income for life, if she would consent to return with me, and to marry a man who is devoted to her—who, I think, would forgive anything."

"Eustace, it would leave you almost poor!"

"Not quite, since the half is large enough, I trust, to tempt her! The whole would not be too much to give to save *her* from this final blow."

"But can you—this man—will he?"

"He is up-stairs. I will see him, and start at once."

"And, Eustace—wait; can't we keep it from her—can't we think of some good lie?"

He had almost to smile at her intently thoughtful face.

"What possible lie can we think of? Claire will not come back to-night—she must know, sooner or later."

"But it is for to-night I want to spare her. Ah, I have it—no lie, either. I merely send a telegram, 'Claire may not return to-night: will explain to-morrow,' signed with my name; she will think Claire is passing the night with me; and then, you know, the girl may, at the last moment, decide not to go."

Damier had to yield to her eagerness. Up-stairs the words he had with Daunay were short, bitter, decisive. Averting his eyes from the unfortunate man's face, he put the case before him. He turned his back on him when he had spoken, went to the window, left him to an unobserved quaffing of the poisonous cup.

M. Daunay's first words showed that he had quaffed it bravely and that his reason still stood firm.

"She must be mad," he said; "it is not like her."

"No, it is not like her. And I may tell you that I suspect revenge to be in part her motive. She had a terrible quarrel with her mother this afternoon."

Damier turned now and faced him.

"And now, M. Daunay, are you willing to save her?"

"I am ready," the Frenchman said quietly; "with your help, I am ready to save her."

"I go at once, and with that assurance, then?"

"Yes; I am ready. Tell her that. Tell her, too, that if her mother will not receive her, she will find a home at my cousin's until our marriage can take place."

"Her mother will receive her," said Damier. "As you have forgiven, so she will forgive."

XVIII.

THE long, hot, rushing hours had passed, for Damier, in a sort of stupor, the anæsthesia of one fixed idea. In the stuffy railway-carriage, his eyes on the dark square of the open window, where one saw vaguely the starlit depths of a midsummer night, he thought, with the odd detachment of a crisis, of the past day: the sunny morning walk with Claire—green leaves, purple shadows, the afternoon's supreme moment—a deep pulse of wonder in his heart, hardly to be seen in images; Lady Surfex among the palms and monstrous gilded pottery of the hotel salon; M. Daunay's quiet, white face; the crowded Paris railway-station, and the glimpse he had caught in it of Claire and Lord Epsil. This most recent impression was also the most vivid, threw all the others into a blurred background where, with a new look of woe, only Mme. Vicaud's face glimmered clearly.

The enforced pause at the height of his resolution made both the past and the future half illusory. The present, with not its usual flashing impermanence, had, for hours, been the same, had stopped, as it were, at an instant of vigilant alertness, and held him in it rigidly. Until the object of that vigilance, that alertness, were attained, he could not look forward or make projects. The chance for seeing Claire alone could not come, probably, until Dinard was reached. There, in the hurry of arrival, he might snatch a word with her. It would only be necessary to speak the word, to put the alternative before her. Entreaty would be useless; all the argument possible was the chink of gold in two hands; all the hope, that his chink might be the louder.

Shortly after ten o'clock the train drew up in the Rennes station. Damier had let no such opportunity escape him, and he again stepped from his compartment and stood looking toward the part of the train where he knew were Claire and her cavalier. As he looked he saw the tall figure of the Englishman stroll across the platform to the refreshment-buffet. The light fell full on his long, smooth, pink face,—a papier-mâché pink,—on his long, high nose and whity-brown mustache. Damier darted forward. In an instant he was at the door, still ajar, of the compartment that Lord Epsil had just left. He saw, under the yellow glare of the lamp, a confusion of traveling-bags, rugs, bandboxes (Claire had evidently shopped), newspapers and magazines; a large box of bonbons lay on a seat, its contents half rifled, its papers strewing the floor; and, settled back in a corner, her shoulders huddled together in a graceful sleepiness, was Claire. A long silk travel-

ing-cloak fell over her white dress; the winged white hat of the morning was pushed a little to one side as her head leaned against the cushioned carriage; a drooping curve of loosened hair, shining in the light like molten brass, fell over her cheek and neck; her profile, half hidden, was at once petulant and relaxed with drowsiness.

Damier did not hesitate. He sprang into the carriage. Not touching the girl, he leaned over her. "Claire," he said.

In an instant she had started into erectness, staring stupefied, too stupefied for shame or anger.

"I have only a moment," said Damier, speaking with a clear-cut dryness of utterance. "If you will come back with me, and marry M. Daunay,—he knows all and will marry you,—half of my income is yours for life."

After the first stare she had blinked in opening her eyes to the light and to the sudden apparition; the eyes were now fixed widely on him; they looked like two deep, black holes.

"It is a bribe," she said.

"Call it so if you will."

"It shows your scorn for me."

"Comprehension of you, rather."

"And if I don't?"

"If you don't I will challenge this man—and fight him. I am an excellent fencer, an excellent shot."

She looked at him, half scoffing, yet half believing. "Englishmen don't fight duels."

"This one will."

"He might kill you."

"I might kill him; you would have to take the risk."

She shrugged her shoulders. "*Bien!* I understand, too. I will fulfil myself." She half rose, then sank again. "How much?" He mentioned the sum—not a small one. "Make it two thirds," said Claire, keeping her dilated eyes upon him with an effect of final and defiant revelation.

"Two thirds, then," he assented, in the steadied voice of one who does not dare hurry indecision. Yet, even now, she did not rise.

"One more condition, please. I do not see my mother again. Let us say, if you like, that I am ashamed to meet her."

"She has not been told—of this."

"Yes, she has," said Claire. "I wrote and told her." There was the satisfaction of achievement in the way she said it. "Oh, yes; she knows."

"Yet, even after that,—your vengeance, I suppose,—I hardly dare make the promise for her,—she can forgive—even this."

"Ah," and the hoarse note was in Claire's voice, "but I can't take forgiveness from her. I have left the world where such episodes as this need forgiveness. Tolerance is now all that I will endure—and she will never tolerate. No; I will not come with you; I will not return to M. Daunay and to respectability—unless you promise that I shall never see her again."

"I promise it, then, if it is the condition."

"You accept? *Bien!*" Claire sprang up, and ripping an illustration from a magazine, she scribbled on the blank back, "Have decided, after all, that I won't come," transfixed it with a hat-pin to the cushioned back of Lord Epsil's vacated seat, then, as rapidly, reached for two of the bandboxes, pulled them, rattling, from the racks, stooped and jerked a large pasteboard box from under a seat, and, encumbered as she already was, caught up from among the rugs and bags several smaller packages, dexterously holding them to her sides with her elbows.

Damier, who had stared, hardly comprehending, gripped her wrist. "Put them down."

She gazed round in sincere amazement; then, with quite a humorous laugh, dropped the booty. "I really forgot! No, it would n't be fair play, would it?—though, I confess, I should like to take a little vengeance; he has irritated me, been too complacent, too assured. This, too?" She touched the silk traveling-cloak. Damier, without speaking, stripped it off her; then, catching her by the arm, he almost dragged her from the carriage, for her feet stumbled among the dressing-cases and the abandoned boxes.

He found, as they almost ran along the dim platform across to the one opposite, and as he pushed her into a compartment of the Paris train that stood there, that she was laughing. The adventure of it, the excitement, Lord Epsil's discomfiture, appealed, evidently, to her sense of mirth.

There were other occupants of the carriage, and Damier was thankful for it. He did not want to talk to Claire. To reproach her would make him as ridiculous as beating a tin pan in the expectation of response other than a mocking cachinnation; not to reproach might seem to condone by comprehension. Yet, as she sank back into a corner, settled her shoulder in it, he saw that there was emotion under the laughter, that it was not only the tin-pan rattle. He

could interpret it as almost a regret—a regret for something against which she had always rebelled, from which she had now finally freed herself, a sudden realization that forever she had lost the standing upon which he had found her. Yet, over this trace of emotion and suffering, that, to Damier, was more piteous than anything he had yet seen in her, she smiled at him, with half-dropped lids. It was the look, with her a new one, of brazening a shame. Already her nature had retaliated upon the wrong she had done it by fixing in her face a more apparent ugliness of expression. She glanced round at the sleepy, respectable occupants of the carriage, their sleepiness, however, keeping an eye upon this startling young person in her white dress.

"Before we relapse into an irrevocable silence," she said, "let me inform you—it will complete your evil opinion of me—that I did n't really care about him; I cared for his caring about me—though at moments even that fatigued me, *il m'embêtait quelquefois;* but then, I was glad to be revenged."

"Upon whom? For what?"

"Upon you both—for making me feel that I was not of your world."

"We did not make you feel it, Claire."

For some moments they were silent, as the train moved slowly from the station, and then she said:

"Where will you take me?"

"To his cousin's, Mlle. Daunay's. I have arranged all with him."

A look, almost tremulous under its attempt at a light sneer, crossed her face.

"What forgiveness! *Il est un peu lâche, vous savez.*"

"Try, Claire, to deserve such touching *lâcheté.*"

Again Claire was, for some moments, silent; then, yawning slightly, yet, again his acuteness guessed, affectedly, she said, settling her shoulders more decisively in her corner:

"There is the more hope for my deserving it since now I am rich. You may make your mind easy about my future. I have got all that I ever really wanted." It was the new and brazen note over the new shame; but as he looked at the face that first pretended to sleep, and that eventually did sleep, was not the brass the curious, anomalous shield that nature put around something growing—around a soul that at last, with a faint, half-conscious thrill, felt upon it the awakening breath of suffering?

XIX.

THE morning was still fresh when Damier walked down the Rue B—— next day. Clear early sunlight fell upon the houses opposite Mme. Vicaud's, glittering on their upper windows, gilding their austerity; but the depths of the street were still cool and unshadowed.

The concierge was sweeping out the courtyard, and fixed on Damier a cogitating eye; his early visit and Claire's absence were, no doubt, to her vigilant curiosity, symptoms of something unusual. The cogitation, though mingled with relief, was repeated at the door above in Angélique's look. She was plainly glad to see him. Mme. Vicaud had sat up all night, she volunteered, quite as if accepting him as a member of the family, privileged to confidences; she thought that madame had hoped for mademoiselle's return, and she feared that the letter that had arrived from mademoiselle an hour before had much distressed madame. Perhaps M. Damier could persuade her to have some coffee; she had eaten no dinner the night before, nor breakfast this morning. Damier promised to persuade, and Angélique ushered him into the salon.

He had never before seen it flooded with sunlight,—for this was his first morning visit,—and the windows overlooking the garden faced a radiant sky. His eyes were dazzled, and the dark figure that rose to meet him seemed to waver in the light.

The calamity that had befallen her, at variance with the joyous setting in which he found her, showed in her white face—her eyes, still, as it were, astonished from the shock, dark with misery and a night of watching. On the table near which she had been sitting were a burnt-out candle, Lady Surfex's telegram of the night before, and a letter, opening its large displayal of vigorous handwriting to the revealing day: Claire's handwriting, Claire's letter of farewell. Damier took Mme. Vicaud's hands and looked at her; the astonishment of her eyes hurt him more than their dry misery: after all, then, she had been so unprepared.

"I know all," she said.

"Not all."

"She has left me—with that man; she has written to me."

"Not all," he repeated.

"Is there more? There cannot be worse."

"There is better. She is safe."

"Safe? Do you mean that she did not go?"

Her eyes, with their sudden leap of light, burned him.

"No; she did go. But I followed them; I brought her back."

"Back to me? She was frightened at what she had done?" she again asked, her eyes still burning, but more dimly, upon him. His eyes dropped before them; looking down at the wasted hands he held, he said:

"No, dearest, not to you—to M. Daunay. She is to marry him. She is with his cousin now."

Her vigil had evidently been tearless; even the arrival that morning of the fatal letter had not melted her frozen terror. But now, as she looked speechlessly at him, the long rise of a sob heaved her breast; her hands slid from his; she sank into a chair, and resting her crossed arms upon the table, she bent her head upon them and wept and shuddered. In the sunny stillness of the room the young man stood beside her. He felt an alien before this intimate, maternal anguish.

She did not weep for long. She presently sat upright, dried her eyes, and pushed back her hair, keeping her hand pressed tightly, for a moment, on her forehead, as if in an effort to regain her long habit of self-control; and as if to gain time, to hide the painful effort from him, she pointed to Claire's letter. "Read it," she said.

It was Claire's most callous, most ugly self; its passion of hatred and revenge hardly masked itself in the metallic tone of mockery. They were both well rid of her—her dear mama and her dear mama's suitor. They were far too good for her, and she justified them by showing them how far too bad she was for them. Pursuit and reproaches were useless. She feared that her dear mama's ermine robe of respectability must be permanently spotted by a daughter notoriously naughty—for she did not intend to hide her new situation. But perhaps the daughter could be lived down as the daughter's father had been. And on, and on—short phrases, lava-jets from the seething volcano of base vulgarity; Damier felt them burn his own cheek while he read.

Mme. Vicaud's eyes were on his when he raised them; but quickly looking away from him, she said: "It came this morning. Last night I could not understand that telegram; I could not believe that she would not return. I felt that something was being hidden from me; it was like battling in a stifling black air. And then—this came." He had laid the letter beside her, and she touched it with her finger, as if it had been a snake. "This—this end of all!"

"She is safe," Damier repeated rather helplessly.

"Safe!" the mother echoed. Leaning her head against the chair-back, she closed her eyes. Lovely and dignified even in her disgrace, nothing could smirch and nothing could abase her; she had never looked so noble as at this moment of dreadful defeat and overthrow. "And how have you saved her?" she asked. "What did M. Daunay have to offer—what did you have to offer—to bring her back—since it was not repentance? It was not repentance?"

"No; but I believe that she was glad to come. I—I dowered Claire," said Damier, after a momentary pause.

Mme. Vicaud, still keeping her eyes closed, was silent. He leaned over her and took her hand. "All that I have is yours. You dowered her, let us say."

"What do you mean by dowering her?" she asked.

"I have given her two thirds of my income for life."

Her hand in his was chill and passive; he felt in her the cold shudder of shame.

"Ah," he said, "from me—from me you do not resent such saving?"

"Resent?—from you?" she said gently. "No, no; it is of her I am thinking. No; you did well, very well to save her—if we may call it saving. You have washed the spots from my respectability. We both know the value of such washing; but it is best—best to have us all respectable,"—a bitter smile touched her lips,—"since it is that we prize so. And were there no other inducements?"

"There was a condition,"—he had to nerve himself to the speaking of it,—"that she did not see you again. She has, by her own wish, broken the bond between you. She has left your life."

Mme. Vicaud clenched her hands, and her chin trembled.

"Yet, let me tell you," he said, "I believe that there is more hope for Claire so left in the evil and abasement she has made about herself than if she were to have remained with you; all the forces of her nature were engaged in resistance, or in a pretended submission that bided its time. Now she must do battle with the world on a level where life will teach her lessons she can understand. She has severed herself completely from you—she has completely fulfilled herself. Some new blossoming may follow; who knows?"

"But no blossoming for me. I shall not see it," said Mme. Vicaud. "My life has been useless."

Useless? He wondered over her past, her long efforts, this wreck. Could goodness, however clear-sighted, however divine in its comprehension and pity, prevent evil from working itself out, fulfilling itself? Was not its working out perhaps its salvation?

"How can you tell?" he said. "You have done your work for her."

"I have done nothing for her. Everything has failed." Still, with closed eyes, she leaned her head against the chair, and slow tears fell down her cheeks.

"You have fulfilled yourself toward her; that is not failure. You have fought your fight. Surely it is the fighting, and not its result, that makes success. And can you say that everything has failed—when you still have me to live for? Claire has gone out of your life. She has shut the door on you. She has left you, and—oh, dearest, dearest, she has left you to me!"

He stood before her, looking at her with faithful eyes. His love for her made no menace to her grief; it did not jar upon her sorrow; rather it was with her in it all, it could not be separated from it—as he could not be separated from any part of her life.

"You are alone now," he said, "and I am alone."

"No,"—she put her hand out to him,—"no; we are not alone."

"Then—" The air was golden, and in the open window white flowers, set there, dazzled against the sky. This day of sunlight and disaster must symbolize the past and the future, as her eyes, with their silent, solemn assent, her face, so sweet and so sorrowful. She rose; he drew her toward him. But then, as though another consecration than embrace and kiss were needed for this strange betrothal, she walked with him, holding his hand, to the window, where the white flowers dazzled in the sun. She looked at the flowers, at the trees, at the splendid serenity of the morning sky, softly breathing the clear, radiant air—as though in "a peace out of pain."

"We will go away," said Damier, who looked at her; and, despite his sorrowing for her, the day seemed to him full of wings and music. "I do not want to see Paris again, do you? And this will be our last memory of it—these flowers, this garden, this sky, that we look at together. We will think of it so, without pain almost, in a new, new life."

"A new life," she repeated gently and vaguely. Lifting his hand, she kissed it. "You have rescued me from the old one. You are my angel of resurrection," she said.

Yet that the future was dim to her, except through his faith in it, that, indeed, it could never become an unshadowed brightness, he knew, as, leaning against him, needing protection from her bitter thoughts, she murmured in the anguish of her desolate and bereaved motherhood: "Oh—but my child!"

A HARD ROAD TO ANDY COGGINS.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,
Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

THE naked statues stared at us along the hall, each one as if to say, "What the divil is two common men doing in this private palace, anyway?" But they did n't faze me, for I knew all about 'em from a newspaper clipping which by chance I had in me pocket; and says I to Clarence O'Shay:

"Do ye know the carpet you 're standing on cost thirty-five dollars a yard?"

"The saints!" says Clarence, stepping off of it.

"Do ye know the mosaic floor you 're standing on now cost thirty-five dollars a foot?" says I.

"The divil himself!" says Clarence, stepping back on the carpet.

"And the man that owns it all is worth twenty-eight millions in gold," says I.

Clarence's eyes bulged out like little blue beads on a golliwog.

"Could he come by as much as that honest?" says he.

"Sure," says I. "For the stealing was done by his ancestors; and his mother that rich by continual marriage and divorce that she never carried the same handkerchief twice, but put it away in a drawer."

The suspicious eye of the lackey in the white shirt and swallowtail come back down the marble stairs and shrugged his nose at us.

"No one in this house knows anything about you two," says he, laying hold of the door.

"Did n't the gentleman tell us to come here," says Clarence, "and did n't he give us his pasteboard?"

"Oh, maybe he did," says the lackey, "and then, again, maybe you picked up his card in the street." And with that he opened the door to the night and let in a breath of the fog; and me and Clarence fingered our caps with rage.

"Hold on, William!" commands a voice in patent-leather shoes, running down the stairs, all pink with haste. "You are the two men which Mr. Wallace said he would hunt up for me; and you 're just in the nick of time."

"Yes, sir," says I. "The gentleman told us you 'd pay us ten dollars and a pleasant evening—"

"And a hot dinner, which we ain't had any," says Clarence.

"Yes, sir," says I. "But what the gentleman wanted us to do for you in return he did n't have time to describe, but told us to run—"

"And you 're just in the nick of time," says the absent-minded Poet, which we saw he was from his overgrowed hair and the fiddling of his hands. "I do hope you understand we want the real thing," says he, "as far as possible."

"We have no idea what you want us to do," says I, inviting his explanations.

"They are made of wood," says the Poet, musing to himself, while me and Clarence looked questions at each other; "but they will sound all right, I think," says the Poet. "And what I want especial to say—oh, there goes the music! Come on!"

And in the gasp of his own breath he galloped up the polished stairs, with me and Clarence chasing his paper dancing-pumps like four cobblestones—past long corridors, and lady's-maids, and boys in buttons, as many as a dream, every one staring at us like the flight of strange birds, and we all the time guessing as to what he wanted us for and what it was that was made of wood. Till the Poet burst through a door, and we after him; and all of a sudden here was me and Clarence in Newport, behind the scenes of a private theatricals, up to our chins in society. 'T was such a swarm of the wives, daughters, sons, maid-servants, and man-lackeys of millionaires, all running this way and that, and smelling of cut flowers and violet-water, and jingling with jewelry and glittering with clothes, that me and Clarence

"LIKE THE FLIGHT OF STRANGE BIRDS."

was nigh overcome with the altitude of it, and would have liked to crawl off in the dark like two mongrel pups at a dog-show.

The Poet had burrowed himself in the crowd; but here comes William, and says I, smiling kind: "Will you please ask the gentleman what is it that 's made of wood?" And says William: "No, I will not!"

We said to ourselves had he fetched us to play on something of wood, like the castanets or the violin, for which we had none of the gift? And we begun to feel as foolish as two plumbers called in on the run to a case of nose-bleed. And, besides, the Poet would seem to have clean forgot of us, and the stares of the women kept pinning us close to the wall, like two foreign insecks. Till Clarence, that had his appetite all spread for the hot dinner that no one would bring us, and could not keep his morals upright without ballast of food, begun to take hard of the passage of time, and says he:

"Come away from this foolish place, and let 's keep on to Andy Coggins' and get a plate of beans."

And, to sweeten your temper, comes William and boosted us off of the stage, and says did we think was the cream of society aching to witness our beauty?

"Oh, yes," says Clarence to me, in a burst. "Get off the stage, and get off the earth—that 's the way it is with them swells. This place may be all right," says he, loud enough for every one; "but I 'm going down to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans."

And the women all opened their mouths to each other like dying fish, till me face tanned with shame. But a friend of the Poet says he:

"I 'm glad you 've come; for we could n't have had the play without you. I suppose you 've tried 'em on?"

"Tried on what?" says I. "What is it we 're wanted to do?"

And he put his finger to his mouth and pointed to the curtain; and up it went, with me and Clarence stranded in the wings, and no more intelligent than when we entered the house.

We see a background of good-looking maidens all setting in the woods; and one that I will say was as handsome as ever need be, she was the main consideration of the play. And says she, all speaking in rhymes and fine simile and such high-sounding language as no poor girl could afford, the gist of the following:

"I 'm a most misfortunate young person from down here at Tholwick-in-the-Glen. And though I do look as if I was up too early this morning, me character is beyond approach. For the fact is," says she, breaking into tears, "just now when the sun was not yet gilding rosy on the mountain-tops, some one waked up me father—waked him up before he was out of his bed, and killed him with the cruel end of a stick. And me, poor romantic bird, I 'm out looking for me uncle, that was reputed to be hunting the wild boar this morning—or else," says she, throwing both eyes on the floor, "some handsome young knight that would love me for meself alone. But," says she, blubbering again (and Clarence was deep affected), "no one appears to like me style, and the best thing I 'd do is to crawl in some hole and die, like a tired dove!"

But on jumps the Hero, a strapping young foot-ball kicker from Harvard, shining in his armor like a brass tea-pot.

"What—a lovely young thing like you!" says he. "Why, when you walk in the garden the lilies turn green, and a bee stopped for some time at your lips, I hear, thinking your words was honey. Show me him that slew your parent, and I 'll write his name in the skies of evil fame," says he, "for I 'm Sir Hothryn; and to-night, sweet Yvernelle, you and me will be married with the end of the candles that buried the old man."

"Never!" says the Villain, breaking through the door of his castle and landing between 'em. "Young man," says he, "you promised your hand in marriage to me daughter Thuthelred. Leave this stray virgin alone, and go into the house and make love to Thuthelred, ye forgetful beggar, or else meet trouble. For I 'm a bad man, and

suspected of killing not only Yvernelle's father, but yours, too."

"Then, bedad!" says the Hero, "I consider meself justified in keeping me word of honor to the fair Yvernelle. Look," says he, pointing up at another young woman that stepped on the stage and got lost in the flare of the Heroine's beauty, "observe the approach of the villainous Thuthelred. That woman is swearing to keep you and me apart; but, on me soul," says the Hero, "I swear that you, Yvernelle, are a better-looking girl than this Thuthelred."

"What," says the Villain, "her prettier than my Thuthelred? A slap in the face of me honor!"

And with that the orchestra struck up with chords of disharmony, and the Villain cut a round hole with his sword in the air, and jumped through it to get at the Hero, that had come off with nothing but a dirk; and the only thing that saved the Hero's life was the coming down of the curtain.

"And never a hiss!" says Clarence, waving his hand in disgust at the stage. "They can sit and hear of a young girl's father treated like that, and they never give vent to a word of objection—a fine creature like that," says he, "and pretty as ever was made! And that *Hero* was no good; for why did n't he pick up a cobble and make an end of that man with the sword? I 've always heard ill of the aristocracy," says he, all vacant with hunger, "and now I believe it; and in such a place where doings like that is received with applause I will not remain!"

"And you two stopping here all this time!" says the Poet, red with exasperation. "How in the world do you know if they 'll fit?"

"What fit? Fit what?" says I.

"Look here, mister," says Clarence; "I don't know what it is that I don't know whether it fits, and I don't know what it is that is made of wood; but whatever it is, I can neither play on it, eat it, nor spend it for beer; and this place is all crazy, and I 'm going down to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans."

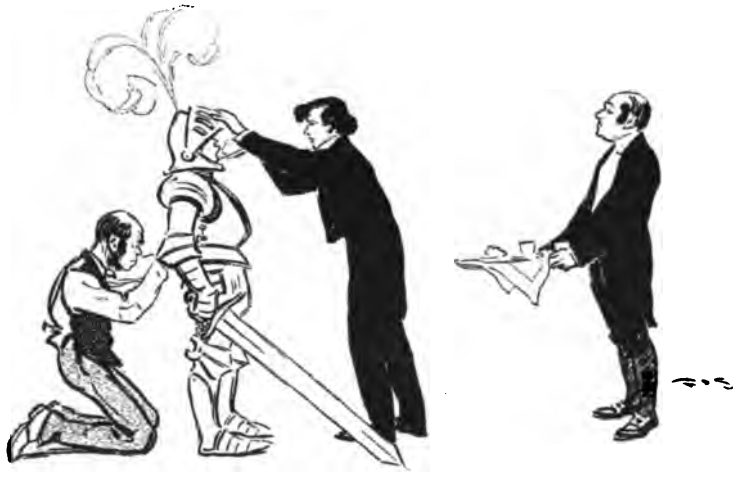
"No, no — hold him!" says the Poet. "What will me play be without the fight? Could n't ye see that from reading the book?" says he, answering several questions from millionaires in the same breath.

"What book? What fight?" says we.

"Oh, 't is most extraordinary if ye have n't understood," says he, with impatience, brushing every one else aside and dragging us into a room. "Here 's the two suits of armor," says he, "and why don't you get into 'em? And here 's your wooden swords. And there 's half a bowl of punch. And what I want you to do is precisely this. Just a minute," says he; and a lady's-maid hauled him away.

Clarence got that amused by the punch that he let me fit him into his sheet-iron vest, with the arms and legs of a lobster.

"'T is the liquor of the aristocracy," says he, with his head in the bowl; "and I 'm wondering how long before I 'll arrive at some opinion of it." And he grew that tame I could put the sheet-iron head on him, with the face that opened and shut; and then, when he had absorbed the dregs of the punch, he gave the ghost of a smile. But when I stood him up complete and creaking in the rivets, he begun to complain of the ancients for fighting in such foolish clothes, and I knew he was running down again, and had arrived at no opinion of his liquor at all.



"THE POET OPENS CLARENCE'S HELMET AND PASSES IT IN TO HIM."

"Them spider-legs of yours is the most awkward I ever see," says he, watching me try with the armor, and him all at outs with creation.

"Them ancients was all dwarfs," says I,

sharing his humor; "and this tin trousers is a total misfit."

"That 's right," says he; "say I 'm a dwarf. And you get me all jailed inside of this crazy invention, and then you call it all off! The whole place is misfits," says he, jumping up,

"CHAINED . . . TO THE SAME TREE."

all maudlin with famine. "The liquor is weak as pap. And that Angora Poet ignores me, and that William de Stiffneck insults me. And never a taste of food, though ye hint as loud as a parrot in its cage. And I 'm going to take this tin foolishness off me back," says he, fiddling violent with the armor, "and I 'm going down to Andy Coggins' to get—what 's the matter of it?" says he, wrestling with his iron gloves and trying to find his hands and feel for the buckles of his breastplate. "How do I get out of this?" says he, raising his voice beyond all decency. "Do I back up ag'in' the wall and break the shell of it like a flea? Le' me out of here!" says he, growing frantic. He dashed himself ag'in' the wall, and caromed off, jingling like a tinsmith. "Unscrew me head off of this!" he commands, pulling at his helmet. "Ye 'll not, then, will ye?" says he. And with that he took up a chair and hit himself that hard in the helmet that it knocked him down on the floor.

"What 's the matter here?" says the Poet, breaking through the door.

"It 's beans—beans!" shouts Clarence, gesticulating with his legs like a beetle on its back. "I 'm on me way to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans!"

"Maybe the smell of food would revive him," says I, withholding me sarcasm.

"Here!" says the Poet, snatching a strange pastry from William's tray. 'T was a bit of cream paste hit up with a stick till it looked like the froth on a beer, and rolled inside of a cooky the thick of a post-card; and the Poet opens Clarence's helmet and passes it in to him.

"What 's this?" says Clarence.

"'T is food," says the Poet.

"Food?" says Clarence, with a gulp. "Ye call that food! I open me mouth for a hot repast, and, bedad! ye give me a half-gust of wind beat up with an egg! Take this Poet away," says Clarence; "take him away, or I 'll do meself harm with me feelings."

Then me and the Poet took consultation, and I come back to Clarence.

"There 's supper waiting at the end of the play," says I. "And the man ye 're to duel with will be that William the lackey, that says he was once in the cavalry; for I 'm too big for the armor, and William is just your size. And the Poet says that the cause of the fight will be your trying to save this beautiful Yvernelle from the hands of that Villain and William."

"For her?" says Clarence, jumping up. "And ag'in' that William? Why did n't ye say that before? Come right along and give me the cue. Look at that, now," he whispers, pointing to the Villain, that was dragging the fine young lady by a chain to a tree. "People turn out for to see a poor girl maltreated like that! Yes, yes, I know 't is only a play; but where 's the fun of it, and her face as sweet as the Countess of Cork? What does this William say to that?" says Clarence, all loose in the tongue with excitement; "and what do I say to him back?"

"Whist!" says I. "The Poet has give me the book of the play, and I 'm finding your place."

"O cruel foe," says the poor girl, praying to the Villain, "here 's me father slain at sunrise, me mother poisoned while saying the morning prayers, and now you stole me safeguard, me magic ruby, while I was washing me face at yonder purling brook. Heaven will get even with you for this!" says she.

"Me innocent dove," says the Villain, "let 's turn over a new leaf and forget that 't was me that slew your father and mother!"

And here in the wings, with his wooden sword, stood the proud lackey William, iron-sheathed from the middle to his ends, and

ready to back the Villain for any blackguard trick that might be, with Clarence's hair bristling at the sight of him.

"'T is a tragedy," I whispers to Clarence. "You are the noble friend of Sir Hothryn the Hero; and the Poet says, above all things, fight strong, and not weak."

"Yes, yes," says Clarence, "strong, and not weak. And a fine-looking head she has, and elegant feet," says he, expanding with pleasure. "And poor William! What will I do with his comic remains when I have him out of his shell?"

"Whist! I 've not arrived at the killing," says I, blowing at the pages.

"Poor William!" says Clarence, with a chuckle. A heavenly smile was bathing him head to foot; and he dropped the vizard of his helmet to hide his expectations. "Bedad! I will make you an entertainment of that William!" says he, tickling himself with the words. "Bedad! I will make a climax of him!"

"Clarence!" says I, all jutting with perspiration.

"What, dear?" says he.

The words stuck in me throat. How could I break to him what I had read?

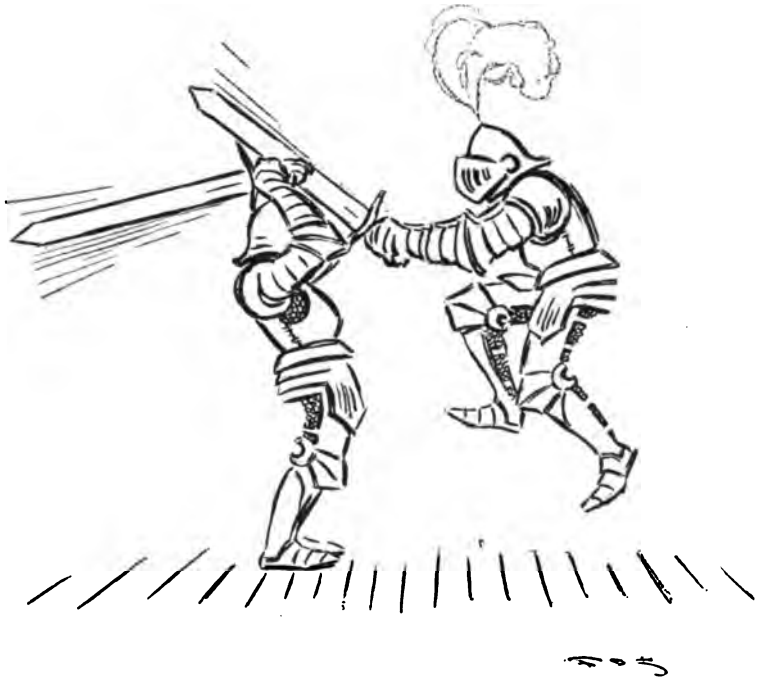
"Clarence dear," says I, "it says in this book of instructions that the end of the fight—the end of the fight—" and here I broke down.

"Yes, yes," says Clarence, all beaming with light through the holes in his armored face. "Do I dig a hole with me sword and bury him?"

"According to the book," says I, swallowing me heart, "the end of the fight is a tragedy. And Sir Hothryn does n't rescue the young lady at all, but gets killed. And the killing is done by William; and just before that—why, William is required to kill Sir Gathred; and Sir Gathred—that 's you!"

'T was as though I had stepped on me pet canary in the middle of its song. From that moment from his helmet, that had grown as light-hearted as a baby, exuded never a sigh nor a sign. "Did n't ye understand?" says I, tapping his iron shoulder. But his whole suit of armor hung like an empty one in the Tower of London. I opened his face and looked inside of him. There he was; but his mouth was as tight as a clam, and I could n't catch his eye. I made a circle of him: but when I looked here, his eye traveled there; and when I looked there, his eye traveled here. And I bit me lips like the taste of a funeral psalm, and mopped great drops of fear and doubt from me brow with the back of me hand.

For Yvernelle, besides, was pulling us all by the nerves. Ye 'd thought 't was true she was stolen away from her lover, and had no hope and no friends; and such was the melancholy of her voice and the clank of her chains that ten little misses in the front row all blew their nose and would not look sidewise.



"FUMING AND CLASHING LIKE WILD IRON HORNETS."

"Clarence dear," says I, walking on eggs, "'t is a bit misfortunate, sure; but you would n't think of refusing to die, since 't is meant so in the Poet's book, of course?"

He snapped down his vizard and closed himself in in the dark; and all me answer was a blood-curdling moan from Miss Yver-

nelle; for the Villain had just tried to pat her hand, and the end was approaching.

"Clarence dear, could n't ye speak?" says I. His eyes was set across the stage like diamonds, glittering on the opposite William.

At that moment the Hero shinned over the castle wall and stepped on the Villain's toe and called him a hideous mask. The two rushed off fighting in the wings, with the orchestra doing shivers on the minor strings, and Yvernelle stitching back and forth, all stewing with tenter-hooks, till back comes the Villain with a groan.

"Hothryn has cut off both me thumbs!" wails the Villain, falling down. "Arrest him for carrying a magic sword!" And on struggles the Hero, and gets chained by three farmers to the same tree with Yvernelle.

"'T is the end, at last," says she, breaking down.

"Clarence," says I, "'t is your turn soon. You *will* have reason—and let William kill you comfortable?"

But he stood as silent as his picture.

"Farewell, Hothryn," says the Villain. "You was a brave young knight; but you got tangled in another man's rope, and I 'll have you executed at once, on charge of heresy. Summon Sir Tancred!"

And on drops William, like a bantam from the hand. Clarence gave motions of life. I listened outside of him, and me thermometer fell within me; for I heard him getting up steam.

"Farewell, me love, then," says Yvernelle, between her tears. "I 'll make a funeral of meself as soon as you are dead."

"Hold!" says Hothryn. "I 've just heard the horn of me faithful friend Sir Gathred. Art thou a man, Sir Tancred? Wilt fight Sir Gathred?"

"I will!" says William, as stern as turning away peddlers from the door. He began stamping his foot and cutting out fancy silhouettes with his sword. I laid me hand on Clarence like a boiler planning to burst.

"O'Shay darling—for good manners' sake!" says I.

"Hasten, Sir Gathred!" commands Hothryn, tipping us the wink. "On you hangs all my sun and stars!"

Then I shut me eyes like jumping off a cliff in a dream; and Clarence give a leap and exploded in the middle of the stage.

When I looked up I knew that the worst had begun. The audience had risen in their seats. The Hero and Yvernelle stood frozen together with astonished hands, the Poet gesticulating with a face like quinine, and the servants all pallid with fear. And in the center of it whirled William as Tancred and Clarence as Gathred, fuming and clashing like wild iron hornets, with the orchestra crashing and blaring like mad. They squared off one second for breath; then they collided together like two evil angels; and William fell down with the magnitude of a chandelier, and arose again, and fled, bedad! like a hairless dog, leaving pieces of himself behind him, and calling out to be saved, with Clarence pursuing him like the wild Juggernaut, till they both got drowned in the cellar, by the roar of the audience and the shrieks of the servant-maids.

The Hero and Yvernelle looked at each other all mouthless. How was he going to die, with no one to kill him? Or she to poison herself without reason?

"Go on with the words—*do* something—die—die!" shouts the Poet, in a whisper from the wings.

But the words would have sounded too foolish, with Clarence and William still passing away like a thunder-storm in the cellar. The eye of the beholders went sudden to the Villain, that had laid still with his wounds, and had watched the fight with his back to the footlights. He was writhing and red in the face beyond control, that irreverent he was, and laughing at the cruel mess that O'Shay had made of the play.

"For Heaven's sake! can't somebody do something?" calls the Poet, his voice half tears, and the audience wondering what was the hitch.

"All right," says the Villain, shaking like jelly. He rolled over to the audience. "Alas!" says he, with a frightful face, holding up his two decapitated thumbs, "me wounds have proved fatal! Hothryn and Yvernelle, join hands for the dance of life!" he shouts. "For 't is evident," he says, with a grin that near split his face in twain, "that the Fates never intended ye should perish. I 'm dying," says he, with a horrible smile, "and well I 'm paid for this day's work. Now, ye wooden image," says he, rolling over to the man at the rope, "come down with your curtain!"

And down it went, to a tumult stupendous. Clarence come up from the cellar alone.

"You ignorant fool!" squeaks the Poet, with rage. "You, with your beastly knockabout—you, with your low-lived horseplay—"

But in burst the door and a mob of millionaires.

"Hurrah!" says they. "Girls all sobbing in every direction, and that surprise—that blood-stirring combat at the end—when ye had us all worked up believing 't would turn out a tragedy! Masterly!" says they. "The finest thing in the language! And let 's have something to eat."

I found a short cut across the lawn to that door where William had insulted us. There, in the mist and electric light, was Clarence, coming down the steps in all his armor, shining like *Hamlet's* father.

"Where the divil ye going?" says I.

"Have no conversation with me," says he, waving his wooden sword, "and keep company with yourself. I 'm on me way to Andy Coggins' to get a plate of beans."

Then he swallowed himself in the fog; and I heard the howl of a dog that ran off with its tail at half-mast.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.[1]

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

FOR this, the burning winds and biting rain
Were powerless against him, and the spite
Of the coiled snake, ay watchful on the plain,
Was foiled; for this, the young West's wholesome might

Entered his veins; for this, the stifling ring
Of evil in the civic life was snapped.
Harmless the wiles of each envenomed thing,
Freely he passed where other men were trapped.

O maker of To-morrow, by those pains
Endured to reach the round world's noblest seat,
By the ideals that led you on, and trained
Your will to dominance, by all the sweet

Returns of love which on just rulers wait,
Give us such new and kindly days that none
Shall linger at the ruined bars of hate,
And misconception's work shall be undone.

Aye, give us Yesterday; but on it raise
A greater nation than the old day knew;
Thus men who dreamed of this shall stand at gaze
In wondering awe to find that high dream true.

[1] See "The New President: A Prayer," THE CENTURY for November, 1901.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

HAD Henley died, his course half run—
Had Henley died, and Stevenson
Been left on earth, of him to write,
He would have chosen to indite
His name in generous phrase—or none.

No envious humor, cold and dun,
Had marred the vesture he had spun,
All luminous, to clothe his knight—
Had Henley died!

Ah, well! at rest—poor Stevenson!—
Safe in our hearts his place is won.
There love shall still his love requite:
His faults divinely veiled from sight,
Whose tears had fallen in benison,
Had Henley died!

THE PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

WITH the steady expansion and increasing complexity of the American university, the problem of finding a man fitted to preside over it is becoming more and more difficult. Local pride demands that he shall be an alumnus of the institution. He must have executive ability in a high degree, and he must have, also, an intuitive knowledge of human nature, which will enable him to guide without friction the work of eminent specialists in almost every department of science and art. He must be young enough to be energetic and progressive, and he must be old enough to be conservative and sure of himself. He must be pleasant in address and accomplished in speech, that he may be a satisfactory representative of the university before the public at large. He needs not only robust common sense, but also a keen sense of humor, which will enable him to see things in their proper proportion. He must have tact and judgment, and the faculty of inspiring confidence in the community, so that he may win friends for the institution, and attract to it the large gifts now more needful than ever. If not absolutely a scholar himself, in the narrower meaning of the word, he ought to be a man of high culture, in thorough sympathy with the loftiest aims of scholarship. And, finally, if possible, he should be also an educational expert, having thought out his own opinions upon the vexed questions which beset the training of youth in the United States to-day.

These qualifications are so many and so various that only rarely can a university hope to secure a president who possesses even a majority of them. It is the singular good fortune of Columbia University that it has been able to find them all united in the man whom the trustees have

now elected to the presidency, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. A graduate of Columbia, having in his college days distinguished himself as a student, and also taken part in the manifold undergraduate activities of the time, Dr. Butler attended the universities of Berlin and Paris, although it was from his alma mater that he finally took his degree of doctor of philosophy. Appointed an assistant in philosophy in 1885, he became the head of the department in 1890, being then only twenty-eight years of age.

He had begun early to pay special attention to education, to its history, its theories, and its practice, having been urged thereto by President Barnard, who was a man of marked originality, far in advance of his time, and who was then laying the foundation for much of the expansion of Columbia which became possible under President Seth Low. In one vacation Dr. Butler taught in an ungraded country school, gaining invaluable experience. Later, for eight years, he served as chairman of the committee on education of the New Jersey State Board of Education. At Columbia he was instrumental in having education accepted as a proper subject for university instruction at a time when it had not been attempted anywhere else, even in Germany, where there were only casual lectures on the subject by one or another of the professors of philosophy. At Columbia Dr. Butler's courses on education were so solidly established that the title of his chair was changed at his request, and he became, in 1895, professor of philosophy and education. In this change he had been guided by the advice of Professor Paulsen, who had warned him never to allow education to be divorced from philosophy, lest it sink to a mere imparting of pedagogic devices, to a sterile collecting of the tricks of the teacher's craft. His success in showing that education was a subject capable of being taught in a university aroused wide-spread interest in other institutions; and the example at Columbia has been followed at several of the leading American universities where there are now professorships of education.

Having set about the scientific study of education at Columbia, Professor Butler saw the need also of practical training, and, with this end in view, he was able to bring about, in 1887, the establishment of Teachers College, of which he was the first president. He also founded, in 1890, the "Educational Review," of which he is still the editor, and which has been of inestimable service in raising the educational standards of the United States. Two series of books are also the result of his editorial activity, one devoted to the lives of the "Great Educators," and the other entitled the "Teacher's Professional Library." His own views upon certain of the most important educational problems were published, in 1898, in "The Meaning of Education," a book which has gone through several editions, and which has already been translated into French and German, Russian and Italian. In 1900 he edited two volumes of monographs on "Education in the United States," which were sent by the national government to the Paris Exposition as part of its exhibit. For this and his other services to the cause of education, Dr. Butler was awarded three gold medals.

What is known at Harvard and at Yale as the Graduate School is now divided at Columbia into three distinct groups, the School of Political Science, the School of Pure Science, and the School of Philosophy, each in charge of its own faculty. The School of Political Science, the first to be organized, was modeled upon the Paris École Libre des Sciences Politiques, and it served, in turn, as the model of the London School of Economics. It publishes the invaluable "Political Science Quarterly," and it is perhaps the subdivision of Columbia best known abroad, and especially beyond the confines of the English language. The second to be set up was the School of Philosophy, which has control of all graduate studies, not only in philosophy and education, but also in ethics and psychology, in classical philology, in Oriental studies, and in modern languages and literatures. Dr. Butler served as the dean of the School of Philosophy from its formal organization in 1890 to his recent promotion to the presidency of the university, and to his skill and zeal is due much of its extraordinary development. He saw clearly that even if it was a disadvantage to Columbia, as a college for undergraduates, that it was surrounded by a great city, its metropolitan situation was, on the other hand, an advantage to Columbia as a university attended by graduate students, who could have at their disposal facilities for research and observation, in libraries, museums, and galleries, in theaters, law courts, and hospitals, that were wholly beyond the reach of those who are attending institutions established in small towns. With Dr. Butler as its dean, the School of Philosophy at Columbia has been steadily extend-

ing its instruction and attracting more and more students, until there are now at least as many graduates in attendance there as are to be found taking advanced studies at any other American university.

While engaged at Columbia in guiding the School of Philosophy, in establishing education as a university subject, and, later, in directing the summer session first attempted in 1900, Dr. Butler was also taking a prominent part in the educational activities not only of New York, but of the United States. The new school law of the metropolis, now firmly embedded in the revised charter, is largely the result of his efforts; and to his advice and aid is due a part of the instant success of the new high schools which are now an honor to New York. He has long been one of the most influential members of the National Educational Association, of which he was the president in 1895; and he is one of the half-dozen men who deserve the credit for the educational awakening of the last decade throughout the United States. He it was who suggested that the National Educational Association ought to appropriate funds for the thorough investigation of vexed questions; and thus was brought about the appointment of the Committee of Ten (with President Eliot at its head), whose famous report pointed the way to a scientific reorganization of the teaching in our secondary schools.

Dr. Butler himself wrote the report of the committee of the National Educational Association, adverse to the establishment of a national university in Washington, but suggesting that the government collections be made available for students; and the organization outlined in this report served as a basis for the institution for encouraging research which Mr. Carnegie has now endowed with ten million dollars. As its secretary, again, Dr. Butler organized the work of the College Entrance Examination Board, which conducts the entrance examinations for all the colleges in the Middle States and for many of those in New England, applying uniform standards, satisfactory alike to the college professors and to the teachers of the training-schools. These labors in behalf of educational progress, his presence at all the meetings of the National Educational Association, where he is always a most popular speaker, and his editorship of the "Educational Review," have made Dr. Butler better known to the teachers of the United States than any one else, with the possible exception of President Eliot and of Dr. Harris.

He is as popular with his own students at Columbia as he is with the teachers at large, and he is as highly respected. His labors outside of Columbia have not been allowed to starve his courses in college; on the contrary, they seem to have nourished them. He is himself a teacher of unusual power and suggestiveness. He has not only the encyclopedic information and the precision of statement of the scholar, but his learning has been thoroughly assimilated. His knowledge is always available for instant use. His presentation of the difficult problems of philosophy is transparent and individual; as a student once remarked, "I did n't think philosophy could be as clear as Professor Butler makes it." But this clarity is not obtained at the cost of depth or of breadth. In fact, one of the foremost philosophical thinkers of America, who had had unusual opportunities for judging, recently informed a friend that he had long believed that Dr. Butler's lectures on philosophy might be considered "the most valuable instruction given anywhere, in that they enable students to understand our present civilization in the light of what is positive and valuable in the old civilization."

Dr. Butler has a remarkable record of experience and achievement, but he has never allowed his interest in his professional studies to absorb his whole attention or to narrow his mind. A scholar and a man of affairs, he is also a man of the world. He takes a deep interest in life, and he has a broad outlook on it. His understanding of science, in its broader aspects, is unusual. His favorite reading is history, and he follows contemporary politics with keen attention. He has served in the State conventions of his party, and he was one of the founders of the Citizens' Union. He is almost as well known to the leaders of opinion in Washington as he is to the educational world, and he is an intimate friend of President Roosevelt. He is a member of various clubs in New York—the Century, the Authors, the Players. Being a busy man, he has always time to spare for his friends. And it may be added that there are very few men who have as many friends as Nicholas Murray Butler, or who faces life with so much zest.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

Nicholas Murray Butler

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

A DISCUSSION OF L'AIGLON AND WOMAN.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

SAY, I like to chin wit' Mr. Paul because he makes up woids as he goes along, and dat 's fun for me; and I puts him wise on real woids, and dat 's good for him.

"It 's improving to me," he says, "it 's improving to me, and it 's amusing to you," he says. "Wit' improvement and amusement," he says, "even Newport would be endurable."

But dat was only a jolly, for we has a place at Newport, and when our folks—His Whiskers, Miss Fannie, Mr. Burton, and Little Miss Fannie—goes dere Mr. Paul chases along, too, so of course it 's endurable to him. See? He comes to our country place de odder day, and, as de folks was all out on de road getting deirselves perfumed wit' ottar-of-mobile oil, he says he 'd stop awhile and improve his mind wit' a short conversatserony wit' me, if I had time to spare.

I had time to burn and was looking for a furnace, so I asks him had he been to see Sally Bernhardt out on top of de stage in "Leglong."

"No," says he. "No, I has not went," he says, "for I loaned me Ollendorff to a friend who was going to Paris," he says, "to buy some Old Masters off a new shop what is turning 'em out at cut rates," he says. "I stopped at home," he says, "and wrote an essay on 'Books dat have Helped me Friends,'" he says. "De drama," he says—"de drama, as interrupted by Miss Bernhardt," he says, "is a great moral teacher. A French play done by Miss Bernhardt," he says, "offers a grand chance to draw moral lessons," he says. "Tell me, Chames," he says, "what did you draw?"

"I drew ten dollars," I says, "ten good, long green plunks I had hid from de Duchess, for de price of two seats," I says. "De Duchess told me she 'd die if she did n't go, so I give her de ten plunks to buy de tickets, and den found out dat Miss Fannie had give de Duchess her seats. Say," I says, "is dat goil—is de Duchess—a finecier? What? All she needs is a stock-ticker and a steam-yacht to make her a Steel Trust magnet."

"A Steel Trust magnet," says Mr. Paul, "must have a soul of iron," he says. "De Duchess is too peaceful for de job."

"Sure," I says. "De Duchess is for peace if I has de price," I says. "When I asks her for de ten plunks she flimflammed me out of, she says, 'Let us not quarrel, Chames,' she says, 'about a little t'ing like dat. You is reckless wit' your wealt',' she says, 'so I 'll keep de money for fear you might buy a house and lot on Fift' Avenoo wit' it,' she says.

"But 'Leglong' was wort' de loss of ten," I says. "It was a better play dan 'De Moonshiner's Bride' we seen in de Bowery de week before. Most pieces on de stage gives all de fighting to de men," I says, "but woman is more courageouser dan man," I says, "and 'Leglong' proved it."

"How is dat, Chames?" says Mr. Paul.

"Woman," I says, "don't care about de distance between bases. If dey needs a home run in deir business, dey lights out for it, wit'out fussing about a home-run hit to run on," I says. "Mr. Leglong," I says, "wanted de ball knocked over de fence before he 'd get away from his base. But dere was a goil in de play—she was de countess—what was out for a home run wit'out caring wedder de ball was over de fence or in de pitcher's hand," I says.

"She was 'pestuous," says Mr. Paul.

"She was a loidy," I says. "But, say," I says, "de mug what wrote 'Leglong' was no happy, happy farmer lad. He knowed dat women would pungle up five good plunks of deir husbands' boodle to see a play what act upon deir belief dat two and two make any old t'ing in de mult'plication-table."

"Little Miss Fannie knows her mult'plication-table," I says, "and she is a boid."

"Truly," says Mr. Paul. "Woman is a

"BEFORE WE WENT TO DE PLAY DE DUCHESS GIVES ME A SONG AND DANCE ABOUT IT."

proved dey had more sand dan man has," I says, "when dey would n't yield half a plunk to see 'De Moonshiner's Bride,' where a man saves a woman from awful deat' in every act —wit' six acts, at dat."

"I has observed," says Mr. Paul, "some evidence of de trut' of your s'mil'tude. But de fact dat de countess in 'Leglong' had more courage dan de duke proves dat women knows more bases is stole dan is earned. Woman," he say, "as you remark, Chames," he says, "is more courageouser dan man. To be sure," he says, "she is afraid of a mouse; but we should blame de mouse for dat, not woman. De loidy you speak of in 'Leglong' was an exception to de rule," he says, using dose dude woids he has a strangle-hold on— "an exception to de rule dat women do not boid because she pretends to believe in de mult'plication-table. We sends our daughters to college,"—he was jollying, for Mr. Paul is a bachelor,—"and dey learns to define de indefinable," says he, making up woids as he went along, "and," he says, "dey learns to harmonize poetry and sense; beyond which," he says, "effort of de human mind would be flying in de face of nature. Yet," he says, "woman only makes a bluff of believing dat twice two is four, and dereby," he says, "under Providence, is preserved for us to love, honor, and obey. What," he says, "would dis woild be odderwise?"

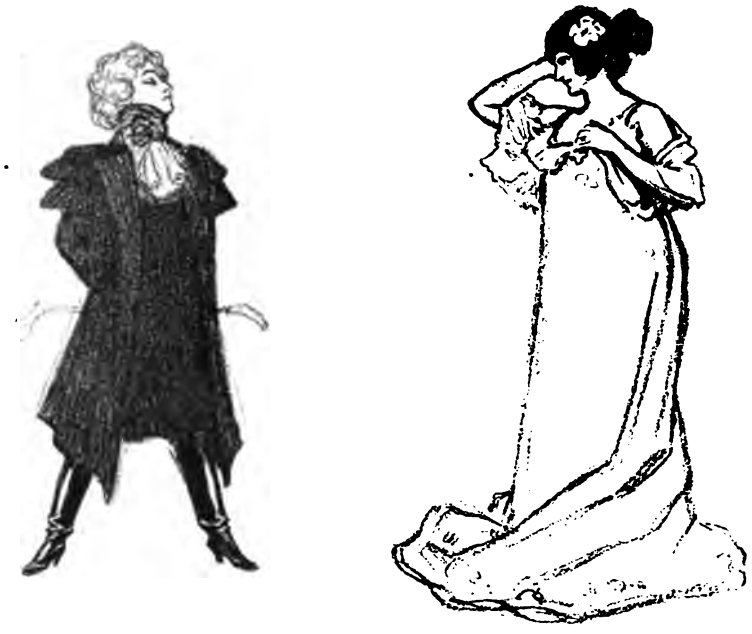
"Search me," I says. "Search me. I ain't got de answer."

"If de fem'nine mind acted upon its inner-radcable"—dat 's de very woid he used, in-

ner-radcable!—"belief dat twice two makes what it wants it to, even de simple summer goil would make Jones of Arc look like a loidy golf-player, ten down and eight to go," he says.

Just den Miss Fannie came in, so I did n't get a chance to ask Mr. Paul who Miss Jones of Arkansas was; but if she was like de on him he was de lad who foist found out dat you can't saw wood and lead de cotillion at de same time. De cotillion is all right for dose what has n't started a fire what needs cord-wood to keep it going.

Napoleon and Grant never was no good at leading a cotillion, but dey has de biggest



"HE RUBS IT INTO HER ABOUT GETTING MARRIED ON DE SLY IN A HURRY."

countess in "Leglong," she never raked no hay for a living. Did you see Sally Bernhardt in dat play? No? Den let me tell you about it.

Before we went to de play de Duchess gives me a song and dance about it. She is from de same for'n part Miss Bernhardt comes from. Dey bote talks French, and I 'm getting a little bit gay wit' dat langwudge meself.

When de Duchess told me about "Leglong" she told me about somet'ing else. Dat 's de way wit' all women, and specially de Duchess. When she wants to win a hat off Miss Fannie she don't talk about de hat, but about how fine Little Miss Fannie is coming along wit' her French. Dat mostly fetches de hat and a pair of gloves to boot.

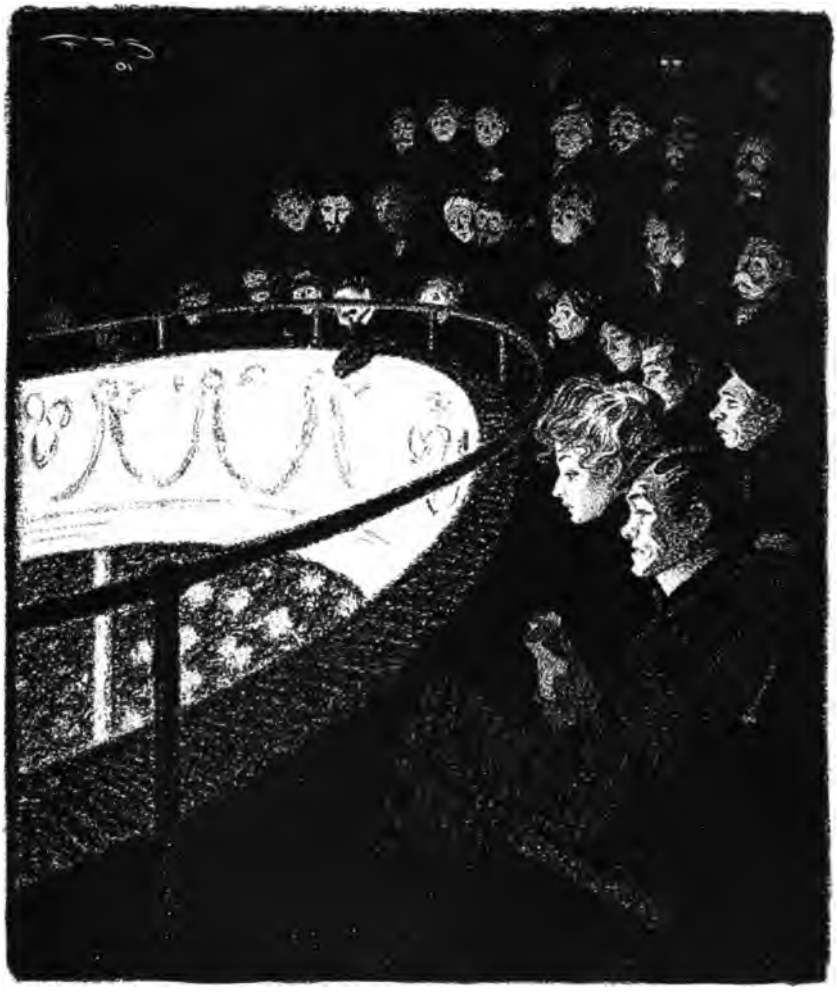
Instead of giving me a straight tip on "Leglong" she talked about a mug named Napoleon. Say, he was a top-liner for fair. He was n't a has-been, nor a will-be, but he was an izzer. He was it. From de tip I got tombs in de woild, and deir names was in de poipers more dan a opray-singer wit' a sore t'roat—and dey never had no press-agent, at dat.

Say, if Napoleon was boss of New York, Dick Croker would be looking for a dollar-a-day job in de tunnel railroad. Dat 's right.

Well, dis play would never been writ if it had n't been for Napoleon; so if you don't know about him you might as well stop at home from de teeater and save de price. He is de main guy, and dat 's why I 'm putting you wise on him.

He was a boss. See? But he did n't get his job from his ma, like de Prince of Wales; and he did n't get elected, like Billy O'Brien. He just sized up de job, liked de looks of it, and says, "I choose dat." See?

Dere was a lot of ready-made kings holding down easy jobs around dere, and some of 'em says to him, "Nay, nay, Pauline! Guess again," dey says. De Duchess tells me dat suited Nap down to de ground. Dey



"DEY TALKED SO MUCH, AND DERE WAS SO LITTLE DOING."

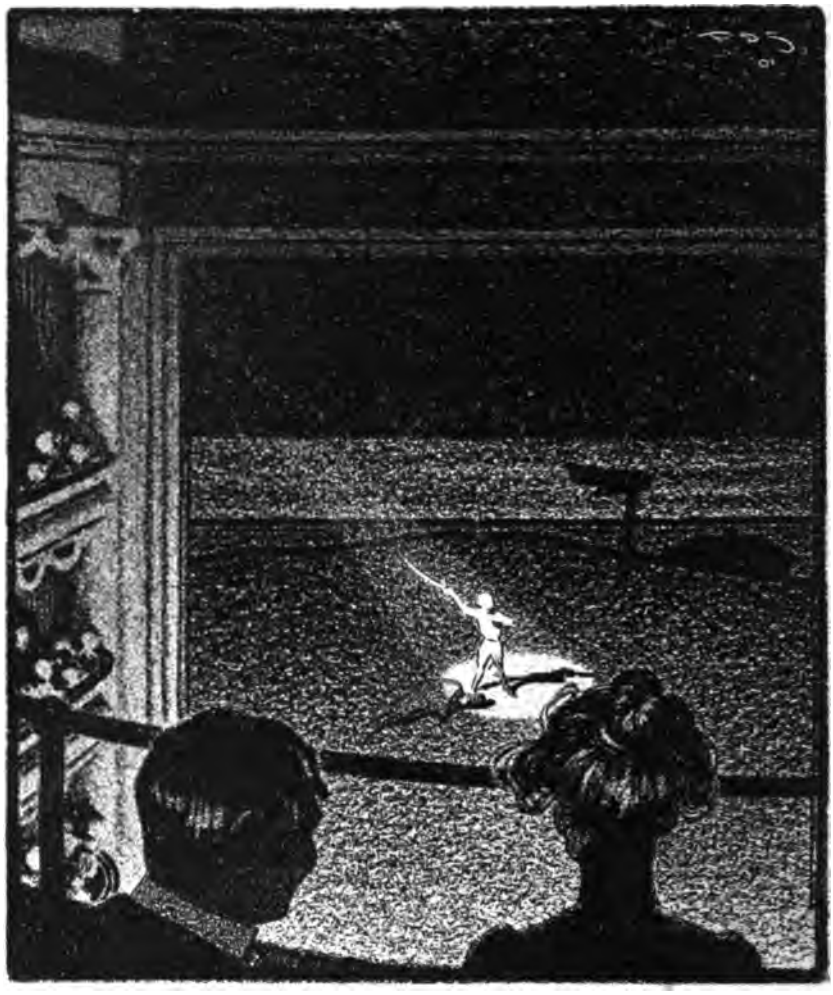
was looking for trouble, and Nap had trouble to give away; and, besides, he was a scrapper from de scrap-basket.

All dose ready-made kings gets deir gangs togedder and puts up a fight. Nap had de loveliest time of his life. Every time he had a scrap he win a new district, and he put his own leaders over more districts dan dere is between de Battery and de Bronx.

He made his brodder Joe leader of de Dago Spanish district, where dey builds targets for Dewey and Sampson; his brodder Lou he put in charge of Holland, which is Teddy Roosevelt's old district; his brodder Romy he sets up over Westphalia, where de hams come from; his brodder-in-law, a fly cop named Murray, who 'd been captain of de Paris Tenderloin, he made leader of Naples, guinney district where de street-sweepers come from. He had one of de grandest shake-ups dere ever was.

Den all de kings what had and had n't lost deir jobs dey calls a caucus, and says, "We must get togedder and turn down dis upstart, or he 'll stampede de convention, and we won't have a place even on de Committee on Music and Fireworks. Let us," dey says, "stand hand to hand, and toe to toe, and heel to heel," dey says, "for shorter hours and longer jobs," dey says. "Let us," dey says, "h'ist de banner of Reform, and spurn de mailed hand of irony from our midst," dey says.

Well, de Reformers quit fighting among deirselves, and Napoleon's gang was n't strong enough to win wit'out no thoid party in de field to split de Reform vote; so de combine come down to de Harlem wit' a majority. Den Nap went over to a place called Elba to race his horses and to wait for de Reformers to begin making faces at each odder. But he came back a steamer or



"'NOW DAT I HAS DE FIELD OF WAGRAM ALL TO MESELF, I WILL MAKE A FEW REMARKS.'"

two too soon, and, in a lovely fight called Waterloo, he met his finish. He was a good one, and I 'm sorry I never met him.

I asked de Duchess who it was knocked him out—who got de decision. She says nobody knocked Napoleon out; dat he put himself in de hands of his friends, and dey put him on an island what had no phone to France, so he could n't get his gang togedder again.

"Napoleon was not defeated," says de Duchess. "He was betrayed."

She was so cross about it I asked Mr. Paul who win Waterloo, and he says, "Chames," he says, "a long and agreeable study of history, romance, and de drama has led me to believe," he says, "dat de battle of Waterloo was won by a loidy named Becky Sharp," he says.

I don't know if she was Russian, Prussian, or Irish, but she must have been one of dose Jones of Arkansas goils to put as good a man as Nap out of business.

Well, Napoleon had a son, and his name was Leglong, and he 's de little duke de play is about.

De play shows dat de Reformers was dead leery—afraid, see?—of Leglong, so dey tells his ma to take him over to Austria, and see dat he never learned to play politics, never had a gang, and never tried to run a primary.

De duke's ma—she was de Widdy Napoleon, of course—got gay in Austria and married again, and de little duke, Leglong, was sore dat she forgot her place as Nap's widdy. He told her so, too; and right dere, while de Duchess was whispering to me what dey was saying on de stage, I caught on dat de gent what wrote "Leglong" knew a good t'ing when he seen it, for he 'd stole de mix-up of de actors in de piece from anodder play I seen once, and its name is "Hamlet."

Ever see "Hamlet"? Let me tell you: Edwin Boot' used to say to his modder, de queen, "You ought to be 'shamed of yourself, getting gay like dis, and marrying again so soon," he said. "You forget too quick," he said. "I 'm going to get into de ring and do some fighting," he said. "Denmark is rotten," he said. Den de queen said she 'd tell her husband, and Boot' said, "No, don't tell him. I 'll be good," he said. But he had to talk, so he said de old king, what was Boot's pa, was a better man, in or out of a fight, dan de one his ma married.

Listen: Leglong sings just de same kind of a song to his ma. He says he 'll get busy and fight till all de quitter blood is out of him. Here 's what de Duchess tells me he says to his ma:

"Si j'ai du sang des rois, il faut qu'on me le tire."

All de same he don't: he just talks.

His ma sees he 's no wood-sawyer like his pa, so she truns a scare into him. Instead of fighting de quitter blood out of him, he quits and says for her not to peach to Metternich. But he has to talk, too, so he says to his ma, "Forget it." See? Just like we say in America, "Ah, forget it!" He rubs it into her about getting married on de sly in a hurry, and says she forgets so easy. "Vous oubliez si vite," he says, and dat means, "You has a slick mind not to remember."

Say, on de level, is dat "Hamlet"? What?

I told de Duchess dat, and she says, "Naturellement." De two plays is much de same, she says. De English, she says, was always stealing French brains, and most likely de mug what wrote "Hamlet" stole it from "Leglong."

Well, de little duke's ma got shy of her job of keeping Leglong from learning his daddy's game, so de Reformers put a geezer named Metternich over him. He was a sort of Headquarters' detective, and rubbered around trying to keep de little duke from learning Napoleon's record, so he would n't get gay and go out and make a reputation for himself.

Say, dere was no use paying wages to Metternich. Leglong was taught everyt'ing dat would do him any good, and somet'ings dat would n't; but dere was no fight in him —only talk.

Why, say, de Nap push from Paris fixed it up a dozen times to turn de trick and make de little duke king, but he was always short on nerve and long on talk. No one had de right to tell him to cut his lines, so he talked himself to deat' before he could make up his mind to chase himself to Paris, where his gang was ready to smash de Anti-Vice Committee if he would say de woid.

Dey talked so much, and dere was so little doing, I was getting dat tired feeling, and would went home, but at last de countess got into action, and den dere was trouble for fair.

But foist let me tell you: dere was a actor,—he 's Irish all right, his name is Cooghlan, but he speaks French as well as de Duchess,—and he played de part of a sergeant doing business to get de duke his dad's job. But he was a chappy alongside de countess when she started playing ball. When a gang from a tough ward in Paris comes over to where de duke was, dey says to him, "Get a move on, your Dukeship," dey says. "Play ball," dey says. "De push-cart men in belle Paree is not doing a t'ing but selling your mug on pipes and wipes. It 's up to you," dey says, "to line out a tree-bagger and win de game. Keep your eye on de ball," dey says.

Wit' dat every one began talking again, and Sally Bernhardt, who was de duke, talked more dan any one else. But wit' dis, and wit' dat, and mostly wit' de help of de countess, dey hustled de game along till one night de gang agreed to make a rush to Paris, run de town wide open, give de Reformers de merry ha-ha, and make a Tenderloin of de Boulevard dees Eyetalian, as soon as de duke should show up wit' a claim of a majority.

What happened? Who got busy foist? Was it Leglong? Not a bit like it! It was de countess. Notting was doing wit' de duke but de same old line of talk. It was only by letting Miss Bernhardt and Con Cooghlan talk all de time dat dey manages to fetch 'em as far as de Wagram base-ball field, where de duke's dad once had one of de finest games of his life.

Still notting doing. Instead of taking his bat and swinging on de solus plexer of de Reformers, de duke all to once t'inks of a engagement he has wit' a loidy. De countess says she 'd keep de engagement dressed up in close like de duke's; and she done it, and got into a cutting scrape wit' de loidy's brodder.

Den de countess takes de L road out to Wagram, and when she finds Leglong still talking, she t'rows up bote hands, and says, "For heaven's sake, me dear duke," she says, "get busy," she says. "Get a move on!"

"I cannot leave you—a woman!" he says.

"Small loss to leave a goil!" she says.

"But you has fought for me," says he.

"I has," she says, "and made a reputation for you," she says. "I 'm a fencer from Sword Hollow," she says. "But let dat go: get a move on. Partez!" she says.

"'IF NAPOLEON'S SON HAD ONLY BEEN A GOIL,' SHE SAYS."

"You are wounded!" he says.

"And you are talking," says she. "Her brodder led for me, and I give him le coup de contre-pointe," she says.

Dat 's French for "knock-out."

De duke asks de countess was de loidy on hand at de engagement. She says no, but dat de cops was.

See de point? It was a woman who done de fighting, got wounded, and was telling de man to get busy; but it was a man who done notting but talk. Why, she kept at him till de cops came and chased her off de lot. Dat left de duke alone. Instead of making a run for Paris, he says, "Now dat I has de field of Wagram all to meself, I will make a few remarks."

Den I had cold feet again.

Say, on de level, he talked so much de old soldiers got up out of deir graves and asks him would he please move on to de next lot, or hire a hall, and leave 'em in peace. Dat was where dey was not wise. If dere was one t'ing more dan anodder de duke was looking for, it was a chance to talk to somebody; so he talked back at de G. A. R. till de colonel of de post turned out some live soldiers to make de duke quit.

It was all over but de picture and de curtain. Leglong took cold on de base-ball lot and dies in de next act. De only man who 'd done any fighting for him was a woman; all de sneak woik again' him was done by a man, de gazeaboo Metternich.

When we left de teeater de Duchess was crying wit' rage. She says to me, "If Napoleon's son had only been a goil," she says, "she 'd been in Paris taking five o'clock at de Louvre, while dat silly duke was raising ghosts to talk to," she says.

It don't count against woman as a fighter dat she 's afraid of a mouse, for dere ain't no district wort' winning dat is run by mice, anyway. What?

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BREAK-UP OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY E. P. ALEXANDER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, C.S.A.

LOOKING back at the situation of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia at the opening of the spring campaign of 1865, it is hard to conceive that any man in it could have failed to realize that its career must soon be brought to a close. To defend Richmond and Petersburg, it was stretched out from the Chickahominy, on the left, to Five Forks, on the right, crossing two rivers, a distance by its shortest roads of over thirty miles, to hold which there were only about fifty thousand men of all arms, and there were, virtually, no more men left where those came from.

In front of us, in many places within pistol-shot, lay the enemy with about one hundred and thirty thousand men, and with no end of men left at home to be had if needed. Had Grant chosen, he could have gotten twice as many, for the United States at that time had nearly a million men in arms. And, indeed, up through the Carolinas were marching Sherman and Schofield, almost unopposed, with nearly ninety thousand more to come upon our flank. Yet the army never seemed to realize at all the drawing near of the inevitable result.

When the Confederate peace commissioners went to the Fort Monroe conference, I recollect a sort of indignant apprehension that they might be led to discuss something less than our absolute independence, and nothing else, I am sure, would have been easily accepted by the army.

It was developed at that conference that by returning to the Union we might not only secure favorable political conditions, but possibly, also, four hundred millions in government bonds as compensation for slavery. Perhaps we may be called monumental idiots in not realizing our desperate situation and in refusing such liberal terms. But, if so, we have paid the penalty of our folly, and is it not now best for all that our cause was *lost*—not *compromised?*

While I cannot recall the faintest conscious doubt of the final success of our cause, one circumstance makes it evident that that subconsciousness which seems to feel the "haps in the air that a moment may bring" had begun to absorb some idea of what was coming.

The circumstance was this: I had some seven hundred dollars in bank in Richmond. One warm day in March, as the air began to feel springlike and balmy, without any conscious thought, I got a friend going into Richmond to draw my Confederate money and invest it in gold. He brought me a ten-dollar gold piece, which I put in my pocket, and thus I saved that much from the wreck.

General Lee himself was not yet entirely without hope, and on March 25 actually left his own lines and made a furious and bloody, but unsuccessful, assault upon the enemy's strongly fortified position at Fort Stedman, apparently in the belief that he could still cope with the whole Federal army if he could get them out of their intrenchments. This desperate sortie was thoroughly characteristic of General Lee.

When he first assumed command of the army, he came from West Virginia, where there had been no fighting, and some of the Richmond papers assailed him bitterly as vacillating and timid. In conversation on the subject, at the time, with Colonel Ives of President Davis's staff, during a ride along the lines, I asked his estimate of Lee. His reply was impressive. Stopping his horse and turning to face me, he said: "Lee is the most audacious officer in either army, Confederate or Federal. He will fight quicker and longer, and take more desperate chances, than any other general this country has ever seen, and you will live to see it." It was a remarkable prediction to have been made before Lee had ever fought a battle. Many of our subsequent battles recalled it to my mind, but none of them more forcibly than

this brave effort to destroy a veteran army of nearly thrice his numbers.

My command at this time included, with the field artillery north of the Appomattox, the heavy batteries and torpedo defenses of the James River. The enemy's fleet of ironclads occupied the river a short distance below, and would frequently steam up and exchange shots with our long-range guns.

In the latter part of March a lot of torpedoes were prepared to be set adrift at night, arranged to float with the current down among the enemy's vessels, then settle a few feet under water, anchor themselves promiscuously about, and wait for something to run against them. As it would be impossible to guess how many there were and where they had settled, they would tend to discourage navigation in our direction.

On April 2 I went down into the swamp, where arrangements were being made to launch the torpedoes that night, and spent the whole day in having them filled with powder and made ready. About sundown I returned to my camp for dinner, and there first heard of the events of the previous twenty-four hours at Petersburg. Pickett's division had been captured at Five Forks, the lines at Petersburg were broken, A. P. Hill and many other officers were killed—among them Willie Pegram, the brilliant young colonel of artillery, loved and admired throughout the army.

Our men had fought everywhere as well as ever they fought before, and at many points had driven the enemy back with severe losses; but the thin ranks had been overrun at some places, and, as a whole, the integrity of our system of defense was gone. Longstreet had arrived with Field's division from the north side of the James, and had checked the enemy's advance into town, but the position could no longer be held. About an hour later orders were received to withdraw everything during the night across the James, abandoning Richmond, and to move southward to Amelia Court House, where we would unite with the forces to be withdrawn from Petersburg.

My command was stretched over many miles, and we had a busy night getting it on the road, spiking and abandoning the heavy guns, and arming as infantry the men who had served them. With heavy hearts we left our beautiful lines, prepared with such care for many months, only to be walked over by the enemy in the morning, without receiving a single shot.

About midnight I rode into Richmond. The scenes there that night I cannot attempt to describe. Troops, trains, and artillery were coming in from the lines and crossing the river by the bridge, while at the same time the city was being evacuated by the government and all its employees, from the President and Congress down to the mechanics in the armories and workshops. In short, about the whole male population was leaving, and a few of the females—all who were able to. I had friends and relatives in each class, and made hasty visits to their houses to see if I could render any help. The one thing needful for those who were to remain was to see that they had a few days' provisions on hand; for with the morning would come the enemy, and the little remaining value of Confederate money would pass away like the morning cloud and the early dew. After seeing what was possible to be done in this line, and taking a hospitable cup of genuine coffee at a house where several weeping ladies were being left by their husbands, I rode down to the bridge to see our batteries as they came by and give them final directions. By that time the city was lighted up with conflagrations, and six miles southeast, at Drewry's Bluff, could be seen the burning of our little fleet of gunboats. The thundering explosions of their magazines were the most tremendous sounds I ever heard, the atmospheric conditions being peculiarly favorable for transmission in our direction.

I think no person in Richmond went to bed that night. Close by the bridge, the Richmond and Danville freight depot, filled with quartermaster and commissary supplies, was burning, and no one was trying to put it out, or even looking on; but a few people were carrying off such things as they wished. A very dissipated-looking old Irishwoman was rolling out bales of blankets and packing them into a little coal-cellar under her house. She packed the cellar full, but before daylight the fire reached her, and took house, blankets, and all. I helped myself to a new saddle and bridle, and my faithful small darky Charley tied on a side of bacon, which, during the next few days, well repaid all the trouble it cost. That was the last issue of Confederate rations in which I ever participated. I do not know to what extent the fires were originally set, if at all, by military order, but I imagine that perhaps orders were given to burn the ordnance storehouses and workshops, and I believe that the fires were purposely spread by a class which always turns up, ready to take advantage of opportunities for plunder. There was no

lack of such characters in Richmond that night. Bands of them roamed the business streets, plundering unprotected stores. I was told that a jeweler shot dead one man who broke into his store, and officers of the rear-guard who left the city after daybreak reported one man left hanging on a lamp-post and two or three other dead bodies lying in the streets. This was probably the work of a provost guard which was about, though I did not see it.

Shortly after daybreak the last of the guns passed, and I went with them, crossing the canal on a bridge already on fire from a burning canal-boat which had floated or been pushed underneath. About sunrise we took our last look back from the hills at the smoking and deserted city, which had been defended so long and so well.

We marched all day, and bivouacked at dark near Tomahawk Church, about sixteen miles from Richmond. But while the command rested and slept I was sent upon a reconnaissance of some roads, which kept me in the saddle during the whole night. Early on the 4th the march was resumed, and crossing the Appomattox on a railroad-bridge, I camped at night near Amelia Court House, utterly exhausted by sixty hours' incessant work and movement. That night was my last night in a tent, as our headquarters wagon was sent off next morning with a train which was captured and burned by the Federal cavalry, leaving us nothing but the clothes we wore, and not our best clothes at that.

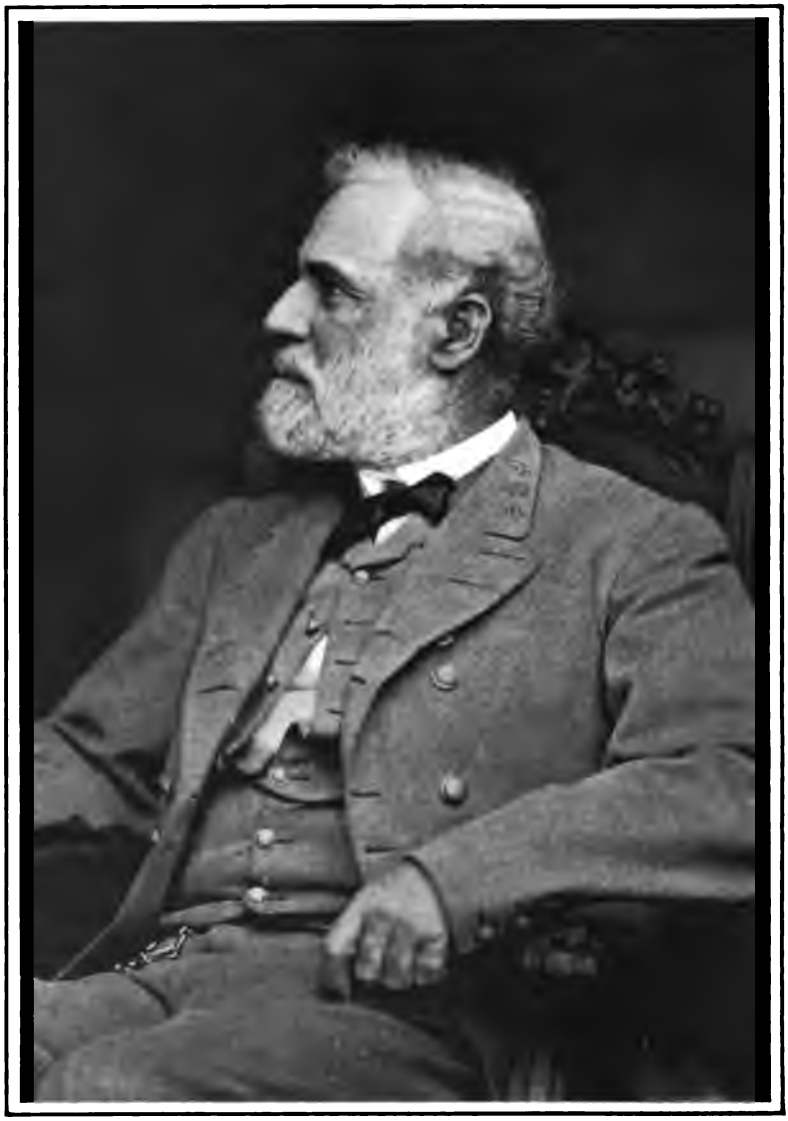
At Amelia Court House, on the 5th, we joined General Lee and the troops who had come from Petersburg. We had expected to receive rations at this place, but there had been some mistake, and we had to accept the commissary's apologies in their place.

There was here a hurried sort of reorganization of corps, necessary from the death of A. P. Hill, the scattered and more or less broken condition of many divisions, and the joining of the local troops from Richmond under Ewell.

Much of the artillery and the trains were started from Amelia Court House off to the right toward Lynchburg, while what was left of the army, with a few selected batteries and battalions of artillery, stripped of all trains and impedimenta, was to make a break to pass Burkeville and secure our line of retreat to North Carolina, where we would unite with Johnston. About noon I started with General Lee, who went with the head of the column. Only a few miles out, near Jetersville, we struck a considerable body of the enemy, and preparations were rapidly made to give battle. Our cavalry were feeling them in front, and for a while Lee seemed to contemplate an attack with all his force. Then suddenly orders were changed, and Longstreet, with his corps, was turned off to the right, and ordered to march with all haste to Rice's Station, where we were to take and hold position until the rest of the army could concentrate upon us. It was a long and weary all-night march, only about sixteen miles, but equal to double that distance under favorable conditions. There were several false alarms along the lines during the night, and in one of them two of our brigades fired on each other, killing several men—among them one of our finest artillery officers, Major Frank Smith, who had commanded heavy batteries on the James.

Riding ahead of the guns and infantry with my staff, we arrived near Rice's about dawn, when we turned out in the woods to get an hour's sleep, and to boil and eat a very tough old hen which we had secured as we came along.

By sunrise we were again in the saddle to examine the locality and select a line of battle on which the troops, as they arrived, were posted. But many of those expected never arrived. The enemy had intercepted our line of march, and a very sharp engagement took place at Sailors' Creek, where Ewell, Custis Lee, Kershaw, and about seven thousand men were captured, after a fight severe and bloody, but successful on our part until those engaged were surrounded and overwhelmed. General Lee was evidently much worried at the news brought to him of this disaster, and rode back to see if it were possible to save anything. But the enemy was now close to our line of march everywhere; they broke in at various places, got among our trains, and captured and burned many. Among the commands captured in this way was my own splendid old artillery battalion, now commanded by Colonel Huger. It was peacefully climbing a long hill by a narrow road, when Custer, with a brigade of cavalry, came charging down upon them. Three of the leading guns were unlimbered, and fired two or three rounds of canister upon the Federals when they swarmed over everything. Captain O. B. Taylor, of the leading battery, was called on to surrender, but answered with defiance and orders to his cannoneers to continue firing, whereupon he was shot dead. Huger



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILEY & SON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

This photograph, taken shortly after the surrender, is said to be the result of General Lee's first sitting for a picture after the war.

was captured after shooting through the cheek a major who first invited him to surrender, in the ceremonious and complimentary language customary on such occasions. A second invitation coming from a cavalryman, who came up and held a carbine to his head, was accepted. But the major bore no malice, and that night came to thank Huger for a delightful "furlough wound." Custer and Huger had been friends at West Point, and having captured him, Custer took him along all day, as he said, "to let you see how I am going to take you fellows in."

Meanwhile at Rice's Station we skirmished a little, but having a fairly good position, the enemy evidently proposed to turn it in preference to attacking. So when night came, it being impossible now to make the trip directly south to Johnston, we abandoned our lines and changed our course toward Lynchburg. That night march was something fearful. Floundering through rain, mud, and darkness, with worn-out and starving horses dragging heavy guns over a narrow road blocked with troops and trains, we were moving all night, and scarcely advanced a mile in an hour. And there was nothing in the prospects for the morrow to cheer one up.

Day by day, death, wounds, and capture were robbing us heavily of comrades with whom we had been through many campaigns, and now our army was reduced to little more than a collection of fragments, out of food and nearly out of ammunition. The enemy was ahead of us and around us, in numbers that could not be counted. Yet the morale of the men was not impaired, and no one seemed to feel any doubt but that somehow we should still come out all right. Certainly, during all the business beginning at Fort Stedman on March 25, including Five Forks, the Petersburg lines, the defense of Fort Gregg, Sailors' Creek, and all skirmishes up to the final fight at Appomattox Court House on the 9th, the plain, hard, solid fighting of the men was simply wonderful, in view of their surroundings. Up to the very last minute, before the flag of truce stopped the firing, it was as unflinching fighting as it had ever been, and it was not without some successes on a scale proportioned to the numbers engaged.

On the morning of the 7th Mahone captured over a thousand of the enemy's infantry, and on the afternoon of the same day our cavalry brought in General Gregg of the Federal cavalry and many of his men. And, to anticipate a little in my narrative, on the morning of the 9th itself, our cavalry captured and sent in a section of artillery with horses, harness, and everything complete, down to the red blankets on the horses. I issued them promptly to James N. Lamkin's battery, which had served mortars in the lines about Petersburg, but had been very ambitious to get field-guns. I had promised Lamkin that he should have them, and we considered it a melancholy sort of joke that these came just in time to enable me to make good my word.

About daylight on the 7th we passed through Farmville, and crossed the Appomattox to the north bank, burning the bridges behind us as the enemy's cavalry entered the town. We shelled his pursuing columns across the river for a while, and he shelled us back, and then we continued our retreat. Each day it became more slow and painful, as the animals approached the limits of endurance. At last we had to abandon ordnance-wagons and the caissons, and even some guns, which would mire down and could not be extricated. We would cut down wheels and axles and leave them in the road. The march was kept up until late at night, when I and my staff rode off into a pine thicket and hid, lest stragglers should steal our horses while we lay on the saddle-blankets and slept, with the saddles for pillows.

The 8th was but a repetition of the 7th, except that we were less interrupted by the enemy's cavalry, which had left our flank, and was being pushed forward to get ahead of us at Appomattox.

Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the 9th, I came up with General Lee, halted, with his staff, by the roadside, a mile and a half from the village. Gordon, who was in advance, was already engaged, and the increasing sound of cannon and musketry told that the enemy was in heavy force.

The progress of the column was stopped, and trains were parked in the fields, while guns and infantry moved forward to the sound of the firing. General Lee called me to him, and, walking off from the group, sat down on a log and said: "The enemy seems to be across our road in force this morning. What have we got to do?"

Now, our artillery had not been seriously engaged during the retreat, and was never in better humor for a fight. The cannoneers, for some days before, beginning, perhaps, to appreciate the situation, had called out along the road, "Don't let us sur-

render any of this ammunition! We have been saving ammunition all the war! We did not save it to be surrendered!"

I told General Lee of this, and said that I could show up near forty guns with one hundred rounds apiece, if he wished to give battle. He replied that the force in front of us was too great, that while he had, perhaps, fifteen thousand infantry, half of them were mere fragments of different commands, unorganized and largely without arms or ammunition, and that he could scarcely concentrate an effective force of eight thousand men, which was too small to accomplish any valuable results. I was not unprepared to hear this decision, for the last forty-eight hours had made apparent the desperate condition to which we were reduced, and I had views on the matter, which I was glad of so favorable an opportunity to express. So I spoke up:

"Then, general, we have choice of but two courses: to surrender, or to order the army to disperse, and, every man for himself, to take to the woods and make his way either to Johnston's army in Carolina, or to his home, taking his arms, and reporting to the governor of his State. And of these alternatives the latter is the best. For if there is any hope for the Confederacy it is in delay. But, if this army is surrendered to-day, the Confederacy is gone. The morale of this army has sustained both the people at home and the other armies. Our surrender would demoralize all, and Grant turning one hundred thousand men, released from duty here, against Johnston, Taylor, and Kirby Smith, they will all go, one after the other, like a row of bricks. Then, if there is any hope from Europe, we stand a chance by delay; but we destroy it whenever the news of the surrender of this army crosses the water.[1] Or if there is any chance for the separate State governments to make any terms whatever with the Federal government, we stand these chances by delay, and we lose them by a surrender. Intimations, too, have been given that each State may make terms for itself, while the Confederacy will not be recognized. But even suppose there are none of these chances, suppose there is nothing left but to submit to whatever the enemy chooses to inflict, even then there is one thing the men who have fought under you for three years have the right to ask of you. You care little for military reputation. But we are your men, and your fame is very precious to us. The record of this army as yet is without a blot, and now its last hour has come. Grant is called 'Unconditional Surrender Grant,' and it has been their boast that our fate was to be that of the armies at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. But the men who have fought under you so long have the right to ask you to spare us the mortification of your asking Grant for terms, and being told, 'Unconditional surrender.' Save us from that!"

I was never in my life so wrought up upon any subject as upon this. Words came to me, and both my argument and my appeal seemed to me unanswerable. For no one could deny the importance of *terms* to prevent vindictive trials and punishments, and there seemed no other chance to secure them. General Lee listened to me quietly until I had quite finished, and then said:

"Suppose I were to adopt your suggestion, how many do you suppose would get away?"

I replied: "I think two thirds of us could get away. We should be like rabbits and partridges in the bushes, and they could not scatter like that to catch us."

"Well," he said, "I have less than sixteen thousand infantry with arms in their hands. Even if two thirds of these got away it would be too small a force to accomplish any useful result, either with Johnston or with the governors of the States. But few would go to Johnston, for their homes have been overrun by the enemy, and the men will want to go first and look after their families. As to any help from Europe, I have never believed in it. I appreciate that the surrender of this army is, indeed, the end of the Confederacy. But that result is now inevitable, and must be faced. And, as Christian men, we have no right to choose a course from pride or personal feelings. We have simply to see what we can do best for our country and people. Now, if I should adopt your suggestion and order this army to disperse, the men, going homeward, would be under no control, and, moreover, would be without food. They are already demoralized by four years of war, and would supply their wants by violence and plunder. They would soon become little better than bands of robbers. A state of society would result, throughout the South, from which it would require years to recover. The enemy's cavalry, too, would pursue to catch at least the general officers, and would harass and devastate sections that otherwise they will never

[1] I was referring to some very private rumors circulated in Richmond a short while before as to an alliance on foot with France and Mexico under Maximilian.

visit. Moreover," he said, "as to myself, I am too old to go to bushwhacking, and even if it were right to order the army to disperse, the only course for me to pursue would be to surrender myself to General Grant. But," he added, "I can tell you for your comfort that Grant will not demand an 'unconditional surrender.' He will give us honorable and liberal terms, simply requiring us not to take up arms again until exchanged." He then went on to tell me that he was in correspondence with Grant, and expected to meet him in our rear at 10 A.M., when he would accept the terms that had been indicated.

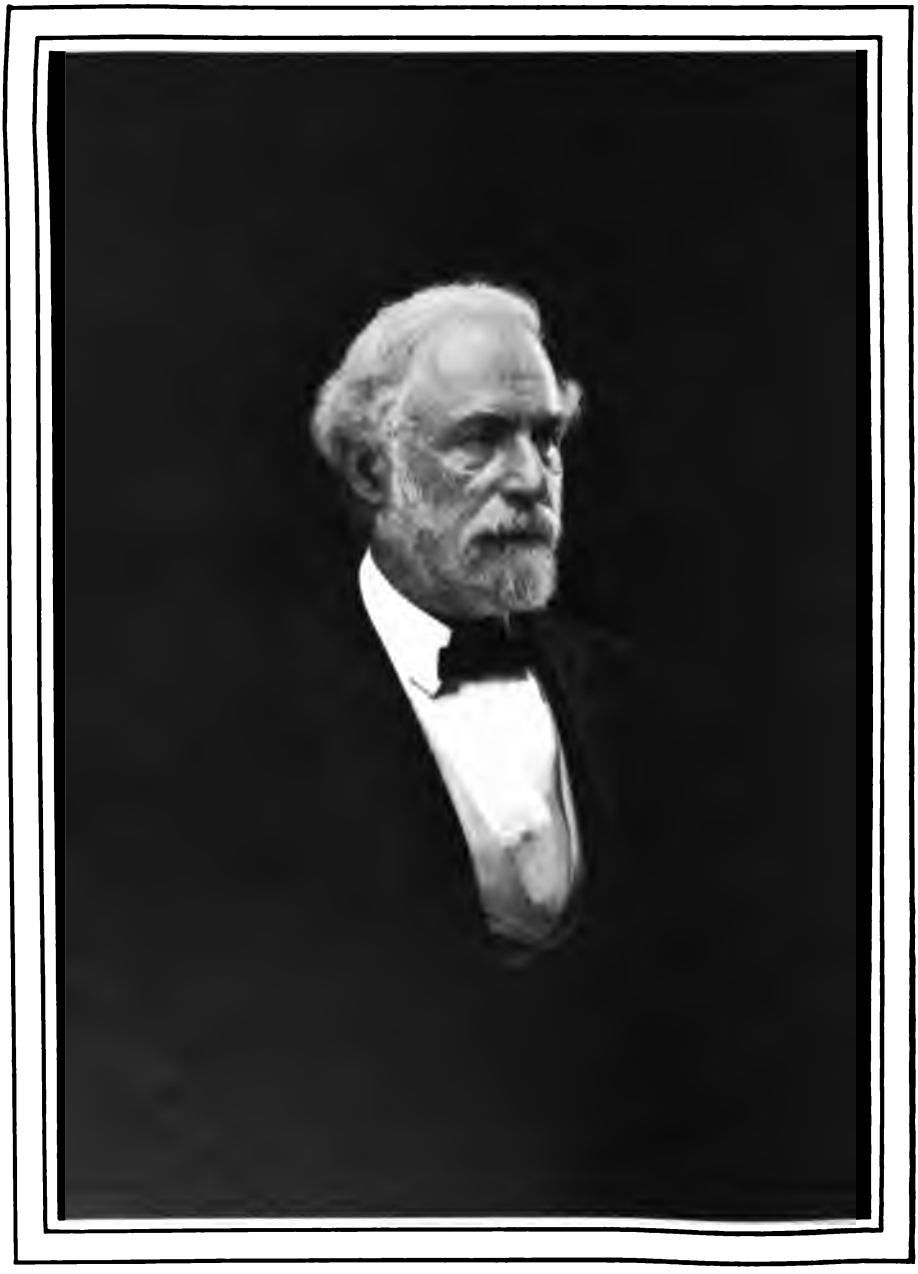
My recollection of this conversation is very vivid. When I had finished making my appeal, I did not believe that he could refuse it, for he prized highly the affection of his men, and he had, moreover, all the fighting instincts of a soldier. But he showed me the situation from a plane to which I had not risen, and when he finished speaking I had not a word to say. I had before that fully intended, for myself, not to be surrendered, but to take to the bushes on the first sign of a flag of truce. Many other officers and men had similar intentions. But after my talk with Lee I and all my friends determined to stay and see it out. And I think nobody did run away, except a few of the cavalry out on the flank, who took a professional pride in getting around the enemy, and could not resist the opportunity. And they all came back and surrendered as soon as they got news of the terms given us, and heard also that rations would be issued immediately after the ceremony.

Soon after this conversation I was ordered by Longstreet to select a line of battle for his corps, and form the artillery and infantry upon it, that Gordon, who was being forced in, might fall back upon him. I accordingly selected a line about a thousand yards on our side of the village of Appomattox, and put about five thousand infantry of Field's, Mahone's, and Wilcox's divisions in position upon it, and crammed it full of artillery, making the last line of battle ever formed by the Army of Northern Virginia.

Meanwhile Lee had ridden to the rear to meet Grant, leaving Longstreet in command. When Lee had been gone over half an hour, Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the cavalry, sent word to Longstreet that he had found an opening through which the army could escape. Longstreet called Colonel John C. Haskell, commanding one of our battalions of artillery, who was riding a mare celebrated for her beauty and swiftness, and said to him: "Lee has gone to the rear to surrender the army; ride after him, and kill your mare, but overtake him and tell him what Fitzhugh Lee has reported." Haskell immediately dashed down the road at utmost speed, and after going about three miles passed the rear-guard, and turning a bend in the road, found Lee, with his staff, dismounted by the side of the road, awaiting an answer to a communication he had sent in to the Federal lines for Grant. Going at full speed, Haskell passed the group a short distance before he could stop his horse. Lee came forward to meet him as he turned back, saying: "What is it? What is the matter?" and then, without waiting for an answer, said: "You have killed your beautiful mare! What did you do it for?" Haskell gave his message, and Lee questioned him about the situation, and finally told him to tell Longstreet to exercise his own judgment as to what he should do. Meanwhile, however, Fitzhugh Lee had found that the supposed opportunity to get through the enemy's line did not exist, and one of Longstreet's staff was sent to follow Haskell and report. Haskell's mare did not die, but was sold after the surrender to a Federal officer for a high price.

While this was going on the situation at the front was growing more critical. Gordon found his short line threatened by an overwhelming force of infantry, while large bodies of cavalry were enveloping his flanks. He called upon Longstreet for help, and Longstreet sent his inspector-general, Major R. M. Sims, to suggest a flag of truce to the Federal commander in his front, to ask a suspension of hostilities pending Lee's interview with Grant.

Gordon requested Sims to bear the message, but cautioned him not to let our men know of his errand. Sims rode out to the left flank, where a line of our cavalry, dismounted behind a fence, were exchanging a hot fire with the enemy along the edge of a wood some two hundred yards off. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped rapidly across to the enemy's line. He had in his haversack a white towel, and as he drew near the enemy he pulled it out and displayed it. As soon as it was recognized (which was not until he was quite near), the enemy ceased firing, and Colonel Whitaker came to meet him. Sims asked to be taken to Sheridan, but was told that Custer was near and in command of that part of the field, and it was decided to see him. Going a short distance to the rear, they came upon Custer moving at a gallop,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILEY & SON, TAKEN IN 1867. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

with a brigade of cavalry, to envelop our left flank. Custer presented a striking appearance with his long sandy-colored hair on his shoulders, a red cravat with streaming ends, a large scarf-pin, and brilliant stones in his hat and shoulder-straps. He asked what was wanted, and Sims gave his message: that Gordon requested a truce pending a meeting between Grant and Lee.

Custer said: "We will do no such thing. We have your people now where we want you, and will listen to no terms but unconditional surrender."

Sims replied: "Well, sir, we will never submit to that, but you will allow me to carry your message back to General Gordon."

To this Custer assented. During this interview Sims had been followed and joined by Major Brown of Gordon's staff, and the two officers returned together, escorted by Whitaker and another officer.

Gordon was found at the court-house, where the street was now filled with stragglers and wounded, and he requested Brown and the two Federal officers to go over to the right and endeavor to find Sheridan and secure a suspension of hostilities from him. Meanwhile the opposing forces on the left seemed to find out that something like a truce was going on, and without any general order the firing on each side was gradually discontinued. At this stage of the proceedings Custer undertook a little game of bluff on his own responsibility. Accompanied by an orderly, and waving the orderly's white handkerchief, he left his lines and galloped across to ours, approaching them at a point occupied by the Rockbridge Artillery of Hardaway's battalion, under the immediate command of Major W. H. Gibbes.

As the Federals rode up they were surrounded by the cannoneers and some infantry skirmishers, who, not exactly appreciating the situation, and covetous of good boots, actually dismounted the orderly and were about to swap boots with him, and even proposed a like trade to Custer, when he called out to Gibbes: "Gibbes, I appeal to you for protection." Gibbes at once recognized him, having known him as a cadet at West Point, and, on his request, took him to Gordon. As other parts of the line were still firing, Gordon sent Major W. W. Parker of the artillery to order a cessation of fire. A battery called Johnson's, from Richmond, Virginia, commanded by Captain John W. Wright, was the last to receive the order, and fired the last gun. Gordon referred Custer to Longstreet, and Gibbes conducted him. Custer, assurance in his manner, told that he had come from Sheridan the immediate and unconditiona of the army. Longstreet, who w imperturbable, made no reply u had sharply repeated his deman said coolly that Lee was in com with Grant on the subject, and t their conference neither he (Long the right to surrender, nor Custer to make such a demand. Custe "Sheridan and I are independent and have our troops in position t out at once, and unless you mak diate and unconditional surren pitch in."

At this Longstreet blazed out the effect that they might "pitch as they pleased, but that he (Custe get back into his own lines imm his unauthorized presence and h errand would not be overlooke made no reply except to ask a sa back. Longstreet shortly directe tant adjutant-general, Colonel trobe, to send some one with Gibbes and an orderly escorted h

Meanwhile Sheridan and Gord near Appomattox Court House, pension of hostilities had been a until the meeting between Lee a

After some delay Lee had rece sage from Grant that he had left our army and was passing alon lines around to our front. Lee a returned, and passing through battle, dismounted close in front, i orchard, near a house said to be t Sweeny, celebrated as a minstrel player before the war. Here h standing alone for a few minut sent his staff off on various erran he expressed a desire to sit down, I rails brought from a fence near seat piled for him under one of trees, a short distance from the sat there for perhaps two hours front of Longstreet's line of ba Babcock of Grant's staff came fr mattox to escort him there to me

I made my bivouac in that or night. Relic-hunters had already cut limbs from the apple-tree un Lee sat, and within twenty-four was literally dug up by the root a chip of it was left. I have gretted since that I did not appr I should come to value some memo

event, and myself secure a piece of the tree as a memento; for I have since tried in vain to get a piece even as big as a toothpick. I think it was carried off entirely by Confederates who, standing in our last line of battle, saw Lee sitting under the tree awaiting Grant's messenger. I have never even heard of more than one piece of it since. One of my sisters, "refugeeing" through Carolina, first heard the story of the surrender from a Texan who had been present and seen Lee under the tree, and had cut himself a walking-stick from it, and was now footing it for home.

We learned after the surrender that Sheridan complained of some movements of our troops after the flag was sent in. I do not know what was the occasion of the complaint, but some half-hour after the firing had ceased, the captain of a battery pointed out to me a Federal cavalry regiment moving around our left flank, and begged permission to fire a shot at them. Knowing, however, Lee's intention to surrender, I refused permission. It was about one o'clock when Babcock came from the enemy's line, and Lee, with Colonel Marshall, rode with him back to Appomattox, and then the whole army knew what was taking place.

I think it was after three o'clock when we saw Lee returning. We wished to express to him in some way our sympathy and affection, and I ordered all the cannoneers to be brought from the guns and formed in line along the road, with instructions to uncover in silence as he rode by. He had hardly reached the line, however, when some one started a cheer, which was taken up by others, and then both infantry and artillery broke their lines and crowded about his horse in the road. The general stopped and made a short address. Briefly, it was about as follows:

"I have done for you all that it was in my power to do. You have done all your duty. Leave the result to God. Go to your homes and resume your occupations. Obey the laws and become as good citizens as you were soldiers."

There was not a dry eye in the crowd that heard him, and even he seemed deeply moved. The men crowded around to try and shake his hand or touch his horse, and some appealed to him to get us all exchanged and try it again; but he made no reply to such remarks. Then he rode on to his camp, and the crowd broke up, and then ranks were formed once more and marched off to bivouac, and the Army of Northern Virginia was an army no longer, but a lot of captives awaiting their paroles. But it had written its name in history, and no man need be ashamed of its record, though its last chapter is a story of disaster. And surely those qualities in its commander for which men are loved and admired by friend and foe shone out here with no less luster than on any other field.

My story would be very incomplete did I not refer to the manner in which our exceedingly liberal treatment by Grant was regarded. It was, in the first place, a great surprise, for Grant had never before given any terms to an opponent. Now he seemed anxious to give us everything we could ask for. We knew our inferiority in force and our desperate condition too well to ascribe it to any hesitation to give us battle again. The generosity of his terms could only be ascribed to a policy of conciliation deliberately entered upon. Of course we were sore and mortified, so much so that we had not much to say to any one; but it put everybody in some sort of hope that, after all, defeat might not mean utter destruction. And (to anticipate in my narrative for a few days) I participated in a conversation with Senator E. B. Washburne, who was with the Federal army at Appomattox, in which he declared emphatically that President Lincoln's policy would be entirely on the same line. Mr. Washburne was asked what Lincoln intended to do with the Southern States. He replied very impressively that he had had a long, confidential talk with Mr. Lincoln on the subject since the capture of Richmond, and while he was not at liberty to go into details, he would say that the liberality of Mr. Lincoln's plans would surprise both the North and the South, and he ventured the prediction that within a year Lincoln would be as popular at the South as at the North. I understood him to imply that Mr. Lincoln intended to give money to the South, probably as compensation for the slaves.

Grant's policy of conciliation was followed by every one in his army, even to the teamsters along the roads. Several old acquaintances hunted me up, and, while delicately avoiding all disparagement of Confederate currency, hinted that as a paroled prisoner I might find it convenient to have some variety in my pocket-book, and that it would be a great personal favor if I would let them lend me some of the surplus greenbacks with which they were burdened. Such offers, too, were not confined to those who had been special friends. Afterward, in riding forty miles

through the troops and trains of the Federal army, I met with not a single word or look which did not seem inspired with kind feeling and a disposition to spare us all the mortification possible.

I think no one who was not at that surrender can fully appreciate the calamity wrought to the South by the assassination of President Lincoln. For Wilkes Booth slew also the kindly and generous sentiment which already inspired the army, and which would doubtless soon have pervaded the whole country.

But to return to camp on the night of the 9th. The only event of the evening was the arrival of some Federal rations. There was no demonstration over it; but many events have been honored with salutes and hurrahings to make men hoarse which never gave one half the internal satisfaction that these rations did.

I think the full moral effect of the surrender was hardly felt until the next morning, being obscured by the excitement attendant upon it. The next day seemed to usher in a new life in a new world. We had lived through the war. There was nobody trying to shoot us, and nobody for us to shoot at. Our guns were gone, our country was gone, our very entity seemed to be destroyed. We were no longer soldiers, and had no orders to obey, nothing to do, and nowhere to go.

Looked at merely as a business proceeding, the simple method of paroling the Confederate army and taking charge of its surrendered property was admirably short and effective. Arms were stacked, and guns harnessed up and drawn out along the roads, and the Federal officers came and removed them. Our own captains signed parole papers for their men, colonels for regimental officers, generals for their staffs and regimental commanders. My parole read: "The bearer, E. P. Alexander, Brig. Gen. of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, a paroled prisoner of war, has permission to go home and there remain undisturbed until exchanged."

And then came the general breaking up: the partings with Lee, Longstreet, and the other generals under whom we had fought; with comrades with whom we had shared four years of march, bivouac, and battle; and with the private soldiers, whose enduring courage and devotion no man could know without love and admiration. And not without emotion could we say good-by even to the guns themselves, and to the poor brutes that had drawn them over so many miles of road and upon so many fields of battle. The fate of our artillery horses was pitiable. We had been out of forage for I do not know how many days, and the horses were rapidly giving out before the surrender. The limit of their endurance now seemed to have been reached, and when they finally pulled the guns to the place of surrender, several hours' delay occurring in their removal, numbers of them lay down and actually died from starvation, harnessed to their guns.

I have omitted a remarkable coincidence which I came upon at Appomattox, and which is worthy of mention.

When I first joined the Army of Northern Virginia in 1861, I found a connection of my family, Wilmer McLean, living on a fine farm through which ran Bull Run, with a nice farm-house about opposite the center of our line of battle along that stream. General Beauregard made his headquarters at this house during the first affair between the armies—the so-called battle of Blackburn's Ford, on July 18. The first hostile shot which I ever saw fired was aimed at this house, and about the third or fourth went through its kitchen, where our servants were cooking dinner for the headquarters staff.

I had not seen or heard of McLean for years, when, the day after the surrender, I met him at Appomattox Court House, and asked with some surprise what he was doing there. He replied, with much indignation: "What are you doing here? These armies tore my place on Bull Run all to pieces, and kept running over it backward and forward till no man could live there, so I just sold out and came here, two hundred miles away, hoping I should never see a soldier again. And now, just look around you! Not a fence-rail is left on the place, the last guns trampled down all my crops, and Lee surrenders to Grant in my house." McLean was so indignant that I felt bound to apologize for our coming back, and to throw all the blame for it upon the gentlemen on the other side.

THE LAST DAYS OF LEE'S ARMY.[1]

BY COLONEL CHARLES MARSHALL,
Aide-de-camp and Military Secretary to General R. E. Lee.

THE march was continued during the 8th of April, with little interruption from the enemy, and in the evening we halted near Appomattox Court House, General Lee intending to march by way of Campbell Court House, through Pittsylvania County, toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before General Sherman through North Carolina. General Lee's purpose was to unite with General Johnston to attack Sherman or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found better. The exhausted troops were halted for rest on the evening of April 8 near Appomattox Court House, and the march was ordered to be resumed at 1 A.M. I can convey a good idea of the condition of affairs by telling my own experience.

When the army halted on the night of the 8th, General Lee and his staff turned out of the road into a dense wood to seek some rest. The general had a conference with some of the principal officers, at which it was determined to try to force our way the next morning with the troops of Gordon, supported by the cavalry under General Fitz Lee, the command of Longstreet bringing up the rear. With my comrades of the staff, and staff-officers of General Longstreet and General Gordon, I sought a little much-needed repose.

We lay upon the ground near the road, with our saddles for pillows, our horses picketed near by, eating the bark of trees for want of better provender, our faces covered with the capes of our overcoats to keep out the night air. Soon after one o'clock I was aroused by the sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of General Grant that at first, when I awoke, I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers.

I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recalled the order to resume the march at that early hour, and knew that the troops I heard were moving forward to endeavor to force our way through the lines of the enemy at Appomattox Court House. I soon knew that the command that was passing consisted, in part at least, of Hood's old Texas brigade.

It was called the Texas brigade, although it was at times composed in part of regiments from other States. Sometimes there was a Mississippi regiment, sometimes an Arkansas regiment, and sometimes a Georgia regiment mingled with the Texans; but all the strangers called themselves Texans, and all fought like Texans.

On this occasion I recognized these troops, as they passed along the road in the dead of night, by hearing one of them repeat the Texan version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean with the Texan version. You will readily recall the original text when I repeat the Texan version of it that fell upon my ear as I lay in the woods by the roadside that dark night:

> The race is not to them that 's got
> The longest legs to run,
> Nor the battel to that peopel
> That shoots the biggest gun.

This simple confession of faith assured me that the immortal brigade of Hood's Texans was marching to battle in the darkness.

Soon after they passed we were all astir, and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilet, consisting mainly of putting on our caps and saddling our horses. We then proceeded to look for something to satisfy our now ravenous appetites.

Somebody had a little corn-meal, and somebody else had a tin can such as is used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of corn-meal

[1] This article is part of an address delivered before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, January 16, 1894, at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, and printed for private circulation. On account of its authoritative character it is here given in supplement to General Alexander's paper. Readers of this magazine will recall General Horace Porter's account of the surrender from the point of view of a staff-officer of General Grant, printed in THE CENTURY for October, 1897.—EDITOR.

gruel, and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed as we had done not far from us, did not, as far as I remember, have even such refreshment as I have described.

This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States, and consisted mainly of a generous portion of that noble American animal whose strained relations with the great chancellor of the German Empire made it necessary at last for the President of the United States to send an Ohio man to the court of Berlin.

As soon as we had all had our turn at the shaving-can, we rode toward Appomattox Court House, when the sound of guns announced that Gordon had already begun the attempt to open the way. He forced his way through the cavalry of the enemy, only to encounter a force of infantry far superior to his own wearied and starving command. He informed General Lee that it was impossible to advance farther, and it became evident that the end was at hand.

Early on the morning of April 9, General Lee arrived near Appomattox Court House, which was occupied by the enemy. According to the proposal contained in his letter of April 8 to General Grant, General Lee, attended by myself, and with one orderly, proceeded down the old stage-road to Richmond to meet General Grant, and while riding to the rear for this purpose he received the message of General Gordon that his advance was impossible without reinforcements. We rode through the rear-guard of the army, composed of the remnants of Longstreet's corps. They had thrown up substantial breastworks of logs across the road leading to the rear, and cheered General Lee, as he passed, in the way they had cheered many a time before. Their confidence and enthusiasm were not one whit abated by defeat, hunger, and danger. It is lucky for the Secretary of the Treasury that this rear-guard was not permitted to try its hand at increasing the pension-roll with which he is now struggling. Those men made no fraudulent pensioners. When they were done with a man, he or his representatives had an indisputable claim to a pension under any kind of a pension law. But as soon as General Lee received the report of General Gordon as to the state of affairs in front, he directed that officer to ask for a suspension of hostilities, and proceeded at once to meet General Grant.

General Lee, with an orderly in front bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded only a short distance after passing through our rear-guard, when they came upon the skirmish-line of the enemy advancing to the attack.

I went forward to meet a Federal officer who soon afterward made his appearance, coming toward our party. This officer proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Whittier of the staff of the late General Humphreys, whose division was immediately in our rear. Colonel Whittier delivered to me General Grant's reply to the letter of April 8, declining to meet General Lee to discuss the terms of a general pacification, on the ground that General Grant possessed no authority to deal with the subject.

I took this letter of General Grant's back to General Lee, who was a short distance from the spot where I met Colonel Whittier, and General Lee at once dictated the letter of April 9, requesting an interview in accordance with the offer contained in Grant's letter of the previous day.

When I placed this letter in the hands of Colonel Whittier I saw indications that the Federal troops in our immediate front were advancing, and I knew that in a few minutes they would meet the skirmishers of our rear-guard. I knew that if such a meeting occurred, to use a common expression, "the fat would be in the fire," so far as a suspension of hostilities was concerned.

I therefore told Colonel Whittier the purport of the letter I had given him, and expressed the hope that hostilities might be suspended until it could reach General Grant.

He soon returned and told me that he had reported my request that hostilities be suspended pending the correspondence, but that he had been directed to say that an attack had been ordered, and that the officer in command of the force had no discretion. He added that General Grant had left General Meade some time before, and that General Lee's letter could not reach him in time to receive orders as to the intended attack.

I expressed my regret, and asked him to request the officer commanding the troops then moving to the attack to read General Lee's letter to General Grant, saying that perhaps that officer would feel authorized, under the circumstances, to suspend the movement and avoid the useless sacrifice of life.

I have said that, as General Lee passed through his rear-guard on his way to the place where the conference I have mentioned took place, the men cheered him as of old. They were the flower of the old Army of

Northern Virginia, and I felt quite sure that if the officer commanding the advancing Federal troops should consider himself bound by his orders to refuse my request for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee's letter could reach General Grant, the rear-guard of the Army of Northern Virginia would secure all the time necessary.

Colonel Whittier again returned to the Federal lines, and when he came back informed me that General Meade had read the letter of General Lee, and had agreed to suspend operations for one hour.

General Lee then returned to the front, and, with General Longstreet, proceeded to a small orchard at the foot of the hill on which the line of battle was formed, where he awaited the reply of General Grant. He sent into the Federal lines a formal request for a suspension of hostilities. As he was much fatigued, a rude couch was prepared under an apple-tree, upon which he reclined until the approach of a flag of truce from the Federal line in our front was announced.

Soon afterward Colonel Babcock of General Grant's staff was conducted to the presence of General Lee, and delivered to him the following letter:

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Colonel Babcock told General Lee that he had been sent forward by General Grant with instructions to make any arrangements for the meeting that General Lee desired within the Federal or Confederate lines.

General Lee directed me to accompany him, with one orderly, and immediately mounting his horse, rode with Colonel Babcock toward Appomattox Court House.

We passed through an infantry force in front of the village, and General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting. I rode forward, and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house suitable for the purpose. I learned afterward that the citizen was Mr. McLean, who had lived on the battle-field of Bull Run, but had removed to Appomattox Court House to get out of the way of the war. Mr. McLean conducted me to an unoccupied and unfurnished house in a very bad state of repair. I told him that it was not suitable, and he then offered his own house, to which he conducted me.

I found a room suitable for the purpose in view, and sent back the orderly who had accompanied me to direct General Lee and Colonel Babcock to the house. They came in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that, as General Grant was approaching on the road in front of the house, it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and I sat in the parlor for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were General Ord and General Sheridan.

General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged in conversation for a short time about their former acquaintance during the Mexican War.

Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his proposition to writing. General Grant assented, and Colonel Ely S. Parker of his staff moved a small table from the opposite side of the room, and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee.

When General Grant had written his letter in pencil, he took it to General Lee, who remained seated. General Lee read the letter, and called General Grant's attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the horses of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalrymen owned their horses, and that they would need them for planting a spring crop.[1] General Grant at once accepted the

[1] Colonel Marshall here credits General Lee with the allusion to the need of the horses in the spring planting. This would appear to be an error, since, as shown on page 941, General Gibbon states that the words were used by General Grant. In that he agrees with General Grant himself, who, in his "Memoirs," states that the reference was his. Also, General Horace Porter, who has given to the world the most detailed account of the conversation (see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1897), attributes it to Grant, in the words "to work their little farms."—EDITOR.

The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink, and General Lee directed me to write his acceptance.

Colonel Parker took the light table upon which General Grant had been writing to the opposite corner of the room, and I accompanied him. There was an inkstand in the room, but the ink was so thick that it was of no use. I had a small boxwood inkstand which I always carried, and I gave it, with my pen, to Colonel Parker, who proceeded to copy General Grant's letter.

While he was so engaged I sat near the end of the sofa on which General Sheridan was sitting, and we entered into conversation. In the midst of it General Grant, who sat nearly diagonally across the room and was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan and said:

"General Sheridan, General Lee tells me that he has some twelve hundred of our people prisoners, who are sharing with his men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?"

General Sheridan replied: "About twenty-five thousand."

General Grant turned to General Lee and said: "General, will that be enough?"

General Lee replied: "More than enough."

Thereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan: "Direct your commissary to send twenty-five thousand rations to General Lee's commissary."

General Sheridan at once sent an officer to give the necessary orders.

When Colonel Parker had concluded the copying of General Grant's letter, I sat down at the same table and wrote General Lee's answer.

I have yet in my possession the original draft of that answer. It began: "I have the honor to acknowledge." General Lee struck out those words, and made the answer read as it now appears. His reason was that the correspondence ought not to appear as if he of his letter made by Colonel Parker, and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed to me General Grant's letter and I handed to him General Lee's reply, and the work was done. Some further conversation of a general nature took place, in the course of which General Grant said to General Lee that he had come to the meeting as he was and without his sword, because he did not wish to detain General Lee until he could send back to his wagons, which were several miles away. This was the only reference made by any one to the subject of dress on that occasion.

General Lee had prepared himself for the meeting with more than usual care, and was in full uniform, wearing a very handsome sword and sash. This was doubtless the reason for General Grant's reference to himself.

At last General Lee took leave of General Grant, saying that he would return to his headquarters and designate the officers who were to act on our side in arranging the details of the surrender. We mounted our horses, which the orderly was holding in the yard, and rode away, a number of Federal officers standing on the porch in front of the house, looking at us.

When General Lee returned to his lines, a large number of men gathered about him, to whom he announced what had taken place and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary.

Great emotion was manifested by officers and men, but love and sympathy for their commander mastered every other feeling.

According to the report of the chief of ordnance, less than eight thousand armed men surrendered, exclusive of cavalry. The others who were present were unarmed, having been unable to carry their arms from exhaustion and hunger. Many had fallen from the ranks during the arduous march, and unarmed men continued to arrive for several days after the surrender, swelling the number of paroled prisoners greatly beyond the actual effective force.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF APPOMATTOX.

BY THE LATE JOHN GIBBON, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A.

IT was the morning of the 3d of April, 1865, and the forked roads at Sutherland's Station, eight or ten miles west of Petersburg, presented a busy scene. Both roads were blocked with wagons, artillery, and troops, all facing west. In the forks stood a house, and in the yard was a group of officers sitting or lying on the grass. Suddenly a great shout was heard from the troops down the road, and looking in that direction, we saw General Grant rapidly approaching on horseback, with his staff behind him. As he neared the gate and pulled up, the officers rose to meet him. Just then a despatch was placed in his hand, and opening it before dismounting, he glanced at it, and said to those about him: "Weitzel entered Richmond this morning at half-past eight." The announcement so quietly made was greeted with a cheer, and this being taken up by the nearest troops, the news rapidly spread that our four years' goal was in our possession.

Waiting only long enough to get orders from General Ord, I sprang upon my horse and rode rapidly forward to where my command was resting. Hearing the cheers and seeing a party of horsemen approaching on the run, the men rapidly gathered on the side of the road to hear the news. Reaching the first regiment, I called out, "Richmond is in our possession!" and, without checking my horse, rode through the command, repeating the words. Men sprang to their feet, and, as they caught my meaning, threw their caps in the air and cheered with every evidence of delight. As I drew up at the head of the column, and the last cheer died away, a man sang out from the ranks: "Stack your muskets and go home!" This was received with renewed cheers and loud laughter.

But there was hard work yet to be done before the final result was accomplished, and we resumed the march westward toward Burkeville Junction.

A glance at the map shows a line twenty miles long joining Richmond and Petersburg, running north and south. Directly west of the middle of this line, and some thirty miles from it, is Amelia Court House. It is the apex of an isosceles triangle, and is about equally distant from the two cities. It was Lee's natural point of concentration on the abandonment of his lines. Meade, with his army, was pushing northwest on the road to Amelia Court House nearest the Appomattox River, while our column, under Ord, marched on the road farther south, following the South Side Railroad. General Grant accompanied our column, and on the night of the 4th his headquarters were close by us. With General Potter, who was his classmate, I paid him a visit, and, seated about his camp-fire of rails, we talked over the situation. The general spoke very freely and unreservedly, and every now and then seemed to be intently studying the problem before him. He received and read a despatch, and said, rather to himself than to us: "I don't see *exactly* what Lee is driving at." But this doubt did not interfere with our work, and the next day we were pushing westward again.

With our cavalry in front, and the whole Army of the Potomac on the north of us, we marched along, totally regardless of precautions. While passing through a piece of thick timber, with General Grant and his staff riding alongside the column, three or four mounted men in Confederate gray suddenly made their appearance, and very confidently rode forward to meet the general. They proved to be Sheridan's scouts, and brought a despatch from that officer announcing the presence of Lee's whole army at Amelia Court House, ending with the expression of a wish that General Grant were on the spot. The general quietly dismounted from the little black pony he was riding, ordered his saddle transferred to his large thoroughbred, and questioned the leader of the scouts as to his ability to conduct him across the country to Sheridan. Being assured of that, he started off with a few of his staff, the scouts, and some orderlies, and we saw no more of him for two days.

We pushed ahead, and near midnight

reached the junction at Burkeville, after a march of twenty-seven miles, to find that Jefferson Davis, with his cabinet, had passed down on his way to Danville the day before. The next day parties were sent out to destroy the railroad, and late in the day our troops were again in motion, this time on a road leading north toward the High Bridge, to which point a party of cavalry under General Ord's adjutant-general (Read) had preceded us. This party fell in with a portion of the enemy's cavalry near the bridge, and after a hard fight was defeated, General Theodore Read being killed.

After a march of eight or nine miles my column came in sight of the enemy intrenched at Rice's Station, and while deploying, preparatory to an assault, darkness came on, and we bivouacked for the night. Daylight revealed the fact that the enemy had left, and we pushed on in pursuit, receiving news from Sheridan of his fight the day before at Sailors' Creek, only a few miles from us. We had not heard a gun, the direction of the wind and heavy timber drowning the sound.

Following the retreating forces, we came in sight of Farmville, to find that the enemy had crossed the river, destroying the bridges behind him. The main body of Lee's army had crossed lower down, at the High Bridge, but so closely followed by the troops of the Second Corps as to be unable to destroy a foot-bridge on which our troops crossed in pursuit. Lee's army being then to the north of the Appomattox River, any prospect of his being able to form a junction with General Johnston's army was at an end.

Taking possession of the town, my troops were placed in position along the southern bank of the river, from where the enemy's troops could be seen going into position to resist the Army of the Potomac, which was pushing forward after them. Several large hospitals were found in the town, occupied by sick and wounded, and in charge of Confederate surgeons. General Grant arrived in the course of the day, and established his headquarters at the hotel in the town. A large number of negroes were running about the streets in a great state of excitement, and it became necessary to place guards about the place to check pillaging, which had already begun. The white people were evidently very uneasy, but the provost guard soon restored order and confidence.

In the afternoon I was seated on the hotel porch, talking to General Grant, when two or three men in gray uniform came riding by. General Grant noticed them, and turning to me, said: "You had better keep an eye on those people, or the first thing you know some of them will be riding over into Lee's army and giving him information." Despatching a staff-officer to overhaul and bring back the party, we were again surprised with the information that the men were Sheridan's scouts.

That evening General Ord and I called on General Grant at his room in the hotel, and in the course of conversation General Grant remarked, in his quiet way: "I have a great mind to summon Lee to surrender."

I suspect he had already made up his mind to do so, and the idea struck me as peculiarly appropriate. Forced to form his line of battle on the other side of the river to resist our further pursuit, much of his artillery and transportation in our possession, Lee's chances for reaching Lynchburg with his much-reduced and half-famished army were very slim. General Grant must have had the matter already well prepared in his mind, for shortly afterward his adjutant-general (Seth Williams) was on his way to the enemy's line with the now historic note of April 7.

We did not wait to hear the result of this summons, but, bidding General Grant good night, retired, with orders to move promptly at five o'clock the next morning. That hour found us on our way again, pushing westward, with detachments watching the river crossings to our right. At Prospect Station we overtook a part of our cavalry, and were there joined by the Fifth Corps, under Griffin, which came in from the south on the Prince Edward Court House road. As soon as the cavalry got out of our way we resumed the march, leaving the road open for the artillery and ambulances by marching the infantry in the fields alongside.

We had left our wagons far behind, and provisions were becoming scarce. Foraging parties were therefore thrown out on both sides of the road, with orders to collect all the cows, calves, sheep, and hogs to be found, and drive them into the road, to accompany the column. These orders were gladly obeyed, and each new arrival of food was greeted with cheers by the troops, who pushed along with a will, every one being now fully alive to the fact that we were marching for a prize which could not much longer evade our grasp. It was hot and dusty, and many of the exhausted men fell out by the way. Riding at the head of the column, I halted at a point where the road

we were on approached the railroad, and while waiting for the arrival of the troops I received the following despatch:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,
APPOMATTOX STATION, April 8, 1865.

GENERAL GIBBON: We have captured four trains of cars with locomotives. The trains were loaded with supplies. One of the trains was burned. Thirty pieces of artillery and a large number of wagons and prisoners. If it is possible to push on your troops we may have handsome results in the morning. Very respectfully,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

P. S. We captured 1000 prisoners, including 1 general officer and from 150 to 200 wagons.

Now I looked more eagerly than ever for the head of my column. While waiting impatiently for its appearance, a staff-officer of General Ord's rode up with a message from him, saying the troops were much scattered and exhausted, and he had ordered them to halt for the night, as they had marched far enough. In hot haste I sent a staff-officer to inform General Ord of the despatch I had received, and urging him to permit such of the troops as were able to march to come on. General Ord at once countermanded his order, and the poor, weary, foot-sore fellows pushed ahead again. General Ord soon afterward came up, and after dark, when the head of the column appeared, it broke out into loud cheers as the men caught the sound of the locomotive whistle of the captured trains that came rumbling to the rear under charge of a cavalry sergeant.

As the troops came up, they were at once assigned positions for the night, and after a hurried supper from the bacon and hard bread on the captured trains, the men sank to sleep with no pickets out, and with orders for the leading division (Foster's) to resume the march promptly at three o'clock.

All in our column slept the profound sleep of tired men, and on opening my eyes the next morning I found, to my amazement, that it was broad daylight, and not a sound of any kind was to be heard in the camp. Springing up, I called loudly for staff-officers and orderlies, and, as soon as a horse could be saddled, despatched a staff-officer to General Foster, with orders to place his division in motion at once. In a few minutes the officer came back with the information that the division had moved promptly at three o'clock.

I hope the recording angel has long since blotted out the oath I uttered, coupled with the remark that "General Foster is a better soldier than I am."

Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, General Ord and I rode rapidly forward, passed the head of the column, and reached a little house on the road just beyond Evergreen Station, occupied by General Sheridan as his headquarters.

Giving orders for my troops to be massed in a field close by half filled with cavalry, we entered the house, to find General Sheridan just preparing to go to breakfast, a meal we were glad to share with him. Here we discussed the situation and what disposition to make of the infantry. Sheridan reported his cavalry in line across the Lynchburg road, hourly expecting to be attacked. The sooner we could place infantry across that road the better. Ord proposed to place my corps across the road and Griffin's on my right. I said: "Place *both* corps on that road, and make a *sure thing* of it. Lee is not coming in here [on our right], for it will take him farther from the Lynchburg road, and he cannot get back to it." Sheridan said: "That 's my idea exactly." And with that understanding I started my troops forward.

As we approached Appomattox Station and crossed the railroad, a heavy fire opened on the cavalry in our front, and it soon became evident that a serious engagement was going on. The fire became warmer and warmer, and, from the sound, was evidently coming toward us. The whole country was covered heavily with timber, through which nothing could be seen. North of the track the road forked. The right-hand one, an unfrequented wood road, led directly toward the firing, now becoming rapidly warmer than ever. The left-hand fork was a plain, well-broken road, almost at right angles with the other, and leading *away* from the firing; but this led to the Lynchburg road, and for that I was aiming.

Pushing rapidly along, the firing progressing farther and farther to my rear, I at length reached the broad "big road" to Lynchburg, and formed Foster's division in line of battle across it, with a battery of artillery in the road, intending to bring John W. Turner's division up and form it as a support to Foster's left. But by this time the fire in our rear had made progress, and the shells from our front began to scream through the trees about us, stampeding the led horses and stragglers of the cavalry. Fearful of delaying the advance longer, I directed Turner to face his division to the right and move forward at once through the timber on Foster's right. Preceded by skirmishers, the line moved through the timber,

and the popping of the rifles soon showed that we had come in contact with the enemy. The fire rapidly grew warmer, and then suddenly ceased, and on riding to the front I found my line of battle just emerging from the woods to the open ground in front, no enemy in sight and no bullets flying.

Riding forward to the picket-line, passing on the way a piece of the enemy's artillery dismounted, I caught sight, away off to my right, of masses of troops moving into position, and a little farther beyond came in sight of the village of Appomattox, with troops in the valley on the other side. These last were evidently the enemy's. In front of our troops a party of horsemen was moving toward the court-house. It was General Ord and his staff, and joining him, I was informed that Lee had surrendered. Together we rode into the village, a little straggling place of a dozen or two houses, an open square in the middle, on one side the court-house, on another a rather pretentious house with a flight of wide steps leading up to the broad porch. Standing about were staff-officers, and orderlies holding horses, and inside the house (McLean's), we were told, Generals Lee and Grant were having their conference. As we rode up, General Custer, with his long yellow locks, came down the steps, carrying on his shoulder a little oval marble-topped table, a relic, it was said, of the surrender, which General Sheridan, after paying a twenty-dollar gold piece for it, had presented to his favorite cavalry leader.

Sending orders to my troops to go into position on the hills overlooking the town, with a line of pickets duly posted, I dismounted, and, with many other officers, loitered about the square, anxiously waiting to hear the result of the negotiations. All war-like sounds had ceased, but both armies had picket-lines out in front. The town was between the two, and prominent officers on both sides, who had not met, except in battle, for four years, mingled together and chatted about the coming event. All wore an air of anxiety, but all seemed hopeful that there would be no further necessity for bloodshed.

Here I again met Longstreet, last seen between the picket-lines in front of Richmond, and General Henry Heth, an old friend and classmate with whom I had last shaken hands nearly five years before at Camp Floyd in far-distant Utah. Nobody felt much like talking. One question absorbed all thoughts: Was the war to cease or not? This nobody felt much disposition to discuss while the two great chiefs were talking over the matter in the adjacent house. It was a quiet which might precede the reopening of the storm, or might be the end of the tornado which had been sweeping over the land for four years. All felt, I think, that, reduced as Lee was in fighting strength, he was, even yet, not prepared to yield if unreasonable terms were demanded.

To those of us who were waiting outside the time dragged slowly, as it always does when the mind is on the alert for some anxiously expected event.

While we were thus waiting, some one said, "There is Cadmus." Looking up, I saw General Wilcox, another classmate, riding into the square on a sorry-looking gray horse whose thin ribs bespoke the scant forage on which he had been subsisting. The rider was dressed in a long, thick overcoat, and after he had dismounted and saluted the group of officers, I asked him if he was cold, that he wore an overcoat. He grimly replied, "It 's all I have"; and opening the coat, he showed us that a shirt was the only garment underneath. Pointing to a pair of bags on his saddle, he said, "That 's all the baggage I have left," and turning to General Sheridan, he remarked: "You have captured all the rest, and you can't have *that* till you capture me." Heth was dressed in a new suit of Confederate gray, and accounted for the fact by saying that, when he found we were capturing all their baggage, he concluded to put on all his good clothes, and save them till the end in preference to the old ones.

At last some one came out of the McLean house and announced the fact that Lee had surrendered his army. I for one felt like uttering a loud yell of delight, for it was a relief to realize the fact that that great army was our prisoner, that the war was probably over, and that our country was triumphant.

Never before had I felt prouder of being an American citizen, for never before had it been so thoroughly demonstrated that America was a nation and entitled to be so considered throughout the world. But the very natural feeling of triumph was restrained in the presence of our late foes, to be in the future, as we hoped, a part of that nation, and we took the announcement of the surrender as quietly as was possible under the circumstances. The news soon spread, and some cheering was heard from the troops when it reached them. A little while after that, a thrill of excitement went through every one as the sound of heavy

musketry fire reached our ears from away off on the left of my line, fear being felt lest some unfortunate collision had taken place there before the news of the surrender was received. A staff-officer was at once despatched to ascertain the meaning of the firing, and he returned with the news that a brigade of colored troops in position in rear of my left flank had, on receipt of the news, thrown up their pieces and fired an exultant volley, much to the surprise of their less demonstrative and better disciplined white comrades. We had one more surprise that afternoon, and its occurrence will serve to show our nervous, excitable condition. We had pitched our tents and begun to realize the grand results of the day when our ears caught the sound of a cannon away off on the other side of the court-house. Another and another gun followed, but at regular intervals, and we all felt relief when some one said: "The Army of the Potomac has heard of Lee's surrender, and is firing a salute in honor of our victory."

I visited General Grant at his tent in the afternoon, and found preparations going on for his departure. He informed me that he intended to leave me, with my corps and General Griffin's (the Fifth), to receive the surrender of Lee's army, collect the public property, arms, etc., and transport them to Burkeville Junction.

Soon after dark the two tired armies sank to rest with no prospect that the coming day would be ushered in, as usual, with the sounds of conflict. I doubt if even the two picket-lines, which still held their positions, kept up a very vigilant watch, and doubtless many a poor weary sentinel slept at his post that night without the fear of the penalty attached to the crime. We who were in front of our pickets slept more soundly than we should have done behind them twenty-four hours before.

The morning of the 10th opened bright and clear, and no mere man of peace can realize the relief we experienced, on opening our eyes, at the thought that we were lying between the picket-lines of two great armies without the slightest prospect of having to engage in a fight.

Early in the morning it became noised abroad that General Grant was to have another interview with General Lee, and a number of our generals and staff-officers assembled in the village to witness it. Riding out to the edge of the town, and halting on the slope of a hill from where Lee's picket-line and a part of his troops could be seen, the party remained seated on their horses, awaiting Lee's appearance. In a few moments he came riding through his picket-line, attended only by two orderlies. As he approached he spoke to one of his orderlies, and pointing to a party of his own men seen approaching along the road toward the town, directed him to ascertain where they were going outside of his lines. The orderly returned almost immediately, and reported something to him with which he seemed satisfied, for he gave no other orders, and then spoke to General Grant, who rode forward a few steps to meet him. As the two sat talking on their horses only a few steps from us, we had a full opportunity not only to note their bearing, but to hear most of the conversation. I had not seen Lee for about six years, and his appearance is thus described in a letter written the next day:

> Soon after our arrival General Lee came riding up, attended only by two orderlies. He looks pretty much the same as usual, but older, and his face has a very sad expression. I did not see him smile once during the interview. He has the same quiet, subdued, gentlemanly manner for which he was always noted.

As the two generals sat talking together, General Grant turned and beckoned to General Seth Williams, his adjutant-general, who rode forward. I was curious to see the meeting between Lee and Williams. Some years before the war, when Lee was superintendent of the Military Academy, Williams was his adjutant, and was known to be a great favorite with him. As Williams approached, the two shook hands, but there was nothing in Lee's face, as he gravely and courteously received him, to indicate that he had ever met him before. After talking a little while General Grant beckoned me forward, and on approaching General Lee pretty much the same scene took place as with Williams. General Grant said: "General Lee is desirous that his officers and men should have on their persons some evidence that they are paroled prisoners, so that they will not be disturbed"; and General Lee remarked that he desired simply to do whatever was in his power to protect his men from anything disagreeable. I said I thought that could be arranged, as I had a small printing-press, and could have blank forms struck off, which could be filled up, and one given to each officer and man of the army, signed by their own officers, and distributed as required. To this he assented. He then turned to General Grant and said: "General, you have ex-

cepted private horses from the surrender. Now, most of my couriers and many of the artillery and cavalry own their own horses. How will it be about them?"

General Grant replied at once, speaking to me: "They will be allowed to retain them." Turning to General Lee, he added: "They will need them in putting in their spring crops." The remark struck me as peculiar, and I have no doubt it did Lee, for Grant could have said nothing which demonstrated more completely his idea that the *war was over*, and that these warlike men and horses would go at once to work *planting corn*.

The party then soon broke up, and Generals Griffin, Merritt, and I [the Union officers designated to arrange the details of the surrender], accompanied by a number of other officers, rode through the picket-line to Longstreet's headquarters, escorted by a member of his staff.

The six officers appointed to arrange the details of the surrender met in a room of the hotel of the town; but this was a bare and cheerless place, and at my suggestion we adjourned to the room in the McLean house where Grant and Lee had held their conference. Here we at once organized and began to discuss the subject before us, and after talking for a while it was suggested that I should write out the several propositions covering the surrender. This I did in pretty much the same shape as that finally adopted. When I came to the fifth clause I paused, for there was an important question involved: Who should be considered as included in the surrender? It was known that a part of the cavalry had made its escape toward Lynchburg just about the time the surrender took place. The matter was discussed for a few minutes, when General Gordon rose to his feet and made quite a speech, during which he said that, as they had been treated with so much liberality, he felt disposed, so far as he was concerned, to act liberally also, and that he considered his *personal honor* (with emphasis) required him to give the most liberal interpretation to every question which came up for decision. Longstreet sat still and said nothing, but when Gordon sat down he remarked very quietly that he proposed the surrender should include all troops belonging to the army, except such cavalry as actually made its escape, and any artillery that was beyond *twenty* miles from Appomattox Court House at the time of the surrender. This proposition was at once accepted by unanimous consent, and the terms as agreed to were duly drawn up and signed that night.

Mindful of the prize I had seen Custer carrying off, and having no surplus twenty-dollar gold pieces to pay out, it occurred to me to secure a cheaper table. I therefore directed that the old pine camp-table which I had used all through the war be placed in the room. This was covered with a blanket, and when, at 8:30 P.M., the members assembled to sign the final agreement, they signed on this table. Triplicate copies were signed, one being retained by the officers of each army. The third copy I kept, and afterward presented to the Historical Society of Maryland, in the rooms of which, in the city of Baltimore, it is now preserved.

The final agreement having been determined upon, it only remained to carry out its provisions, and this was begun that same afternoon by the cavalry marching up and laying down their arms.

My corps press was at once set to work to print off the requisite number of blank paroles, but it soon became apparent that our few printers would speedily break down at the task, some thirty thousand being required. The adjutant-general reported that the press would have to be run all night and probably all the next day. I therefore directed him to send out and make a detail from the corps of the requisite number of printers to supply relays for the press until the job was finished. This was done, and we obtained all the printers we wanted, and the next day the paroles were ready for distribution. If we had needed fifty watchmakers or blacksmiths I presume we could have had them just as readily.

The following day (the 11th) Turner's division of the Twenty-fourth Corps was paraded just outside the town, and in its presence the infantry commands marched up, stacked their arms, deposited their colors upon them, and, being supplied with rations and the blank paroles, took up the line of march toward their homes. In many cases they passed to the rear through our troops. There our men crowded to the sides of the road to look at them, but in not a single instance did I hear of a rude word or taunting remark being used by our troops. In fact, their forbearance was so marked that many of our late opponents spoke of it in praise. The simple fact was that these men had earned our admiration and consideration by their conduct in battle, and we could not

afford, now that we were the victors, to treat them with disrespect.

While the surrender was going on a staff-officer reported to me that some of the regiments had been seen to tear up their colors, declaring that they would not surrender them. General Longstreet happened to be present when this report was made, and I called his attention to the matter. Having ascertained in what command it was done, he at once despatched a staff-officer with a message to the general in command stating that, General Lee having surrendered the army, his surrender should be carried out in good faith, and that the troops were bound in honor to surrender their colors with their arms. After that we had no further trouble, and the troops continued to march up and deposit their arms and colors until the whole was completed, Turner's division being replaced for a part of the time by a division from the Fifth Corps.

General Lee's army being entirely without provisions, we were obliged to supply them from our stores, and the condition of matters is thus referred to in one of my letters:

> We have had to supply Lee's army with rations, they being entirely without any. As for the poor horses and mules, many of them will die for want of forage. They look terribly thin and worn down. Some of the men have had nothing to eat for three days but parched corn, and I cannot help respecting men who have fought so long and so well in support of their opinions, however wrong I may think them. The officers say very little about politics, but I think they have pretty much come to the conclusion that the Southern Confederacy has come to an end, as we all certainly do. All those of the old army whom we met seem not to have changed at all, and many references were made to old and happier times.

By the 12th nearly the whole army had been paroled, and most of the officers and men had left for their homes. Rolls in duplicate had been prepared of the different commands, and on the back of these was placed a blank form of parole, to be duly filled out and signed by the commanding officer. Such officers as did not belong to any party organization signed a different form of parole. And in addition each officer and man, when he separated from his command, was given one of the blank paroles to which I have referred after it was properly filled out and signed by his immediate commanding officer. Before the surrender was completed I happened to meet General Lee, and this subject coming up in conversation, he objected to this arrangement, saying that probably the United States authorities would not respect the signatures of *his* officers, and that these paroles ought to be signed by *our* officers; but both General Longstreet (who was present) and I explained to him that that was impracticable for the lack of time, and he finally said he would leave the whole subject in the hands of General Longstreet.

We were kept busy for two or three days receiving the arms and collecting the guns from the surrounding country, some of which were found dismounted and buried in the woods. I then prepared to carry out General Grant's instructions, given to me just before his departure for Burkeville Junction, to which point the main body of the Army of the Potomac was moved back.

On the 11th I received a deputation from Lynchburg proposing to surrender the town, and asking our protection from their own stragglers, who had shown some disposition toward riot and plunder. General Mackenzie's cavalry was at once started for that place; it reached there the next day, and found an immense quantity of public property in the town. Turner's division was afterward sent up to Lynchburg to collect the public stores and destroy what could not be brought away.

Receiving on the 11th a request from General Lee's adjutant-general for a small escort for the general for a few miles on his way to Richmond, it was sent, and the next day, while seated in the McLean house, I received a message saying that General Lee was at the door and would like to see me. I told the messenger to ask him in, but he came back to say that the general declined to dismount. Going to the door, I found General *Fitz* Lee seated on his horse, and looking, I thought, somewhat uneasy. He had been a cadet under me at West Point, and I had not seen him for years. As I looked at him a vision of the past came up before me, and I could only think of a little rollicking fellow dressed in *cadet* gray, whose jolly songs and gay spirits were the life of his class. My salutation of "Hello, Fitz! Get off and come in," seemed to put him at his ease at once, and brought him to his feet. He came into the house and told his story. Early on the 9th, seeing that surrender was inevitable, he had, with his cavalry force, made his escape and proceeded toward Lynchburg; but becoming convinced that the war was virtually ended, he rode to Farmville and reported to General Meade. He was advised to return to Appomattox and be paroled. He became my guest for

the night, and, lying on the floor, slept as soundly as a child, after, as he said, having had no sleep for a week. Nothing could dampen his high spirits, and with us he seemed to rejoice that the war was over. With a grim humor, he took from his pocket a five-dollar Confederate note, and writing across its face, "For Mrs. Gibbon, with the compliments of Fitz Lee," he said: "Send that to your wife, and tell her it 's the last cent I have in the world."

On the 14th I rode to Lynchburg, but I returned to Appomattox the next day, and a few days afterward, having gathered up everything, we took our way back to Burkeville Junction, leaving, by direction of General Grant, surplus "wagons for the country people to pick up."

The number of flags surrendered with Lee's army was seventy-two. They were carefully boxed up and afterward delivered to the Secretary of War in Washington.

Some months after the surrender I heard General Henry A. Wise give an amusing account of his experience with the printed parole he carried with him. He was on his way to his home near Norfolk, mounted on a fine blooded mare, when he stopped one day at a roadside tavern in Mecklenburg County to get something to eat. Our cavalry was then in that part of Virginia on its way to Danville, and good horses were very rapidly picked up by straggling and foraging parties. On coming out of the tavern to where he had hitched his mare, General Wise found a cavalry soldier mounted on her back and about to ride off, while a sergeant stood looking on. Wise demanded in a sharp tone what the man was doing, at the same time ordering him to get off the mare. The sergeant turned to him and asked:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am General Wise of the Confederate army, and you can't have my mare," was the reply.

Neither the sergeant nor the man appeared to attach much importance to this piece of information, and the latter was about to ride off, when Wise exclaimed in a loud tone:

"I have got General Grant's *safeguard*, and am under its protection!"

The sergeant demanded to see this "safeguard," and Wise produced his printed parole, duly filled out with his name and signed.

The sergeant's countenance fell, for he had evidently heard of the penalty (death) attached to the violation of a safeguard. But suddenly his face brightened with hope, as he said, with considerable contempt in his voice:

"How do I know but what this is a forgery?"

Wise, however, was equal to the occasion, and exclaimed:

"A *forgery!* You know perfectly well it 's no forgery, sir, and that no enterprising Yankee would go up to a d—— little country village like Appomattox Court House and set up a printing-press to print off a *forgery!* Now get off that mare"—to the soldier—"and give her up, or I will follow you to your commanding officer, if it 's to h—— or Halifax!" (the next county).

Wise said the man quietly got down off the mare and gave her up to him without another word. This he thought an evidence of the power of his parole. I considered, however, that he was fortunate in striking a rather mild specimen of a cavalry "bummer."

The table upon which the final agreement was signed was, the next day, placed in the hands of one of the clerks at my corps headquarters. After carefully smoothing off and sandpapering the top, he placed upon it the following inscription:

ON THIS TABLE

was signed the Final Agreement for the surrender of the "Army of Northern Virginia," at Appomattox C. H. Va., 8.30 P. M. April 10th 1865 by Lt. Gen. J. Longstreet, Maj. Gen. J. B. Gordon and Brig. Gen. W. N. Pendleton, C. S. A., and Maj. Gen. John Gibbon, Bvt. Maj. Gen'l. Charles Griffin and Brev. Maj. Gen. W. Merritt, U. S. Army.

NOTE ON THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U. S. A.,
Late Major-General United States Volunteers.

N the morning's attack, on the 9th of April, the cavalry, reduced in numbers, had no chance against Gordon's well-formed infantry. Crook and I had agreed to fight as long as was possible, in the hope that Gibbon's infantry (Ord's command) would make its appearance. This it did in "the very nick of time." As soon as Gordon saw it deploy in his front, he hesitated and halted, and finally withdrew to a reasonable distance. Then came the truce, and it was agreed that there should be no more fighting until, I think, two o'clock. The officers met and talked over old times. I saw many Confederates whom I had known at West Point. When we parted, about two o'clock, they all expressed regret that the "incident could not be closed at once," and were sad, they said, that fighting must continue. We knew that they had no chance, and thought that they knew it too.

About the time of the expiration of the truce General Grant came on the field near the part of the lines commanded by me, and asked the whereabouts of General Sheridan. I rode with him to where General Sheridan was in the town of Appomattox, and after some conversation between them, Grant, Sheridan, and their staffs, and a number of officers rode to the front of our lines on to what might have been called the neutral zone separating the two armies. After General Grant had proceeded a hundred yards or so in the direction of the Confederate lines, General Lee, accompanied by two or three officers, rode out of his lines and met General Grant and his party. Just before the meeting, the officers accompanying General Grant reined up their horses, halting fifteen or twenty yards before the generals met. They approached each other until within a few feet, or perhaps side by side, facing in opposite directions, and after a few words drew off to the left as we faced, dismounted, and talked. Soon they mounted again, and turning their horses' heads toward the Union lines, rode, followed by the Union officers who had accompanied General Grant, into the single road-like street of Appomattox, halted in front of the McLean house, and, dismounting, entered. They were in the house together less than one hour, I should think. I was not in the room, but once, on the suggestion of Colonel Babcock of Grant's staff, I went to the doorway and looked in, and saw the generals and their aides seated, the latter writing busily, the others engaged in conversation.

When General Lee came out of the house he was attended by his one staff-officer. As he stepped into the front yard a number of Union officers saluted him by raising the hat; he returned the salute in like manner, and then, looking in the direction of the Confederate army, smote the palms of his hands together three times, his arms extended to their full length.

General Lee then mounted his horse, a gray gelding, and rode down the incline toward his army—and I saw him no more.

If I heard any conversation between Generals Grant and Lee, it has escaped my recollection; but from the circumstances attending the surrender I am convinced but few, if any one save a single aide of each, heard the conversations.

It was through me that General Grant increased the generosity of the terms granted, by letting the private soldiers who owned their horses keep them, the same as was permitted to the officers in the written surrender. He gave me verbal directions to this effect on the afternoon of the surrender. This was done on representations made by General G. W. Custis Lee, the senior present in cavalry command on the Confederate side, through me to General Grant, and not as represented by Badeau in his "Military History of General Grant," Vol. III, page 685.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART ONE.

THE night is wild and wet. It makes faces at me when I go to the window, like a big gargoyle; it has the dignity that belongs to ugliness and character. I 'm afraid I was born a heathen for beauty's sake, for all the Christian there is in me—and that is scandalously little—is kept busy going into sackcloth and doing penance for my esthetic sins. I have never loved any person who was not beautiful. But then I have never loved many people—Father and poor Ina.

The wind starts a long way off to-night, and stirs and strengthens with a terrible deliberation. By the time it reaches you, nothing can withstand it, and you don't care whether anything can or not. I feel as if I could open the window and let myself drop, sure that it would lift me up and carry me, and I should n't in the least mind where. I dream of doing that often.

To-day I found something which pleased me. It was in that old French book of Father's that I read aloud in to keep up my accent. It was about a princess in a shallop on a river—no, I 'll copy it, rather; it seems to me worth while, which is saying something, for most things do not strike me that way. I wish I knew why.

The princess was a sea-princess, but she lived in an inland country, and when the water-soul within her called, she had only a river wherewith to satisfy it. So she floated out in her shallop upon the river, nor would she let any person guide the shallop, neither her men nor her maidens, but loved the feel of the oar, and the deference of it to her own soft hands. And she chose the hour that precedes and follows the setting of the sun, for it was a fair hour, and the river was comely. And drifting, she thought to row, and rowing, she thought to drift; so, drifting and rowing, she had her will, for no one gainsaid her. And she was a fair princess, though a haughty, and many men crowned her in their hearts, but to none of them did she incline. And certain knights took boats and sought to overtake her upon the river, for she seemed to drift. But when they drew nearer to her, drifting, they perceived that she was rowing, and, row they never so sturdily, she did keep the shallop in advance of them, nor did she concern herself with them, for she was a princess, and she had the sea in her heart, while they were but knights, and contented themselves with the river, having been born with river-souls, in the river country. And these wearied her, so that she rowed the stronger for her disdain, and escaped them all, though now and then but by a shallop's length.

Now it chanced that there appeared upon the river a new oar, being the oar of a prince who did disguise himself, but could not disguise his stroke; nor did he row like these others, the knights who rowed upon the river for her sake who disdained them, and this the princess, being expert in such matters, perceived. But the prince did not seek to overtake the princess, whereat she marveled; and she glanced backward over the river, and observed him that he rowed not to overtake her, but drifted at the leisure of his heart.

And every day, at the hour which precedes and follows the setting of the sun, the prince drifted at the leisure of his heart. Then did the leisure pass out of the heart of the princess, and she marveled exceedingly, both at herself and at him who did not overtake her. And while she glanced, she drifted. And it befell that on a certain day she glanced, and behold, he was rowing steadily. Then the princess bent to her oars, she being strong and beautiful, and so escaped him like the others, and he saw that she smiled as she escaped. But he rowed mightily, for he was a prince, and he gained upon her. And she perceived that he gained upon her, and it did not suit her to be overtaken, for thus was her nature, and she followed her nature, for she was princess, and it was permitted her. And she smote the water, and turned her shallop swiftly, and disappeared from his sight, and from the sight of all those others whom he had distanced upon the river. And the light fell, and the dusk rose, and they twain, the escaped and the pursuing, the fleeing and the seeking, were alone on that part of the river. For it is not a frequented part of the river. And the princess hid from him. And she believed him to have passed by unwitting, so she stirred in her shallop to find her oars, but lo! she had lost them. And she was adrift upon the river, and it was dark. Now, while she sat there in perplexity, but mute, for she was royal, she heard the motion of oars, as they had been muffled, and it was not easy to follow the sound thereof, for it was a subtle stroke, although a mighty. And she recognized the stroke, and she remembered that she had lost her oars.

So the prince lifted her into his own shallop, and she, for she was royal, gainsaid him not.

I have translated as I copied, and the mistakes will speak for themselves, as mistakes always do. Of course it is a version of Atalanta,—one of those modern things that copy the antique without a blush,—yet I rather like it. I never had any patience with Atalanta.

I HAVE been pursued all day by a fragment that I cannot mend or join, and I think it must have come from some delicate Sèvres cup or vase, of the quality that breaks because it is so beautiful:

> I never know why 't is I love thee so:
> I do not think 't is that thine eyes for me
> Grow bright as sudden sunshine on the sea.
> . . . . . .
> It is thy face I see, and it befell
> Thou wert, and I was, and I love thee well.

A man wrote that, I 'm sure, but he was different from men; and no woman could have written it, though she were like women. I must ask Father to look it up for me. He is the most accurate quoter I ever knew, and I suppose I have his instinct for quotation, without his accuracy. I hate etiquette, barbed-wire fences, kindergarten cubes, mathematics, politics, law, and dress-coats. I like to wear bicycle-skirts, and not to give an account of myself, and to run about the grounds in the dark, and to get into a ruby gown before the fire and write like this when I come in. It is one of the nights when March slips into the arms of May, and chills her to the heart. I know two things in this world that never, never tire me and always rest me—I wonder if they always will? One is a sunset, and the other is an open wood fire.

Mr. Herwin has come in, and is reading to Father; the thick ceiling, floor, and carpet break the insistence of his voice, and it blurs into a rhythm, like the sound of waves. I don't altogether like his voice, and it 's more agreeable taken through a medium of fresco and Wilton carpet. Robert Hazelton had a pleasant voice. Poor Rob! But he was too short, and he is very plain.

Oh, that wind! It roars like a fierce, elemental, raging creature that does n't know what it wants, but is destined to have it at any cost. I can't help that feeling that if I opened the window and just let myself out, the storm would be kind to me, and I should be upborne, and swept along safely, over the tops of trees, as I am in my dreams (they are usually elms, and very high, and I wonder why they are cultivated trees, and wish they were pines and live-oaks, but they always remain elms), and I think I should never be carried too high, so as to get frightened, or lost among clouds, and so dashed down. I am sure I should stay, like a captive balloon, at just about that height, within sight of earth and houses and people, but well out of their reach, and floating always, now wildly, now gently, if it stormed or if it calmed, with the cold freedom of the dead and the warm sentience of the living. And I think—

Father is sure not to miss me; the secretary is good for another hour at least. The next best thing to jumping out of the window is to get into the garden. The storm is growing gloriously worse. I believe I 'll go.

I WENT. Golf-skirt and waterproof and rubber boots, wind in the face, rain on the head —I went. Slapped on the cheek, smitten in the eyes, breath-beaten and storm-shaken, a fighter of the night and the gale, for the love of storms and for the love of fighting, that was I. I seem to myself to have been a creature of the dark and the weather, sprung of them, as the wet flowers were sprung of the earth, and the falling torrents were born of the clouds. I seem to myself to have been a thousandfold more myself out there. The drawing-room girl in low dresses and trains, receiving beside her father, doing the proper thing, saying what everybody says,—even the girl who likes Strauss waltzes, and dances once in a while till morning,—looked out of the window at this other girl, like distant relatives. The girl in the garden disowned them, and did n't care a raindrop what they thought of her. Oh, I did n't care what anybody thought of me! What 's the sense in being alive if you can't hurl away other people's thoughts and respect your own? I suppose, if it comes to that, it 's well to have your thoughts respectable. Truly, I don't think mine have ever been disreputable. Come, Marna Trent! Out with it! Have they? No—no. I really don't think they have. I can't answer for what they might be, if it stormed hard enough, and I 'd been to too many receptions, and I could n't get into rubber boots and a waterproof and run about gardens.

When you come to think of it, what 's a garden? The walls are stone, and pretty high; there are broken glass bottles all along the top, to keep burglars out and the cat

in; James locks the iron gate at eleven; the shrubbery is all trimmed like bushes that have just come from the barber's; there is n't a weed to be seen, and the paths are so narrow that I get my golf-skirt wet. Why, if I were a man, I should be outside, in the clubs, the streets, the theaters,—God knows where,—doing bohemian things, watching people in the slums, going to queer places with policemen, tramping up and down and watching the colored lights on the long bridges, taking tremendous walks out into the country, coming home at any hour, with a latch-key, and wearing a mackintosh —no, I should wear an oil-coat, a *long* oil-coat, and a fisherman's sou'wester, and I should go—I wonder where? and I should do—I wonder what?

But I am a girl; and I stay in the garden. And that 's bad enough, for the other girls don't care about gardens. I heard a woman tell another woman one day that I was "very imprudent." She said I "went out evenings." I laughed then, for I could afford to, and I did n't care what she said. I don't feel so much like laughing now. The worst thing I ever did in my life I 've done to-night within the last half-hour.

I 'm glad that woman does n't know it.

I have n't been outside of my father's garden, either. And you know, Marna Trent, how much you respect your father's garden. In the first place, it 's a garden, and in the next, it 's your father's. I believe the storm-soul got me, as the water-soul took Undine, when nobody expected it.

"*The princess was a sea-princess, but she lived in an inland country*"—poor thing! I always thought I should like to go to school with a princess, and be able to say "Poor thing!" to her, for of course they 're nothing but other girls, only they can't wallow round among wet things in rubber boots and golf-skirts. Who would be a princess if she could be the daughter of an ex-governor, and live in a big, dull suburban place, with a garden seven acres across?

I went out into the garden, I say, and it stormed like the Last Day (I 've always thought it would come in a spring freshet), and nobody saw me, for the servants were n't about, and the secretary was reading "The Life of Rufus Choate" to Father (Father always chooses some of those contemporary things); and I saw the top of Mr. Herwin's head as I crept by the library windows—he has rather a nice head, if his hair were n't too curly. I don't like curly men, but straight ones, like Father. I stood on tiptoe and peeked in, but I kept a good way off. Father looked very handsome and peaceful and happy in his big leather chair—dear Father! The secretary was reading dutifully. I believe he does it to increase his income while he is studying law, for one day I told him I could n't bear lawyers, and he cultivated a grieved expression, which was not becoming, and I told him so. I never have been able to get on with Mr. Herwin. There 's an Heir-to-the-Throne-in-Disguise manner about him which, in my opinion, the circumstances don't justify. I feel like a panther stroked the wrong way every time I see him. It 's two years, now, since he has been around. I should think Father would get tired to death of him, but he says he is "a brilliant young man."

I wonder what he 'd say now? But I don't see that there is any particular need of his knowing; I hate to worry Father. He 's always had the most absurd confidence in me; it 's perfectly irrational, but pretty solid. It 's like the garden wall, with broken bottles on top. Who knows what I should have done without it? I hope I should have drawn the line at eloping with the coachman. An hour ago I had never done anything very special that I would n't be willing to have my father know. He might have seen any other page in this book; I 'd have given it to him if he asked for it. I wonder if this is the way people feel when they have done some dreadful thing—like one person before the deed and another person after, and not able to convince anybody else that it is n't the same person at all. I feel very strangely, and a little seasick, as if I had just got off a shipwreck.

I went out into the garden, and it stormed as if the skies were breaking up and coming to pieces on the earth, and burying it under —you might think they were ashamed to see it. And the wind had worked its temper into a hurricane, and, oh, but I loved it! I loved it! And I ran around in it, and I stiffened myself and fought against it, and turned and drew my waterproof-hood up, and fled before it; and I don't know which I liked the better, the battle or the flight, for I love everything that such a storm as that can do to you. My waterproof was drenched before I got past the smoke-bush and the big spiræa in the clump by the tree-house, and my golf-skirt was n't short enough: it hit the borders, and they sopped at me like sponges squeezed out. And there was a hole in my rubber boots, and I could feel my feet squash in the wet. And the wilder it was,

and the wetter, the happier I felt. And I began to sing, for nobody could hear me, it raved so out there among the trees. I sang opera and ballads and queer things—all the love-songs I ever knew, and that one I like about the skipper's daughter and the mate:

"A man might sail to Hell in your companie"—
"Why not to Heaven?" quo' she.

And pop! in the middle of them, something dashed at me, and it was Job. I thought he was shut up in the kitchen, for his feet were wet, and he had a sore throat, and I 'd given him some hot whisky; and I scolded him. But I must say I appreciated it to have him take all that trouble to find me—there 's no flatterer in this world like your own dog. So I picked him up, and put him under my waterproof in one of the dry spots.

"Job," I said, "you know better than this!"

Then the storm lifted up its voice, and spoke, quite distinctly, so close to me that I jumped:

"And so do you," it said.

And there stood a man.

I jumped, but I did not scream—I have so much consolation; but I have n't another atom. He was very wet, but not so wet as I, and he seemed to shed the storm from his mackintosh as if it had been impudence. He looked exceedingly tall in the dark, and his soft felt hat was crushed down over his face in a disgraceful way. I had never noticed how square his shoulders were.

"Sir," said I, "how did you get here?"

"Why, I followed Job, of course," he said.

"Could you follow him back?" I suggested quite pleasantly.

"Not immediately—no."

"If James should come out by accident—and he might, you know—he would shoot you for a burglar, as surely as you stand here. I don 't see," I said—"really, Mr. Herwin, I don't see what you are standing here *for*."

"I will explain to you if you like," answered the secretary. He spoke so steadily, with that Heir-to-the-Throne manner of his, that I found it impossible to endure it, and I said:

"I think you forget what is due to me. You had better go back and read 'Rufus Choate' to my father."

"That is unworthy of you," he answered me very quietly. Of course I knew it was, and that did n't make me feel any better. I let Job down, for he squirmed so under my waterproof, and insisted on kissing Mr. Herwin, which I thought very unpleasant of him; so he ran around in his bare feet and sore throat,—I mean Job did,—and if he has pneumonia it will be Mr. Herwin's fault, and I shall never forgive him, never. By this time we had begun to walk up and down, up and down, for it was pretty cold standing still to be rained on so, and we splashed across the garden, fighting the gale and running from it—first this, then that—we two, I and a man, just as I had done alone. Job splashed after us, in his insufferably adorable, patient way, only the paths were so narrow that Job had to walk chiefly in the box border, which was wetter than anything.

"You had better go into the house," the secretary began.

"I 'm not ready to go into the house."

"You are getting very wet."

"That 's what I came out for."

"Sometime you 'll do this once too often."

"I have done it once too often, it seems."

"I meant, you risk pneumonia. It is intolerable."

"It is Job who has pneumonia, not I. Pick him up, won't you? Put him under your mackintosh. He must be sopping. Thank you. Why, *thank* you! I really did n't think—"

"Don't you really think that I would do anything whatever that you asked me to?"

"I never gave the subject any consideration, Mr. Herwin."

"Then," he said, wheeling, "consider it now!"

A cataract of rain swept down from the trees over our heads, and drowned the words off his lips. A street light looked over the wall. I could see the broken bottles glisten, and a faint, electric pallor flitted over that part of the garden by the tree-house in the Porter apple-tree. Now, the tree-house has a little thatched roof, and it is n't quite so wet in there, though it is only lattice at the sides, and sometimes I go in there when my storms are particularly wet—for nobody would think what a difference there is in storms; some of them are quite dry.

"Come!" said the secretary. And he took hold of my hand as if he had been an iron man. Of course all he meant was to put me into the driest wetness there was till the torrent held up a little; but when I found myself alone in that tree-house in the storm, in the dark, with that man, I could have stabbed him with something, if I had had

anything sharp about me. But I had the sense left not to say so.

"I 've always wanted a name for this tree-house," I began; "now I 've got it."

And the man said, "Ararat!" before I got the word out. I did n't suppose he was that kind of man. And I began to feel quite comfortable and to enjoy myself, and it is the scandalous and sacred truth that I began not to want to go in. And at that point, if anybody would believe it, the secretary took it upon himself to make me go in.

The storm had gone babbling down,—it had got past the raving stage,—and he put out his hand to help me down the tree-house steps, but he did n't say anything at all, and I would rather he had said anything. The street light looked over the wall at us, and I felt as if it were a policeman, while I climbed down from Ararat. It is a very unbecoming light. I hope I did n't look as ghastly as he did.

So I said, "You are hoarse, Mr. Herwin. You have taken cold already," just as one says, "Won't you have another lump of sugar?" at an afternoon tea. I admit that my remark was the more exasperating, seeing that the man was as dumb as a stuffed eagle. Then he opened his mouth, and spake:

"You will come in now, Miss Marna, won't you? Your father might be worried."

Now he spoke in quite a proper tone, gently and deferentially, as a man should, and I said yes, I would go in; for I am quite willing to please people when they speak to me properly. So we came in, up the wet paths, between the box borders, and the rain had stopped. And Mr. Herwin did not talk at all, while we went past the spiræa and smoke-bushes, but Job wriggled out from under his mackintosh and kissed him in the most unmitigated way. So we came on, and the library lights fell out on us from the window where I had peeked in; and Father was asleep in his big chair before the fire. And it came over me like that! what a thing I 'd done—prancing about in a dark garden, in a storm, alone in a tree-house with the secretary, and only Job to chaperon me. For I never have done such a thing before in my life. I never did anything I should n't want the servants to know. And I wondered what Father would think. So I pulled up my waterproof-hood over my bare, wet head, to hide the scorching of my cheeks. But the man had the manners not to notice this. He did something much worse, however. He began, in a "personally conducted" tone that I object to:

"Do you often go out this way, in such storms?"

"Always."

"You might get one of those dangerous colds people are having."

"I could n't get cold that way, any more than an English sparrow."

"The next time you do it," said Mr. Herwin, "I shall go, too. In fact," he said, "every time you do it, I shall come out and bring you in."

"Very well," I said; "that would only make it the more interesting."

The secretary looked at me with a kind of proud motion of his head, for he saw that I taunted him. I was sorry by then, and I would have stopped him, but it was too late. Before the library window, in the face of the porch light, in the sight of my father, he told me how he felt to me.

"Oh, what a pity!" I said—

If he had talked that way, if he had looked that way, if I had known he felt that way, out on Ararat, in the dark and wet, I should have said something so insolent to him as no man ever could forgive a woman for, not if she were sorry till she died for having said it. But it was not storming any more. And it seemed different in the light and quiet, and with Father so near. So I answered as I did. What could a girl do more? I 'm sure I was quite civil to the secretary. I can't see any particular reason why he should get up such an expression as he did. And he dropped Job, too, and Job growled at him—there 's positively no limit to that dog's intelligence.

So I said good night, but Mr. Herwin did not answer me. He lifted his hat, and stood bareheaded, and Job and I came, dripping, into the empty hall.

Now we are quite dry and happy. Job is done up in his gray blanket that matches his blue-skye complexion, bundled before the fire. He has had another dose of whisky; I suspect he has got a little too much. I have had a hot bath, and got out of everything and into something, and now my ruby gown—especially the velvet part of it—seems to me to understand me better than anything in the world. The rain has quite stopped, but the wind sings down the chimney. It has that tune in its head, too, and seems to be humming it:

"A man might sail to Hell in your companie."

But it never gets quite through, comes to a pause, falls short of heaven, and spoils the sense.

Father is still asleep in the library.

Maggie has come and gone for the night. The house is preposterously still. Mr. Herwin did not come in again. I did n't know but he would.

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: I hope I was not uncivil to you the other evening. I was really very wet and cross. I did not mean to be ugly, you know, but I 'm liable to break out that way. It 's a kind of attack I have at times: I growl, like Job. I hope you quite understand that I esteem you very highly, and that I am always ready to be your friend, although I cannot be what you ask.

"Most sincerely yours,
"MARNA TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

"DEAR MR. HERWIN: I fail to see why I should be snapped up in this way, as if I had been in the habit of forcing an unwelcome correspondence upon you. I must call your attention to the fact that you never received a note from me before, and this, I beg you to observe, is the last with which you will be annoyed. I did not suppose my friendship was a matter of so little consequence to people. For my own part, I think friendship is much nicer than other things. According to my experience, that is the great point on which men and women differ. I am, sir,

"Very truly yours,
"M. TRENT."

There are people so constituted that they must express themselves at any proper or improper cost, and I 'm afraid I 'm one of them. I admire the large reserve, the elemental silence, that one reads about, in what I call the deaf-mute heroes and heroines; but I can't imitate it, and whether I 'm above or beneath it, I perceive that I have n't the perception to know.

There are four ways in which a woman can relieve her mind, if she does n't lavish her heart: a mother, a girl friend, a lover, or a book will serve her. None of these four outlets is open to me. Ina! Poor Ina! You sweet, dead, only girl I ever truly cared for! Sometimes I wonder if my mother's lovely ghost is a little jealous of you, because I can't remember her to love her as I loved you. Pray tell her, dear, if you get a chance in that wide world of yours and hers, that I have never thought about her in all my life as much as I have this spring. She seems to float before me and about me, in the air, wherever I go or stir.

A good many people have told me that I ought to be a writer, which only shows the massive ignorance of the average human mind. It sometimes seems to me as if I must carry "Rejected, with thanks" written all over me, I have explored that subject so thoroughly. I am told that there are persons who have got manuscripts back seventeen times, and have become famous at the eighteenth trial trip; but my pluck gave out at four experiences with prose and two at poetry, and I am done with a literary career for this world.

There is a fifth method of self-preservation. You can become your own author, publisher, printer, binder, reader, critic, and public; and a common blank-book, with a padlock if you choose, is competent to carry your soul and the secrets thereof, if you have any, or to convince you that you have some, if you have n't, which is substantially the same thing. I call mine "The Accepted Manuscript."

It is a week to-night since I added anything to the Accepted Manuscript, and I 've nothing but copies of a couple of humiliating notes to fill the gap. Since that evening when I went out into the tree-house in the storm, the secretary has not seen fit to speak to me at all. If I meet him at the door, he lifts his hat, and if I go into the library while he is reading to Father, he lifts his eyes, and their expression is positively exasperating. I never denied that Mr. Herwin was a handsome man, and melancholy becomes him, I 'm bound to admit. But he has that remote air, as if I had been caught stabbing him, and nobody knew it but himself and me, and he would n't tell of me, lest I be held up to human execration; it is a manner quite peculiar to Mr. Herwin. I don't pretend to know how the man does it, but he contrives to make me feel as if I had committed high treason, as if I had got entangled in a political plot against my own nature.

I wish Father would dismiss him and get another secretary.

I told him so yesterday, for I got a chance when we met in the hall, and I was going out to drive in my dove-colored cloth, trying to open my chiffon sunshade that stuck. He opened it for me—he is quite a gentleman, even when I don't choose to be quite a lady, and I will own that no invariable lady ought to have said what I said to the secretary. And the aggravating thing about it was that the secretary laughed—he laughed outright, as if I had amused him

more than I could be expected to understand. He had the sunshade in his hand, and he held it over my head, and he said: "What pretty nonsense!" But he looked at the white silk and chiffon, with the sun shining through it. I was n't quite clear what he meant. I 'm not accustomed to have my sunshades called nonsense, or my language either. I never heard of a governor's secretary before who was impertinent to the governor's daughter. I can't see that Senator Herwin's having been an honest person, and dying poor, accounts for it. I have been told that Mrs. Herwin was a Southern beauty, the extravagant kind, and that she led her husband a life. I never saw her, but I 'm sure the secretary resembles his mother. He looks remarkably handsome when he is insolent.

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: I have spent twenty-four hours trying to decide whether to put your note into the fire, return it unanswered, or show it to my father. It is really unpleasant to receive such things. You put one in such a brutal light! As if it were a girl's fault because a man liked her. I don't wish to be ill-mannered; I 'd rather be barbarous: but you compel me to say, sir, that I disapprove of your persistence altogether. Pray, do you think I am the kind of woman who can be browbeaten into loving people? Perhaps you take me for the other sort that waits to be coaxed. Learn that I am neither.

"But believe me to be,

"Sincerely yours,

"MARNA TRENT.

"P.S. I told you that I esteemed you and would be your friend. You refused my friendship, and now you wonder that I decline your love. It seems to me that a man ought to be satisfied with what he can get, and not make such large demands that nobody can possibly meet them. If I were a man, and loved a woman as much as all that, I would—well, I would do quite differently."

(*Copy.*)

"DEAR MR. HERWIN: Certainly not. Why *should* I tell you what I would do if I were a man? I cannot see that the circumstances call for it. Very truly,

"M. T."

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR SIR: Your last note is disagreeable to me. I must beg you to forego any further correspondence with me on this subject. It is one on which it is, and will be forever, impossible for us to agree.

"M. TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: The world is so full of women! I read the other day that there are forty millions in this country. I think if you really would exert yourself, you might manage to love some other one of them. And then you and I would both be quite happy. You are not a dull man (I grant you that), but you don't seem to understand my point in the least. It is not that I have a highly developed aversion to you. It is that I do not wish to love any man—not *any* man. Pray consider this as final. You can be so agreeable when you are not troublesome.

"MARNA TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

"DEAR FRIEND: Now you are quite reasonable and possible. I never had any objections to your *friendship;* it was you who objected to mine. Since you are willing to meet me on that basis at last, I find you interesting and valuable to me; and I am perfectly willing to write to you in this way once in a while, since you wish it, though I prefer to mail anything I may feel like saying to your address. I was sorry the day I left a note in the second volume of 'Rufus Choate,' and I would rather you did not send things by Maggie. There 's something about it I don't just like. I never allowed my heroine to do it in the novel I wrote. You never knew I wrote a novel, did you? I never told anybody before. It is because we are friends that I tell you. That is my idea of a friend—somebody you can say things to. I am mistaken in you if you ask me why I never published it. That 's one thing I like about you—you are not stupid. You are one of the people who understand; and there are not enough of them to go round, you know. I never knew but one person who understood—that was my girl friend, Ina. She died. Sometimes I think she died because she understood too much—everything and everybody. People wasted their hearts on her; they told her everything, and went bankrupt in confidence as soon as they came near her.

"Job and I are sitting in the library, and Father has gone to bed. You have been gone half an hour. The June-beetles are butting their heads against the screens on

account of the lights, and Job barks and bounces at them every time they hit. The moths are out there, too, clinging to the wire netting, and flying about stealthily—beautiful little beings, some of them, transparent as spirits, and as indifferent to fate as men and women. How joyously they court death! To look at them one would think it quite a privilege.

"I found the roses when you left, and the poems, out in the hall on the hat-tree. You are very thoughtful and kind, and, to tell the truth, I don't mind being remembered. I have never read much of Edwin Arnold. I shall begin with the long one about Radha and Krishna. I have turned the leaves a little. I must say I don't think Krishna was in the least worthy of a girl like that. Why did she waste herself on such a fellow?

"So you liked my shade hat with the May-flowers? That is very nice of you. The disadvantage about a man friend is that his education in millinery is defective, as a rule. I was quite pleased that you knew it was a May-flower. Father asked me if they were hollyhocks, and I told him no, they were peonies.

"Faithfully your friend,
"MARNA TRENT.

"P. S. I forgot to say yes, thank you; I will drive with you on Sunday, if you wish."

(*Copy.*)

"OH, now you have spoiled it all! How could you, how *could* you begin all over again, and be disagreeable? Do you suppose I would have walked in the garden with you, by moonlight, by *June* moonlight, if I had n't trusted you? I don't trust people over again when they shake my trust, either, not if I can help it. That is one of my peculiarities. I have attacks of lunacy,—idiocy, if you will,—but I swing back, and come to my senses, and look at things with a kind of composure which I don't wonder that you did not count on. I don't think it is characteristic of girls, as girls go, and I know that it is not considered admirable or lovable by men. But I cannot help that, and I don't want to help it, which is more. I prefer to swing back and keep the balance of power.

"Sir, you did wrong to make love to me again, when I had trusted you to make friendship. No, I shall be quite unable to play golf with you on Saturday, and I shall not be at home on Sunday afternoon. I am going out to the cemetery to put some flowers on Ina's grave. And on Monday Father has invited an old friend of ours, Dr. Robert Hazelton, to dinner, so I shall be preëngaged all that evening, while you are reading to Father, and probably much later. And on Tuesday I am going to a dance at the Curtises'. There is one thing I am convinced of: it is the greatest mistake, both in life and in literature, to suppose that love is the difficult, the complicated thing. It is not love, it is friendship, which is the great problem of civilized society. The other is quite elemental beside it.

"M. T."

June the thirteenth.

IF I loved Mr. Herwin, of course I would not, in fact I perceive that I could not, make him so miserable. I think he is the handsomest man, when he is unhappy, whom I ever knew in my life. I like to be quite just to people. He has the bewildering beauty of a pagan god (I mean, of course, one of the good-looking gods), but he has the exasperating sensitiveness of a modern man. And then, he has the terrible persistence of a savage. I think he would have been capable of dashing whole tribes to war for a woman, and carrying her off on his shoulder, bound hand and foot, to his own country, and whether she loved him or hated him would n't have mattered so much—he would have got the woman. It must be very uncomfortable to be born with such a frightful will.

But I do not love him. I have *told* him that I do not love him. I have told him till I should think he would be ashamed to hear it again. But it seems only to make him worse and worse. He has a kind of sublimated insolence such as I never met in any other person, and when I scorn him for it, I find that I admire him for it—which is despicable of me, of course, and I know it perfectly.

He had the arrogance to tell me to-day in so many words that I did n't understand myself. He said—but I will not write what he said. The Accepted Manuscript rejects the quotation.—Oh, if I could talk with Ina! My poor Ina!—If I could only put my head on my mother's lap a minute! It seems to me a lonely girl is the loneliest being in all the world.

June the fourteenth.

I PUT the date down. I put it down precisely, and drive it into my memory like the nail that Jael drove into living flesh and bone and brain. Now that I have done it, I wonder that I am not as dead as Sisera.

I have told a person to-night—I, being sane and in my right mind, competent to sign

a will, or serve as a witness, or be treasurer of a charity bazaar—I, Marna Trent, have told a person that I—

How long ago was it? Forty-five minutes, by my watch. We were in the drawing-room, for Father had two governors and three senators to dinner, and he had them prisoners in the library, and the secretary was let off. So Job was lying on the flounce of my white swiss with the May-flowers embroidered on it, and the lights were a little low on account of the June-beetles, and there was a moon, and our long lace curtain drifted in and out, and blew against me, and I got twisted in it like a veil.

And the secretary said— Then I said— He looked like that savage I wrote about—the one that flung all the tribes into war. If he had picked me up and jumped over the garden wall with me, I should n't have been surprised in the least. The terrible thing is that I should n't have much cared if he had. For the man did look as glorious as a deity. But he had the divine originality to tell me that I loved him.

And the veriest squaw in the latest great and gory North American historical novel could n't have acted worse than I did.

For I said I did.

As soon as the words were out of me, I could have killed myself. And when I saw the expression on his face, I could have killed him (that is, I could have if, say, it had been the fashion of my tribe). There never was a civilized woman who had more of the "forest primeval" in her than I, and never one who was less suspected of it. I am thought to be quite a proper person, like other well-bred girls; and the curious thing is that the savage in me never breaks out in improper ways, but only smolders, and sharpens knives, and thinks things, and hums war-cries under its breath—and carries chiffon sunshades, and wears twelve-button gloves and satin slippers or embroidered May-flowers all the while. And nothing could prove it so well as the fact that my hand and my brain are writing this sentence, putting words together decently and in order, while I have fled into a pathless place and hidden from myself. If he were here this minute, searching my soul with his splendid eyes, that man could never find me. I cannot find myself. There is no trail.

All I know is that I got straight up, and went out of the drawing-room, and left him alone. Any school-girl might have done as silly a thing. I can't say that I take any particular comfort in the recollection of the fact. But I am convinced I should do it again under the same circumstances.

For the lace curtain blew so, and fell over my head and face, and I stood up to push it away, and he sprang to his feet, and his arms—and I dipped under them, as if we had been playing that game that children call "Open the gates to let the king come in"—and so I whirled about, and swung out, and I found I was free, and I ran.

He has n't gone yet. It is perfectly still in the drawing-room. That is his cigar on the piazza. I wonder what he 's waiting for?

I PUT my head out of the window just now to ask him, for it is very tiresome up here, and cigar-smoke makes me nervous. So I leaned out a little way, and I said:

"What are you waiting for, Mr. Herwin?"

"You."

"You 'll wait a good while, then."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't."

"Sir, I find you insufferable."

"Dear, I find you adorable."

"Mr. Herwin, go home. I am not coming down."

"Marna, come down. I am not going home."

"Then you will spend the night on the piazza. What are you waiting for, anyway?"

"To take something."

"Call James. He has the keys of the wine-cellar."

"Are *you* going to be insufferable?"

"Well, I 'd rather be anything than adorable."

"But, you see, you can't help yourself."

"You 'll find I can. . . . What is it you are waiting to take, Mr. Herwin?"

"One of my rights."

"You have no rights, sir."

"Oh, yes, I have. . . . Marna, come down!"

"I might, if you spoke to me properly."

"Won't you come down—please?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you. But I do not please." And then I shut the window down. But it is a pretty warm night, and I could n't stand it as long as I thought I could. So I opened the window after a while, as softly as a moonbeam sliding around the edges of a leaf. I did n't think anybody could hear me. That man has the ears of an intelligent Cherokee. But I shall not write down what he said. The Accepted Manuscript declines the publication of such language. So I answered, for I had to say something:

"Where is Job, Mr. Herwin?"

"On my lap."

"I must say I don't think much of his taste. What is he doing?"

"Kissing me."

"Oh, good gracious!" . . .

So I shut the window down again, and I locked it, too. Pretty soon Job came up to my door and cried, and I let him in. But I did n't go down. And I did n't open the window. And there is n't air enough in this room to fill the lungs of a moth. And Job's tongue hangs out of his mouth like a long, pink ribbon, he pants so. It is ten o'clock.

It is half-past ten. I have opened the window far enough to tuck my silver hand-glass under—the little one. By the pronounced absence of nicotine from the atmosphere, I infer that the secretary has given up a bad argument and gone home. —I wonder, by the way, what kind of home he has? It never occurred to me to wonder, before. Some sort of chambers, I suppose, among a lot of bachelors. I should think he must be quite comfortable and happy.

The governors and the senators have gone, too. I have kissed Father good night, and sent Maggie away, for I could n't bear the sight of her to-night, and had hard work not to tell her so. And now Job and I are locked in. Job is asleep in his basket bed by the window; and when the June-beetles butt on the screen, he growls in his dreams, for there never was anybody so intelligent as Job; but when the moths come, they are so beautiful and so stealthy, he does not growl. As I write, they whirl and flit, and retreat and advance, and yield and persist, like half-embodied souls entangled in some eternal game. That invisible barrier between them and delight and death seems to tantalize them beyond endurance.

It is eleven o'clock.

It is half-past eleven. I have n't begun to undress. I think there never was anything worse than the weather to-night. I cannot get breath enough to think. Job squirms about in his basket, and sits up and begs like a china dog in a country grocery. I think he wants a walk. I believe I 'll slip out into the garden with him; I 've done it before, as late as this. The moon is as bright as an army with banners. There is something martial and terrible about it—it seems to move right over one, as if it had orders to prepare for a vast battle of the elements. I believe there 'll be a tremendous easterly storm to-morrow. I always know before the weather bureau does when an easterly is on the way. Perhaps I may come to my senses out in the garden.

It is twelve o'clock—it is, to be precise, half-past twelve o'clock.

I did come to my senses out in the garden —or I lost them forever, and the terrible thing is that I cannot tell which.

For Job and I went out into the garden, and the world was as white as death, and as warm as life, and we plunged into the night as if we plunged into a bath of warmth and whiteness—and I ran faster than Job. The yellow June lilies are out, and the purple fleurs-de-lis; the white climber is in blossom on the tree-house, and the other roses—oh, the roses! There was such a scent of everything in one—a lily-honey-iris-rose perfume —that I felt drowned in it, as if I had been one flower trying to become another, or doomed to become others still. It was as quiet as paradise. I ran up the steps to Ararat, and Job stayed below to paw a toad. The little white rose followed me all over the lattice, and seemed to creep after me; it has a golden heart, and such a scent as I cannot describe; it is the kind of sweetness that makes you not want to talk about it. The electric light in the street was out, for this suburb, being of an economical turn of mind, never competes with the moon. There was moon enough—oh, there was enough, I think, for the whole world! For, when that happened which did happen, it seemed to me as if the whole world were looking at me.

As I sat, quite by myself, in Ararat, behind the vines, all flecked with leaf-shadows and flower-shadows (and thinking how pretty shadows are on white dresses and on bare hands and a little bit of your arm), I heard Job's tail hit the foot of the tree-house steps. And as I looked, it began to wag in the most unpardonable manner. Then I knew what had happened, and my heart leaped in my body like a live creature that had been caught in a trap. My lips moved, but they were as dry as a dead, red maple-leaf; my words refused me, and there could n't have been a rose in the garden as red as my cheeks, for I felt as if I could have died of fear and joy, and of shame because I felt joy. There is something terrible about joy. It does n't seem to mind any of the other emotions.

"Do not be frightened," he said quite gently. "It is only I."

It was only he. It was only the only person in the world who *could* have frightened me, out there in Ararat in my father's garden,

at more than half-past eleven by the June moon.

He came up the tree-house steps, tramping steadily, and he made no more apology for his behavior than the moon did, or the west wind, which, by now, had begun to stir and rise.

"You intrude, Mr. Herwin," I said. "Since you do, I must go into the house."

"Presently," he said serenely. But I looked up into his eyes, and I saw that he was not serene. And he stood between me and the tree-house steps. And I said:

"Let me pass, sir!"

"In a minute, Marna."

"Let me pass *this* minute!"

"My beautiful!"

"You presume, Mr. Herwin, and take a liberty."

"Perhaps I do. I beg your pardon. Go into the house, if you will."

He stepped back. I moved to go down the tree-house steps, but I tripped over something—it was Job; for Job had forgotten his toad, and he had come up into Ararat, wiggling and waggling at the secretary, and he took my dress in his teeth to shake it the way he does, and that tripped me, and I fell.

I should have gone clear down the tree-house steps, the whole length, but he caught me. And when he had caught me he did not let me go.

"I will not *take* it," he said, between his teeth. And he went as white as the moon. "You shall give it to me."

"I will never give it to you!" I cried.

"What if I held you here until you did?"

"I should hate and abhor you."

"You could n't hate me."

"When you speak like that, I despise you."

"No, you don't; you love me."

"I wish you a very good evening, Mr. Herwin."

"I wish you to be my wife, Miss Trent."

"I must decline the honor, sir."

"But I decline the declination. . . . You love me!"

"Do you think it is proper—keeping a girl out here at midnight, this way?"

"We will make it proper. We will tell the whole world to-morrow morning. I will wake your father up, and tell him now, if you say so."

"I don't say anything—not *any*thing, you understand."

"You have said everything, dear," he answered in another tone, and he spoke so reverently and so solemnly that my spirit died within me, and I felt, suddenly and strangely, less like a girl in love than like a girl at prayer. And the tears came to me, I don't know why, from some depth in me that I had never known or felt in all my life; and they began to roll down my cheeks, and I trembled, for I was more afraid of my own tears than I was of him, or of his love.

"God forgive me!" he said. "What have I done? I have made you cry!" And he took my face between his hands.

Oh, Mother, Mother! My dead Mother! The man took my face between his hands, and he kissed me on the lips.—Mother, Mother, *Mother!* Ma! Ma!

It is two o'clock. I cannot sleep. I am sitting up straight here in my night-dress. I think I shall never sleep again. The night grows cruelly bright and brighter all the time. I wish the moon could be put out. I feel as if my eyelids had been burned off, as if my eyes would never feel any softness or darkness again. I wonder if there are people in the world who would not feel as unhappy if they had committed a great sin as I feel about that kiss?

The music over at the Curtises' has but just stopped. Somebody has been serenading one of the Curtis girls—a college crowd, I think. They sang a thing I do not know. But the German words came over quite distinctly:

Er hat mich geküsst.

My cheeks blaze till they smart and ache. I feel as if the whole world knew. I feel as if the climbing rose told, and the iris, the June lilies, and even the poor gray toad that Job tormented; as if every sweet, loving, gracious thing and every little, common, unpopular thing in nature conspired against me; and as if the moon sided with them, and the warm west wind drove them on.

And the moths—now I have it! It was the moths. They who delight in dying, and die of delight—they would be the first to tell of me. They would see me led to delight and death, and not be sorry for me at all. Nobody would be sorry for me.

Er hat mich geküsst.

And yet I do not wish or mean to marry this man—nor any man; no, not any man. That is my nature.

Why has not my nature as much claim to recognition as his nature? I can't see that he has a monopoly in natures. In that Indian

poem which he sent me were some words. They keep close behind my thoughts, as close as Job keeps to my shadow:

> Thy heart has entered: let thy feet go too.
> Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.

But Radha was quite a dignified person. Nobody took any liberties with *her*. Krishna was bad enough, but he did not steal. That a man should kiss you when you do not mean to be his wife—it is a dreadful thing. I can't think of anything worse that could happen to a girl. He has made me so unhappy that I never want to see his face again.

I think I really shall ask Father to dismiss the secretary.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Tolerance.

RELIGIOUS toleration is greatly in the ascendant in America in our day. It is not universal, but it is dominant. In the early years of the magazine, when Dr. Holland was enthusiastically preaching from this pulpit a liberal orthodoxy, he was assailed by the then representatives of institutions which since that time have themselves been under criticism for that very lack of firmness in the faith of which he was accused. Doubtless Dr. Holland's own writings, so clear, so devout, so humane, were themselves largely instrumental in bringing about the very tolerance which now exists.

Tolerance in religious matters is further advanced than tolerance in some other matters. Take, for instance, the liquor question: that is to-day more of a firebrand than the question of fire everlasting itself. There are many persons—very good and in many directions very tolerant persons—who are able to tolerate no difference of opinion whatever on the question of spirituous liquor. They are addicted to totality—to total abstinence for themselves, and total abstinence, by law and compulsion, for every other person. They especially are attached to the idea that the law should be "total," even if the practice does not conform to the law. Those who are troubled by the blackmail and other evil effects of trying to stop by law the consumption of alcoholic beverages on Sunday in a community like New York, where a very large portion of the population refuses to consent to the prohibition,—those who are so troubled, we say, are apt to charge the upholders of Sunday prohibition with being more anxious about the law than about the facts. On the other side of the question, certain clergymen and other "reformers," who, in certain circumstances, would consent to some modification of the severity of the law, maintain that they are not in favor of more drinking on Sunday, but of less, and that less under stricter regulations and oversight.

It is not of the question directly at issue that we wish to speak, but of the unfortunate circumstance that so many good men refuse to consider the matter coolly and sensibly and in relation to the actual facts and conditions, and approach it with preconceived notions and in a spirit of inflexible intolerance. And yet, even in this field, we see a growth of tolerance on the part of men who are among the strictest advocates of temperance. Nor is all the tolerance monopolized by those who object to intolerance.

In the political arena intolerance is constantly being tempered in America by independent movements not only in city elections, where non-partizanship is the new watchword of the patriot, but also in State and national elections. There is at the present moment, however, an example of political intolerance on a large scale in the way that criticism of the governmental action with regard to "expansion" is received by those who deprecate such criticism. Because any given "anti-imperialist" may have said or done unwise things would hardly seem to be a reason for branding as deficient in patriotism all those who have serious doubts as to the wisdom, morality, or political consistency of every part of our national policy (so far as we have had one) and practice (so far as it is known) in regard to the Philippines. When a man is endeavoring to get at facts, or arrive at a just conclusion concerning the course his country should pursue, in so complicated and grave a matter as the forcible government of distant provinces, it is hardly the part of good citizenship to threaten him with ostracism if he should conclude that, while some things had been well done, some other things, on the contrary, had been badly managed, and that it would be better if, in the end, the nation should hold strictly to its fundamental principles. To abuse and grossly ridicule as good a citizen as one's self for differing from one on some question of national policy is not only not argument: it is, to our thinking, the very opposite of patriotism. If free political debate were to cease in a free country, how long would that country continue to be free? In this matter, also, there is, however, a distinct growth of tolerance.

The intolerant state of mind is injurious both to the State and to the individual. It goes with

conceit and deadly pride. The strange thing is that men are apt to plume themselves upon their intolerance. It is evident that a man's conduct and a nation's conduct should be the result of thought and judgment; but intolerance stops thought and destroys judgment.

A Novelist "by First Intention."

THE increase among us in the last few years in the number of books of fiction is one of the most remarkable of current literary phenomena, and its significance may well employ the thoughts of the discerning. That it is significant is easy to say; but it is less easy to determine what its exact significance may be. Is it merely the result of a commercial impulse? And if so, is the quality of the product thereby discredited? Is there nothing behind it but a covetous ambition inspired by the financial success of a few novels of extraordinary vogue? And, in general, is the need or desire of money a legitimate motive for literary work?

We dare affirm it is. The old slur upon the "pot-boiler," except when it is aimed at obviously insincere and conscienceless work, is without pertinence or point. Some of the greatest work in the world has had its origin in the necessity of having three meals a day, or at least two. Certainly the impulse of the money consideration cannot make an artist; but, on the other hand, it is a poor artist that it can spoil, while it has been the means of discovering many a one to himself. Unless we are to give up much that the world would not willingly let die,—much of Goldsmith, Scott, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray, and many another,—we must acknowledge the legitimacy of the motive, and acknowledge that a man may write for money without impairing the artistic quality of his work; indeed, even with a dignity of the sort that comes from fulfilling a fundamental duty to himself and others.

But to acknowledge the legitimacy of such a motive is not to acknowledge its supremacy. And while one must not dogmatize about how the best work is done,—the butterfly of genius escaping the meshes of the finest theories,—a reader takes special satisfaction in the work which seems to be the natural, unforced product of an author's mind. The surgeons say of a wound that closes without artificial aid that it heals "by first intention." We perhaps do not wrench the simile too much in trying by this phrase to convey a quality in some literature which gives it a sort of charm and permanence, indeed an inevitableness, of its own.

In this class we place the work of Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose novelette "The Rescue" comes to its conclusion in this number of THE CENTURY. We believe that many, even though not acquainted with Miss Sedgwick's previous stories, will recognize her by this exhibit as "a born writer" rather than a made one. Her first volume, "The Dull Miss Archinard," revealed the characteristics of her maturer writing—a capital style, unusual perception of human life, and a powerful portrayal of fresh and natural dramatic scenes.. "The Confounding of Camelia" showed a remarkable widening of range and deepening of insight—growth, but not change; the same easy style and rich vocabulary, and the same precise expression without primness or niggling consciousness. We are confident that readers of "The Rescue" have not failed to see in it these artistic qualities. In all three novels we find a generous measure of the dramatic faculty: the penetrating sense of human character in action upon others, and the power of creating, or, rather, apparently looking on and describing, scenes of great emotional stress. Miss Sedgwick seems to have the coefficient of every emotion; she never shirks any clash of her personages, and she has the crowning virtue of a writer—the instinct for what is interesting. To mention but one of her creations: Claire Vicaud, if not as subtly drawn as Becky Sharp, is not unworthy to be classed with her as a well-modeled sinister figure of the sinister type. But the whole of one of Miss Sedgwick's stories is always greater than any of its parts. She is one of those who fulfil Matthew Arnold's injunction to "see life steadily and see it whole." Her level-headedness, her sense of proportion, and her fine ethical perception are to be trusted to insure a continuance of the high standard already shown.

OPEN LETTERS

Salvini's Tribute to Ristori.

WE have received from Signor Tommaso Salvini the Italian text of his address in Rome on the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Adelaide Ristori, January 29, 1902. Both of these distinguished actors being cordially remembered and enthusiastically admired in the United States, the following paragraphs from the address will be read with interest. The translation is by Miss Maria H. Lansdale.

Adelaide Ristori, who to-day arouses a sentiment of love and loyalty in every heart, who by the possession of every admirable trait, both physical and mental, compels the respectful homage of our esteem and of our affection, was born in Cividale, a little town of Friuli, and was the child of humble actors.

Barely arrived at maidenhood, she exhibited a marked

inclination for the stage, an inclination from which the narrow circumstances of her parents failed to divert her; and fortunate it proved that such was the case. This fourteen-year-old girl attracted the notice of the most distinguished actress of that day, Carlotta Marchionni, who with loving solicitude undertook to initiate her into the difficult mysteries of their art. These the youthful apprentice mastered with such marvelous rapidity that she was shortly called upon to fill flattering rôles in a number of dramatic companies.

I do not say that to Carlotta Marchionni alone is due the credit of having developed the unusual gifts of the young girl. Instinct and indefatigable study had largely to do with the results, since, if guidance and teaching likewise assisted greatly, these could not have borne fruit had they been sown in sterile ground. If the seed was good, the soil responded with all its substance, and the plant grew vigorously, producing fruit at once rare and fragrant.

At the age of twenty Adelaide Ristori had already become the idol of the entire Italian public, and although she was obliged to compete with reputations already established, such as those of Antonietta Robotti, Carolina Santoni, Amalia Fumagalli, and, more difficult still, with the memory of other yet more celebrated actresses, such as Carolina Intennari, Maddalena Pelzet, and her own teacher, Carlotta Marchionni, yet she triumphed over them all, and this youthful flower, exhaling in the field of art the perfume of her intellect, of her lofty and noble nature, and of her Raphaelesque beauty, exerted a greater power of attraction than any of them.

She had attained the age of twenty-five when she became associated, as leading lady, with the Domeniconi Company, which later went by the name of the "Roman Company." It may be confidently asserted that at this period there was aroused in the young actress a preference for tragedy; and even though her inclination was rather for the delicate naturalness of comedy and the portrayal of dramatic passion, yet who could fail to be stirred and moved to tears by the pitiful and tragic fate of a Pia di Tolommei, a Juliet, a Francesca da Rimini, and an Esther of Engaddi?

Contrasting those days with the present (speaking as an artist), I regret having lived so long. Then reigned the intellectual masterpieces of Alfieri, Metastasio, Goldoni, Pellico, Nota, Marenco, and a host of other gifted writers, though not to the exclusion of the works of the best French dramatists. Then heads of families felt no scruple about taking their children to entertainments at once instructive and agreeable, which portrayed the loftiest sentiments, the most exemplary conduct, and a generous love of country; then freedom of speech and action was subordinated to the requirements of public decency and the dignity of the profession, and this decency and this dignity were rigorously preserved by Adelaide Ristori throughout her long and brilliant career. For our illustrious dean it did not suffice to be proclaimed the most brilliant star of the Italian dramatic stage. Her justifiable ambition led her to aspire after fresh honors, and drew her to that all-devouring furnace called Paris, which tries every metal of the human intellect, determining whether it be of gold or tinsel. But for Adelaide Ristori the chemical process was not needed. Cast into the crucible in the form of fine gold, she issued therefrom like purest ore.

Ladies and gentlemen, national wars are not waged with the sword alone nor by brute force, but often by the force of intellect and the power of genius, literary, scientific, and artistic; and it is such wars converted into victories that are known by the names of Myrrha, Fedra, Medea, Judith, Camma, Pia, Francesca, Mary Stuart, Juliet, Elizabeth, and Marie Antoinette.

Adelaide Ristori was the initiator of those triumphs won afterward by many able artists whose pride it was to bear unfurled the banner of Italian art to the remotest corners of the globe. What Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte were in the fields of war and politics, Ristori was in dramatic art. Traveling from one end of Europe to the other, she might have said, with Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici." Mightier than Napoleon, she subdued not only the greater part of Europe, but the Americas as well; and, far more fortunate than the great general, she was not relegated to an island, there to lament over vanished power and bitterly to reproach herself for her immoderate ambition. Ah, no. She was able to devote the last flash of her genius to a tribute to her former companion in art, Ernesto Rossi, whose early death she commemorated in a canto of the Divine Poet delivered in the Costanzi Theater. This was her last appearance on the stage. It were idle to attempt to recall all that has been said and written of this favorite child of Melpomene and Thalia, only to enumerate whose triumphs would be an arduous and endless task.

The fame she had won, her gracious presence, and her delicate, innate breeding inspired the confidence, the admiration, and the affection of a most distinguished gentleman, who, seeking her hand in marriage, was proud to be able to adorn her brow with a coronet. This coronet she wore and still wears with simple dignity, just as she wore and still wears that other more glorious crown which she owes solely to her own genius.

In her new social station she has made many distinguished friends, and it is gratifying now to be able to record that the various charges and missions of a political nature which she has undertaken have redounded in every case to the advantage and prosperity of her country.

The "Head of a Young Man" by Velasquez.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.)

VELASQUEZ is the soul of Spanish art, as Rembrandt is of Dutch art. I was never more impressed with the power of the great Spaniard than while engraving this "Head of a Young Man," which is in the Duke of Wellington's collection at Apsley House, London. Its magnificent technic is beyond all praise. It is a virile head, treated in a manly way, and a more splendid example of strong, squarely defined shadows, combined with exquisite finesse of modeling, would be difficult to find, unless, indeed, among the master's own works. It belongs evidently to the third and most matured style of the artist, resembling, in its impressional unity, refinement of drawing, and breadth and mystery of chiaroscuro, the wonderful "Æsop" of the Prado. Note the masterly contour of the forehead, or the well-defined shadow about the nostril in contrast with the subtile delineation of the nose in the fusion of its boundary with the off cheek, or the fluency of the modeling in the broad masses of light. An anatomist would say that you feel the skull beneath; but with Velasquez nothing especially arrests the eye save the fact of the impression as a whole—the character of the thing as the light revealed it; and he makes you feel, above all, the entrancing mystery of light.

The canvas measures thirty by twenty-five and a half inches, and the bust is life-size. It is very thinly painted throughout the dark surfaces, but is

more heavily overlaid in the lights. The touch is choice, discreet, and of restrained power and dignity, as well as of nice discrimination in the passages from light to dark, culminating in the high light upon the forehead.

I have endeavored to suggest by a mixture of line and stipple, taking my cue from the brush-work, the quality of the handling in the flesh, which is differentiated from that in the hair, and these again from the treatment of the black cloak and the nuanced depth of the warm umbery background. The coloring of the whole is golden, neutral, and subdued, yet rich and of a fine glow.

We are indebted to the Duchess of Wellington, who cheerfully accorded us every facility for photographing and studying the work.

Timothy Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Rousey's Prayer at Antietam.

ROUSEY was a well-known character in a West Virginia town. He was devoid of most things worldly, excepting flesh and an unbounded capacity for lying.

One evening Rousey was sitting on one of those little rear overhanging platforms which Western houses like to stick out over Western rivers and call galleries. His long legs were stuck up on the railing, and his head was resting against the wall behind him, when he said in his slow, drawly tone: "Colonel, did I ever tell you how I prayed at Antietam? No? Well, I 'll tell you about it.

"You mind, I was captain of a company. When we got in under fire at Antietam, the cannon-balls were setting the grass ablaze and striking sparks from every elder-bush and fence-stake for miles around; and the fuses from the shells kept the air so full of sparks that my handkerchief got as scorched as an ironing-blanket while I was holding it over my mouth to keep them out. I had to keep my hair wet from my canteen to keep it from blazing. I said to myself: 'Rousey, your time has come.'

"Just then along came a command to lie down; and, colonel, I never laid so flat to the ground in my life; I laid as flat as a plank on a foot-walk. The shot and shell, grape and canister and bullets, were going over me so thick that the whole firmament above me was lead color. It occurred to me just then that I was six feet long and pretty nigh four feet thick, and that the chances for me were only two feet better lying down than they were standing up. I made up my mind that my only safety lay in praying. So I joined praying; and I put up the best prayer I knew how. I was n't much used to it, but no servant of the Lord in good training was ever more in earnest than I was.

"After a while, along came a command to get up. I got up gently and unobtrusively. If there had been more than two feet of difference between my thickness and my height, colonel, I don't believe I would have done it, but as it was I got up. There was n't a button left on my uniform!

"Just as I was going off the field, as we were ordered, I overtook the chaplain of my regiment, and says he, 'Rousey, how did you make out?'

"Says I, 'Chaplain, nothing but prayer saved me.'

"'Well,' says he, 'Rousey, I 'm glad you 've come to it at last, and acknowledge its efficacy.'

"'I do, chaplain, I do,' I said. 'I 'm not a good hand at it, but I did the best I could, and I put it up in earnest. It was short, but it was drawing, like a dinner-horn.'

"'What did you say, Rousey?' asked the chaplain, for he thought maybe that prayer of mine might come of use in the regiment.

"Colonel, as I stood there, with my uniform coat on, and not a button on it to show my rank, or a bit of pantaloons to shelter forty inches of me, I told him the truth. 'Chaplain,' I said, 'I put up these few words: "Lord, good Lord, please stretch me out as thin as a shoe-string, with the pointed end toward the enemy."'"

Charles McIlvaine.

Papa's Mistake.

PAPA distinctly said, the other day,
That in the night, when I 'm asleep so sound,
The earth keeps turning over all the time,
And every morning it 's been half-way round.

I thought how grand to see the big round world
Go turning past this window in the hall;
And here I 'm up at four o'clock to watch,
And there is nothing going by at all!

I thought that deserts, palm-trees, and giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I came;
And now, instead of all those lovely things,
Here 's this old yellow-rose bush just the same.

Emily P. Wolcott.

A Shakspere Masquerade.

THE storm had passed; the air was still;
So, by the leave of Gentle Will,
I shut the sovereign book of plays
To woo the queen of winter days;
But royalties are all akin,
As world without to world within.

A carnival of sleeted snows!
The elms were keen *Mercutios*,
Dazzling with such a diamond wit
No *Capulet* could suffer it.
In muffled bush I marked her fret,
The crook-backed nurse of *Juliet*.

Two opalescent briers pricked
Like *Beatrice* and *Benedict*.
Beyond their tinkling repartee
Stood marble-wrought *Hermione*,
With ghost and mantled *Prospero*
And many a "mockery king of snow."

Across the sparkling crust had gone
The fairy feet of *Oberon*,
And high upon a crystal wall
A tuft of grasses showed to all
How poor old *Lear's* white hair had tossed
A last defiance to the frost.

Enskied and sainted *Isabel*
Had stolen from her nunnery cell,
And where the burdened hemlock threw
Dark shadow on the drift, I knew
A sable-suited *Hamlet* bowed
Above *Ophelia* in her shroud.

Katharine Lee Bates.

In Lighter Vein.

IN Lighter Vein I would excel,
I would assume the cap and bell;
Fain would I banish irksome prose,
Transform my cabbage to a rose,
My sonnet to a villanelle.

Away with tragic masks! Expel
All save the Muses who impel
The laughing lyric charm that flows
In Lighter Vein!

In vain! The critics know too well
Old port from sparkling muscatel;
My triolets, ballades, rondeaus,
Will *not* adopt the jocund pose—
Nor are they yet, I grieve to tell,
In Lighter Vein!

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

A NEW COMPLAINT.

STORK: "May I help you to another fish?"
OWL: "No, thanks; a heavy dinner makes me drowsy at night."

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